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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XL.

PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1913.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., LONDON.

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MAY, 1913

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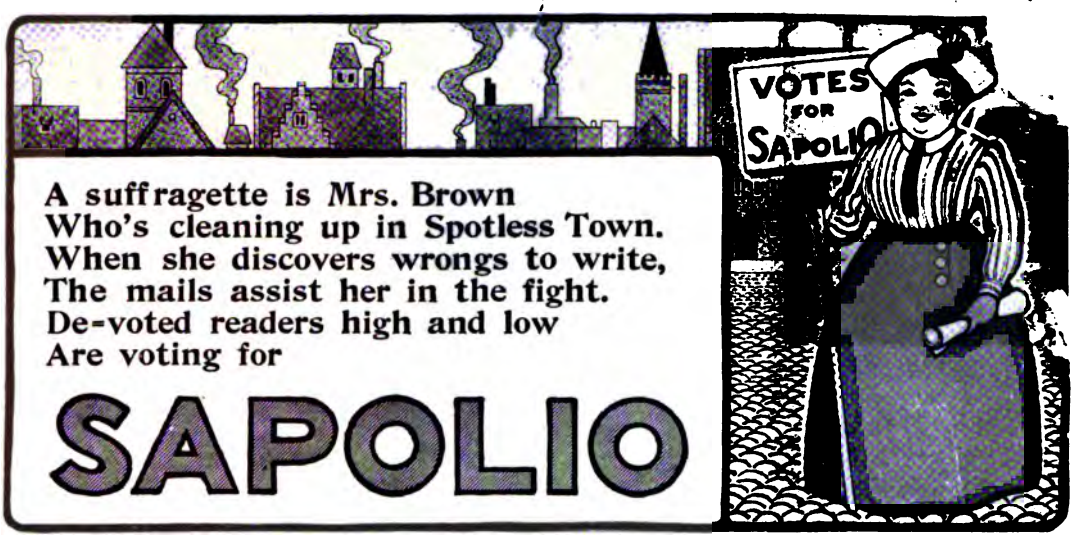
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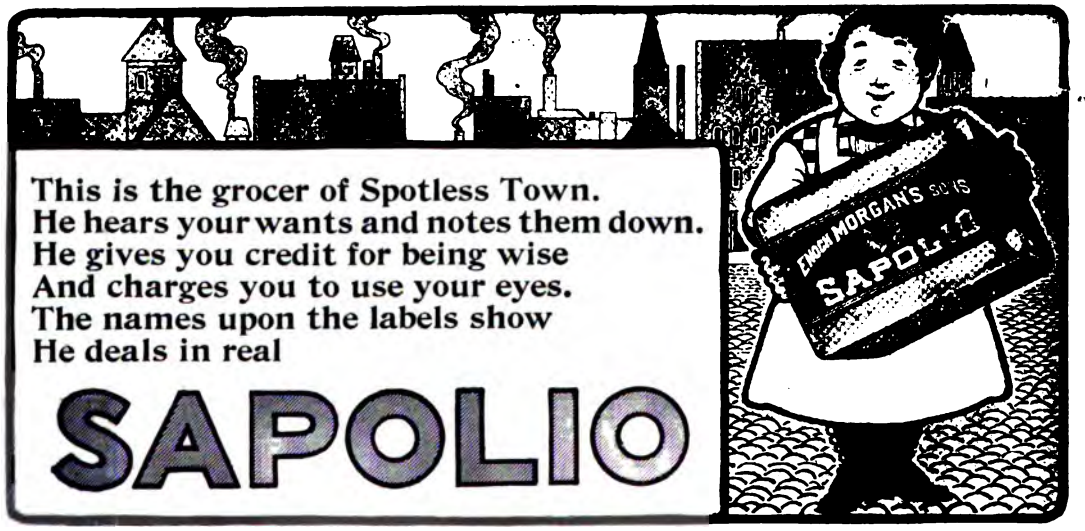
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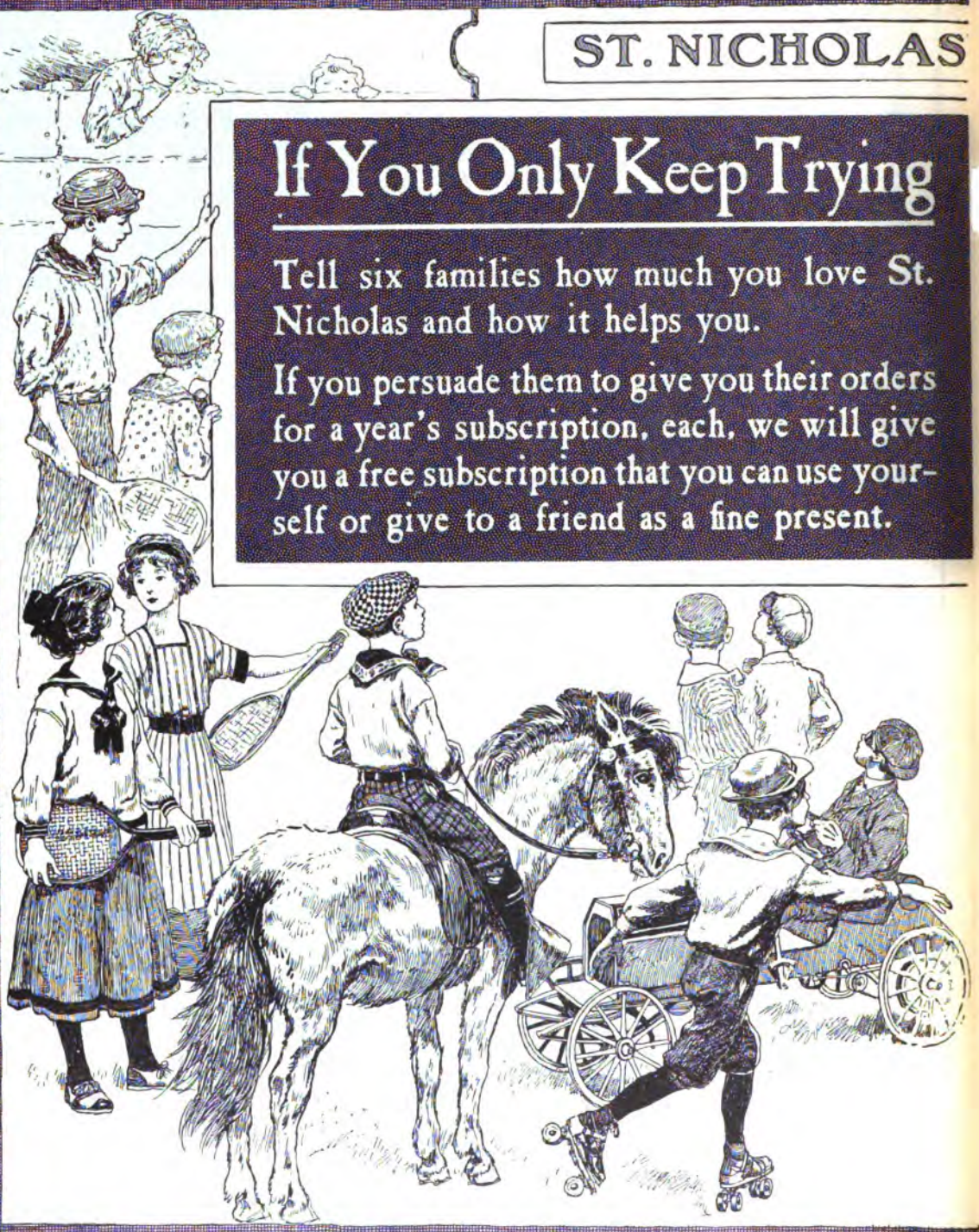
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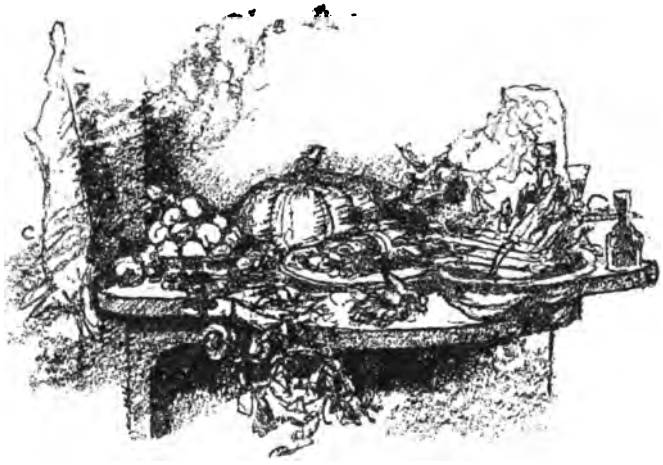
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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL MAY, 1913 No. 7

The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

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1

The fair maid who,
the first of May,
Goes to the fields
at break of day,
And washes in dew
from the hawthorn
tree,
Will ever after
handsome be.



11

Here am I,
little jumping Joan,
When nobody's
with me,
I'm always alone.



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DINNER FOR THREE

BY HAROLD WILLIAM FIFERLIK

An anxious frown wrinkled the otherwise smooth forehead of Miss Sarah Willis as she settled herself more comfortably beside Mrs. Francis's big lounging-chair at the window. "'T ain't as if I would n't be glad to have somebody," she said seriously. "I ain't young as I was once, Millie, and it seems as if sometimes there 's a little more than I can do. If 't was a girl now, one that was neat and handy with housework, it would be just as nice as could be. But a boy! I don't b'lieve I can do it."

Mrs. Francis sat erect among her pillows and nodded with interest. "Boys is all alike," she remarked, "noise and dirt and turning things upside down."

"That 's been mostly my experience with 'em," Miss Willis agreed. "I ain't seen Bruce since he was a little tyke, but—"

"How old did you say he was, Sarah?"

"He must be going on fifteen, I think. Every time I 've been to Alice's, though, he 's been off a-camping, or away to school, or somewhere. She always let him do just about as he had a mind to. And that 's another thing—he 's prob'ly spoiled through and through."

Again the patient in the big chair nodded. "And there wa' n't a thing left for him when his ma died?" she inquired. "I 'd always s'posed from what you said they was well provided for."

"That 's what everybody else thought," Miss Willis explained. "But after she was gone and things was looked into, they found that most of it had frittered away here and there. He 'll have a little, but not near enough to keep him and send him to school. Somebody 'll have to take him, and I 'm his nearest kin—Alice was own cousin to me. Anyway, I told 'em I 'd look him over."

"Where 's he been this month since she died?"

"With some neighbors, them Claywaters. But 'tween you and me, I don't think they can keep him much longer. For all the style they put on and the table they set, I know they don't much more than keep in the road. And that makes me think that I 've got to go," she added. "Henry Claywater himself is coming up with Bruce on the ten-forty, and I 've laid out to get a little extra dinner. I won't have him going back and blabbing to all the friends I 've made there in Petersville that things wa' n't up to snuff." She rose and adjusted her shawl determinedly about her plump shoulders.

At these signs of departure, the alert look left the patient's face, and it became woebegone. She sighed dolefully.

Miss Willis bent and patted her neighbor's hand. "Now, don't you fret, Millie. If anything should happen, you 've only got to send Martha hippering across the garden, and I 'll be right here. I 'd stay longer, but there 's roast beef, and scalloped potatoes, and lemon-pie, and—" She glanced at a clock in an adjoining room. "My stars, it 's after ten a'ready! Good-by, Millie. I 'll run in 'fore dark, anyhow, and tell you what I 've done about the boy."

And then, with the frown again on her face, Miss Willis bustled from the room. As she descended the steps, she espied a stout, placid-faced girl coming from the garden with a panful of ripe tomatoes and called to her: "Martha! If Mis' Francis should get worse or anything, you 'll come over and call me!"

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss Willis hurried away. Crossing her own tidy little yard, where old Uncle Peter, the village handy-man, was raking up the leaves that had drifted down from the poplars which were interspersed among the maples along the walk, she was aware that she, too, had nerves, and that they were becoming more and more tightly strung as the hour of ten-forty drew near. The sight of the snug, white house dozing in the September sunshine made her draw a deep breath.

"'T won't be much like this if that boy gets here. I declare, it—it don't seem as if I could—Well, I ain't said I would. I 'll have to see."

As she was passing through the dining-room, she stopped to take from the old-fashioned sideboard a snowy table-cloth, napkins, and the quaint, well-cared-for silver that was her pride.

"I 'll lay 'em here and come back to set the table after I 've got the other things started," she said, half aloud.

She went on into the kitchen, put aside her shawl, and briskly donned an apron. "Now, let 's see. The roast 's all ready; I 'll put it in in a minute. Then I 've got to bake that pie shell and get the filling ready, and then there 's the potatoes. And tomatoes, too."

She mended the fire, and setting forth the needed article on the pastry table, was presently in the midst of her preparations. When the oven was hot, the little roast went in. But as she mixed the pie dough, the frown upon her face deepened. Her eyes wandered lingeringly about

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her little domain. The intrusion of a heedless, blundering, fifteen-year-old boy would be a grave matter, a very grave matter, indeed.

She had just rolled out the crust and with it was lining a tin, when rapid footfalls mounted the porch and came through the house. She turned to confront Martha in the doorway.

"She 's got the spells again, Miss Willis!"

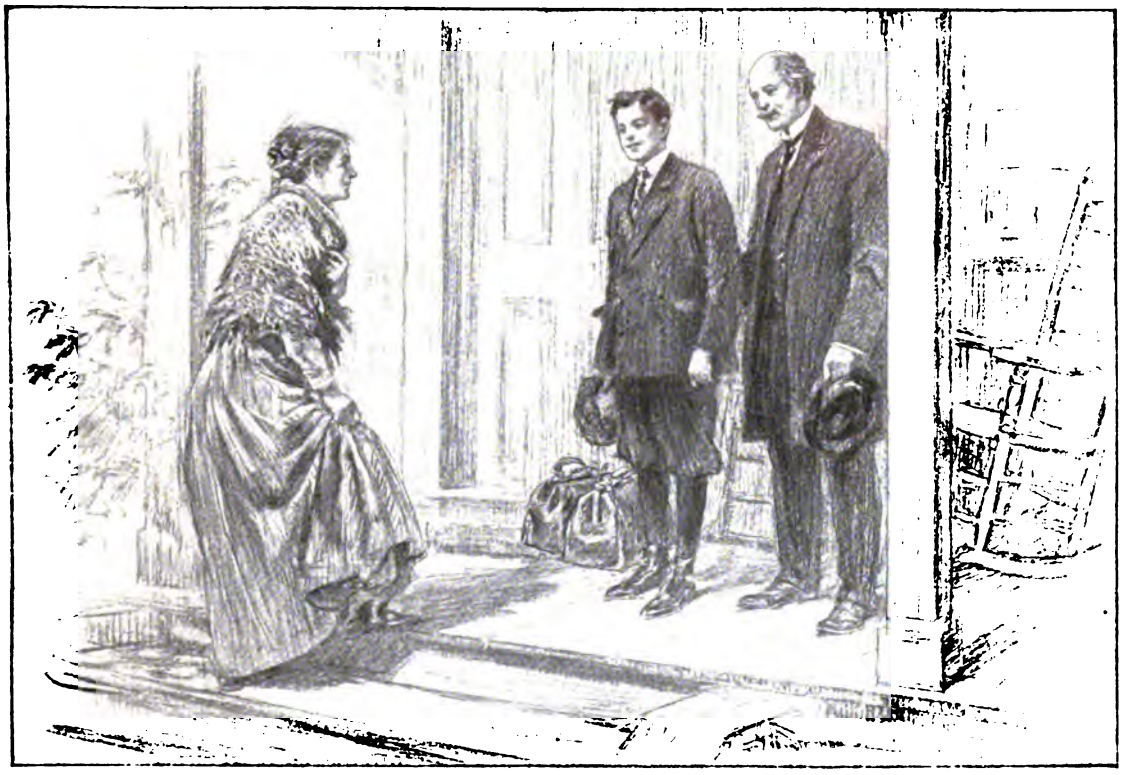
"Is n't she about anywhere?"

"Not jest this minute. She 's been called to the neighbor's. Mis' Francis is havin' one of her faintin' spells, they say."

The little man pulled impatiently at his outstanding mustaches.

"When will she be back?"

"Well, I dunno. Prob'ly in a few minutes.



"'I HAD TO DROP EVERYTHING AND HURRY OVER TO MIS' FRANCIS.'" (SEE PAGE 580.)

The older woman flung off her apron and hastily wiped her hands.

"She 's talking and crying like everything—"

"Did you send Peter for the doctor?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Come on, then."

Together they sped out across the yard and garden. So it happened that, ten minutes after the doctor had leisurely gone into the dwelling of Mrs. Millie Francis, a neat, gray-clad little man, and a sober, anxious-faced boy who had come up the walk, each carrying a satchel, found no one at home in the house of Miss Sarah Willis. Uncle Peter, however, had resumed his task in the yard.

"Does n't Miss Willis live here?" the little man demanded.

Uncle Peter leaned on his rake. "Yes, sir."

She 'd want you to wait, anyhow. Jest carry your things up to the porch."

Uncle Peter ambled away around the house, and acting upon his suggestion, the visitors deposited their luggage on the veranda and sat down. A quarter of an hour passed. The little man got up and pulled out his watch.

"I had a matter to see about here in town, Bruce," he said. "I 'll run down and attend to it now instead of waiting here. You had better stay. Miss Willis will be back soon, I presume."

"All right, Mr. Claywater."

"I 'll be back by twelve," the little man called, as he departed in the direction of Main Street.

For a few moments after his companion had gone, the boy sat still, with his head tipped back against the cushion of his chair, and his half-closed eyes looking into the tops of the maples.

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"It 's nice here," he said wistfully, "pretty and quiet. I—I wonder—"

But suddenly a slight, ominous odor reached his nostrils from the interior of the house. He raised his head, and said: "Something 's burning!"

He rose and, guided by the smell, walked quickly through into the kitchen. A tiny thread of smoke came from the oven. Instantly he threw open the door, seized a holder, and snatched forth the roast.

He looked about. "She must have been just starting dinner when she had to go away. Yes, sir, there are the baking things—and the pie-crust—and eggs—and a lemon—a lemon-pie. And scalloped potatoes in that pan. And tomatoes— There are the things to set the table with, too. This meat needs a little water."

He paused. A twinkle came into his eyes, and his face relaxed. "I wonder if she 'd care. I don't believe so. And it would be fun—just as when I used to do it—in camp. I 'm going to! But I 'll have to hustle. I 'll fix those potatoes first, and make the filling, and then heat the water, peel the tomatoes, and set the table. Here goes!"

He slipped out of his coat and tied his hostess's discarded apron about his waist. A chuckle shook him as he fell to work.

It was fully twenty minutes after twelve when Miss Sarah Willis returned, worried and fluttered, across the garden. At the side of the house she met Uncle Peter, going home.

"Have they come, Peter?"

"Yes, ma'am. Been settin' on the porch 'most two hours."

She hastened over the lawn and up the steps. The little man and the boy rose to meet her. The boy's face was not so sober; it was decidedly pleasant.

"I don't hardly know what to do," she said. "I had to drop everything and hurry over to Mis' Francis. There ain't a bite of dinner ready. I 'll have to go right off and see."

She had backed away, and in an instant she turned and vanished into the house. Through the sitting-room she sped, and then she stopped, with an exclamation that caused Mr. Henry Claywater to peer in from the porch. The boy looked away with a smile.

Miss Willis stood at the dining-room door; her eyes were wide. For the table was laid, faultlessly laid. There were the table-cloth, the napkins, and the silver she had put out, and glassware from the sideboard. At each place, also, was a plate of sliced tomatoes.

"Somebody must 'a' come in and done it!" she said, in amazement. "'T wa' n't Mis' Harper though—she never puts the knives and forks right; and 't wa' n't Aunt Sadie either—she don't peel tomatoes. It could n't 'a' been any one else. Who *could* it 'a' been?"

She moved wonderingly into the kitchen. The fire had been allowed to burn down, and the oven was open to keep its contents from undue drying. She stared blankly at these contents—the beautifully done roast on a platter, a pan of brown scalloped potatoes, and a brimming gravy bowl. Then she turned, and stared again. On the table reposed a lemon-pie whose flaky rim and beaten frosting were equal to anything she had ever beheld.

Slowly she went back to the porch. "Dinner 's all ready," she announced, in a bewildered way. "I don't know how in the world it got so, but it is. I left everything all topsyturvy, and—somebody 's—"

The little man looked at her. "Do you mean, Miss Willis, that some one came in and got dinner for you?"

She nodded.

He smiled. "Then perhaps I can throw a little light on the mystery. I was down-town for over an hour, and returned a moment before you did. Bruce was here alone—and, Miss Willis, he has been known to do such things before now."

She turned vaguely to the boy. "Did you—"

"I like to," he said earnestly, "and I knew how. I did n't think you 'd mind."

She studied him. There was a long pause. "I don't," she laughed, "not one bit. Come right in and set down; I know you 're both just as hungry as wolves."

As they drew up their chairs a moment later, Henry Claywater looked at his watch. "We have a good deal of talking to do, Miss Willis, and I think we had better do it here at table. I have to leave at one-twenty, and—"

"I don't b'lieve any talking 'll be necessary," she informed him crisply. The roast was yielding to her dexterous knife, and she had already plunged a spoon into the potatoes. "So far as I 'm concerned it 's all settled. I was just telling Millie Francis, my neighbor, this morning, how glad I 'd be to have somebody here with me. It 's only for Bruce to decide."

"I think I have decided," the boy said quickly.

She nodded. "My!" she exclaimed, "everything 's done just as nice as it can be!"

Mr. Henry Claywater laughed. "But I think there 's one thing I ought to add, Miss Willis," he said, warningly. "This young fellow can play base-ball just as well as he can make lemon-pie."

Miss Willis beamed. "I 'm right glad to hear it," she declared heartily. "And I don't know as I 'm one mite surprised, either."

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"'THIS YOUNG FELLOW CAN PLAY BASE-BALL JUST AS WELL AS HE CAN MAKE LEMON-PIE.'"

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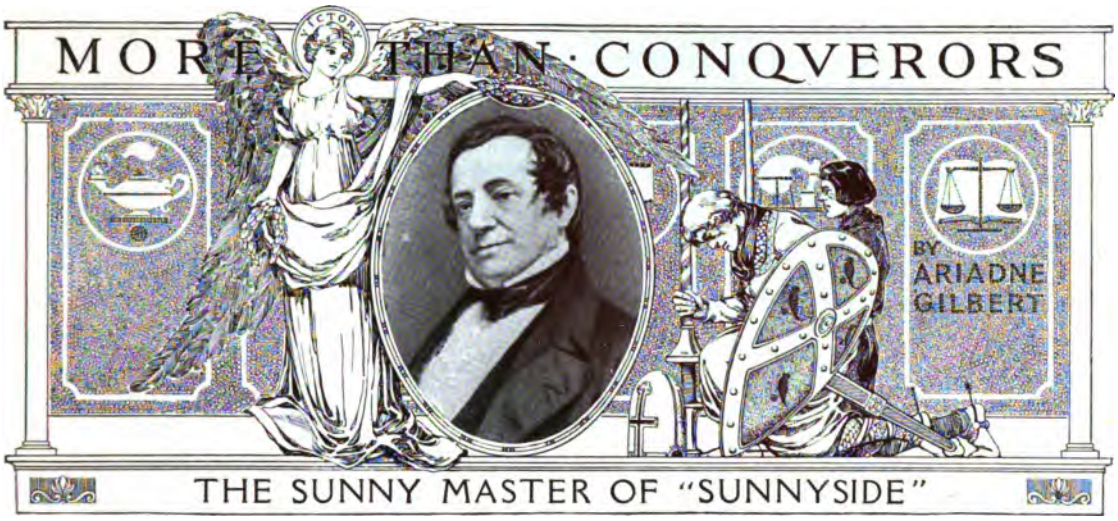


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THE LITTLE FLOWER-SELLER.

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"PLEASE, Your Honor, here 's a bairn was named after you." Lizzie, the Scotch nurse, pushed into the shop, dragging a short-legged boy by the arm till they were close to the President's side. "Here 's a bairn was named after you," she repeated encouragingly. And then President Washington knew what she meant, and laid his hand on the child's tumbled hair in blessing. The boy who received that blessing was Washington Irving. He lived near by, at 128 William Street, below Fulton Street, in New York City. Eight children were crowded into that two-story city house: William, Ann, Peter, Catharine, Ebenezer, John, Sarah, and Washington. Over the brood presided a stern father and a gentle mother who loved and understood.

Doubtless, as the years advanced, that mother knew that her youngest child, Washington, would learn, like all other children, from every source that claimed his interest. Though he was taught hardly more than his alphabet, in the queer little school in Ann Street, he was taught much else by life in the city. He used to "haunt the pier heads in fine weather," to watch the ships "fare forth" with lessening sails; and. there at the wharves, from the smell of salt water, the call of sea-birds, and the flapping canvas, he was learning a love of adventure, and was even planning to sail away as his father had done before the war. At home, he trained himself to the hardships of a sailor's life by eating salt pork, fat and greasy,—a thing he loathed; and by getting out of bed at night to lie on the hard floor. Monkey-like, he was learning to climb from roof to roof of the city houses for the pure fun of dropping mysterious stones down mysterious chimneys, and clambering back, half giddy, but chuckling at the wonder he had aroused, for he was always a roguish lad. From the queerly dressed Dutch people, with their queerer language, he was learning that there were other lands besides his own. From the high-vaulted roof of Trinity Church, with its darkness, and beauty, and deep-swelling music, he was learning that there were other religions than the strict Scotch Presbyterianism of his father. He even learned, in time, that dancing and the theater had their own charms; and he secretly took lessons in the one, and let himself down from the attic window to go to the other.

"Oh, Washington, if you were only good!" the dear impulsive mother used to say. And yet, in her secret heart, she must have felt that the child was "good" who was always sweet and sunny and loving.

Perhaps it was because she shared his thirst for adventure that she won his confidence. Not allowed by his father to read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sindbad the Sailor," Washington used to read them at night in bed, or under his desk at school. He liked those books better than his book of sums; such stories carried him into the wild world of his longing, and partly quenched his thirst for adventure—a taste that lasted a lifetime.

In 1800, when Irving was seventeen, he made his first voyage up the Hudson to Albany. In those days, a journey from New York to Albany was like a journey to Europe to-day. Washington's older sisters, Ann and Catharine, who had married young, were living near Albany, and he was to visit them. Boylike, he packed his trunk at the first mention of the trip; but as the sloop would not sail without a certain amount of freight and a certain number of passengers, he unpacked and repacked many times before her cargo was ready and the wonderful journey began.

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To almost any one, that first sail through the Hudson Highlands is a dream of beauty; to Irving it was a wonder and a rapture. The stern mountains, crowned with forests; the eagles, sailing and screaming; the roar of "unseen streams dashing down precipices"; and then the anchoring at night in the darkness and mystery of the overhanging cliffs, and drifting asleep to the plaintive call of the whippoorwill—it was all new to the city boy, who had never left the New York streets before, except to wander in the woods with dog and gun.

That journey was the beginning of his many travels. Though he went into Mr. Hoffman's office the next year to study law, he did not continue long at the work. An incessant cough soon developed into consumptive tendencies, and, in July, 1803, his employer, who loved him like a father, invited him to join a party of seven on a trip to Canada.

The hardships of this journey, however, were a poor medicine. Beyond Albany, they traveled mainly by wagons, over roads so bad and through woods so thick, that they often had to get out and walk. "The whole country was a wilderness," writes Irving. "We floated down the Black River in a scow; we toiled through forests in wagons drawn by oxen; we slept in hunters' cabins, and were once four and twenty hours without food; but all was romance to me."

Naturally, when he returned home, his family found him worse rather than better. Accordingly, feeling that something must be done to save him, the older brothers put their money together—William, who was best able, giving the greatest share—and engaged his passage on a ship sailing for Bordeaux, May 19, 1804. "There 's a chap who will go overboard before we get across," commented the captain, eying Irving suspiciously.

On ship his sleeping quarters were in the cabin, with sixteen others "besides the master and mate." "I have often passed the greater part of the night walking the deck," Washington wrote to William; and again, "When I cannot get a dinner to suit my taste, I endeavor to get a taste to suit my dinner." His letters breathe a spirit of gaiety, and are hopefully full of his own physical improvement, for he was never a man to complain.

And yet his trip was not all joy; now we read of his Christmas at sea, in a dull, pouring rain, with the captain snoring in his berth; now of a "villainous crew of pirates" who attacked the ship.

After Irving reached port, life, like the sea, seemed smoother; but now he fell a prey to the tempting distractions of travel. His greatest fault was, no doubt, a lack of steadiness of aim. Like a bee, he flew from flower to flower, wherever honey seemed the sweetest. To be sure, he had gone abroad for his health; but the brothers who had sent him expected him to turn the time and money to some definitely good account. For a short time, the art galleries in Rome fired Washington with an ambition to "turn painter," for he loved wild landscapes and color, while he declared that "cold, raw tints" gave him rheumatism. This art craze, however, amounted to a mere temporary dabbling. Moreover, though his expense book gives account of two months' tuition in French and of the purchase of a botanical dictionary, we do not picture Irving as studying either French or botany very hard. His social instincts were a real impediment to any study. William, in bitter disappointment, declared that he was scouring through Italy in too short a time, "leaving Florence on the left and Venice on the right," for the sake of "good company." In fact, the younger brother's bump of sociability was very large. In London he met Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles. Fascinated with foreign life and foreign people, he hated the student side of travel, and was frankly tired of churches, palaces, and cathedrals. All his countries were *peopled*. That is why "Bracebridge Hall" and "The Sketch-Book" are so alive.

We are not surprised, then, to find that, on his return to New York, he plunged into society life; nevertheless he resumed the writing of occasional sketches—a practice which he had begun before leaving his native land. As a partner of Paulding and of William Irving, he issued in twenty numbers a series of brilliant and original papers called "Salmagundi." These were reprinted in London in 1811.

While Irving was abroad, the harsh news of his father's and his sister Nancy's death had come, so that, on his return, we must picture him living alone with his mother in the old house (now torn down) on the corner of William and Ann Streets. There he wrote his "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle," "Salmagundi," and "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker."

Right in the midst of this work came the most terrible bereavement of Irving's life. Under the encouragement of his employer, the fatherly Mr. Hoffman, Irving had attempted to continue the study of the law. Through Mr. Hoffman's friendship, too, and the openness of his hospitable home, the young man had learned to love Mr. Hoffman's young daughter, Matilda. She was hardly more than a beautiful child, but he loved her for all that she was, and for all that she promised to be. Just when they were happiest, however, Matilda caught a terrible cold, and, within

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"'PLEASE, YOUR HONOR, HERE 'S A BAIRN WAS NAMED AFTER YOU.'"

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two months, she was taken away from him forever. That sorrow lay too deep for any of Irving's family or any of his friends to touch. He never found words to utter his sorrow. He was twenty-six when she died, and she was only seventeen. But through all his long, lonely life, he cherished her dear love; after his death, was found, among his treasures, a lovely miniature, a lock of fair hair, and a slip of paper bearing her name, "Matilda Hoffman." Through all his travels he had her Bible and prayer-book with him, and through all the years, her memory.

It was nearly thirty years after Matilda's death, that one of Mr. Hoffman's granddaughters, who was rummaging in a drawer for music, found a piece of faded embroidery. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this is a piece of poor Matilda's work." But Irving had grown suddenly grave and silent, and in a few moments had said good night and gone home.

That Irving tried to lift the clouds from his own spirit is proved by the fact that, in the midst of his sorrow, he continued his "Knickerbocker's History," a book rippling and sparkling with merriment. He himself was Diedrich Knickerbocker, and it was he who "would sit by the old Dutch housewives with a child on his knee or a purring grimalkin on his lap." If some of the Dutch were nettled by his picture of their ways, others saw that he was writing in "pure wantonness of fun," and that none of his laughter left a sting. Years later, however, Irving himself wrote, "It was a confounded impudent thing in such a youngster as I was, to be meddling in this way with old family names."

Yet this special gift of finding fun in little things and interest in nothings filled his days with life. Except for wide traveling, there were few events to light his lonely way. The warmth of his family affections was always one of the sweetest and strongest things in his nature; now he was helping Ebenezer and his many children; now bolstering up Peter with money loans, always offered with that sweet graciousness that was a part of his generous delicacy.

He and Peter and Ebenezer formed a merchants' firm, to which Washington, though he detested the "drudgery of regular business," lent his time and interest till it was firmly on its feet. This required him to live for a few months in Washington, D. C. His spirit now, as in all his other travels, was the same. "I left home determined to be pleased with everything, or, if not pleased, to be amused."

On his return to New York the following spring, he went into bachelor quarters, with his friend Brevoort, on Broadway near Bowling Green. It was a jovial time, free and peaceful, but broken, with the peace of the nation, by news of the War of 1812. Irving, adventuresome and loyal, joined the governor's staff posted at Sackett's Harbor. His letters of that time are full of "breastworks, and pickets of reinforced militia," but also of his own good health, "all the better for hard traveling," and of "love to Mother and the family."

Soon after the news of the victory of New Orleans and the tidings of peace, Irving sailed for Europe, little dreaming that he would stay for seventeen years. He had expected to return in a short time and settle down beside his dear old mother for the rest of her life. These plans and hopes, however, were suddenly broken by the news of her death in 1817. That was the saddest event of his travels; the happiest was his friendship with Scott.

At Abbotsford, Scott made Irving more than welcome, and found in him a kindred spirit. They were both glad, hearty, natural men who loved outdoors in the same boyish way. Moreover, Scott found in Irving a man who needed no explanations—a man who could tramp with him through his own Tweedside, and understand all its beauty. We can imagine how welcome the Scotchman's cordiality was to Irving's fireside heart! To be included as part of Scott's home, not only by the father and mother and four children, but by the cat, the packs of barking dogs, and the noble horses—that was what Irving loved; for, in spite of his outward cheer, he suffered from the loneliness of the inner self. As he said, he was not meant to be a bachelor; and when he writes letters of blessing on the wives and children of Brevoort and Paulding and others, there is an undertone of pathos in the music. "You and Brevoort have given me the slip. . . . I cannot hear of my old cronies, snugly nestled down with good wives and fine children round them, but I feel for the moment desolate and forlorn."

That is all he *says*, and he puts it jestingly then; but the unsaid thoughts lie deep. "Irving's smile is one of the sweetest I know," said a friend; "but he can look very, very sad."

But enough of the hidden sadness of this *partner of the sunlight*. Let us go with the companionable Irving on his travels, and go in his spirit—as conquerors of loneliness.

A rapid journey ours must be, a journey of seventeen years in part of an hour; and yet we must have time for slow steps in the silent Abbey—the most hallowed spot of all England—and time to bow our souls in reverence while the "deep-laboring organ" rolls its music up to

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heaven. And we shall need time to enjoy the English Christmas as Irving enjoyed it. "While I lay musing on my pillow," he writes, "I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was

> "'Rejoice, our Saviour he was born
> On Christmas Day in the morning.'

I rose softly, slipped on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house and singing at every chamber door; but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until, as if by one impulse, they scampered away, and as they turned an angle of the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape."

Friendly and glad, Irving was heartily welcomed into the English home; and when he left that brother-land, with what a kindly feeling did he grace its memory to the world! And what a benediction he sheds in his "Peace be within thy walls, oh England! and plenteousness within thy palaces."

So much for his books of English travel; his books on Spain are no less charming. In fact, Spain must have been even more fascinating to a man of Irving's imagination; to the mind that conceived the mystic dwarfs and "wicked flagon" of Rip Van Winkle and the headless horsemen of Sleepy Hollow. Spain was a land rich in legend as well as steeped in beauty. The roads were infested with robbers. Every Andalusian carried a saber. There was often a lantern hidden beneath his cloak.



"HE 'WOULD SIT BY THE OLD DUTCH HOUSEWIVES WITH A PURRING GRIMALKIN ON HIS LAP.'"

Sometimes, as Irving rode through the stern country, "the deep tones of the cathedral bell would echo through the valley." Then "the shepherd paused on the fold of the hill, the muleteer in the midst of the road; each took off his hat and remained motionless for a time, murmuring his evening prayer."

"Who wants water—water colder than snow?" came the carrier's cry as they neared the city. The shaggy little donkey, with water jars hung on each side, was all too willing to wait.

Arrived at the Alhambra, Irving found it at once a fortress and a palace, every stone breathing poetry and romance. "A little old fairy queen lived under the staircase, plying her needle and singing from morning till night." The Andalusians lay on the grass or danced to

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the guitar, and everywhere were groves of orange and citron and the music of singing birds and tinkling fountains. It was an enchanted palace. In the evening, Irving took his lamp and, in a "mere halo of light," stole dreamily through the "waste halls and mysterious galleries." There were no sounds but echoes. Everything, even the garden, was deserted. Nevertheless the scent of roses and laurel, the shimmer of moonlight, the murmur of hidden streams, had made the garden a fairy-land, only it was a fairy-land where flitting bat and hooting owl were much at home. To Irving, the owl had a vast knowledge of "astronomy and the moon," and he respected the knowledge which he could not share. In short, the Alhambra just suited his fancy; and when, as he said, the summons came to return into the "bustle and business of the dusty world," that summons ended one of the pleasantest dreams of his life—"a life, perhaps you may think, too much made up of dreams."

But poets should not be bound, nor birds caged; nor do we need to take the poet at his own low estimate. Given to hospitality, and, consequently, open to many interruptions, inclined to postpone, and hating the labors of rewriting, Irving was, nevertheless, a hard worker. Those seventeen years were not all dreams. To them we owe "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," written "by candle-light in foggy London"; "Bracebridge Hall," dashed off in Paris in six weeks; and "Rip Van Winkle," which was not, as some have supposed, drawn from life, but was an imagined picture; when Irving wrote that story, he had never visited the Catskills; he had merely seen them from the river on his boyhood's first journey. To these years, moreover, we owe a longer, harder work than any of the rest—"The Life of Columbus." When the poet Longfellow took his early morning walks in Madrid, he often saw Irving writing at his open study-window at six o'clock; he had risen at five to work on the "Life." "I must make enough money," he would say to himself, "to be sure of my bread and cheese."

As a rule, however, Irving had a great indifference to money-getting. Perhaps this will partly account for his rare generosity, though I think generosity was in his blood. With his customary faithfulness, he gave "The Sketch-Book" to his old publisher, Moses Thomas, even at the risk of loss. Utterly without envy, he pushed Bryant's work before the public, popularized Scott in America, gave plots to Poe, and, most generous of all, resigned, in favor of Prescott, his whole scheme for writing on the Conquest of Mexico, though Irving had hugged the hope of such a work since childhood, and had definitely written on it for over a year. Perhaps, blessed with eyesight himself, he thought he would do his blind friend this service. At all events, without consulting any one, he burned his own manuscript. It was a great sacrifice, but Prescott never knew.

Imagine how hard it was for such a warm nature as Irving's to be misjudged by his best friends. But he was misjudged. Some went so far as to think that those seventeen years spent abroad were a proof that he did not love his country and home; whereas Irving was all too weary of foreign society. He was, to quote his letters, "tired of being among strangers." If ever there was a home-loving man, it was Irving. During those seventeen long years he felt himself

> Strange tenant of a thousand homes
> And friendless with ten thousand friends.

He called it what it was, "a poor, wandering life." "I have been tossed about 'hither and thither' and whither I would not; have been at the levee and the drawing-room, been at routs and balls, and dinners and country-seats, been hand and glove with nobility and *mob*-ility, until, like Trim, I have satisfied the sentiment, and am now preparing to make my escape from all this splendid confusion."

But the world did not understand. The newspaper attacks hurt him. At last criticism became too keen for his sensitive nature to bear. Then began for him "sleepless nights and joyless days," with the sharp thought that the "kindness of his own countrymen was withering toward him." Even Brevoort and Paulding, even his brothers, began to chide him with not wanting to return.

When he did stand before them once again, however, with his truth-telling, sunlight face, they questioned his love no more. Irving's return to New York was heralded by a dinner in his honor. Now Irving, as Moore said, had never been "strong as a lion," though he was "delightful as a domestic animal." He himself said it was "physically impossible for him to make a speech." A manuscript under his plate did not help at all. When, at a dinner in England, he had been announced with loud cheers, he had simply responded, "I beg to return you my sincere thanks." And now when, before his fellow-countrymen, the toast was proposed, "To our illustrious guest, thrice welcome to his native land," the shy author who hated speech-making could only stammer and blush. "I trembled for him," said one of his friends, "until I saw him seize the handle of a knife and commence gesticulating with that; then I knew he would get on."

"I am asked how long I mean to remain here," Irving said. "They know but little of my heart

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"'BE QUIET! KEEP NEAR THE HEDGE!' HE CAUTIONED."

and feelings who can ask me that question. I answer, As long as I live." He hesitated, stood still, and looked about him, the old genial smile beaming from his dark gray eyes. Then a rousing cheer told him that he had won again the trust of all, and he sat down satisfied—a tired exile welcomed home.

Except as Irving was twice sent to Europe by our nation, once to England as secretary of legation, and once as minister to Spain, he did stay home all the rest of his life. It is as a home-maker and a home-lover that he was happiest and best known, and no part of life was so sweet to him as the life at Sunnyside. Let us visit him there in his own little house among the trees. Though the house is small, and already filled with his nieces, there is always room for one more. Let us take the train from New York for Irvington, near Tarrytown. Sunnyside, a ten-acre farm, bought by Irving in 1835, is only about ten minutes' walk from the station. The grounds look out on the blue Hudson. There is a cove and a cozy beach, and a spring "welling up at the bottom of the bank." A stony brook, shaded by trees, "babbles down the ravine, throwing itself into the little cove." On the rock at the edge of the lawn, Irving often sits, resting in his love of the shining river, and building his "castles at seventy" as he did at seven. The house described by Irving is a "little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat." It used to be called "Wolfert's Roost" (or Rest), and over the door is an old motto meaning "pleasure in quiet," a motto that was written in its master's heart.

Though you may not find any of the old Indian arrow-heads about the place, nor Brom Bones's pumpkin in the garden, you will find the spirit of Wolfert's Roost unchanged. Crickets skip in the grass; humming-birds whir among the trumpet-vines; the phœbe-bird and wren have built under the eaves. The thick mantle of Melrose ivy, which almost hides the eastern end of Sunnyside, grew from one of Scott's slips.

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Within, Sunnyside is plainly furnished; there are not even many books. Everything, however, looks comfortable and made for use. For instance, the writing-table is a mass of disorder. It is one of the sweet elements of our welcome that nothing is changed to receive us. And we can visit Irving's "tree-encircled farm." Those two elms on the lawn were planted by the author's own hands; he carried the saplings on his shoulder. The fruits and vegetables, he will tell you, were raised at "very little more than twice the market-price." Now, purring thunderously, Imp will come and rub his silky head against you, and Toby will bark a greeting and dash away to the other pets. There are cows and setting geese, cooing pigeons, and "squadrons of snowy" ducks. Dandy and Billy, the old coach-horses, are as "sleek as seals," and "Gentleman Dick," Irving's saddle-horse, puts his cheek against his master's and lays his head on his shoulder. Though Irving will say nothing about it, perhaps you will notice that the saddle hanging near is an old one, furbished up. The father of so many borrowed children could not afford a new saddle.

"Dick now and then cuts daisies with me on his back; but that 's to please himself, not me," laughs Irving, patting the horse's glossy side; and perhaps he may add that Gentleman Dick has thrown him once. It was after a second accident, when Irving was seventy-two, that his nieces forced him to sell this "Gentleman that had proved no gentleman." "Poor Dick!" Irving said. "His character was very much misunderstood by all but myself."

That word "all" covered a big household. Irving's dearest brother, Peter, had died, and so had William and John; but Ebenezer, now growing very deaf, and his sister Catharine made their home at Sunnyside, and there were six adoring nieces who kept Irving "almost as happy" as if he were "a married man."

To see how happy he was, we should have visited him at Christmas, when "The Tappan Zee was covered with sparkling ice and the opposite hills with snow," and when holly reddened the hearth of Sunnyside. Then, indeed, the cottage rang with shouts, while the king of the cottage tiptoed round to be first with his "Merry Christmas," acted a jovial Santa Claus, and filled all the stockings with presents.



From photograph by Brown Brothers.

"SUNNYSIDE"—THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

His understanding of children was wonderful. Once when he had amused two fretful little things on a long train journey, the mother thanked him with, "Any one can see you 're a father of a large family." There are two delightful stories of Irving and the boys who robbed his orchard. One day he was met by a little fellow who came up to him with winning secrecy and said, "I 'll show you the old man's best tree, if you 'll shake it for me." Agreed. "By George, sir!" laughed Irving, "if he did n't take me to the very best tree on my own place!"

Another time, when he came unexpectedly on an apple squad, he said, picking out the leader, "Boy, these are very poor apples. I know a

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much better tree." Then he led them on, skulking in the shadows and dodging the gardener, in true boy style. "Be quiet! Keep near the hedge!" he cautioned.

"We 're afraid the old gentleman will catch us."

"He 's not there now. There, the best tree 's just beyond the hedge!"

The prickly hedge tore the boys' trousers and faces and hands, but the seekers were too near their spoil to be daunted.

"Now, boys, this is the tree I spoke of, and I am the owner of it—Mr. Irving." There was a pause, during which the boys intently studied the grass. "Don't be afraid," Irving went on, "I sha'n't punish you; the prickly hedge has done that. I only wish that when you take my fruit, you would come to me and ask for it." He gave them a genial, forgiving smile, and was gone, the dear old man with the heart of a boy and the immortal spirit of play.

Up to the very end of life, at seventy-six, he could laugh at pain and sleeplessness, and at weariness of mind and body. Let no one underrate the heroism of those last years—the hard work wrought with aching hands. With the press dogging Irving's heels, the "Life of Goldsmith" was written in sixty days. He spoke of his writings as "literary babblings," or as "water spilt on the ground." Many times during the composition of the "Life of Washington," his last work, he was at the point of putting it into the fire. His letters and journal show that writing had become a "toil of head, a fagging of the pen." Often he would be scribbling in his study at half-past twelve at night, long after the family were abed and asleep, or he would "rise at midnight, light his lamp, and write for an hour or two." If he rested in the evening, with the girls sewing round him, it was because he had "passed the whole morning in his study hard at work," and had "earned his recreation."

Through those last years, though he made a pitiful struggle for sleep, asthma and nervousness combined against him, except when he slept from pure exhaustion. And still he made merry. Turning to one of his nieces, he said: "I am apt to be rather fatigued, my dear, by my night's rest."

Always he kept his sunniness. "Happy is he who can grow smooth as an old shilling as he wears out; he has endured the rubs of life to some purpose," he said.

And he did grow smooth and tuneful and placid. Though his voice was hoarse and his step faltering, his gray eyes held their twinkle, and his heart was young and singing to the end.

One frosty November day, the solemn bells told the farmers and sailors, the boys who loved the apples, and all the waiting neighbors of the glen, that the master of Sunnyside had gone.

Sunnyside was left, as we might expect, to Ebenezer and his daughter, "to be kept forever as an Irving rally place." But Irving left a far greater bequest to all who will but take it. Besides his books, rich in humor and kindliness, and written in "the language of the heart," he left the dear example of one who loved and lost, and smiled, and gave; of one who sought the good and found it, whether in music or pictures, free country, books, or people; and of one who sheds a constant blessing, even now, like the sunshine from the sky.

IN APRIL

BY ERNESTINE COBERN BEYER

NONSENSE, Pussy Willow,
Put your muff away!
Fur is out of season
When the sun has come to stay.

Robin has a tailored suit,
The latest shade in red;
The way he eyes the spinster birds,
I 'm sure it 's turned his head.

The river wears, for boutonnière,
A sun-gleam on his breast;
And even I am out to air
A brand-new coat and vest.

The giddy spring is in the veins
Of every living thing.
The tramp goes singing down the lanes,
As happy as a king.

So,—nonsense! Pussy Willow,
Put your muff away!
Fur is out of season
When the sun has come to stay!

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A FORTUNE IN A FLOWER

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

SHE sat by the window, sunshine and blue sky behind her, perhaps not pretty, but very wholesome and sweet. "She 's better 'n purty," her grandmother used to say.

"'T would n't be so bad," her grandfather, propped in his chair, was murmuring, "ef I had any hope."

"'T ain't bad, anyway," said the little old woman, who had what people call "a spirit."

"Ef I war n't tied to my chair," continued the poor old man.

"You 've worked your full sheer," said his wife. "An' Florry an' me jes enj'y havin' ye round—you 've no idee how much!"

"No, I ain't!" said the old man.

"There you was all day, teamin', and eatin' yer cold meat an' pie on the cart or unner it, an' Florry an' me wonderin' how you was, and ef you was warm or cold, or ef you 'd be'n knocked off'n yer seat, or got caught in the rain. An' now we know you 're comf't'ble, an' we can talk together. An' Mr. Jones jes got two hun'erd an' fifty fer the hosses, an' that 'll keep us goin', with the gard'nin', the hull o' two year. And all we gotter do is t' enj'y."

"Enj'y!"

"Father, you ain't gotter wake afore sun-up, to fodder an' milk an' curry; you ain't gotter fetch water, or plow a furrer, or shovel a path—"

"But oh, who will!" exclaimed the old man.

"I will," said Florry, looking up from the little papers she was sorting.

"You!" said the exasperated grandfather. "You who never done nothin' but plant a bush unner a winder!"

"W'y, Father, you don't seem like yerself."

"I ain't myself!"

"Daddy," said Florry, pushing back her yellow hair, as she sprang up and shook her apron, "you wait and see!"

"I be'n a-waitin'. There, there, child, I ain't improvin' thin's by fightin' ag'in' Proverdence."

"Proverdence ain't goin' 'roun' tippin' folks off'n their hay-carts!" cried his wife, winding her strips for braiding. "It 's jes Charles Emery's carelessness, a-startin' the hosses, with you atop o' the load, 'fore ye got yer balance. Proverdence saved ye from breakin' yer bones, an' give ye a hum ter be comf't'ble in. But there, Father, you allers be'n by way o' wantin' thin's w'en ye want 'em. Ye 're like the boy that digged up his seeds ter see ef they 'd sprouted."

"W'at ye doin', Florry?" her grandfather asked. "I want ye ter read the 'Old Farmer' to me. I don' know w'at 's goin' on in the worl' any mor' 'n a mole. Sortin' seeds? W'at in the name of wonder ye doin' with them seeds?"

"Making a fortune!" said Florry, laughing. "You 'll see later. Here 's the paper, now." And after she had read aloud a few paragraphs of the President's message, Daddy was sleeping the sleep of one who, heartbroken with trouble, breaks the hearts of others.

The slumber established, Florry hurried out to the garden patch. Her little feet, her little strength, did not give her much purchase on a spade; but deep spading was not necessary. She brought some fertilizer the next morning and as she worked it in with her spade, she wondered how so beautiful a thing as her white flower grew out of such blackness. Charlie Emery would have been glad to do all the work for her, but, while the memory of his ill-timed chirrup to the horses lasted, that was out of the question.

A couple of years before this, a lady boarding at The Cottages had a window-box; and, on leaving, she told Florry, who had a passion for flowers, that she might have the plants. Among them were a rose-geranium, a lemon-verbena, and a resplendent, fringed, white petunia. Florry had read somewhere what might be done with certain seeds, and she was bound to do it. The wonderful petunia was her especial hope; and she saved its seeds as if they had been gold-dust. The lady had told her that the flower was a new one, and the seed, indeed, more precious than gold-dust; that gardeners grew it on sunny terraces, and went over every blossom with a camel's-hair pencil to distribute the pollen properly; and every blossom that had been thus "hybridized," as she called it, had to be tagged, and every one that did not come true, that showed signs of reverting to the simple old flower from which it had developed, had to be destroyed root and branch. The lady had seen it growing in Germany.

The next year, Florry had produced a multitude of those tiniest seeds to sow when May came around. In the fall, every one of these had given her hundreds more. Her great idea was more than ever valuable when her grandfather's condition had brought the necessity of earning money.

"It 's ridic'lous, Florry," said her grandmother. "'Course I don't wanter discourage ye, child, but it 's a waste o' time. Dear knows, 't would break

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me up, an' him, tew, ter hev ye go out ter work. But we gotter du somethin'."

"Granny dear," said Florry, "we won't starve while the money for the horses lasts. Maybe we won't have to use it all, anyway. I know what I 'm doing. And you know I did get enough money for the rose-geranium slips I took over to The Cottages to get us each a gown and shoes, and pay something to Mr. Jones. People over there just loved the lemon-verbena, too, for scent-bags, and to put in their clothes."



"'I WILL,' SAID FLORRY, LOOKING UP FROM THE LITTLE PAPERS SHE WAS SORTING."

"It 's goin' ter be dretfle hard work."

"Not so very. If I 'm lucky this year, then next year but one I can hire a man, and we 'll take in more ground—all the old garden—and by and by plow up the field beyond. It 's very rich soil, lying in the sun, almost like a greenhouse there. And then you 'll see!"

"Wal, there 's my braided mats. They allers du sell fer somethin'. An' Mis' Lawyer Sprague 's sent me a raft of old pieces, bright ones, tew; an' the minister's wife thinks I kin hev the old red curtings behind the pulpit and acrost the singin' seats. They 'll be reel respecterble mats, 'most religious ones, as ye may say. That 'll help out—with the cow. Benny Bean 's a-seein' to her fer half the milk. So ye kin try it out, Florry; but I must say I ain't no hopes."

Mr. Jones, of the corner store, had no hopes either. When Florry went down to ask him not to press for payment of his old bill for the medicines they had on account of Daddy's accident, and for the groceries, since neither she nor her grandmother liked to break in on the money paid for the horses before they must, then, for a time, Mr. Jones was not at all genial. "We can surely pay you later," she said. "But if Daddy gets well, he 'll want the money for new horses."

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"Then you can hand it to him out of those expected dollars of yours," said Mr. Jones.

"But you know all that 's in the air yet—"

"An' in the ground," said Mr. Jones. "And my opinion is 't 'll stay there. You 'd better be goin' ter work down to the shoe-shop, Florry, and bring home honest wages to yer folks every Sat'day night. That 's my advice, as yer frien'."

But Mr. Jones did not press his bill. In fact, a twinkle in his little gray eye reassured Florry; and she watched her garden with her own heart full of hope, whatever took place in the hearts of others.

"You might let me help you," said Charlie Emery, one evening when he had seen her weeding with an old fork. "I 'd be glad to."

"And I 'd be glad to have you, Charlie," said Florry, "but not now. By and by, when Daddy is well—"

"Then you won't need me."

"Yes, I will, Charlie, always."

When the school-teacher had reformed Florry's grammar, she herself had attended to Charlie's grammar, and with a measure of success that made her feel some especial rights in his friendship; and as he had always helped her in the school-days, both in the carrying of her luncheon and in the eating of it, there was no reason why he should not help her now, if it were not for the feeling of her people.

At the end of the second season, her grandmother had importuned Florry to sell her seeds. They went to bed then at dark, to save kerosene, and lived on mush and milk, keeping the eggs for Daddy. But although Florry cried, she was firm. Those seeds were all needed for the greater harvest of the next year.

"Mr. Jones sez ye must be out o' yer mind, Florry. He sez it ain't on'y a bee in yer bonnit, it 's wheels in yer head," her grandmother said. "He sez 't 's ridic'lous, an' silly, tew. He sez I 'd orter hev the seelec'men deal with me fer lettin' ye carry on this way an' nothin' come of it, and us all on the town nex' thin'."

"Mr. Jones was joking, Granny dear."

"He war n't jokin' w'en he said 't was wicked, this starvin' ourselves fer a notion, and I as thin as a wisp o' paper, all by nonsense about these 'ere pellets, 'most tew small ter see, w'en, as you say, they could be turned into money quick as scat."

"Granny dear, the money they could turn into would be grains of dust in no time. Don't you know twice two are four, but twice fifty are a hundred? Now I 've sold enough branches of rose-geranium, and armfuls of wild roses and elder-blow and sweet-fern and bayberry, to pay for plowing and harrowing the first part of the long field; and Benny 's going to see to it. And that will take all this seed. And we 're going to have a boiled dinner, anyway; and I think some of the hens are too old to keep. And we 'll sit up Thanksgiving night with a lighted lamp. And next summer, there 'll be more berries; and next winter, Granny, next winter, everything we want! A silk gown for my granny, and a city doctor for dear Daddy—if there does n't come a drought!"

It was a dazzling prospect to the little grandmother. She had no fear of drought, or worms, or desolating hail. "I ain't a shadder o' doubt a city doctor 'd put life into him!" she declared. "Old Doctor Slocum 's good enough w'en he knows w'at ails ye. But a city doctor—w'y, them city doctors works merricles!"

And now Granny was more enthusiastic than one born to the faith.

"W'at 's all this foolin' Florry 's up to?" her grandfather demanded.

"'T ain't foolin', Father. It 's business—reel high-toned business."

"Business! W'y don't she git the deestrick school?"

"Florry lef' school w'en you hed yer fall, and ain't got l'arnin' enough ter l'arn others. An' she would n't live no time in that air down at the shoe-shop, an' they 've got all the help they want to the Corners, an' that 's all the chanst there is fer duin'—"

"She need n't du nothin' ef I was well. D' ye think I 'm goin' ter git well, Mother?"

"Puffickly. And as fer Florry, ain't she a-gittin' health an' strength? And ain't that the great thin', Father?"

"Ef we was rich folks, our gel might play gard'nin' forever. Is she goin' ter peddle her garden-seeds?"

"She 's heerd of a man in the city, an' she 's writ to him about them seeds. An' he 's ast about her. An' you 'll find it 'll pay better 'n mill-work."

"Them dusts o' pepper, so small ye can't see 'em?"

"Father, that dust o' pepper 's wuth dollars!" said his wife, earnestly. "Every grain!"

Sometimes Mr. Jones's impatience overcame his knowledge of the value of the seeds. "I 've waited two years for my bill," said he, "'cause Florry 's a good gel, and I 'm fond of her."

"'T ain't surprisin'," said Charlie Emery.

"It 'll take a lot o' them seeds ter count for anythin'! But I suppose she knows w'at she 's erbout. She 's the best gel in the kentry ef she makes this go."

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"I 'm with you there," said Charlie, "whether she makes it go or not."

Unknown to any one, Mr. Jones, going up to the city for his goods, had been to see the great seedsman, and to find what a pound of the seeds would really come to. His eyes danced when he heard. "But I would n't buy a pound," said the seedsman. "I could n't get rid of it, it 's so costly."

"But you could take it at a little discount, and that 'd pay ye fer gettin' other great seed-folks ter take it in less quantity, 'ter go sheers,'" said Mr. Jones. And then he told Florry's story, and so interested his hearer, that it was agreed a pound of the seeds should be taken. "W'y," said Mr. Jones, afterward, to Charlie Emery, "the teenty-tawntiest pinch o' them seeds is wuth seventy-five cents! How 'd she ever come by it, anyway?"



"SHE UNWRAPPED HER PARCEL AS IF IT HELD NO LESS THAN DIAMONDS."
(SEE PAGE 596.)

It was a pretty sight, that long garden and the beginning of the field beyond, when the summer bloom was on, waving and flaunting a thousand stems with their blossoms in the sun and wind, sending a honeyed perfume far abroad, the bees humming around them till frost hung in the air ready to fall. And many a sunny day, Granny pushed Daddy's chair to the door, where he could see the sight and where she could keep an eye on him when he slept in the sun and she helped Florry.

And this was no slight work. For this radiant flower was queen of all her tribes, full, dazzling white, fluted and folded frill over frill, and fringed into fine air, of a delicate fragrance, and recklessly scattering her seeds. And not only were the plants to be watered, if the weather were dry, and weeded, but sheets of paper were to be secured beneath them, to catch the chance fallen seeds; and those that were not perfect were to be plucked away.

"No one need n't to think this 'ere 's play," said Granny. One week Florry had to take money enough from the treasured hoard to hire a man. But that man worked.

The following year, she took the money to pay the man and Benny during the very busiest parts of the season, she and her grandmother working with them for all they were worth.

And then came the careful picking of the seeds, and setting them to dry in the shed, and, later, the delicate work of emptying the seed-vessels; and her grandmother helped, and, quietly, Charlie Emery came over in the night, and did more emptying than they both had done in a day. And Florry wondered, next morning, at what they had accomplished, and went about with a deeper flush on her cheek and a song in her heart.

Indian summer was in the sweet November air, full of balm, with tender mists purpling the horizon. Florry had bestirred herself early, in the

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morning that seemed more radiant than any other morning of her life. She had her ticket and three dollars in her purse. There were some stout paper bags in the shed. Perhaps Mr. Jones had put them there. She wore her old dark-blue winter suit and her sailor hat of many summers, and if not as pretty as a picture, there was something very attractive about her. The precious seeds were in one of the bags, in a well-wrapped parcel, and that was in a little box, and that was in another bag, like a Chinese puzzle, and all to be carried precisely.

Mr. Jones had told her exactly what to do. She was to follow the crowd. She was to speak to no one but the policeman in front of the station. She was to tell him where she wanted to go, and he would see her on the right street-car, whose conductor would tell her where to stop. If she was at a loss, she was to stand still and watch for another policeman. The instructions and warnings would have turned a head less level than Florry's. But how her heart was beating as she went!

What if she should drop her treasure? What if any one should jostle her? What if the bags broke? What if she lost her purse? What if the train ran off the track, to the ruin of the whole? What if some one snatched the parcel? What if she lost her way? A thousand terrible "ifs" and "whats" swarmed round her like a cloud of hornets.

She saw nothing of the landscape as she journeyed; the great dark city deafened and bewildered her. Perhaps it would have increased her disquiet had she known that Charlie Emery was on the train, and allowed her out of his sight only while she was in the seedsman's warehouse.

But although she could hear her pulse beat, and was more or less suffocatingly oppressed by her uncertain breath, she finally reached the big warehouse, and, appalled as she was by space and people and rush of work, she kept her timidity to herself, and asked for the person with whom she had corresponded, and who had had the talk with Mr. Jones. Oh, oh, what if he should not be there!

But he was. "I have brought the giant white-fringed petunia seed," she said, lifting her parcel as he accosted her.

"You are Miss Flora MacLeod?" he asked, as he scanned her pleasant face, tanned and ruddy now, with its starry eyes. "How am I to know they are petunia seeds, *the* petunia?"

Oh, what another terror! But she looked at him without betraying a tremor. "Because they are," she said quietly. And as he gazed in her innocent eyes, he also said, "Because they are." It was not even worth while to speak of the virtues of the microscope.

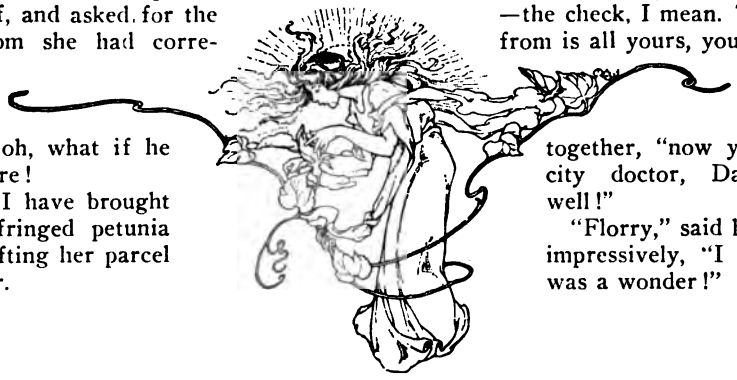
They went then into another part of the apparently limitless place; and she unwrapped her parcel as if it held no less than diamonds. And when she came out, she was clutching her purse, with a slip of paper in it, as if she held the rarest jewel in her hands.

The person with whom she dealt put her on the right car, and she found the station and her train with no loss of time, although with some flutterings. But the time between the starting of the train and arriving at the little house under the big elm was a blank. She seemed to be something different from herself, as if she were walking on air; she only knew the evening was more radiant than the morning. And then at last, a little trembling, very hungry, but not conscious of it, she stood before her grandfather, and held out the slip of paper for him to see. Granny had already seen it in awe-struck solemn silence.

"Your spectacles, Father, your specs!" cried Granny, finding her voice and the glasses. And she clapped them on his nose.

"What!" he exclaimed, when he had seen the figures. "What sort of a trick is this you 're playin' me!"

"It 's a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars, Daddy," Florry answered. "And I 'm to have another check just like it every year I sell a pound of my petunia seed. And I saved out enough besides for next year's sowing. I gave him good measure. And I 'm going to begin some begonia seed, that 's worth twice as much. Think of that! And it 's half yours and half Granny's —the check, I mean. The land it came from is all yours, you know, anyway. And now," impetuously hugging them both together, "now you 'll have the city doctor, Daddy, and get well!"



"Florry," said her grandfather, impressively, "I allers said you was a wonder!"

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THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER XVII—A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

BASIL and Harold passed out into the courtyard, and there found Nasr-ed-Din groaning on a bench. Poor Deeny! He had fought with all his heart and strength, and had only yielded after being shot in the arm, and finally brought to submission.

"Somebody 's going to pay for this!" burst out Harold, as he stood beside his faithful follower.

Basil smiled bitterly.

"Yes," he agreed; "somebody is going to pay heavily. *I* am going to pay."

At this moment, there came a pounding on the courtyard gate, with a sound of excited voices outside. And, above the tumult, rose a voice that Harold recognized, calling, "Sandy! Sandy!"

"Jack McGreggor!" shouted Harold, hurrying to the gate, and, a moment later, Jack rushed in, followed by a crowd of peasants, men and boys, armed with sticks, stones, and knives.

"Come on! *Haidee! Haidee!*" yelled McGreggor, making the most of his Turkish, and brandishing a pistol. "Sandy!" He stopped short, white-faced and panting, as he saw his friend. "Sandy! They—they have n't hurt you?"

"I 'm all right, Jack. Deeny 's the one that 's hurt. There!" He pointed to the wounded Turk.

"I 'm ashamed of myself, way down to the ground, Sandy, about the way I—went off and—and—left you," stammered McGreggor. "I got so rattled and—and—I was so scared, I—" He looked down shamefacedly, shifting from one foot to the other, and kicking awkwardly at the pavement stones.

"Cheer up!" said Harold. "You were n't half as scared as I was. I did n't have legs enough to run."



"THEY LISTENED WITH ABSORBED INTEREST TO BASIL'S CONFESSION."

"Honest?" Jack smiled faintly at this comforting admission. "You don't mean it—do you?"

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"Honest. But, Jack,—where did you get your army?"

"Picked 'em up—in the fields around here," grinned McGreggor. "Shook some money in their faces and made 'em understand I wanted 'em to help me clean out this place. Can't we do it, Sandy? I want to make good somehow."

"You have made good!" declared Evans. "Did n't I see you sail in here like a conquering hero? It is n't your fault if the strangest thing in the world has happened."

Then Harold took his friend aside and related his experience with the Greek monk.

McGreggor shook his head incredulously. "He 's up to some queer game or other. If he 's going to tell you everything, why does n't he do it?"

"He will, but—he wants to go to Bethlehem first. Then he 'll tell us," said Harold, confidently. "You 'll see."

So it came about that Harold and Jack, re-



A DISTANT VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.

united, rode on to the clean and smiling village, the City of David, that spreads its white houses among gardens and vineyards terraced up the sides of a rugged hill. With them rode Nasr-ed-Din, despite his pain and scorning the offer of a seat in the monk's carriage. It was joy at finding his young master safe that had given the Turk fresh courage. His wounds were nothing, he declared.

Having left their horses at a Russian convent near the Church of the Nativity, and having put Deeny, much against his will, into the hands of a one-eyed Arabian doctor, the boys followed Basil to his house, one of the largest and most pretentious in the town, standing in a garden of date-palms just beyond the famous "Milk Grotto." Here, in a spacious room with comfortable divans ranged along the walls and quite bare of chairs, as is the custom, they listened with absorbed interest to the monk's confession.

"All my troubles have come," Basil began, "because for years it has been my duty to deal with peasants and pilgrims so ignorant and superstitious that they will believe anything you tell them. For instance, there is a cave near this house called the 'Milk Grotto'; we passed it just now. According to tradition, the chalk in this cave has had miraculous health-giving properties, so I hit upon the idea of digging out chalk anywhere in the surrounding hills, and selling it as coming from the Milk Grotto."

"I don't see what this has to do with me," interrupted Harold.

"Wait! This thing was a fraud, but it brought in money—a great deal of money—and—it led me into other frauds. I was a poor carpenter at this time, with a little shop in the tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher."

"I know," said the boy.

"I soon neglected that work and devoted myself entirely to my new enterprises. I also began manufacturing 'relics' supposed to be made of olive-wood from the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. Then I took charge of the place where you found me. It is a sort of hospital, where people are kept who are weak-minded."

Here a silent servant appeared with Turkish coffee, and the boys sipped this fragrant beverage from egg-shell cups that rested, native fashion, in other cups of hammered brass.

"About a year ago," resumed Basil, "there was brought to me and—er—put in my charge an American gentleman who—"

"My father!" cried Harold, starting to his feet.

The monk bowed gravely. "It is true. Dr. Wicklow Evans, your father, was brought to me—a prisoner. Please sit down."

"My father!" repeated the boy, in a half-daze. "*Where* was he brought to you? At the place we have just left? Is he there now? What have you done with my father? Tell me! Tell me!" he demanded.

"I have promised to tell you everything, sir, but—please sit down."

"Sit down, Sandy. Give him a chance," urged Jack.

"I—I 've got to know one thing right off. Is my father—is he alive?" Harold's breath came hard as he waited for the answer.

"Yes."

"Is he—is he here—in Bethlehem?"

"No."

"But you know where he is? You 're sure you know where he is?"

"I am sure I know where he is."

With a sigh of relief, the boy settled back on the divan, and Basil continued:

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"I may as well explain why I am telling you this, and why I did not use force against you this morning, as I might easily have done. It was be-



THE SCORPION-KILLER AT WORK. (SEE PAGE 603.)

cause of a promise made to your father while he was with me. I made this promise on my return from a journey to Jericho, a miserable place in the Jordan valley. You will pass that way going to see your father, and I warn you against the flies. Their bite is deadly.

"Well, one of these flies bit me on the forehead, just between the eyes, and I had an ugly sore there with a swelling that grew worse and worse, until both my eyes were involved. I was in terrible pain, and the Jerusalem doctor feared I would lose my sight. Then your father said he could help me, and—within three days he had cured me."

"Father is a wonderful physician!" exclaimed Harold, proudly.

"Without going into details, you understand I had not treated Dr. Evans kindly, and he had returned good for evil. At first I hated him for being so cheery and forgiving. But, as the days passed and he was always the same, always anxious to help and never complaining, I could not resist his influence, and—I saw that one of two things must happen: either he must leave the monastery, or I must change my whole life."

"It was your conscience waking up?" ventured Harold.

The monk was silent a moment, and when he spoke again, it was in a gentler tone.

"Perhaps, but—my conscience went to sleep again. I did not propose to have my prosperous business interfered with, so I arranged to have Dr. Evans taken away to—another place. He understood why I was sending him away. He said the seed was growing in my heart. He said that some day I would give up my wicked life and—do right. He said that there was no other way to be happy. I laughed at him, but—I was uneasy.

"Then there was another thing. Your father declared he would not be a prisoner very long. He was sure he would be back at his work in Adana in a few months. I said it was impossible, he was closely watched, he had no chance to send a letter, and none of his friends knew where he was.

"'My wife will find me,' he said, 'or my old servant, Nasr-ed-Din, will find me, or—my boy will find me.'"



"A STATELY CAMEL WITH A BEDOUIN RIDER." (SEE PAGE 603.)

Harold's face was radiant as he heard these words.

"Oh!" he cried, "did my father say that?"

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"ALONG THIS ROAD CAME OTHER WAYFARERS." (SEE PAGE 603.)

"Many times; and I always laughed at him. 'How can they find you?' I said. 'How will they ever know where to look for you?'

"'God will guide them,' he answered, and then he told me of a strange thing he had done at the Great Pyramid. It seems that, after he was taken, he was secreted for a short time in one of the least accessible of the five chambers of the pyramid, and—you know about the message he wrote there?"

"Yes, yes," replied the boy, impatiently.

"I don't see how Dr. Evans happened to mention you in that message, Mr. Basil," objected Jack. "Did he know you then? Had he ever seen you?"

"No, but the men who captured Dr. Evans told him he would be taken to Jerusalem and put in my charge, so he knew my name. And he prayed day and night that his wife or his son or his servant might be led to the pyramid, and might read his message.

"I told him this was ridiculous. 'Do you imagine that any prayer of yours, here in Bethlehem,' I said, 'can make people journey thousands of miles to a little dark room in Egypt that they never have heard of?'

"'I do,' said he. 'Prayer can do more than that. You will believe in it some day, my friend.'

"It was then that I made the promise. 'Doctor,' said I, 'if your prayers *should* accomplish that, if they *should* bring your people to read this message, and then lead them to me—'

"'Then what?' your father asked, and I felt his strong power dominating me.

"'Then I will help those who come!' I said, and it was like a vow.

"The next day, Dr. Evans was taken away—that was ten months ago. I have not seen him since. I have tried to forget him. I have gone on with my old life, but—the promise stands. The impossible thing has happened. Your father's prayers *have* been answered. You are here. You need help. Very well, you shall have it. It will ruin me, it will drive me out of the country, but—I will keep my promise to your father."

Harold faced the monk in perplexity.

"Why will it ruin you to keep this promise? Why will it drive you out of the country?" he asked.

"Because the—person who had your father brought here is powerful—terribly so. When he finds that I have betrayed his trust, my life won't be worth *that*," and the monk snapped his fingers.

"But—it seems to me you betrayed your trust long ago," objected Sandy. "You say you have

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n't seen my father for ten months. That does n't look like guarding him very well."

Basil nodded grimly. "Your father has been guarded well enough. You will find that out, young man, when you—when you try to see him."

Now swiftly Harold put the all-important question: *"Where is my father?"*

Both boys expected that the monk would meet them here with denial or evasion, but the answer came straight and prompt: "In one of the cliffs of Mar Saba."

"Mar Saba?" repeated Evans.

"Mar Saba?" echoed Jack. It was plain that neither of them had ever heard of the place.

"It is down in the Dead Sea wilderness, about twenty miles from here," explained the monk. "It is built like a fortress against a precipice, with a great gulf beneath. It has stood there for fifteen hundred years."

Basil explained that the fortress of Mar Saba was occupied by some sixty Greek monks, who lived there entirely apart from the world, spending their years in prayer and meditation.

"Does the person who sent my father to you," asked Harold, "the one who is so powerful—does he know that my father is at Mar Saba?"

"No."

"He has not found it out in all these months?"

"No. You understand that this—person does not live in Palestine."

"I suppose he lives in Egypt?" suggested McGreggor.

"Never mind where he lives, and—don't ask who he is. I have promised to help you find Dr. Wicklow Evans; that is all I have promised."

"That 's enough," said Evans.

"If you follow my directions, I believe you can succeed; but it will not be easy. The man at Mar Saba who guards your father is a cunning fellow. He knows my secret, he discovered it, and I have had to pay him heavily—more than half of what I receive. He will not easily surrender so valuable a prisoner."

Again the silent servant appeared with coffee, after which Basil took up the practical matter of the boys' journey to Mar Saba.

"The Dead Sea valley is a wild, fever-stricken region infested by robbers," he said. "Many travelers have been held up there and plundered. You must know the dangers and be prepared to meet them. I will arrange everything, will help you, and see that you have the best possible chance of finding and rescuing Dr. Evans, on condition that you wait two weeks in Jerusalem before you start. You must promise that. And, of course, you will say nothing about meeting me or receiving any assistance from me?"

The boys readily agreed to do this, whereupon Basil made a movement as if to rise and end the interview.

"One moment, please," said Harold, with the eager earnestness that John McGreggor had often admired. "This is a big thing you are doing for us, Mr. Basil, and—don't think me impertinent, but—I *wish* you 'd tell me why you want us to wait two weeks."

The monk shook his head. "You must not ask that."

But Sandy Evans persisted. "As you don't want to tell me, may I make a guess? You 're going to leave the country? You 're going to get on a steamer that will land you in Italy, or Spain, or maybe America—some place where you 'll be safe from this man who is so powerful. Is that it?"

The monk hesitated. "You 're a clever young man," he said finally.

"I only put two and two together, but—see here, I don't believe you have to leave the country. I 'd like to see you stay right here where you belong, and—not run away."

Basil looked wonderingly into the strong young face before him, into the steadfast gray eyes that met his unflinchingly.

"Don't move!" he said. "Stay like that—just a moment. It 's extraordinary!"

"What is?"

"How you look like your father—*now!* And you talk like your father."

"He 's a chip of the old block," laughed Jack.

"I hope I *do* look like my father!" said Harold, proudly. "I wish I could speak like him, too. If I could, I 'd get you to stay in Bethlehem and win out."

"Why should you care what I do or—what becomes of me?" sighed the monk.

"I do care. I want you to stay and help set right some of these things you know are wrong. Will you do it? Say, will you?"

Basil shook his head gloomily. "It 's too late!"

"Why is it too late? You 've got years to live. Do you think you 'll ever be happy if you run away? Why, you 'll remember all these things that you 've done and—hate yourself. My father would tell you to stay here and help these people that need you, just as you 're helping me when I need you. Father was right—the seed *was* growing in your heart. He said you 'd give up your wicked life. Well, you will. You 've done it already. That 's why you kept your promise. You did n't dare break it. You said so yourself. And now you won't dare to run away from the thing that you ought to do. You won't dare be a quitter; *you won't dare!"*

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE MOUNTAINS OF JUDAH

IN spite of Harold's inspired outburst, Basil insisted that the young travelers put off their departure for Mar Saba at least two weeks. It was on this condition only that the monk would give them his promised help, and the boys soon realized that without this they would be sorely embarrassed. A journey into the Dead Sea valley was in itself a hazardous undertaking, but for two inexperienced lads to attempt the rescue of a prisoner from a fortress—it amounted to that—without knowing exactly what they were doing and how they proposed to do it, this was a piece of hopeless folly. Furthermore, there was the problem of Telecjian.

"Poor old Ashrag!—down in the coal-bin. What are we going to do with him?" wondered Jack.

"I 've been thinking about that," said Sandy. "It 's quite a sticker. We can't leave him down in those quarries to starve, and we can't let him out, and we can't take him with us."

For two days, the boys, back now in their Jerusalem quarters, worried over this problem; and twice Deeny, whose wounds had healed rapidly, made his way through the labyrinth of black caverns, bringing food and water to the Syrian. Then, on the third day, the difficulty was suddenly relieved through no less a person than Basil himself, who came to Harold in joyful excitement, having in some way learned of Telecjian's confinement in the quarries.

"But—this makes a great difference to me!" Basil exclaimed. "This man is my enemy. He was employed to follow you just as I was employed to watch your father."

"By the same person?" asked Evans.

"Yes, and—don't you see? He knows what I have done. He has me in his power—that is to say, he *had* me in his power, but now—"

Harold shook his head disapprovingly. "See here, if you think you 're going to work off any old grudge you 've got against Telecjian just because he 's down there helpless—"

"No, no! I don't mean that. I only ask to make terms with him. He wants his liberty. He will leave the country. That is the best thing for all of us."

"Leave the country," reflected Sandy. "If you can make Telecjian leave the country—"

"Make him?" Basil smiled mysteriously. "My young friend, he will board the first ship that sails and get away so fast that—wait and see."

And, sure enough, three days later, the coin collector, with furtive glances over his shoulder every other moment and an anxious look in his eyes, steamed away from the orange groves of Jaffa, from the clustered memories of Jonah, Andromeda, and Hardegg. As Jack expressed it, it seemed "a safe guess that he would collect no more coins in Palestine."

"I don't know exactly how Brother Basil worked this," pondered Harold; "I guess there 's more in it than we understand, Jack, but it looks to me as if we 've rather *handed it* to Arshag Mesrop Telecjian."

"Well, just a little," grinned McGreggor.

While the boys saw the wisdom and necessity of trusting Basil to make arrangements for the expedition, they fretted under the delay.

"If you could only hurry things up a little, Mr. Basil," urged Harold. "Deeny 's all right now, and—you see it 's ten days that we 've been held up here. What 's the matter with our starting for Mar Saba?"

The monk shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Start if you will, but what then? Suppose you get to Mar Saba? What can you do there? I tell you the place is a fortress. It would take an army to capture it."

"But there must be *some* way," insisted Sandy. "Now if money will do any good."

Basil shook his head. "If it was only a question of money, I would give a thousand liras myself to get your father safely out of that place."

Harold's heart sank; he knew that a thousand Turkish liras was over four thousand dollars.

"Then you mean there 's no use in our going to Mar Saba?" he asked.

"I don't say that."

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," burst out McGreggor; "we 'll go straight to the United States consul in Jerusalem, and tell him this whole story. We 'll see whether American citizens have any rights or not in this crazy land!"

Basil held up his hand in warning.

"No, you will *not* do that."

"Why not?"

"Because you would destroy Dr. Evans instead of saving him."

The man's eyes darkened formidably.

"I 'm afraid he 's right, Jack," whispered Evans. "You know what my mother wrote."

"Do you mean to say," put in McGreggor, unconvinced, "that the *person* back of all this is big enough to get away with the United States?"

Basil nodded grimly. "Before the United States could do anything to help Dr. Evans, it would be too late."

"But you 've been encouraging us all these days," protested Harold. "You said we might succeed. You said you would help us?"

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"So I will, but you must be patient."

Then the monk informed them that, three days before, he had sent his trusted servant, Gabriel, down into the Dead Sea valley to find a certain Bedouin named Khalil, the leader of a wandering tribe, and give him certain instructions looking to the rescue of Dr. Wicklow Evans.

"This man Khalil," explained Basil, "is received at Mar Saba as my representative; he sees the prisoner whenever he wishes. I shall have more to tell you as soon as Gabriel returns."

With this the boys had to be content, and for three days they chafed through the hours, taking more pictures, watching the crowds of pilgrims and peasants that swarmed in the Jerusalem market-place, and getting a bit of excitement in the evenings as they watched the activities of Nehemiah, a scorpion-killer, who, with lantern on his turbaned head and bag under his arm, passed gravely through the narrow streets, impaling on his quick rapier the dangerous black pests as they scurried over the walls.

"Nice country," remarked Jack. "Deadly flies in Jericho, and scorpions in Jerusalem."

On the fourth day, very early in the morning, Gabriel arrived and brought good news from the Bedouin, it appeared, for Basil immediately sent for Harold and unfolded his plan to accomplish by a ruse what would be impossible by violence. McGreggor was not present at this interview, and was somewhat chagrined when Harold reported that the details were to be kept secret for twenty-four hours.

"You must n't be offended, Jack. It is n't any reflection on you. Basil thinks we might talk about the thing and—somebody might overhear us. See?"

"That 's all right," said Jack, a little stand-offish; but he soon forgot his wounded dignity when he learned that they were to start for the Jordan valley in a few hours, and threw himself zealously into preparations for the trip.

"How long will we be gone?" he asked, as they packed their saddle-bags.

Evans hesitated, and McGreggor saw that he was dying to tell him something.

"Go on," he teased. "A week? A month? Can't you give a fellow some idea?"

Harold leaned close to his friend and whispered: "It may be all over by this time to-morrow night."

"You mean—we may have your father with us—to-morrow night?"

Evans's face brightened into a radiant smile. "Yes, old boy, that 's what I mean. Now don't ask any more questions, *please* don't."

It was two o'clock that afternoon when the young horsemen shook hands with Basil and the little cavalcade clattered down David Street with a great jangling of bells from a pack-mule that carried extra clothing and the picture apparatus.

As they passed Gethsemane, outside the gates—Gabriel riding first, then the boys, then Deeny, leading an extra saddle-horse, and, last, the muleteer—they came upon a line of beggars the saddest in the world, blind, crippled, and lepers, who straightway began to beat their tin pails and flaunt their misery.

"Hawadja! Hawadja!" ("Master! Master!") they cried, in long-drawn, wailing chorus.

"Ugh!" shivered Jack. "Let 's give 'em a few coppers and get along."

Harold nodded.

"B-r-r-h-h," he said to his horse, with a kick backward against the hind leg; and immediately the gait quickened.

"Is that the way you do it? 'B-r-r-h-h,'" imitated McGreggor, and his horse started forward on a canter. "Whoa, there! Not so fast! How do you tell 'em to whoa, Sandy, in Turkish?"

"Heesh, heesh!" called Evans, and the horses slowed down again.

Presently, they came to a hilltop (pointed out to tourists as the hill where Judas hanged himself), and looked down upon a stretch of ancient graveyards over which great vultures were soaring.

"Talk about flying-machines!" exclaimed Jack. "See how those *enormous* birds sail along without moving a feather. Why, they 're as tame as chickens."

"That 's because no one ever shoots 'em," said Harold. Then for a long distance they rode on in silence through a dead and dreary solitude. No trees, no fields of grain, no vineyards, no vegetation of any sort. Only rolling rock-hills and rolling rock-valleys as far as the eye could see—bare rocks and sand, blotched with harsh colors, like slag out of a furnace. They were passing through the mountains of Judah.

On before them, through this desolation, ran the road's white trail, making queer long loops and corkscrew turnings—a child could not trace a crazier line with chalk on yellow paper. And along this road came other wayfarers, dust-covered pilgrims, or brisk donkey trains, or now and then a stately camel, one of the desert runners, with a white-shrouded Bedouin rider, his bare, brown feet dangling over a gaily tasseled saddle blanket.

Three hours of journeying through this wilderness brought the boys to a point of high ground that rose like a watch-tower above the surrounding hills. Far behind them, clearly outlined against the setting sun, rose the Mount of Olives

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with its obelisk tower. And, as they turned to the east, where the long shadows extended, they saw that the hills fell away sharply before them, flattening down into rolling mounds with a level of dazzling white beyond, the white of snow or a glacier, and through this ran a dark blue line like a river—it *was* a river, it was the Jordan rushing on through its last chalk beds to the Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea! Not yet visible, but hidden away there at the right, down in the gulf between these yellow mountains and the blue ones in the distance, deep down in the gulf between the mountains of Judah and the mountains of Moab.

Harold and Jack sat motionless on their horses, drinking in the strange, wild beauty of the scene. From the low-hanging sun came a light softened by the mists of evening. A pinkish haze seemed to settle over the hills, and in broad bands the colors of the rainbow, red, and orange, and purple, spread above them.

Jack thought of various things he would like to say, but they seemed "like things out of a book," and he felt somehow ashamed to say them. So he finally blurted out:

"Some picture, old boy!"

And Sandy answered: "Right you are!"

(To be continued.)



EMPTY TROUBLES

BY S. E. KISER

WHEN I blow away a bubble, and then gladly watch it float,
I forget that I have trouble. It is like a fairy's boat,
But it 's gone in just a minute,
For, you see, there 's nothing in it;
Like an empty bit of nothing, lighter than a drop of dew,
Dancing sunbeams glimmer through it;
Very often, if we knew it,
Light might shine through troubles, too.

When you have a foolish trouble, why not treat it as a bubble
To be blithely blown away?
Just draw in your breath and blow it, and almost before you know it,
You will treat your task as play;
Even though it may be raining,
You may cease to sadly fret,
And contentedly forget
To be sighing and complaining.

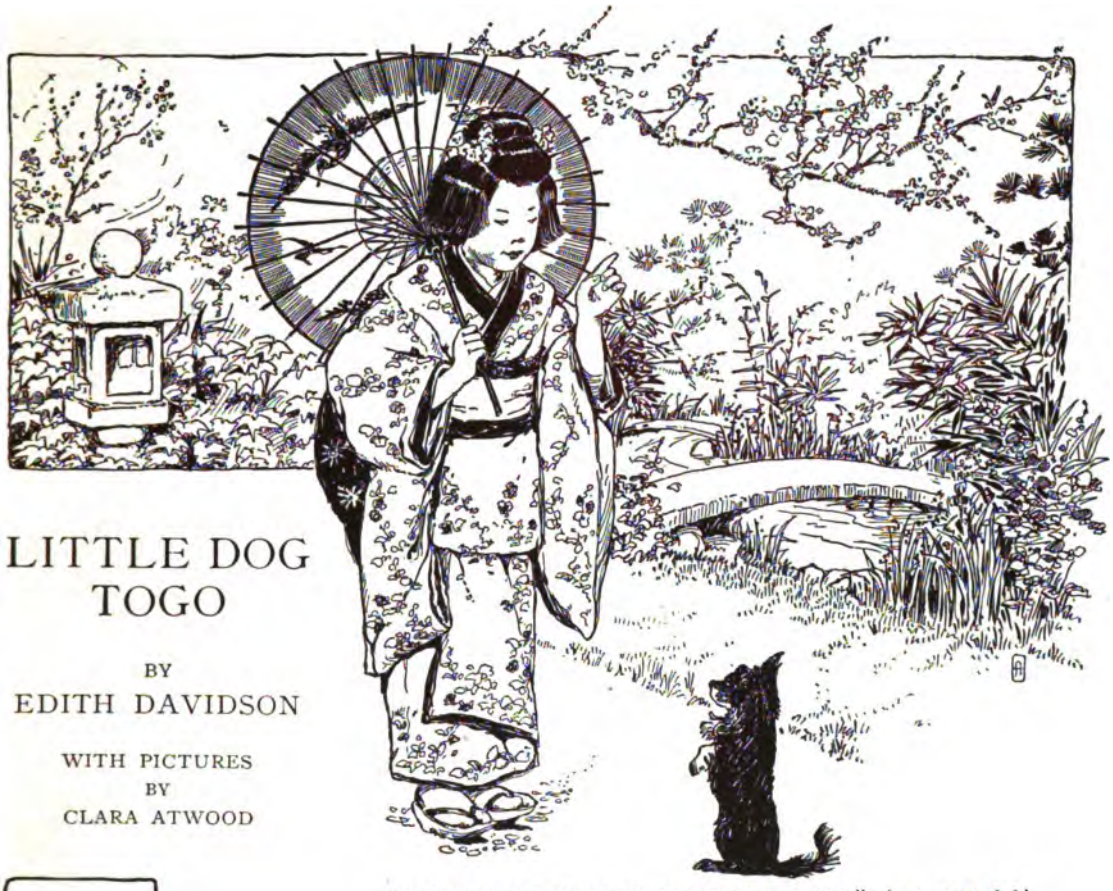
Come, let 's blow away our troubles as we blow away the bubbles
That so quickly disappear,
Leaving no sad traces here;
Trouble 's gone in just a minute, for, you see, there 's nothing in it,
When we give up sighing sadly
And keep looking upward gladly,
Speaking only words of cheer.

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LITTLE DOG TOGO

BY
EDITH DAVIDSON

WITH PICTURES
BY
CLARA ATWOOD



"O SUMIRI SAN TAUGHT ME TO SIT UP AND BEG." (SEE PAGE 606.)



I AM only a little black dog, Togo, but you may like to hear of my wanderings from far-away Japan to this great country of America.

I was born on the estate of the renowned Admiral Togo, and my earliest recollection is of a childish voice saying, "I thank the Honorable One for giving such a beautiful dog to so unworthy a person, and it shall have a good name. I will call it Togo."

Then I felt two small arms, which, carefully lifting me up, pressed me against a soft, warm cheek. That is how I first knew my dear little mistress, O Sumiri San.

She was very pretty, with silky, black hair, dark eyes, delicate pink cheeks, and a little mouth which was always smiling. Her name, O Sumiri San, in the Japanese language means Violet Flower, and in her dainty silk gown, with a cluster of peach blossoms in her hair, she looked like a lovely flower herself.

She was the only daughter of a rich Japanese nobleman who was a friend of Admiral Togo, and it was during a visit to his country-house that I was given to O Sumiri San by the great admiral himself.

My little mistress lived with her father and mother in a beautiful house, surrounded by a wonderful garden, not very far from the city of Tokio. In the garden was a pond full of gold and silver fish, and there was also a little river crossed by four stone bridges. In the middle of the pond was a small island, on which was a pretty tea-house covered with wisteria-vines. There O Sumiri San was taught her lessons, and there I, too, received my education.

I am afraid that I was often a very mischievous puppy, but never did my little mistress whip me. When in my play I had broken a vase or destroyed a pretty cushion, she would look very sad and say, "Naughty Togo, you can have no dinner.

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Go into the corner and stay there until you are a good little dog." How ashamed I would be as, with my tail between my legs, I would creep away and hide.

O Sumiri San taught me many pretty tricks: to sit up and beg; to play I was asleep until she would say, "The Russians are coming!" when I would jump up and bark fiercely; to walk on my hind legs, and to dance on them also—one, two, three—one, two, three. Ah, those happy, happy days! How much misery I have known since then!

One morning, when I came in from my early scamper, I found, to my astonishment, that my little mistress was still in bed. Jumping up beside her, I urged her with nose and paw to get up and play, but her mother lifted me gently from the bed, and, putting me in my basket, she said: "Lie still, little Togo, and do not disturb Kawaii [Beloved]; she is tired and wants to sleep."

After that, for many days, it seemed as if my little mistress was always sleeping. Sometimes I would think I heard her call me, and jumping from my basket, I would run quickly to her side; but she never seemed to know me, although I licked her little hand and whined. One morning when I woke up, I found that I was no longer in O Sumiri San's room; in the night, while I slept, I had been carried to another part of the house, and soon after Otonashi [the Good-Tempered], one of the maids, came and took me to the tea-house in the garden, where she shut me in and left me. How I whined and cried to be let out! Food and water were brought to me, but time passed very slowly, and at every sound, I expected to see my mistress coming to play with me.



TOGO PERFORMING WITH MISS BUTTERFLY FLOWER.
(SEE PAGE 607.)

All that day and all the next night, I stayed in the tea-house, unhappy and alone; then, at last, Otonashi came and carried me back to the house. Up the stairs I ran as fast as I could go, barking with joy. The door of O Sumiri San's room was open, but in a moment I saw that no one was there. Down the stairs I dashed once more, and in room after room I hunted, but nowhere could I find my darling little mistress.

Then I went back to the garden. Round and round I ran, hunting in every nook and corner, but nowhere could I find a trace of O Sumiri San. Finally, I decided that she had gone to visit her grandmother, who lived in the city of Tokio. I had often been there with my mistress, and I felt sure that I could find the way.

Never had I been allowed to go outside the garden alone, but no one saw me as I crept under the gate and trotted quickly down the road toward the city. I soon began to feel both tired and hungry, for I had been too unhappy to eat my breakfast that morning. Willingly would I have rested for a while, but I was so anxious to find my little mistress that I took new courage and hurried on. When at last I reached the city, the crowded streets confused me so that I did not know which way to turn. I ran first in one direction, then in another, but the houses seemed to become smaller and uglier as I went on, and not at all like the one I was hunting for. Finally, I was so tired that I could go no farther, and finding a quiet corner, I lay down and fell fast asleep.

I was suddenly awakened by some one touching me, and, jumping up, I saw a strange man standing beside me. He had a very ugly face, with a long, hooked nose, and only one eye. His clothes were shabby and not clean, and his hands looked as though they had never been washed. I heard him say, "He will do nicely to take old Kame's place," and the next moment he had picked me up, and was putting me into a bag. How I struggled to get away! I even bit the man, although I had been taught never to bite; but it was of no use, I was tied up in the bag and carried off.

I next saw the light in a dark, dingy-looking room, where there were a number of men and women. As the one-eyed man took me from the

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bag and put me on the floor, every one cried: "Oh, what a pretty little dog! Where did you get him, and can he do tricks?"

"He has already done the trick of biting me, and this is to pay for it," he answered, and he gave me a blow. Never in my life had I been struck, and it made me both angry and dizzy. Miserable and unhappy, I crawled away into a dark corner, and, in spite of coaxing, I refused to come out. "Leave him alone," said the man, whom they called Mekkachi San, meaning the One-Eyed One, "he 'll feel better when he has sulked a while, and then I 'll begin to teach him his manners."

Late in the evening, when every one had gone away and I was alone, a pretty young girl came quietly into the room with a plate of food. She talked so gently and kindly to me, that very soon I let her take me in her arms. How I longed to be able to ask her to take me home to my dear O Sumiri San! I felt that she was sorry for me, and from that night we were the best of friends. When I first saw her dancing so lightly on a wire in the air, I did not wonder that she was called O Cho Hana San, which means Miss Butterfly Flower. She was so pretty, so gentle, so obliging to all, that every one loved her, and many a time did she protect me from the anger of Mekkachi San. Without her, I do not think I could have lived through all those months of misery.

I had been stolen by the leader of a company of acrobats, who traveled about the country, giving exhibitions at the Temple Fairs. They had also trained animals: Saru, a hideous little monkey, two Angora cats, a dozen white mice, a talking parrot, and Kihei, the old pony, who was almost past his usefulness. Their dog, Kame, had died, and I was to take his place in the exhibitions.

My red collar, with its pretty, golden bells, was taken from my neck, and in its place was fastened an old strap with a brass buckle. Then Mekkachi San began to teach me tricks, and when I did not mind him, he whipped me. That terrified me so that I forgot all the tricks I had ever known, and I could not even remember how to sit up and beg. At last Mekkachi San became very angry, and, after shaking me with all his might, he threw me into a corner and stamped out of the room.

A few minutes later, O Cho Hana San crept quietly in. She took me in her arms to pet and comfort me, whispering, "Be a good little dog Koinu (for so they had named me) and mind Mekkachi San. Your life will be much happier if you do."

So, day after day, I was taught tricks which I did not want to learn. To climb up a ladder and to stand on my head at the top; to drill like a soldier and to beat a drum; to be harnessed to a small cart in which sat Saru, the monkey, and to dance with the cats.

My only friend was O Cho Hana San. I did not like Saru, the monkey, who was very mischievous, and I hated the cats, who were always stealing my food, and who scratched me whenever they had the chance. Old Kihei, the pony, was friendly, but he was half blind, and rarely cared to talk.



"HE BEGAN TO TALK TO THE MAN IN SOME STRANGE LANGUAGE." (SEE PAGE 608.)

At last, early one morning, everything was packed into the *itto basha* [horse carriage], and very soon we had left Tokio behind us. How I longed to run away, but, alas! Mekkachi San had tied me in the wagon, so there was no chance of escape.

We stopped at various towns where fairs were being held, and gave exhibitions. When I did my tricks well, I had my supper, but if Mekkachi San was not satisfied, I went to bed without food and with an aching back. Sometimes O Cho Hana San would slip in to comfort me with a bowl of rice or a bit of bread, but she also was afraid of the master, and dared not incur his displeasure.

One unhappy day, while O Cho Hana San was dancing high in the air, she became dizzy, and, losing her balance, she fell to the ground and

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was badly hurt. The doctors said that after a long time she would get well, but that never again could she dance on the wire, and when we moved on to the next town, the Butterfly Flower was left behind. With my only friend gone, I was more miserable than ever, and I made up my mind to run away as soon as I could.

I slept in the stable with old Kihei, and one



"I LOVE TO LIE IN THE WARM SUNSHINE."
(SEE PAGE 610.)

night Mekkachi San forgot to tie me. When the hostler came to give the pony his supper, he left the stable door open, and in a moment I had slipped out into the street. Then *how* I ran! On and on I went, mile after mile, in what direction I did not know, but I was free!

When it began to grow light, I crept behind a thick hedge, and there, safely hidden, I soon fell asleep. So tired was I that I did not wake up till the afternoon shadows were lengthening. I was very hungry, but I dared not go near a village, which was close by, for fear of being caught. So I waited until it was quite dark, and then, near a small house, I found an old bone, and a pool of water where I could drink.

Always hoping that I might reach Tokio, I traveled on night after night, until I was worn out with hunger and weariness. My feet were bruised with the sharp stones, my mouth and eyes were full of dust, and my pretty black fur, of which my little mistress had taken such care, was rough and dirty.

At last, one morning I came to a long beach close to the ocean. Not far off was a big town, and in the harbor were many ships at anchor.

As I lay down on the soft sand to rest, a sailor-man and a boy came toward me. For a moment, I was tempted to run away, but the boy was eating a large piece of bread, and I was starving, so I wagged my tail and whined. When the boy saw me, he laughed, then, throwing me the bread, he began to talk to the man in some strange language. The man looked at me, and then nodded to the boy, who, picking me up in his arms, ran quickly to a boat which was pulled up on the shore. I struggled to get away, but the boy held me fast, and, in a few moments, the man had pushed the boat into the water, and was rowing us toward a big sailing-vessel which lay close by.

When we went on board, the sailors crowded about me, laughing and joking. I could not understand what they said, but I knew they were making fun of me, and I longed to run away and hide.

Very soon I saw the sailors pulling up the anchor and unfurling the great sails. At first I was interested, for I had never before been on a ship, but suddenly I realized that I was being carried away from my own country of Japan, and that I should never again be able to find my dear O Sumiri San. How I whined and barked, trying in vain to jump over the side of the ship into the water, that I might swim to shore.

The sailors were a rough, careless lot of men, but I amused them, and, after a while, I began to learn many of their words. They would make me "sit up and beg" until my back ached.

For weeks and weeks, we sailed along, the sea being sometimes smooth and sometimes very rough. During one awful storm, the great waves swept over the ship as though they were trying to drag her down to the bottom of the ocean, and even the sailors feared they would never see land again. At last, however, the sea became quite calm, and one pleasant morning we dropped anchor in the big harbor of Boston. Every one hurried on shore, and I was left alone on the ship, without even a bone to keep me company.

The next morning, I heard voices outside the cabin, and soon after Jack came in, followed by a young man who evidently wished to see me. He looked me over very carefully, and then, shaking his head, he said, "Not good enough; let me see the birds," for there were a number of tropical birds on board for sale. How my heart sank as he turned away, for I had hoped that he might buy me, ugly and dirty as I looked, and take me far from the dreadful ship.

But a few minutes later, Jack came running back, jingling some money in one hand, and with a basket in the other.

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"In you go, old boy, he 's bought you after all!" he cried, picking me up and putting me in the basket; and before I knew what was happening, I was in the young man's automobile, and we were speeding along the city streets. I had never been in an automobile before, although I had often seen them, and for a few moments I was terrified; then I began to enjoy the swift motion, and I have loved it ever since.

We drove through winding streets, between very high buildings of brick and stone, such as I had never seen. The sidewalks were crowded with people who all seemed to be in such a great hurry that I thought they must be running to a fire. I have since learned, however, that the Americans, unlike the Japanese, never walk slowly. After a while, we left the city and soon came out on a broad road close to the ocean. How good the air felt as we swept along! We began to pass beautiful country-houses set in big gardens, and after we had driven many, many miles, we climbed a hill, and, passing between high iron gates, we entered a long, shady driveway.

Soon we stopped in front of a great house, where, taking me from the basket, the young man went in, I following close at his heels. Such a wonderful house it seemed to me, with its big rooms, softly carpeted floors, pretty furniture and flowers everywhere. It was so different from the houses in Japan, and so much more beautiful.

As we entered the drawing-room, a lady who was drinking tea near the fire looked up with a smile of greeting, and asked, "Well, what did you find, Ned?"

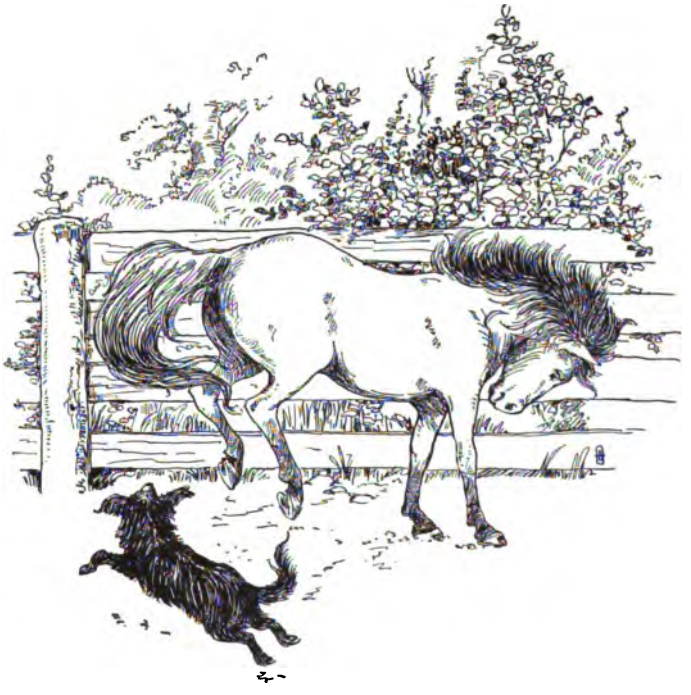
"Not much for you, Mother," answered the young man, pointing at me; "but the little beggar looked so wretched and half starved that I bought him simply to put him out of his misery."

I did not know what he meant, but I heard the word "beg," so I sat up on my hind legs at once to show them that I had been well brought up. How they both laughed, while the lady, leaning down, patted my head, dirty as I was, and said gently, "Poor little dog, he has good manners, but he looks as though he had been hardly used; let us give him a little happiness."

That was the beginning of a new life for me, and no dog has ever had a happier one. With what care I was washed and brushed, until once more my coat looked black and glossy. I was well fed, and I only heard words of kindness. From the moment I saw my mistress I loved her, and my master and I are the best of friends.

It was my master who found out my real name. He used to repeat Japanese names to me one after the other, for Jack had told Mr. Ned that he had brought me from Japan. One day my master said, "Togo." Of course I at once wagged my tail, and, sitting up on my hind legs, I barked as hard as I could; and from that time I was called Togo.

I wish I could describe the beautiful Hall built on a high hill overlooking the broad ocean. There are great woods with shady paths, where I often go to walk with my master. There I find birds and squirrels to chase, mysterious holes to investigate, and, occasionally, I see a rabbit in the distance; but I am never able to catch one.



TOGO AND MAJOR AT PLAY IN THE PADDOCK.

Then there is the big garden full of lovely, sweet-smelling flowers, its high stone walls covered with ivy and climbing roses. There is an old marble fountain, where the water makes a pleasant trickling sound, and a pond where the gold-fish play among the lilies. The only thing which reminds me of Japan is an old stone lantern near the driveway.

Across the front of the Hall runs a broad green

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terrace, the entrance to which is guarded by two fierce marble lions. There, on the stone wall, I love to lie in the warm sunshine, and look over the tree-tops to the sea.

In the stable, I at once made a friend of Major, the Shetland pony, who draws my mistress's garden carriage. When I play with him in the paddock, pretending to bite his heels, his legs fly out behind as though he wanted to kick my head off, but he knows that I will keep out of harm's way, and it is only in sport. When I first came to the Hall, Briar was the only dog there. He is a sheep-dog, and is not allowed in the house, but he is the policeman who sleeps on the door-step at night and guards us from harm. I, too, have learned to watch the house, and no stranger can come in by day or night without my knowing it. If they are friends of my master and mistress, I welcome them with pleasure, but otherwise I bark, although I never snap or bite.

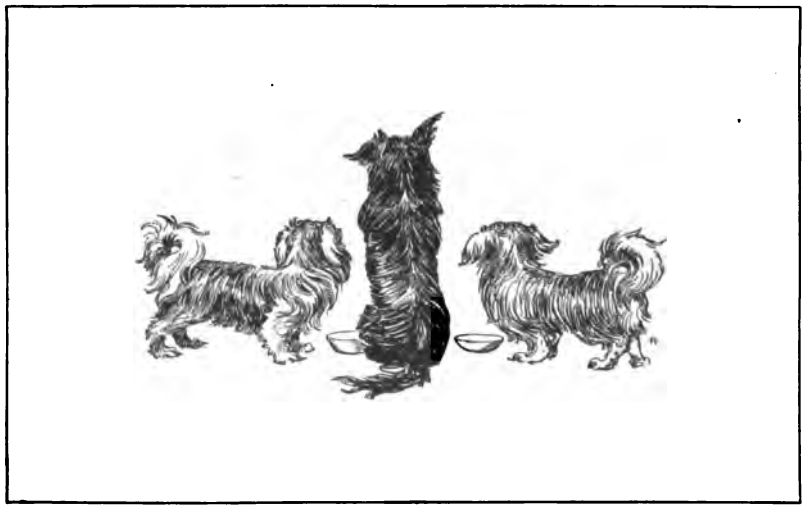
One summer my master and mistress went to Europe, and when they came home they brought Quonny and Wah (whom they call "Pretty") to be companions for me. They were little Pekingese spaniels, and although the Japanese do not care for the Chinese, I liked my new friends at once, and I have never been jealous of them. They are smaller than I am, so I take great care of them; and when strange dogs come to the Hall, I stand in front of my tiny friends and growl. I see that they are fed first, while I sit up on my hind legs and wait until they have finished; and if they prefer my food to their own, they are quite welcome to it.

Not long after she came to the Hall to live, Pretty had two dear little puppies, Tsin-Erh and Wee-Wah. My mistress thinks that Tsin-Erh is the most beautiful dog in America, and I agree with her, even though he is Chinese. His tawny coat is so soft and silky, and his eyes are so large and brown. When the mistress goes in to dinner, Tsin-Erh loves to sit on the train of her dress, so that he has a ride as she walks along.

Since then Pretty has had two more cunning puppies, and last summer Mr. Ned brought his mother two little Pekingese dogs from London, Ah-Chu and Yehonala. We are very happy together, and no quarreling is allowed, but such a family is a great responsibility for me, so I hope that it will not grow any larger.

When my mistress drives about the place in her low pony carriage with Major, all the dogs go, too, and what a good time we have racing and barking around her, Major being quite as lively as any of us. I don't think he always behaves very well, and I have begged him to be careful, but he only tosses his head and keeps on running away whenever he feels like it.

I HAVE not forgotten my little Japanese mistress, O Sumiri San, but I am an American dog now, and could not possibly go back to Japan. Sometimes I dream that once more I am doing my tricks with Mekkachi San, or on board the sailing-ship in the big storm. Then I wake up with a shudder to find that it is not true, and, snuggling down more comfortably on my soft cushion, I go to sleep again, knowing that all the misery of my past life has vanished, and that now my days are filled with happiness.



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"DAVID AND GOLIATH."—DRAWN BY ARTHUR T. MERRICK.

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THE BASE-BALL GUESSING MATCH

BY C. H. CLAUDY

Author of "The Battle of Base-Ball," "Playing the Game," etc.

SPRING has come; base-ball is here; and no grown-up fan, in his most rabid moments, is happier than the small boy with his bat and ball, and his freedom from winter's chains at last—freedom to pitch, to bat, to run, to catch—yes, freedom even to strike out! Surely it is better to strike out with the bases full than not to play at all!



WALTER JOHNSON, THE GREAT PITCHER OF THE WASHINGTON CLUB, AMERICAN LEAGUE.

And so begins again, in Major League and Minor, in open field and in sand lot, in "fandom" and in boyville, the eternal, never-ending struggle between pitcher and batter, the never-to-be-finished "guessing match" between the wit of the one and the perception of the other, the skill of hand and arm to pitch against the skill of arm and hand to bring the bat against the ball, and send out a good, clean base-hit!

For a guessing match it has become, since the eyes and hands of batters have been so highly trained to meet the prowess of the pitchers. The best of batsmen strike out now and then, even against an unknown pitcher; the finest and most skilful of pitchers are occasionally "found" by men not regarded as having any standing as batters. Why? Because the one outguessed the other.

"But," you say, "where does the guessing come in? A pitcher pitches a curve. The batter swings at it and misses it. The pitcher throws a spit ball, and the batter, striking at it, misses the ball by six inches. Then the pitcher throws a fast one over the edge of the plate, and again the batter hits at it and misses. He strikes out because the pitcher has kept the ball coming at such curves and angles that he can't hit it. But I don't see where the guessing match comes in!"

Of course you don't; and in such a case there is n't any guessing match. It is a plain case of skill in flinging the ball as compared with lack of skill in hitting curves and shoots.

But suppose we have Ty Cobb at the plate, and Joe Wood or Walter Johnson on the pitcher's mound. Let us suppose there are two men on bases, two out, and Detroit is a run behind, and that it is the ninth inning! Suppose Joe Wood or Walter Johnson has struck out two men that inning. Can't you imagine Cobb,—a man of brain as well as brawn,—standing there swinging his bat and trying to decide what Johnson or Wood will "offer" him first?

"Let 's see," we can imagine him saying. "He struck out Bush and Crawford. He got the start of both of them, right off. They did n't hit at the first one. He 's been putting that one over, depending on his speed. I 'll take a whack at it, anyhow."

Meanwhile, Wood or Johnson has a wholesome respect for the lithe figure standing there ready. The pitcher knows that the game is to be won or lost, right there. So he does some thinking, too.

"I got a strike on Crawford and Bush with my first pitch. *They* did n't hit at the first one. But this fellow has an eye like a hawk. I 'll slip him one over, but high."

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The pitcher knows that Cobb won't hit at a wide ball. But he hopes to tease him into hitting at what *looks like a good one*—that is, one over the plate—and so, to get a weak result because the ball will be too high for him to hit it hard. Now if Cobb follows out his intention and hits at the first ball, he will either bat out a weak "roller" easily handled, or miss the ball and have it called a strike, although too high, because he hit at it.

But perhaps Cobb, seeing the pitcher hesitate, thinks better of his first judgment.

"No," he says to himself. "If he was going to do as he has been doing, and put that first one over, he would n't think about it so long. I 'll take it!"

And mayhap he grins impishly at the umpire's "Ball one!" as he shrewdly lets the ball go by.

Whenever you see a pitcher strike out a batter who does n't swing at the ball, you can know either that the pitcher is outguessing the batter—serving him "strikes" when the batter expects "balls"—or that the batter has been instructed to "Wait all you can," in order to tire the pitcher. Of course, if he takes enough time, and gets the pitcher to throw three balls and two strikes, he may still be fooled on the last ball, and strike out; but in that case the real fault will lie in the orders given him beforehand. When you see a man swing sturdily at the ball and miss it, he is either outguessed by the pitcher, and is swinging at balls he can't reach, or else the pitcher is fooling, not his mind, but his eye—is throwing perfectly good strikes which, nevertheless, curve or "jump" so that the batter is powerless to "connect with them."

It is no very uncommon feat for Walter Johnson, generally admitted to have more "speed" on his fast ball than any pitcher the game has ever produced, not even excepting Amos Rusie, to strike out three men with nine pitched balls. This is no case of outguessing—it is simply a matter of hurling nine balls over the plate so fast that the batter could n't judge where they were as they whizzed by him. But neither is it a phenomenal feat for Mathewson, generally admitted to be a pitcher without a peer in his "head-work" (as well as a marvel with his arm), to strike out three men who may not even move their bats from their shoulders. He does this by an uncanny ability to *outguess* the other fellow, and make him think he is going to do one thing, when what he does is entirely different.

Instances of cases in which fine pitchers have outguessed fine batters are without number in base-ball history—and so are tales of fine batters who have outmanœuvered fine pitchers. Perhaps base-ball will never furnish a better illustration of this sort than the first game of the last World's Series, in which young "Smoky Joe" Wood faced the winning or the losing of his game in the last inning, and *when the whole game hinged on one pitched ball!*

Wood, during the first part of the game, used a curve ball, mixed in with some of that blinding speed which has made him famous. The "Giants" did n't know whether they were going to get a curve or a fast one. They played the waiting



TY COBB, THE FAMOUS BATSMAN OF THE DETROIT CLUB, AMERICAN LEAGUE.

game, crowding the plate and hoping for a base on balls; perhaps even hoping to get hit, though it was noticeable that there was some clever dodging when this seemed imminent. Even to get on first base, no one really "hankers" to get hit with a ball such as Wood hurls! Once when Fletcher struck out, he dodged a ball which turned itself into a strike by the wideness of its curve, which shows it was very deceptive. But during the latter part of the game, as the light failed and his

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"SMOKY JOE" WOOD, OF THE BOSTON "RED SOX," AMERICAN LEAGUE.



DAHLEN, OF THE BROOKLYN CLUB.

arm tired, Wood began to use more and more speed and less and less curves. And the Giants, tired of waiting for bases on balls from a pitcher who never gave them, made their famous shift of attack, and "found" Joe Wood's speed for some crashing hits. And when the smoke was over, there was one man out, a man on second, and one on third base, the score 4 to 3 in favor of Boston, Fletcher at bat, Crandall, a heavy hitter, "next," and a crisis facing the young pitcher.

For a fly to the outfield would tie the score, a base-hit would win the game!

Wood took plenty of time. Running through his mind must have been this thought,

"I must n't let him hit a fly; and—he must n't make a hit."

McGraw, from the third-base coacher's box, Mathewson, from that at first, were yelling at him. Forty thousand fans were yelling at him. Fifty players were yelling at him. And he heard them not. For the third time that afternoon he struck out Fletcher, and a groan went up from the Giant followers, a cheer from the "Red Sox" rooters. They called it his "chilled steel nerve," next day, in the newspapers.

But the real exhibition came the next minute. For Fletcher had been able to do nothing with Wood all day, and this strike out was no great surprise. But here was Crandall, wide-shouldered and a good man in a pinch, and Wood, never having pitched to him before, could not down him by "head-work" as he might have vanquished one with whose batting he was familiar.

Again Wood took plenty of time. Again that thought ran through his mind, shortened this time to,

"He must n't make a hit. He *must n't* make a hit."

And underneath that thought was this,

"What is he looking for? What does he *expect* me to pitch?"

And in Crandall's mind the anxious question,

"Curve or speed—speed or curve—which?"

At last Wood wound up and pitched. He threw a curve. Strike one. He threw a ball. Ball one. He threw another ball. Ball two. He threw another curve—but Crandall could n't reach it. Strike two. Hoping to tease Crandall into hitting at a bad one, he threw a wide one, and the count stood three balls and two strikes!

Think of it! those of you boys who love heroic deeds on the diamond. Suppose you were the young pitcher in your first World's Series game; a veteran team of players opposing you, led by the greatest base-ball general of the country, and forty thousand spectators yelling madly! And the game is yours as it stands; you have come

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from behind and won it; and now, in the *last* half of the *last* inning, with *two* men out, and *only one more strike* to pitch, you face this proposition—either strike this man out, take a chance of a "roller" or a "fly" retiring him—or *defeat!*

It required cool nerves to live up to that moment, and all the Giants gave him credit for it afterward. In those few moments, he had to decide what he should do—whether to pitch a curve ball, or a speed ball, or just a "ball" which might tempt Crandall to strike. But Crandall had n't "tempted" worth a cent. And a base on balls meant—well, it would mean that it was all to be gone through again with the next batter and with the chances against the pitcher. No, the ball had to cut the plate. Speed, then, or a curve? Which would Crandall expect? Probably the speed. He knew that Wood dare not take chances with the curve.

"Very well, then," thought Wood, "if speed it must be, speed it *shall* be. But it won't be the speed Crandall has been looking at!"

Every good pitcher keeps a little, just a little, strength in reserve; every master of the art of pitching has just a little more to "show" in the crucial moment than he has shown before. And so Wood outguessed Crandall. For he let loose a ball which those who saw it say traveled faster than any ball thrown that day, or on any other day (some allowance must be made for enthusiasm!), and when Crandall swung to meet the speed he knew he was to see, behold the ball was already in Cady's mit, the people were pouring on the field, pandemonium had broken loose, and Wood, limp as a wet rag and as happy as a king, was being hauled about the field by his delighted team-mates.

For Wood had outguessed Crandall, and sent in a ball different, because faster, than Crandall expected, and so had won his game. It was indeed "chilled steel nerve," but it was something more, even something more than strength of arm and cunning of the pitcher's art. It was strategy—strategy which had kept back a little, just a little, all afternoon to call on for that supreme moment, and fool the batter by "showing him something" he had n't seen before and did n't expect.

But however interesting such tales may be, you lads who play will, I know, be impatient to get down to your own practice of this "outguessing" art.

"How shall I outguess Jimmy and his curve?" you ask yourself, impatiently swinging your bat, and Jimmy, I dare say, is right around the corner coming toward us with *his* question, "How am I going to outguess Tommy Jones and his big bat?"



OTIS CRANDALL, OF THE "NEW YORK GIANTS," NATIONAL LEAGUE.



LEIFIELD, OF THE PITTSBURGH CLUB.

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To the lad who pitches, let it be said that it is brain as much as brawn which strikes out batters. The Major League teams are full of pitchers, no longer in their muscular prime, in whom skill, cunning, and knowledge have made up for the efficiency of pace and curve of which Time has robbed them. You, too, are in their class, for Time has not yet given you all that he will in strength and muscle; so, up against a fine batter, it is cunning which you must employ.

First, then, study your batter and learn what balls he hits most easily, and what he hits with the most difficulty. Normally, you will try to give him only those balls at which he hits with least effect. But not *always:* sometimes the unexpected ball, exactly where he likes it best, is as effective in its utter surprise as one where he likes it least.

An instance of the kind occurred in a game between Pittsburgh, in the year when they won the championship, and Boston. Leifield was pitching for Pittsburgh. Leifield, a fine pitcher, had the reputation of never putting the ball over the plate when he could avoid it, and of "using his head."

The game was going against Pittsburgh. They were still slightly in the lead, but the bases were crowded and a hit meant certain defeat, when Dahlen came to the bat. And any pitcher will tell you of a dozen men he would rather see at bat "in a pinch" than Dahlen. Now Dahlen, like all other players, had a favorite ball at which he always hit. It happened to be a waist-high ball, not too far away from him—a ball most batters like.

Leifield, of course, knew this. And he figured on sending his first pitched ball somewhere else. But for some reason he lost control, and the ball went waist high and dead across the plate. Dahlen was surprised. He had n't expected it. He struck at the ball, but too late—just that instant of surprise at getting what he really wanted, when he did n't expect it, had made him hit too late.

Clarke, manager for Pittsburgh, cautioned Leifield for what he had done.

"You were lucky," he said. "Don't let him have it in 'the groove' again."

But Leifield did some swift thinking. Why *not* try it again, doing the second time *on purpose* what had been done *by accident* the first time? Figuring that Dahlen would certainly expect, *this* time, a high ball or one outside, Leifield deliberately went against orders and pitched a perfect strike, just where Dahlen liked it. Dahlen, again surprised out of his "pose," struck at the ball—but again too late!

Clarke was angry, and what he thought of Leifield may be imagined. With every game counting and one hit meaning a lost game, a heavy hitter up and your pitcher apparently gone crazy and feeding that heavy hitter just what he likes best, no wonder Clarke was angry! But Leifield just nodded, and Clarke retired, satisfied. Leifield for the third time gave Dahlen the ball he liked best and usually hit most easily, and for the third time Dahlen was surprised out of balance and struck out! It was a clean case of nervy "outguessing."

The pitcher who has control of the ball can outguess the batter much more easily than can one who is "wild." Washington, which made such a spectacular run of seventeen straight games won in 1912, carried on its muster-roll, a short time before, a pitcher familiarly called "Doc" Reisling. He had almost finished his career as a pitcher. Players said, in their base-ball slang, "He has n't anything but his glove," meaning that he had little strength left, and no speed. But they forgot his head; it was Reisling's wits which kept him in the game when his arm was "gone"—his head-work and splendid control. He once struck out Cobb, with a man on second and third, by a very simple piece of strategy. He threw three wide balls, which Cobb made no attempt to hit. Cobb, of course, counted upon getting his base on balls, after seeing three wide ones thrown obviously on purpose. Then Reisling cut loose a straight one, directly over the plate, and Cobb, surprised, made no movement to hit at it. The next was a curve, and it just scraped over the corner, and Cobb pounded his bat in annoyance. Three balls and two strikes! But Reisling, if his arm *was* "gone," could occasionally call on it for more than he had been showing, and he called on it now—not for speed, however, but for a twisting spitter—and, behold! Cobb struck out! Either the fourth or fifth balls thrown would have been easy for Cobb, had he expected them. He was outguessed, outgeneraled. They don't do it often with men who "hit .400"; but they do—sometimes!

So, for you who pitch, the plan on which you pitch should be this: study the batter and find his weakness. Play to his weakness when you can. When conditions change, when men are on the bases, and a hit may win the game—try the surprise. Never pitch twice the same way to the same man—that is, if you put the first ball over and the next two wide and the fourth over, the first time that man comes up, don't make them come in the same order the second time he comes up. But then, if you find he has outguessed you, and hits at the second instead of the first ball,

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switch to something different the third time up. It is much like the game of matching pennies, in which A puts down a head and B a tail. A thinks, "This time I will change it from head to tail." But B thinks, "I won't change this time, because I think A will change." Meanwhile A is thinking, "Maybe B will *not* change because he figures I *will* change—I *won't* change, after all!" Then B thinks again, and says to himself, "Maybe A is thinking I won't change and will change himself —I believe I will change!" and so on. The fellow who best follows the other's ideas wins out in the end. The pitcher who best follows the working of the batter's mind can best outguess him.

But, one caution: don't depend altogether on plain outguessing the batter. The surprise of sending a curve when a "ball" is expected, and a "ball" when a strike is expected, will work sometimes. But no pitcher who did *all* his pitching with his head could last long. Use your head, by all means, but don't forget to use your arm too. A strike gained from a healthy swing at an unexpected curve which eludes the bat by its wide "hook," is just as good a strike as one made with the bat held on the shoulder, and the ball, expected to go wide, slipping over the plate!

To the batter, trying to outguess the pitcher, the first word, too, must be one of caution. Don't do too much guessing; and particularly against a pitcher whose curve is wide or whose straight ball is fast and heavy. The reason is obvious. If you expect a curve away from you and step in to get it, and you have guessed wrong and it is a straight ball, you may have to take your chance with a quick dodge or get hit. Many a time when a Major League pitcher hits a man at bat, it is not because the pitch was wild, but because the batter, over-eager and guessing wrong, got in the way. There have been cases in the Major Leagues where bad accidents have happened from this matter of batters guessing wrong. In one game in Cincinnati, a few years ago, two men were badly hurt in the same game in this way. McGann tried to outguess Coakley's pitching, and, thinking he would meet a curve, stepped into a fast one and sustained a broken wrist. Bresnahan, now of the Chicago "Cubs," stepped up for a straight ball, and a curve hit him in the head and knocked him senseless. "Plate crowders," players who get just as close to the plate as they can, take a risk always; still greater chances are occasionally taken by those who count too much upon outguessing the pitcher.

Yet, of course, there are times when outguessing—or at least the trial of it—is not only wise, but necessary. One cannot play the "hit-and-run" without some one doing the guessing. For it is necessary that the runner on first shall *know* which ball the batter will try to hit, in order that he may get his flying start with the pitcher's wind-up. For this reason, the hit-and-run is almost invariably signaled by the batter to the runner on first. The batter, in other words, guesses which ball he will be able to hit, signals that he will try to hit it, and then makes the attempt, the runner getting off to a flying start. The most famous exponents of the hit-and-run play have been men who are clever at this guessing. "Wee Willie" Keeler, the incomparable Hal Chase, little "Kid" Foster, were and are all men who succeed at the hit-and-run, not because they have great batting averages, but because they can "call the turn" and then "place the ball."

Perhaps in no one position does the batter have a better chance to outguess the pitcher than in the matter of deciding whether or not to hit at the first ball pitched. Every pitcher is anxious to "get an edge on the batter," and every batter is anxious to "get the pitcher in the hole." The pitcher has the "edge" on the batter if he gets a strike over before a ball is called; the batter gets the pitcher in the hole if he has "balls" to work on instead of strikes. In other words, if the pitcher has less margin for lack of control or for experimenting, he is more apt to pitch a perfect strike to hit at or give a base on balls; if the batter has two strikes called on him, there is the more chance of his over-anxiety making him strike at a "ball," thus striking out or offering an easy chance.

That the "guessing match" may be effective on the batter's part even against a master at pitching was shown in the fifth game of the last World's Series—when Mathewson lost a heartbreaking game after a magnificent exhibition of pitching. In this game, the man the fans lovingly refer to as "the Old Master" allowed but five hits. Bedient, for the Red Sox, allowed but four.

But the five hits were enough—indeed, it was two hits and a forgivable error which lost the game—the other three hits did not figure in the score. It was in the third inning. The Bostons had noted that Matty, perhaps tired from his exertions in a previous game and without sufficient time to rest, was trying to "slip the first one over." Hooper had started the hitting by a single to center on the first ball pitched; Speaker had let a strike slip by him—the first ball pitched. This gave them their cue. In the third inning, Hooper hit the first ball pitched for a triple; Yerkes hit the first ball pitched for another triple! One run. Then came Speaker, and he also hit the first ball pitched for what was apparently an easy

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chance to Larry Doyle. But the ball bounded badly, slipped between his legs, and—two runs!

Thereafter, there were no more first balls hammered to the far corner of the lot, and the Old Master pitched one of the most wonderful games of his career. It was not his fault that the Giants did not win; it was Bedient's, for he held the New Yorks from getting more than one run. It is nothing that his foes outguessed Matty for an inning—it is the luck of the game!

Watch the opposing pitcher carefully—watch him as if with a telescope and a microscope combined. Never, on the bench or while waiting your turn at bat, take your eyes off of him. See if you can discover from any movement he makes what he is going to do. If he has any peculiarities whatever—if he wiggles his foot, or scratches his head, or looks over his shoulder—note what ball he pitches next, whether a curve, or a fast ball, or what. The "telegraph" is a most potent aid to the batter who would "outguess" the pitcher, and in lads it is more apt to work than among the Big League pitchers, who have been trained out of this habit of "telegraphing" their intentions. Particularly is this true of the lad who tries to pitch a slow ball. Any one knows that a slow ball is the easiest thing in the world to hit—if only you know it is coming. The slow ball fools the Major Leaguer only because he thinks it is fast and hits at it before it arrives. If he can see from the pitcher's motion that it is slow—well, "good *night!*" as the players say—the ball will land on the far side of the fence. Lads all too often try to throw a slow ball merely by letting up in the motion of their arm as they use it for their swift ball; the result is the batter can plainly *see* it is a slow ball coming toward him, and he hits it with ease.

And so the tale might run on to pages and pages; but enough has been said to show that pitching is not all in the arm, nor batting all in the eye. A part—and a good part—of both lies in that without which no player of any game ever gets to be a star—brains!



SUDDENLY, an otter popped up from below the surface of the water with a yellow stone balanced neatly on his brown, little head. I stopped by his inclosure and stared as he swam about with his mates. They were all exactly alike, and neither he nor they seemed to notice anything unusual. He dived, frisked, and played beneath the water, then scrambled out on a flat rock, threw off the stone, which he gathered between his front paws, and stretched out to rest.

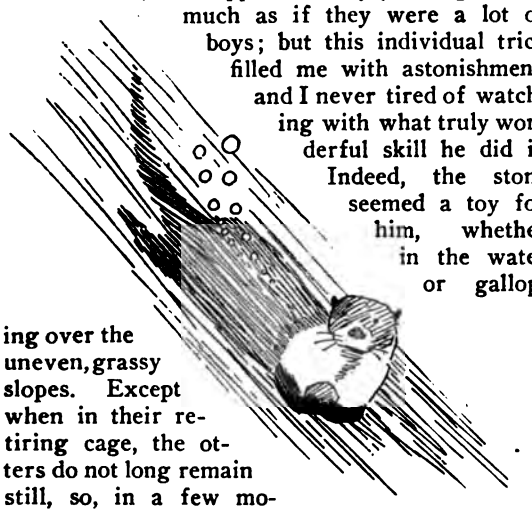
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I was sketching in the Washington Zoo, but this was my first visit to the otter pond, and I was so delighted with this extraordinary performance, that I went many times thereafter to



while away a pleasant half-hour in watching the otter play with his yellow stone.

Of course everybody at all interested in natural history knows that otters are extremely playful and intelligent. They make slides for themselves on a muddy bank, or on one of sloping snow or ice, and appear to enjoy the game as much as if they were a lot of boys; but this individual trick filled me with astonishment, and I never tired of watching with what truly wonderful skill he did it. Indeed, the stone seemed a toy for him, whether in the water or galloping over the uneven, grassy slopes. Except when in their retiring cage, the otters do not long remain still, so, in a few moments, the little fellow stretched himself, looked about to see what the others were doing, deftly flipped the stone into the water with his paw, diving in at the same time, to appear a moment later with it in just the same spot on his head as when he had first arrested my attention.



Sometimes I could see him under the water carrying the stone pressed against his breast with



his little, black hand, and then when he came on shore, he ran about on three legs, holding the stone close to his body with the fourth. He did not confine himself to the yellow stone, for I saw

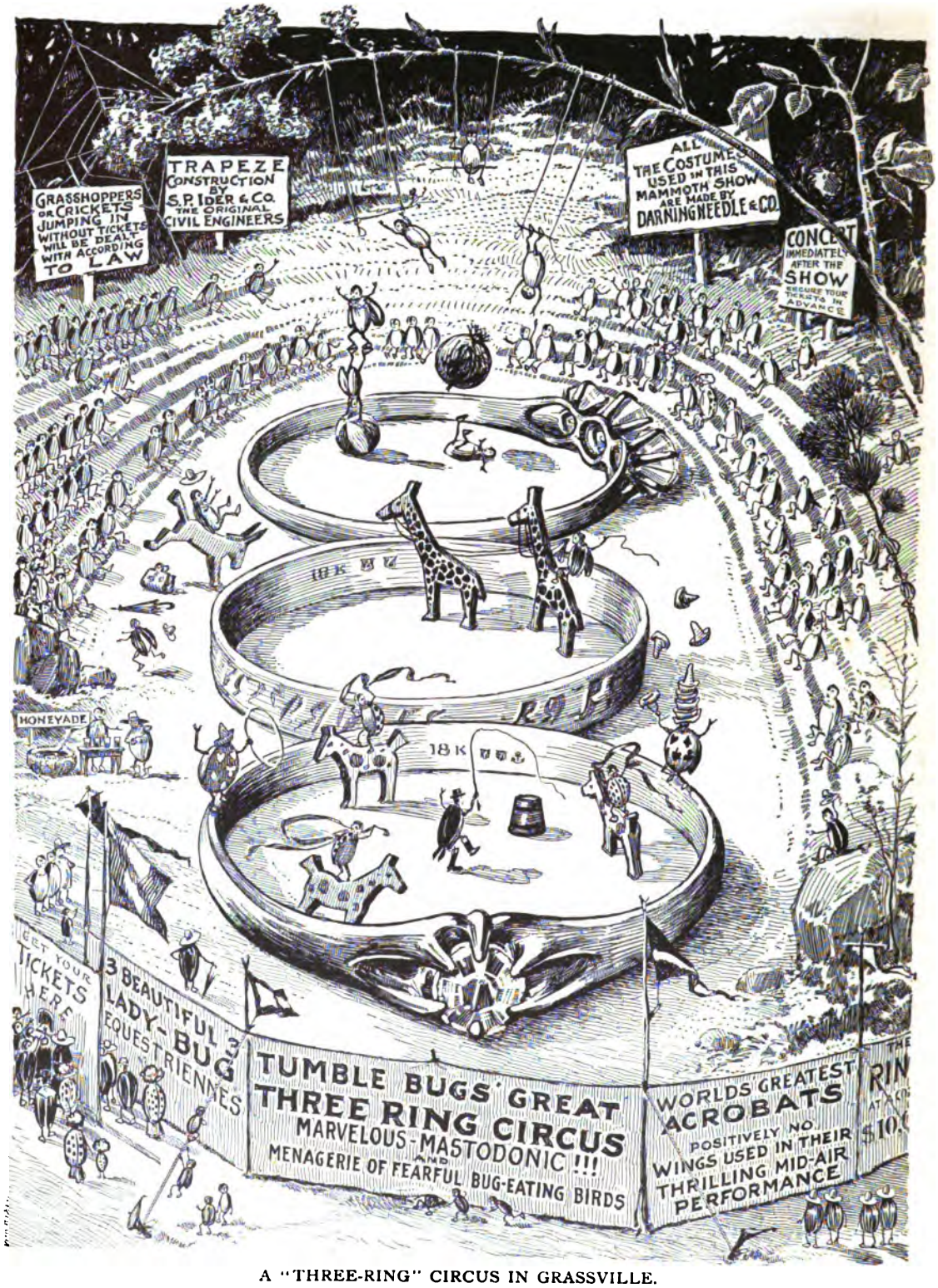


him carrying many others, but that seemed to be his favorite. It may be that it balanced easily, or he may have found that, because of its light color, he could see it better in deep water. I wondered very much how he placed it on his head, and was some time in finding out. When he threw it into deep water, he dived quickly under it, and, with wonderful judgment, let it settle just where he wanted it. When the water was too shallow for diving, he worked his flat head under it, then tossed it upward, and, as it slowly sank, let it nestle softly down on his head, and off he went to begin his game of solitaire all over again.





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A "THREE-RING" CIRCUS IN GRASSVILLE.

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BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XIII

A COMPANY OF FINE GENTLEMEN

IT would be far from the truth to assert that I felt no alarm on that lonely sand-beach, the target for a score of unfriendly eyes. Nay, I was much frightened, and it seemed a long time that we remained thus, in a silence that was broken only by the harsh inbreathing of the man with the light. Then some one spoke.

"Bash me!" he cried, "'t is naught but a girl!"

At this they crowded in close to us, talking and making game of the man who held the lanthorn, whom, because he was dressed in a sort of a uniform, I judged to be the leader of the party.

"'T is a fine captain of the preventive-men you are, Master Hodge!" cried one. "To take us out of our beds to net—not smugglers—but a lass!"

"Have done!" shouted Hodge, plainly put out by this badgering.

"Nay, 't is fair shiverin' I am with fright lest the lass turns on us," a third put in, chattering his teeth in mock alarm.

"'T is a gallant man, this Hodge!" exclaimed a fourth. "'Come on,' says he in a whisper, 't is the smugglin' boys I 've warnin' of.'"

"And have we not the goods?" retorted Hodge. "What want ye? Do the boxes no speak for themselves?"

"Aye, boxes!" cried three or four together, derisively.

"But I 'm no smuggler," I objected, thinking it high time to put an end to this foolishness.

"Are ye no?" said Hodge. "Then what do ye here?"

"Belike she 's here to gather strawberries," some one answered for me; and at that there was a great laugh, and I, too, could not help but smile.

"'T will be on t' other side of the face ye 'll be laughin'," growled Hodge at me, growing angry under the banter.

"'T will be better an you keep a civil tongue in your head," warned one of the men, who so far had been silent; but Hodge paid scant heed to him.

"What do ye here?" he repeated, addressing me threateningly.

"I have just landed, and, knowing naught of the country, I shall thank you to tell me where I must go, and whom I can find to carry my boxes," I answered. I liked not the man's manner, and saw that the joking of his companions was apt to react upon me. Moreover, I wanted to find shelter for the night, and the means to go forward upon my journey.

"Fear not for your boxes," Hodge answered; "such as *you* have given us a bad name on this coast, and we mean to put a stop to your smuggling. The boxes will be carried right enough—and you, too, an you make a pother."

My situation, albeit it was serious enough, had its amusing side, too. When I had left England, I had been taken as a spy by the British in America. Now, after four years, I was returned, only to be halted as a smuggler! Yet there was more than a little evidence to confirm Master Hodge's suspicions, and even I could not find it in my heart to blame him overmuch; so I thought it best to explain my position at once, and so make all plain.

"I am not a smuggler," I began, quietly. "My brother is Sir Horace Travers, of Frobisham, in Kent, and I am on my way to him from across the seas."

But the greatness of my claim made the man skeptical.

"Oh, aye, no doubt," he sneered. "Nevertheless, you 'll come with me, my Lady Nobody of Nowhere, and tell your story to the squire."

"I shall be glad to go," I agreed.

Hodge was evidently nonplussed at my willingness to accompany him; but he shook his head stubbornly, as if he had made up his mind to go through with the business, come what might.

The silent man, who had warned him before, spoke again.

"She 's no smuggler, Bill," he said, putting a hand on the other's arm.

Hodge shook him off roughly.

"I 'll believe that when she tells me that she did n't come here by the *Clary de Loon*," he asserted. "Am I to think she plumped down on the shingle out of the clouds?"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Then mind a bit of advice, lad," he cautioned. "Speak the maid fair. A smooth tongue costs naught, and may save you a rating. The gentry all stand together, and, smuggler or no, she 's gentry. You may be sure o' that."

After which rather lengthy speech, he spoke no further, so long as he was with us. But his

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words seemed to have an effect upon Hodge, who scratched his head perplexedly.

"'T is true I 'm new at the game," he admitted, talking in an undertone; "but I 've made prisoners, and up to the squire they shall go, come what may."

This decision pleased me, for I felt sure the squire would be a gentleman to whom I could explain the situation, and who, I doubted not, would give me the information I sought as to the means of traveling into Kent. I was glad, therefore, to hear Hodge order the others to take up the boxes; and forthwith we started off.

I gained little idea of the lay of the land as we stumbled up the beach, but we came upon a slight rise, and, a moment later, entered a broad road. Down this we went some two or three hundred yards, halting, at length, before the entrance to a fine park, as I judged from the size of the lodge, though I could see little but the bulk of it for the darkness.

We were forced to awaken the keeper, and there was more parleying and laughter; but we were let in, and took our way up the long avenue toward lights that showed through the trees.

"Hurry on!" Hodge urged; "I 've no mind to get the squire up after he 's abed."

"No danger of that," some one answered him. "Squire 's not likely to be 'twixt sheets before 't is day, seein' he has company."

But Hodge was for pushing forward, and, finally, we came to the house which blazed with lights.

My captor started for the servants' entrance, but I stopped him at once.

"The front door is there, is it not?" I asked, indicating the large entrance before us.

"Aye, but 't is for the gentry," he answered. "I dare not go that road."

"You may do as you please," I returned sharply, "but I go no other," and, evading a hand he put out to stop me, I ran up the steps.

Considering that I was his prisoner, Hodge was forced to follow, though he liked it not, and stood awkwardly, looking very sheepish as the door was opened by a tall footman who regarded him with supercilious surprise.

"Nay, now, Rowlandson," Hodge began, but I cut him short and stepped forward with my chin in the air.

"This man has seen fit to interfere with my maid-servant and myself, and I wish to see your master at once, that the matter may be made straight."

The footman drew back in evident surprise, but his manner was entirely respectful.

"I will speak to my master, madam," he said, throwing open the door of a little morning-room. "Will you be pleased to wait here," he added, and as I entered, with Clarinda after me, he stopped Hodge, who would have followed.

"'T is not for the likes of you," he said shortly.

"But she 's my prisoner," insisted Hodge, who was a stubborn, as well as a stupid, man. "I must see that she does n't escape."

"I have no intention of escaping," I assured him, composedly.

"And you, Hodge, must come with me and tell your tale to the squire," said the footman.

Hodge still refused to let me out of his sight. But at last, after much arguing, he took up his stand at the door of the drawing-room, opposite where I sat, so that he could talk to the squire and at the same time make sure of me. It was because of this that I overheard all that followed. Rowlandson, meanwhile, had crossed the rather narrow hall and opened the door.

Instantly, there came the sound of many voices, all talking at the same time. The speakers were men, and from their tones I knew they were excited and gay.

Rowlandson stood at the door waiting for his master to notice him, but seemingly no one paid the slightest heed to the tall footman.

Presently, there was a louder shouting than usual, and, in the pause that followed, one spoke whose voice I 'd heard before, but could not at the moment place.

"Egad, what luck! You 've thrown nicks twice, Cecil. Now, my commission is all I have left, but that I 'll keep!" he exclaimed. "I 'll back to the army in the Americas, for I know where there 's gold that will make Billy Bluebones's hoard look like small coin. That I 'm going after, and, once found, I will return and go a-courting Dame Hazard again."

"You have a gay way of romancing since you saw the Americas, George," spoke up the languid voice. "This Bluebones treasure was prodigious enough; but think you we believe the whole coast is strewn with pirate gold?"

"Nay," said the voice I knew, "'t is not so easy come by, but I was on the track of it a year or two ago. When I came into my inheritance, I gave over looking. Now that I 'm ruined, I shall have after it again; and this time I 'll not give up. I know where to lay my hand on information that will lead me to the gold, and when George Blundell makes up his mind in earnest, he usually gets what he goes after."

I heard no more of the talk after that. Should I never be rid of this man? Was he to turn up in my path wherever I went? I had thought him still in America, and, lo! here he was near me! I

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could not suppress a slight shiver of apprehension, though I called myself a "silly," seeing no reason why he should wish to harm me.

I was brought back to my surroundings by talk that concerned me.

"'T is Hodge from the village, sir," I heard Rowlandson saying.

"Hodge at this hour of the night!" repeated the voice I had learned belonged to him they called Cecil.

"Now know you not, Cecil," said the languid drawl, "that the honest working folk insist upon beginning their day as we end ours? Most like, good Hodge is but up a little earlier than customary."

"A very unwholesome practice," laughed another.

But Cecil, whom I guessed to be the squire, paid scant attention to these banterings.

"Speak up, Hodge," he said sharply. "What brings you here?"

"'T is that I 've taken prisoners, Squire," said Hodge, "and know not what to do with them. You see, I 'm but lately 'pointed to be helper to the preventive-men; a-watchin' o' the smugglers."

"Oh, 't is business," cried a disgusted voice. "Oons, but there 's naught brings sleep to my eyes so quickly."

"They 're smugglers, an it please you, sir," Hodge went on; "they say they 're not, o' course, but we 've been on the lookout for them this week past."

"Parleyvoos, or our own men?" demanded the squire, in a businesslike tone.

"Well, they 're not to say parleyvoos, nor not to say men neither, exactly," said Hodge, with some hesitation.

"Zounds! This grows exciting!" said he with the drawl. "What strange beasts has the yokel captured?"

"Nor not to say beasts neither," went on Hodge, unmoved, "seein' that one of 'em is a lady and t' other her black woman."

"Now what have you to do with a lady, Hodge?" demanded the squire, rather sternly. "And why have you brought her here?"

From his tone, Hodge thought he was being unjustly badgered, where he had looked for naught but praise.

"I found her set down in the middle of the beach, sir, with a pile of boxes as high as your head. And, if she 's not a smuggler, what else is she? And how came she there? That 's what I want to know."

Hodge had found his tongue and was ready to enlarge upon the theme, but the squire cut him short.

"This is what comes of engaging a farmer for His Majesty's revenue. 'T is some stupid mistake, most certainly!" he exclaimed.

"Nay," the languid voice cut in. "Half the fine ladies in London smuggle an they get the chance, 't is said. And I 'll own up I myself never come into the country without wearing as many suits as I can carry."

"But you don't have a pile of boxes set down on my beach in the dead of night," protested Cecil.

"I never have yet," answered the other, "but the suggestion takes my fancy."

"'T is some enterprising milliner. She 's bringing out of France the fashions without which the ladies would have the megrims. Have her in, Cecil, and let her off with a reprimand, if 't is her first offense." And then I was called for.

With Clarinda behind me, I entered, and stood for a moment at the threshold in silence, my face shaded by my calash and veil. I was glad to find that Blundell did not recognize me, for he sat half turned away from me, looking gloomily at the wall. He was not in the uniform that I had always seen him wear, and I confessed to myself that he looked better in his silken dress than in the scarlet regimentals of a British officer.

"Which is the squire?" I demanded, in the quiet that followed my appearance.

"I am he," said a very young man, rising reluctantly and giving me a short bow; "at your service, madam."

"I am just landed from the Americas," I began, trying to speak calmly, "and I wish to know, if you please, where and how I can get a coach for Frobisham, in Kent."

For a moment, there was silence, then one of the gentlemen spoke as if he had suddenly had a brilliant thought.

"From the Americas? Faith, an it is tobacco you have in your boxes, I 'll engage to dispose of it all, once you 've made your peace with Mr. Sunderland here," and he indicated the squire with the stem of a long pipe he smoked.

But I took no notice of him.

"Is it tobacco you have brought?" asked the squire. "I warn you I am a magistrate, and 't is my duty to go to the bottom of this matter."

"I have naught in my boxes but woman's gear," I answered quietly. Whereat there was a great nodding of heads among the men at the table.

"'T is a mantua-maker, after all," said one.

"What I mean is that I have naught but my own clothes and belongings," I added hastily.

"'T is a monstrous pile of garments for one female," Hodge blurted out.

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The gentlemen whispered among themselves, nudging each other and smiling, while the squire looked at me with a frown upon his face. I felt almost guilty, though I could not tell why.

"It seems that I cannot make you understand," I began once more; "but I am sister to Sir Horace Travers, in Kent, and—"

"Oh, then you are an English lady?" he returned suavely, though 't was plain he did not believe a word of what I said.

But of that I was not thinking at the moment, for the question hit straight upon my heart.

"I English?" I cried, throwing back my calash and veil. "I English? Indeed, no! I am an American!"

CHAPTER XIV

POETRY AND PISTOLS

Now, as I threw back my calash, every man in the room jumped to his feet as if he were a jack-in-the-box worked by springs, and Blundell was no slower than the rest.

"'Pon my soul!" he cried, "'t is Mistress Travers!" and striding around the table, he was at my side in an instant, bowing low.

"Gentlemen," he went on, addressing the room at large, "I gladly vouch for this lady, and will go somewhat further to insure her proper respect," and he motioned toward his sword. He was right gallant as he stood there, and I could scarce believe 't was the same Blundell who had acted so churlishly toward me in the past.

"Nay, now, George, every man in the room would do as much, I warrant," said the squire, heartily. "Hodge!" he cried, turning to my captor. "Hodge, get out! You 're naught but a fool"; and that was the last I saw of this zealous leader of the preventive-men.

"We do not need you to teach us manners, George," drawled one of the gentlemen, languidly. "That dolt, Hodge, did tangle our wits till we were all under a misapprehension."

The formalities of the occasion were now performed by Blundell, who acted throughout most courteously, although I could not shake off my distrust of him.

Indeed, all these reckless young fellows were gentlemen, and, the moment my identity was established, were ready to risk their lives in my defense, should the need arise. And yet, an instant before, they had not had the consideration to get up from their chairs, believing I was but a shopkeeper, and, therefore, beneath notice.

It was soon decided that it was not practicable for me to start for Kent that night, but Mr. Sunderland assured me he would have a post-chaise at my disposal in the morning.

"Until then, Mistress Travers," he said, "I trust you will put up with such poor hospitality as my house affords. My mother is an invalid, but the housekeeper is a decent old body, who will give you the attention you require. I have sent for her, and she will show you to your room, where I trust you will rest comfortably."

Whereupon there shortly appeared a gray-haired, motherly woman, who took me under her protection, and, with a low curtsey to the gentlemen, I left them to resume their play.

On the morrow, the squire, with Mr. Blundell and the housekeeper, were up to speed me on my journey; and, thanking them as best I could for their kindness, I started for Frobisham.

My boxes were strapped behind, and while the driver cracked his whip and shouted joyfully to his horses, I settled myself as comfortably as might be for the long drive to The Towers, which was the name of Horrie's place.

'T was a pleasant road through a pretty country, but my prejudiced eyes could see little beauty anywhere. The trees were small, the roads rough and narrow, the streams could not compare with ours in America, and the very sky was not so blue. Clarinda, too, shared my feelings, for when I pointed out a fine, gently rolling landscape, she sniffed and tossed her head.

"'Deed, Miss Bee, I 'clare it don't take my eye nohow. I 've been lookin', hard as I can, an' I ain't see' a watermelon nor a sweet-p'tater nowhere. 'T ain't nothin' like we-all 's used to."

'T was easy to see that I was not the only homesick traveler in that chaise.

We stopped at a little inn called the "Silver Tongs," and the landlord came out to the carriage and escorted me into his hostelry with a vast deal of ceremony. Serving-men stood about, bowing profoundly, and I was not a little puzzled and in some wise put out that so much pother should be made over me. I could not see why all this deference should be paid to a stranger in the country, but it was made plain when one of the maids dropped a hint about "the squire's own chaise," and I found out that I was traveling in that gentleman's private vehicle, and that Mr. Sunderland was a very rich young gentleman whose coach was well known in those parts, and who spent his money lavishly.

It was a graceful compliment the squire had paid me, in that he had concealed the fact as well as he could, and I tried to maintain his credit at the hostelry, though I do not hold with a reckless throwing away of money.

After about an hour's rest at the Silver Tongs, we started on again, refreshed and ready for the four or five hours' journey that lay before us.

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As we went on mile after mile, I began to grow drowsy, until, at length, my head dropped back on the cushion, and I fell fast asleep.

I came to my senses with a start, to find that the carriage was at a standstill, and there were sounds of parleying outside; but, 'ere I could look to discover what was toward, the door was opened violently, and there, bowing low, was a man dressed in the height of fashion. His face was masked by a black cloth with two holes, through which I could see the gleam of his eyes.



"WE CAME TO THE HOUSE WHICH BLAZED WITH LIGHTS."

"It desolates me beyond measure," he began, in a gentle voice that was both musical and winning, "but I must request that you alight. 'T is most humbly I entreat Your Ladyship, yet—

"Necessity a naughty jade is,
But, willy-nilly, she obeyed is.

"Ah ha! can'st cap that, mistress? 'T is well thought of, on the moment, and would not shame Master Robert himself, think you?"

I looked at the man in astonishment, knowing not what it all meant, though the mask and the request alike pointed only too plainly to one solution.

"Nay, look not so cast down," went on the gay voice beside the door. "There is naught to fear, so alight, an it please you, for, as Master Herrick might have written of me:

"Thy zeal so speedy
Has found a way,
By peep o' day,
To feed and clothe the needy.

"That, I warrant you, has the true ring; but come, your hand, that I may safely set you on the ground."

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" I demanded, though I knew all the while that he was there to rob us, and could see no way to stop him. But, instead of answering, he held out his hand and bowed again, inviting me to alight.

I stepped out of the carriage but touched him not, at which he feigned deep dejection.

"See, Your Ladyship, how I am undone!" he cried. "I vowed to ply my trade with courtesy and good-will, and I find 't is no more acceptable than the coarse jests of Dick Turpin and his disciples."

But I paid scant heed to his chattering, being then intent to discover where the driver was, and why he permitted a single man, unarmed so far as I could tell, for he wore not even a sword, to halt us. But the moment I was out of the carriage, the matter was plain enough. At our horses' heads, sitting on a great beast of his own,

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was another masked man, holding two pistols in his hands, and looking threateningly at the driver, who cowered before him. This second highwayman wore a huge wrap-rascal, his hat was pulled well down over his forehead, and the mask he had on covered his face so completely that not even his chin was visible. His demeanor was most threatening, but he said no word, leaving the weapons he held to speak for him. There was nothing to be gained from that sinister figure, and I turned to the other, who still talked and quoted poetry in as light-hearted a way as though he were engaged in a joyful and honorable business. Never had I heard or seen such a man, and I confess that, though I was annoyed, I felt no fear, and was, on the whole, rather amused.

Clarinda had been turned out of the carriage also, and when she saw the forbidding figure at the head of the horses, she gave a shriek and covered her face with her hands.

Meanwhile, our poetic highwayman was proceeding to search the carriage in a very business-like way, and, though his voice was sweet and his hands cared for like those of a gentle, he seemed thoroughly familiar with his trade. Now and then he sang a snatch of a song or a bit of ballad, while he tossed our belongings about in time to the music. At last he came to the purse given to me by Captain Timmons from Brother John, and I thought we would be let go, since he had found the money.

He weighed it in his hand a moment or two, shook his head at it rather dolefully, and then jumped out of the carriage.

"A find, captain!" he called to the man on horseback, tossing up the purse and catching it again so that it jingled loudly. "A find! Dost hear it sing?"

To my great surprise, he who sat upon the horse shook his head violently, and, though he spoke not, made it plain that the money must not be taken. The other pleaded and even started to go his own route and keep the purse, but the horseman leveled a pistol at him menacingly, and with a laugh he threw the money back into the carriage.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying.

"And 't is the same with gold," he broke off. "Zounds! There 's little accounting for the whims of some. But to work, to work, and have done with a crazy business!"

Of all their proceedings, this was the strangest, for, having found what I believed they sought, one of them refused to take money. Here, then, was a new kind of highwayman, and I watched curiously to see what was to be done.

I had not long to wait, for, after a moment's further look about the inside of the chaise, the gallant stepped back and began to take down my boxes.

"Nay," I cried, going over to him, "there 's naught in them but woman's gear. Hardly what you will be seeking. All the money I have you have found, and I own no jewels."

"Nay, mistress," he returned with a gay laugh, "'t is not my doing. An I had my way, I should have pouched the purse and wished you a merry journey and a safe one. But 't is not I who lead, and, being told to find this or that, I mean to find it, an it is in your possession."

"What is it you seek?" I demanded.

"An you knew that, you might guess how valuable it is, whereas now you will not learn its worth until, happily, it is in the hands of the captain; or at least that is what he tells me, though I am as much in the dark as yourself. So, Your Ladyship, though it cuts me to the quick, I must on with the search. If, however, I might make a suggestion, I would ask that yon black girl help with the unpacking, and so keep the farthingales from off the road."

I sent Clarinda to help with the rifling of my boxes, and waited while he went through them with a thoroughness that showed a determination to leave no nook or cranny unexplored.

And all the while he recited bits of verse.

"Ah ha! Master Herrick was the man to make you a rhyme to fit the occasion and to have an eye to finery.

"Whenas in silks my Julia goes,

"You remember, doubtless?" he cried, holding up a silken frock of mine; then, picking out a blue cloak,

"Thy azure robe I did behold
As airy as the leaves of gold.

"Faith, I know not what leaves of gold he talks of, but 't is a fitting rhyme."

So he went on until, at last, holding aloft a pair of satin slippers, he voiced the daintiest of the verses, to my thinking.

"Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out; and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

"All hail to Master Herrick!" he cried, at the top of his lungs, dragging out this and that as he searched.

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"'SEE, YOUR LADYSHIP! I VOWED TO PLY MY TRADE WITH COURTESY.'"

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Meanwhile, he had separated all papers of whatever sort he found. Some parchment, some household receipts that I had brought from Denewood, thinking that they might interest Granny, a letter or two that I treasured, my little book of Maxims—in short, any scrap of writing that came under his hands. These he placed aside in a pile on the road, adding to it as he found things in the various boxes. What he could be searching for I had not the faintest idea. And so, perforce, I stood by idly while our cheerful highwayman emptied my boxes, Clarinda helping him.

At last it was finished, and, taking the writings, he went with them to the silent figure on horseback, who, giving up his pistols for the moment, examined them intently. The book of Maxims he searched through page by page, and so, too, with the receipts and leaves of writing-paper, but he evidently found not what he sought.

He shook his head, and whispered to his companion with much earnestness, though I could hear no sound of what he said.

"Nay, captain, there is naught else there," answered the voluble one positively, and after some further parley between them, he came back with all the things he had gathered, and put them into the chaise. Then, seeing that Clarinda had already closed the last boxes, he called the driver and together they strapped them in place.

"May I escort you to your chariot?" he queried, addressing me with another wave of his hat and a most elaborate bow. "I offer ten thousand pardons for the delay; further I cannot go, seeing that we have taken naught; but the road is clear, and I may not, in conscience, keep you longer."

I crossed to the chaise, called Clarinda, and, a moment later, he closed the door for us. A crack of the whip, a rumbling, slow turning of the wheels, and we were off again.

As we moved forward, our gay-minded highwayman took off his hat, debonair and courteous to the last, and I heard a farewell catch sung in his sweet, high-pitched voice, but remember not the words, for, as I leaned forward and looked out of the window a moment at the more menacing figure on the horse, a sudden gust of wind tore down the road and lifted his mask, showing, for a brief instant, the face of Blundell.

With a cry, I sank back into my seat, at first too numbed by this discovery to even think; then slowly my wits came back to me, and I started to puzzle out the mystery. What could the man have wanted? Little by little I pieced it out.

I had heard him vow he knew where information of a great treasure lay, and that he meant to find it. I also remembered that he had had some dealings with old Schmuck, the Magus.

I reached across the carriage and took up my little book of Maxims. Carefully I pressed the silken cover, and under it I could just feel the faint outline of the two pieces of silvered paper, hidden there so long ago.

"He did n't find it," I said to myself, with a nod of triumph. "And he shall never have it!" I added, little knowing that the day would come when I should be only too glad to hand it to him.

(To be continued.)

ROLLER-SKATING

BY MELVILLE CHATER

SING a song of roller-skates! Spring is in the land!
Peanuts in my pocket, and my hockey-stick in hand.
Up the slope, and down the slope, and roundabout the park!
If Nurse would wait, I 'd roller-skate from breakfast-time till dark.

Roller-skating, roller-skating all the afternoon.
Time to go? Now, are you sure it 's five o'clock so soon?
Wheel we home and kick off skates beside the hall-boy's seat.
Dear, oh dear, I feel so queer—as though I 'd lost my feet!

Gentlemen drive motor-cars; babies use a "p'ram";
Trolleys are for working-folk where they squeeze and jam;
Ladies ride on horseback up and down the Mall;
Boys of eight can roller-skate, and that 's the best of all!

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"SING A SONG OF ROLLER-SKATES! SPRING IS IN THE LAND!"

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Painted by D. A. C. Artz. In the Rijks-Museum, Amsterdam.

A VISIT TO GRANDMAMA

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL

When we go out to Grandmama's,
We play the livelong day,
But, as the sun begins to set,
We put our dolls away.
For then we know that very soon
The birds will go to bed,
And Grandmama says that 's the time
For children to be fed.

She pours us out the milk so sweet,
And cuts the bread so white;
She always waits on Neltje first,
And that is only right—
For Neltje is the oldest one,
As you of course can see,
And *should* be waited on before
A little girl like me.

But when the supper 's over,
And the daylight 's gone to sleep,
We draw the chairs before the fire
To watch the shadows creep,
While Neltje sits by Grandmama
As grown up as can be;
And then, because I 'm littlest,
I 'm cuddled on her knee.

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From a photograph by Nancy Ford Coues.

"WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT US FOR BREAKFAST?"

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GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

THE STORY OF BAD EARTH AND GOOD EARTH AND THE PRISONERS OF HOPE

BY GRACE TABOR

"Oh-h, dear me!" wailed a tiny voice, quite as still and as small as ever the voice of conscience was, I am sure; "oh, *dear* me! I never shall be able to get it open. I *never can* push hard enough. My head aches, and my back aches, and all of me aches and aches so, now—whatever will become of me? What *shall* I do?"

"How many warms and cools have passed?" asked a stiller, even smaller, voice, a weak, discouraged little voice that trailed faintly through the silence as a wreath of mist trails through the dawn.

"Ten," cried the first, breathless, pushing valiantly with bent head and shoulders rounded to the task; "ten warms and eleven cools—and it has n't given a bit!"

"Nowhere?"

"Nowhere!"

At this there was a perfectly heartrending chorus of soft little sobs, and thin little moans, and weak little cries; and I don't know how many gave right up then and there, without another struggle.

Of course that was not the thing to do, not as long as they *could* hold out another minute; but probably many of them really could not. And when one stops to consider what they had suffered, and how hopeless the struggle must surely have seemed by that time, I suppose it would be a cruel heart that could find it in itself to condemn even those who might have been equal to further effort, if their courage had not failed. Only of course, as subsequent developments show, it was too bad they did not *try* to hold out, just a little bit longer.

It was a dreadful place where they were, though,—as dark as a pocket, though that did not matter so much; but dark and *hot*, and growing hotter now, for a "cool" was just past and a "warm" beginning. So presently it would palpitate with heat like a furnace. Each unhappy captive

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was in a cell whose walls were hard—oh, as hard as stone!—dreadful, burning walls that actually pressed against their tender bodies, so that they twisted and turned, struggling to be free. Over them rested, close and suffocating, a roof as hard and stony as all the rest, against which some bent their poor heads, others their little crooked backs, all lifting, pushing, staggering, and fainting with their efforts. And choked and parched with the terrible heat though they were, and tormented with hunger and thirst, they yet never dared stop an instant for rest, or to relax and get a breath, for each knew that they must win freedom with their own fast-failing strength, and win it very soon, or perish miserably!

Who could deny that it was much easier, and even seemingly wiser, to give up? Anyway, some of them did, on the instant of realizing fully the situation, as I have already said. But a few hung on still, not even yet quite hopeless or defeated; they just could not cease striving, but kept pushing and working, gasping and half out of their senses. And then a wonderful thing happened!

Yes, indeed. I don't suppose anything any *more* wonderful ever happened to a group of suffering captives such as these—and there are many such groups, you know; thousands and thousands of them, all over this world. It was so astonishing a thing that they were bewildered for long, and did not know whether to rejoice or be afraid, which, in their weakened state, was no wonder at all. For the roof of the prison—the great, thick, hard, heavy, hot roof that rested its load fairly upon them—suddenly fell off! Fell clear off, if you will believe it, and there was the lovely blue of the morning sky that they had never seen before, arching above them.

Such a phenomenon they knew could only be associated with some tremendous upheaval of established law, for, of course, nothing ever, of its own accord, falls *up*. Moreover, they found themselves instantly in such a changed condition that their senses really did fail them for a bit. For instead of being in inky darkness, they were bathed in dazzling light; and the choking heat that stifled and tortured them had given way to some limpid delight that beat gently against their worn little bodies very much as the small soft waves beat against us when we go swimming in smooth water, of a summer's day. And wonder of wonders, and delight of delights, they could lift their heads, and straighten their poor aching backs, and they could turn their faces up and up, to the beautiful open heaven; up, to God!



THE "SAGE" AT WORK.

FROWNING a little bit, a small sage bent down and scratched gently, with the pruning-knife which he carried, the hard-baked surface of the ground where the morning-glory seeds had been planted; but it made almost no more impression than it would have made on rock. So he thrust the blade into the ground a little way, twisting and working it; and at last a great, hard flake of crust broke loose and fell back, as he pried. And

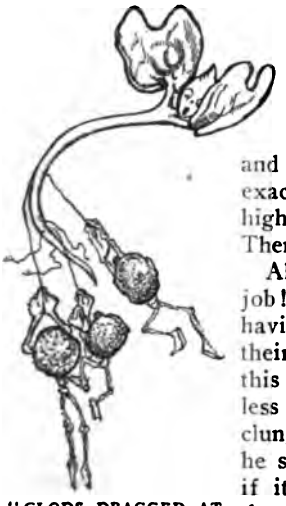
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lo! there to his astonished eyes was revealed the little group of wan prisoners—the white, waxy, tiny morning-glory plants that could not burst their dreadful prison walls—almost as great a surprise to him as this marvelous occurrence was to them.

"Well, I 'm blest!" said he, as he counted them; "whoever would have believed a single one could be alive?"

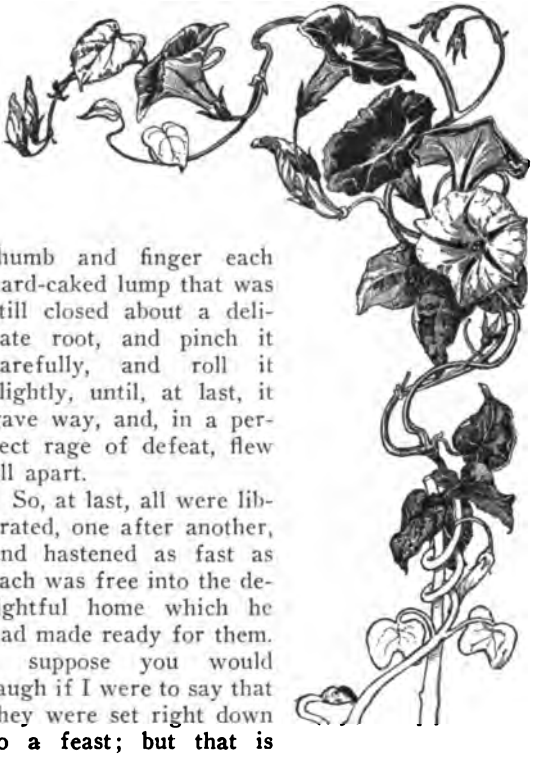
Being a true sage, he wasted no time in wondering, however; but set to work straightway to make effective the rescue which had so curiously happened, by getting the victims quite free of their prison.

First of all, he shaded them from the sun, which was on its way up the skies and rapidly growing hotter—you will remember that it was just the beginning of a "warm," which is what the day is to a plant. Night, when the sun is away, is the "cool," and each is a long, long time to them, as long as a month or so to us. Remembering how dark it had always been where they were confined, he put a big umbrella over them, which not only kept the sun from them, but tempered the light that dazzled them so. Then he watered the ground all about them very thoroughly, to soften it; watered it with the very fine sprayer of the watering-pot, that they might not be beaten down under the water's weight as it fell on them. Then he ran indoors, and found that he might put them in the corner of the fence before the chicken run; and at once he got at the earth there, working furiously with spading-fork and rake until it was as fine and mellow and luscious as the most exacting morning-glory of high degree could desire. Then he moved them.



"CLODS DRAGGED AT THE BABY ROOTLETS."

Ah, that was a ticklish job! Not satisfied with having strangled nearly all their fellows, the earth of this place where the luckless mites had been sown clung to them cruelly when he sought to free them, as if it would tear and rend them asunder. Great clods of it dragged at the baby rootlets even after each plant was released from its jealous clasp; and if any one but a sage, and a very patient one at that, had been engaged in the task of release, few, if any, would have survived. But he knew just how to take between thumb and finger each hard-caked lump that was still closed about a delicate root, and pinch it carefully, and roll it slightly, until, at last, it gave way, and, in a perfect rage of defeat, flew all apart.



So, at last, all were liberated, one after another, and hastened as fast as each was free into the delightful home which he had made ready for them. I suppose you would laugh if I were to say that they were set right down to a feast; but that is exactly what they were. Plants eat, you know, through their roots; and when all the tiniest roots and hair-like rootlets are in contact with the earth—with *good* earth—they are exactly in the situation of people happily seated around a splendid banquet table whereon is spread *everything* that they can possibly need or want.

The sage knew this, so he took the greatest care to sift the fine, sweet earth in between and around all the little roots, and to spread all these same little roots carefully in the directions which they had wanted to take but could not, when they were in the grip of the cruel earth whence he had saved them.

But they were much too sick and exhausted with their terrible experiences and narrow escape to eat a thing for a long time; that is, a long time counting plant time. But the second day, sometime, they must have passed the crisis; for when the sage took the umbrella away from over them at sunset—oh, yes, they had been covered by it all this time—the tender green of health was beginning to shine through them, just as the pink shines through healthy people. And by another day they had begun to grow; and in no time, it seemed, they were at the very top of that fence; and then very soon they were spangled with great blossoms as big as a tea-cup, some of them; oh, *such* blues and purples and crimsons,

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with fine, clear margins of white, and one kind all white!

So you have never thought that a plant could feel? Or that it hurt the little seed and the soft, tender life within it to be imprisoned in a stifling, killing grip? And I suppose you likewise have never thought that some earth was cruel, or that other earth was kind? No—you see you have not. And I do not know that I am surprised that you have not, for there are a great many things that a great many people have never thought that are, after all, perfectly thinkable.

Of course, I should not like to say that earth is ever *wilfully* cruel; but that part of the question need not, after all, perplex us. All that concerns us and the making of our gardens, and the life of our seeds and plants, is the fact that in some places it will not let them live because it chokes or starves them, or both; while in other places it helps them all it can by holding them tenderly and just close enough, and yielding them an abundance of food. The first thing for us to do, therefore, now that we know that there are the two kinds of earth, is to learn to know one from the other.

It surely would seem that there must be some easy way of telling the two kinds apart, would it not? And there is, a very simple way, only it makes your hands dirty. But dirty hands are the badge of sincerity in a garden-maker, I have come to think. For I have never yet found a boy or a girl, or a man or a woman, who was too dainty to put their paws right down into the earth willingly and gladly—indeed, with real pleasure—who could make a garden worth a punched penny.

After all, what is this that we call "dirt"? Where does it come from? Do you know? Lest you have not, as yet, learned, suppose we start right here as a beginning. Earth, or soil, is nothing more nor less than tiny particles of what geologists call broken-down rock—that is, rock that has crumbled to dust—and equally tiny particles of broken-down plant or animal tissue, otherwise known as organic dust. Dust of rocks and dust of plants, with dust of the bones of long-dead animals, and dust of insects, too—these make up the soil that has filled all the chinks, big and little, of this great, round planet on which we are living.

Although the rock-dust particles are all very tiny, they vary quite a good deal in size, being much larger in some places than they are in others. Almost always where there is water, as along the sea-shore, for instance, they are very large; and here we call the soil "sand." Places where they are very tiny indeed, and so lie very close together, have a soil that we have named "clay." And between these two extremes is the soil that is the very best of all soils, which goes by the name of "loam." This is made up of the large particles and the small, about evenly distributed.

With your spade, *the third day after a rain,* turn over a clod of earth where your garden is to be, driving it down its full depth if you can, and so getting a good, deep sample. Take up a handful of this earth from the overturned clod and squeeze it in your hand; then open your fingers and palm out flat. Does the earth lump fall apart and little dust rivers run down it and spread it out all over your hand? Then it is a sandy soil—which is usually a better beginning than the other extreme, being more easily made like loam or into sandy loam.

Instead of running all about, however, in dirt streams, perhaps the lump of earth that you are holding stays squeezed together and shows the marks of your fingers on it, just as a lump of dough or putty would. Then it is clay—the cruel, bad earth which strangles seed babies, and tears at tender little roots, and bakes under the hot sun into a fiery, stony prison, holding captive anything which finds lodgment in it, except, perhaps, the rankest, strongest weeds or grasses.

Let us hope that you have found earth that is just about half-way between these two extremes; that is, earth that stays in form an instant as you unclose your hand, but crumbles apart and falls into lumps, and these in turn into smaller lumps, as it lies. This is the way loam acts—the tender earth that loves the plants and is loved by them. But if you have not found this, remember that you can lighten the clay always by working sand, or coal ashes, or lime, either one or all three, into it; or that you can bind together and enrich sand by working manure through it, as you spade it to make ready for planting.

There is no denying that this business of making the earth ready is really the least pleasant of all the garden tasks; but it is something we cannot dodge, therefore we may as well get all the fun out of it that we can. So pitch into the earth and turn over clods, whatever the soil, two spades or layers deep; hammer and spank them with the spade as you go along to break them, working backward, so you may always stand on unspaded ground, and working *all the way across* from left to right and then back from right to left, so that each row is finished before another is begun. Then rake the loose earth over and try to get out all the stones that are larger than a walnut; then level the space nicely; and *then,* if it is a loose, sandy soil, or even a sandy loam, put a flat board down on it and walk hard on this—

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even jump, to multiply your weight, moving it along until all the space prepared has been pressed down. But if it is a close, heavy soil—if it is clay—do not do this. The reason it is done on sandy soil is that such soil would be too open after spading and raking, and would not hold the moisture which *must* be in soil in order that the plants may eat. For whatever they take, they have to take in liquid form, you know. After the soil is pressed and made firm again, rake the top very lightly back and forth, and then you are ready to plant your seed.

We do not know much about these—queer, dead-looking little things. We do know that in them the awful mystery of life is locked up; and that putting them into the earth, where we cannot see what happens, somehow unlocks it. So we plant them, down out of sight; we hide them, little prisoners of hope, that they may be free. And down there, in the dark and the silence, the miracle is done: the seed opens, out comes a tiny root, and this turns at once *down*, away from the light which it cannot see, because all is darkness anyway. Nevertheless, without the least uncertainty, toward the deeper, surer darkness farther below, it makes its way, pushing forward gently but with resistless force between the little earth particles as it reaches and reaches ever, with its tip, for food to supply the hungry little plant that has been going up as the root went down—up and out of the earth entirely, into the sunlight, and wind, and rain, and dew.

Whatever seed you sow, put it into the ground to a distance equal to three times its own greatest diameter, or thickness, and no more. That is, if a seed is an eighth of an inch through, cover it with three eighths of an inch of earth; but with seeds that are themselves no larger than dust grains, use a salt-shaker, and sprinkle them lightly over the space where they are to go, and press them into the loose soil with a flat piece of board.

Water thoroughly, after preparing it, the ground where seeds are to be sown and the *day before* you intend sowing them. Then it will be just mellow enough and soft enough to receive them and close over them as it should. And keep the earth just moist enough all the time to crumble apart in your hand after squeezing, as I have explained to you that loamy soil will do. But more important even than just the degree of moisture is the *same degree constantly maintained.* That is, it must not be allowed to get very dry, and then be made very wet to make up for the neglect; keep it just as nearly as possible the same, day in and day out. And shelter the little plants from hard rains until they are strong, big fellows. Some seeds sprout very quickly; others take a long time. Sometimes the seed packet in which they come will have printed on it how long you must wait before expecting to see the green shoots begin to break their way through the earth.

If I were you, I should plant now a border of marigolds, with alyssum for an edging. Prepare a sunny space fifteen inches wide beside the house or along a walk, and sow the marigolds in two rows, one two inches from the back of the space, and the other six inches from the front. Drop the seed two or three inches apart along little shallow drills, which you can make with your finger or a pointed stick, using a string stretched tight from one end of the space to the other, close to the ground, for a "ruler" to draw the line of the drill by. After these are sowed, draw another drill two inches from the front, and into this drop the sweet alyssum seeds, an inch apart.

When the plants are well up, thin out the marigolds until those in each row are eight inches apart, making the front ones come opposite the spaces between the rear ones so they stand zigzag. Thin the alyssum too, so that the plants are eight inches apart, each one standing in front of the rear marigold plant. Get the alyssum called "Little Gem," and a packet of mixed double marigolds, each five cents; or, if you wish to spend a little more, try a collection of six kinds of double French marigolds, which may be had for twenty-five cents. From either one and the alyssum you will have a lovely border of white and many shades of velvety gold, lasting until frost comes in the fall.

OTHER combinations which are lovely are double blue corn-flowers grown nine inches apart for the back, with golden calliopsis six inches apart in front: large flowering snapdragon, in pale pink or mixed colors, nine inches apart for the back, with imperial dwarf white ageratum, four inches apart, in front: Marguerite carnations in mixed colors, eight inches apart at the back, with tufted pansies—*violas*—in clear yellow or white, as preferred, four inches apart, in front: white *Nicotiana affinis* one foot apart at the back, with California poppies, mixed, four inches apart as edging: annual larkspur in mixed colors one foot apart behind with *gypsophila muralis,* or pink annual "baby's breath," five inches apart, in front. For every degree of latitude north or south from New York a difference of from four to six days later or earlier in planting-time and gardening generally must be allowed.

(To be continued.)

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WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER IV

SAND-HOGS

ONE would suppose that after our experience in the caisson we would not care to venture again into an underground chamber. It is true we spent an awful night following that incident, a night beset with horrible dreams that were far worse than our actual experiences; but in the cheerful light of the morning, the terror left us completely. I believe the adventure whetted our appetites for further excitement, and we started the day by planning to investigate more underground work.

"What I can't make out," said Will, who was fussing with something at the wash-basin, "is how they keep the water out of those tunnels under the river."

"I don't see anything so mysterious about that. They use compressed air to keep the water out, just as in a caisson."

"Yes, I know, but it is n't as simple as all that. Now look at this," and he pushed a glass, mouth down, into the water. Although the glass was completely submerged, the water did not fill it because of the air trapped inside. The water rose to within an inch or so of the top.

"That 's just like a caisson," continued Will; "the compressed air in the top keeps the water down, just as Mr. Squires explained. But now watch me turn the glass on the side." Just as he got the glass near the horizontal, the air went out with a big "gulp," and the glass filled with water.

"See that! Now how in the world do they keep the air in and the water out, with the end of the tunnel open so that the men can dig away the sand and mud ahead of the tube?"

"That question is too much for me," I confessed. "We shall have to have a look at the work, and see for ourselves how it is done. I suppose you don't mind going down under pressure again?"

"Mind that! Not a bit!" exclaimed Will. "One little accident is n't going to scare me away."

On our way down-town we stopped at the hospital to inquire about Danny Roach. Although we could n't see him, we were assured that he was doing nicely, and would be fit for work again in a few days.

When we got down to the tunnel-shaft, we encountered unexpected difficulties. The superintendent would n't even see us, and we were obliged to go away without a single glimpse inside the yard. The next day, however, we came back armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Squires. This gave us an audience with Superintendent Brown. But that did not mean admission to the tunnel.

"The rule is strict: 'no visitors allowed,'" he said. "I wish for the sake of my friend Squires that I could let you in. But no one, under any pretext whatever, is allowed in that tunnel, except those actually engaged in the work down there."

"Would n't the chief engineer give us a permit?"

"No. Others have tried that, but it was no use."

"Then there is absolutely no chance of getting in?"

"None that I know of,—unless," he suddenly added, with a laugh, "unless you would like to go in as 'sand-hogs.' Eh, what?"

"Would we like it!" said Will, his eyes sparkling. "Come on, Jim, it 'll be a great experience."

"Now, I warn you," said the superintendent, "this is n't going to be a lark! You will have to work hard, and I won't take you on unless you contract to work at least a week; if you shirk or fall down on the job, I will fire you on the spot without a cent of pay. Your wages will be two dollars a day because you are green hands, but if you stick to it, you may get as much as three dollars and a half a day after a few years' experience, the same as the rest. How is that for a glittering prospect—eh?"

"I 'm game if you are, Will," I said.

"Report to the doctor, then, and let him look you over," said Mr. Brown.

"We are safe on that score," I interrupted, "because we have just been down under pressure in a caisson."

"Yes, but you must see our doctor, nevertheless. If he says you are O.K.," continued the superintendent, "you can report to Hughie Smith, the gang boss, at midnight. Be here in time to put on your working togs. We 'll supply the boots. You 'll have to go on at twelve o'clock sharp, and you work till eight."

"Do you work here all night?" we asked in surprise.

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"Most assuredly we do!" he replied. "There is no day down there in the tunnel; it is just one long continuous night. You 'd better run home now and go to bed, or you won't be fit to work to-night."

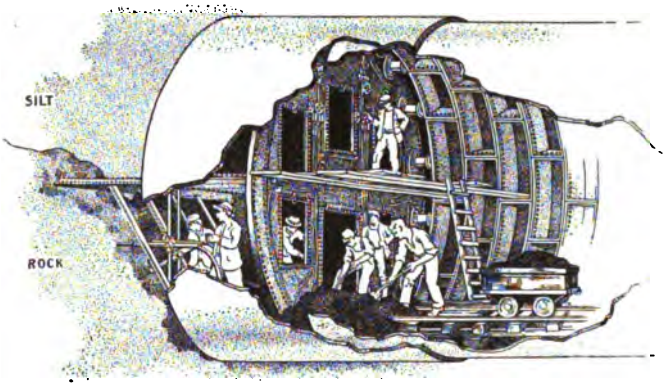
It was n't exactly what we had bargained for, working nights and sleeping during the day, but we thought we could stand it for a week. We found it very difficult to get to sleep early, and at 10:30 our alarm-clock awakened us after we had put in less than four hours of slumber. It was the hardest thing in the world to shake off our drowsiness, but the spirit of adventure sustained us, and kept us from backing out. We dressed hastily and had a hearty meal in a little restaurant around the corner, and at a quarter to twelve reported to Hughie Smith at the sand-hog house.

It did n't take us long to put on working clothes and boots. There was something weird about the whole affair—the brilliant flaming arc lamps here and there casting jet black shadows around the yard; the clank and rattle of machinery; the sound of escaping air; the buckets that came up out of the tunnel, and the swish of the stuff as it slid out into the big hoppers from which it was emptied into carts that hauled it off to fill some low spot in or near the great city. We did n't have much time to muse over what we saw. A whistle sounded, and we assembled at the mouth of the shaft with the other sand-hogs, where checks were handed out. We were no longer known by name, but merely by the numbers on the checks.

The cage that rose suddenly out of the shaft discharged a gang of men, and we took their places. In a moment we were at the bottom of the shaft and stepped out into the tunnel, a huge steel cylinder seventeen feet in diameter. It was fairly well lighted with electric lamps, showing the heavy steel plating with which it was sheathed. We followed the men down the tunnel to a sort of bulkhead built across the tube. In this bulkhead were the air-locks, two of them, with doors large enough to admit the trucks on which the mud and sand were carried out from the tunnel heading. The men all crowded into one of the locks. It was a rather long, horizontal cylinder with seats on either side for us to occupy while the pneumatic pressure was turned on. Both doors of the locks were closed, and then the gang boss turned on the air gradually. I could feel the strain on my ear-drums as the air rushed in, although I held my nose and blew as hard as I could. When the air ceased hissing, we knew that the pressure in the lock was the same as that in the tunnel. The foreman then opened the door, and we all trooped out. We had to walk a couple of hundred feet before getting to the shield. The boss stationed his men, and then turned to us. Will had been eagerly waiting for a chance to ask questions. He was full of them, and now he started in; but the boss hushed him up at once.

"Look here, we have n't any time for any of that! This ain't no tea-party. You are here to work. Do you understand? Take that shovel there and get busy loading this truck. No loafing now!"

Obediently we started work without further words, realizing that we must depend on our eyes to answer our questions. We saw that the tunnel



PUSHING THE SHIELD THROUGH SILT AND ROCK.
The rock drillers are protected by an overhanging "apron."

shield was a sort of a drum-like affair with the ends open, but with a diaphragm dividing it in two in the center. There were a number of sliding doors in this diaphragm, through which the men could pass to the outside of the shield, to dig away the soil in front of the tunnel. We found a chance to step through the diaphragm once and see that the front of it was divided into a number of pockets by plates that ran up and down and crosswise. The men worked in the shelter of these pockets, removing the soil in advance of the shield. Our job, however, was inside the shield, loading the trucks with the sand, or "muck," that was shoveled through the openings in the diaphragm. The trucks, when filled, were hauled away by small electric locomotives, or "dinkies," as they were called.

We worked hard, sustained by the rich atmosphere; but our muscles were not used to such labor, and before long we grew exceedingly tired. Interest in the work about us, however, helped to divert our attention from aches and pains. We

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observed that the shield was larger in diameter than the lining of the tunnel, and that it fitted over the end of the lining like a cap. We saw also how the shield was moved forward. A number of hydraulic jacks were placed all around the shield between the diaphragm and the lining of the tunnel. Then, when all was ready, the water was turned on in the jacks, forcing the plungers out, and pushing the shield bodily forward a distance of about two feet, or just enough to get in another ring of lining. The work required great care because with the jacks the shield was steered and made to move up or down, or to the right or left, so as to follow the course of the tunnel as planned. The tunnel was being pushed through from the other side of the river as well, and, unless the work followed the survey accurately, the headings would not meet properly at the center of the river. Just how accurately the steering was done we learned many, many months later, when the shields of the two headings met. One of the shields was four inches lower than the other, but otherwise the alinement was perfect. Think of it! Only four inches out, after groveling in the dark through a mile of silt!

The way the lining was set in place was interesting. There was an "erector," or a sort of hydraulic crane, mounted on the face of the shield, with which the lining plates were picked up and placed in position after the shield had been moved forward. These plates were curved to the arc of the tunnel, and had deep flanges on all four sides through which the bolts were passed that fastened them one to the other. The deep flanges made them very strong indeed.

For four hours we toiled steadily. It seemed eight before the gang knocked off for luncheon. I was disappointed to find that the dawn was only just breaking when we emerged from the tunnel. We had n't thought about eating, and had brought no lunch-pail. The idea of taking lunch at four o'clock in the morning would have seemed ridiculous to us. Needless to say, the idea was far from ridiculous now. Hot coffee was served in the sand-hog house, but we were ravenous for something more substantial. There were no restaurants open in that vicinity at that time of the morning. One of the men took pity on us and gave us a few bites of his luncheon, for which we were truly grateful.

He was a fine fellow, an old hand at the game, and he knew all there was to know about pneumatic work. He it was who explained our problem of the tumbler.

"It 's simple enough," he said; "the pressure of the water depends on the depth, and so there is more water-pressure at the bottom of the tunnel than at the top; but there is n't any difference worth mentioning in the air-pressure between the top and bottom of the tunnel. If the material out in front of the tunnel was very soft, and we made the air-pressure heavy enough to keep out the water at the bottom of the heading, it would all escape out of the top; and if the air-pressure was just equal to the water-pressure at the top of the tunnel, the water would pour in at the bottom. Just now the material we are going through is clay-like, and we don't have to bother very much about differences of pressure at the top and bottom of the tunnel; but when we go through quicksand, with very little 'cover' between the shield and the bed of the river, then comes trouble. We don't dare work out in front of the diaphragm, but must open small shutters in the diaphragm and *'scoop'* out the sand. That 's when we are apt to have blow-outs. The air will burst through the fluid sand and boil up. Sometimes a burst of air will make the water shoot up like a geyser from the surface of the river."

"What happens when you strike a rock?" Will inquired.

"We have to blast it out of the way. The worst trouble comes when we strike a ledge at the floor of the tunnel, and have soft silt or quicksand overhead. We had a job like that in the North River once. A shelf, or 'apron,' was built out from the shield, half-way up, virtually dividing the front of the shield into an upper and lower chamber. Under protection of this apron, workmen crawled out in front of the shield, drilled holes in the rock for mild charges of explosive, and then crept back within the shield and set off the dynamite. After that they had to crawl out again and haul the broken rock away. It was slow work, because the operations had to be carried on in cramped quarters, and only a little of the rock could be blasted at a time. Fortunately, there was very little rock to pass through. It was merely a reef in the ocean of silt. Before we struck that reef, we found the material so soft that we did n't bother to dig it away in front of the shield, but merely pushed the shield ahead through the silt with the hydraulic jacks."

Our friend was in the midst of his explanations when the signal came to resume work. Our half-hour of respite had seemed like only five minutes. We were aching all over. How could we ever endure the three and a half hours of labor before the next shift came on? Luckily for us, the boss did not pay as much attention to us this time as he did before, and we could ease up a bit on our work without having him bawl out at us to "Git busy there!" every two minutes.

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Slowly the hours dragged by. Finally, when it seemed as if we could endure it no longer, the signal to quit was sounded, and we all trooped out. Tired! I was never so tired in all my life, and I was desperately hungry, too. The first thing we did was to hunt up a restaurant, where we devoured such a breakfast as astonished the waiter. Then we went straight home to bed.



INSIDE THE TUNNEL, SHOWING THE "ERECTOR," BACK OF THE HORIZONTAL PLATFORM, RAISING A LINING PLATE TO POSITION.

Chapter V

A MAN GOES SKY-ROCKETING THROUGH THE RIVER-BED

Along toward the middle of the week, we were shifted to the heading at the other side of the river. The work here did not differ materially from that which we had been doing, but we found it easier to do a day's work that began at eight A.M. and ended at four P.M. than one that took up the hours between midnight and our customary rising hour. We were learning how to swing the shovel to better advantage, and we were not half so weary when our day's toil was ended. We got very well acquainted with the men, and found them a pretty decent sort. To be sure, they "jollied" us a great deal, but it was all done in a good-natured way.

Nothing very exciting occurred until the last day of our contract week. That day started wrong. In the first place, the gang foreman failed to show up, and we went down the shaft without him, taking our regular places. Soon the superintendent came down and appointed one of the more experienced men foreman of the gang. That 's where the trouble first started.

We had been having considerable difficulty with boulders in the path of the shield. They had to be broken up before they could be hauled out of the way. During the night, an extra large boulder had been encountered, and an attempt had been made to blast it. The blasting had failed to make any material impression on the rock, but it had loosened up the silt and mud overhead so that it was in a very shaky condition. Had our foreman shown up that morning, no doubt he would have learned from the foreman of the night gang just what had occurred, and, accordingly, would have proceeded very cautiously; but we went about our work as if nothing had happened.

Several men were outside of the shield at work in the different pockets. The new foreman climbed up into one of the upper pockets, when he noticed a bad leak at the edge of the "apron." The apron in this case was a curved steel plate that projected from the upper part of the shield, like the poke of a sunbonnet, and protected the men below from material that might fall on them. It was supported by slanting braces. As soon as he saw the leak, the foreman called the men to bring up bags of sand and hay to choke up the hole. Two men climbed up through the door in the diaphragm with bags of sand. The first one, "Jerry," was about to hand up the bag, and the other fellow, "Jake," was right behind him, when suddenly, with a sound like a giant

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cough, the air burst through the silt above the apron. The tunnel had discharged like a pneumatic gun. The air picked up the men as if they



PUTTING UP A SHIELD WHERE THE TUNNEL IS ABOUT TO BREAK OUT OF THE ROCK.

had been straws, and flung them headlong into the mud. I happened to catch a fleeting glimpse of all this while I snatched desperately at something to keep from being blown along with them. At the very same instant, the lights went out, and we were plunged in inky darkness, while we could hear the rush of water pouring into the tunnel. There was a panic at once. Every one started on a mad scramble, stumbling and falling over one another and the various timbers and obstructions, shouting and yelling—a wild run of 400 feet to the locks. Will and I groped our way back as fast as we could, hand in hand. My chum had been knocked down and rendered all but unconscious by an ugly blow on the forehead.

It was not until we had all entered the locks and had actually begun to lock ourselves through that our senses returned to us. We were like the Irishman who swam ashore to save himself first, and then swam back to save the other fellow. The foreman, who had fled with the rest, suddenly remembered the responsibility that rested upon him. Hastily he counted noses, and found that two were missing.

"They must have been caught by the blow-out," he said; "we must go back to save them if we can." Candles were procured, and we all went back into the black tunnel.

As we neared the shield, we heard a faint voice calling for help, and we shouted encouragement. The water was rapidly growing deeper, and already it was up to our knees. We found a poor fellow lodged in the mud between the boulder which the night shift had tried to blast and one of the slanting braces of the apron. It was Jake. What had become of Jerry? We could not imagine. We had work enough trying to extricate the man before us. When the blow-out occurred, he was knocked senseless for a time, but then the black water and mud flowing in through the opening made by the outpouring air ran down over his face, and restored him to consciousness. When he came to, all had deserted him; everything was dark, and he was pinioned so that he could n't escape, while the black torrent flowing down on him nearly drowned him. To make matters worse, as soon as the tunnel had discharged most of its air-pressure in the blow-out, the silt began to press in upon the shield. This threatened slow torture for poor Jake. Slowly but surely the boulder would crush him. He called and called. He knew that it would not take long for the tunnel to fill with such a river of mud flowing into it. Fortunately, he was in the upper part of the heading, and it would take longer for the water to reach him. He had almost given up hope when he heard us coming back. The task of removing him was not so simple. We managed to free his body, after some work, but his legs were firmly held. There was little time left; the water was rising rapidly.

"Come back," shouted one of the men, "we have



TWO SHIELDS, PUSHED FROM OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE RIVER, MEETING WITH A PERFECT FIT.

got to close the doors in the shield, or the tunnel will be filled."

"What! and leave that fellow out there!" I cried.

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"CLEAR THROUGH THE BED OF THE RIVER AND UP TO THE SURFACE!"

"We can't get him out anyway, and if the locks are flooded, we can't get out ourselves!" he said, vainly tugging at the doors. In the progress of the tunnel the shield had slowly turned over so that the track of the sliding doors was no longer horizontal, but slanted upward, and the door was too heavy for the man to move alone up the incline.

Things were getting desperate. But at last there was a shout of triumph. The foreman had succeeded in prying loose the rock that held Jake pinioned. It was none too soon; the water was pouring in faster than ever. It had reached the "spring line," or the center line of the tunnel; that is, it was 8½ feet deep at the shield. Even when walking along the tracks that were elevated above the bottom of the tube, the water was up to our shoulders; and one or two of the shorter men had to swim.

The rescued worker was placed on a plank and floated to the locks. There was no time to think of closing the doors in the shield, besides they were submerged, and so we could not reach them now. If it had n't been for the grade of the tunnel, the water would have filled it above the level of the locks. As it was, the water was beginning to slop over the sill of the lock as we splashed up to it.

But what of the other victim of the blow-out? We had found no trace of him anywhere, and there was no possibility of making further search for him.

But when we reached the top of the shaft, you can imagine our amazement at seeing the man who had supposedly perished, sitting calmly in the center of an admiring group of reporters, and telling a most astonishing story—such a story as was almost beyond belief! When the tunnel discharged like a great air-gun, he had played the part of a bullet, and had been shot *clear through the bed of the river and up to the surface!* Two men were in a rowboat under a dock picking up driftwood, when suddenly a screaming, mud-covered object shot up out of the depths, rising clear of the water, and dropping back again with a splash. They were terror-stricken; panic seized them, particularly when the object reappeared and struck out after them, but Jerry's cries for help brought them to their senses, although it

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was some time before they realized that he was actually a human being, and not some inhabitant of the lower regions. They pulled the man aboard and brought him to shore. At first Jerry thought he must be badly hurt. He ought to have been hurt in such a sky-rocket trip as that, but after feeling himself all over carefully, he could n't, for the life of him, find any damage to his anatomy! So there was nothing for him to do but report back for work!

It was the most sensational incident that had ever happened in tunnel work, and the place fairly buzzed with reporters. Inside of an hour, a breathless newsboy came running up with an armful of extras, which sold like hot cakes, and Jerry had the pleasure of reading all about his own curious adventure.

There was no more work done that day. It was the last day of our contract week, and we were more than glad to throw up the job and collect our wages.

Chapter VI

ENGINEER PRICE

It was sheer luck that brought us back to the tunnel-shaft, a few days later, at the precise moment when a distinguished-looking man issued from the office with Superintendent Brown at his heels.

"Why, hello! here they are now!" exclaimed the superintendent as he caught sight of us. "Come here, boys, I want to introduce you to Chief Engineer Price."

"Aha!" said the engineer, "so you are the boys I have been hearing about. I suppose you want to contract for another week's work, don't you?"

"Well, not exactly, sir," spoke up Will. "I don't think we care for any more tunnel experiences just now. We have had enough to last awhile, but we thought we would stroll down and see how you were going to clear the mud and water out of that tunnel. Jim and I have been trying to figure it out, but we can't, for the life of us, see how you are going to do it."

"Well, boys, if I were n't in such a beastly hurry just now," said Engineer Price, looking at his watch, "I would like to have a talk with you. You come up to my office to-morrow at one o'clock sharp. I want you to take lunch with me. Here is the address," and he handed Will his card and was off before we had recovered from our surprise.

Just as the clock struck one the next day, we pushed open the door of the engineer's rooms, and were promptly shown into his inner office.

"Good morning, boys," he said cordially, shaking hands with us. "You 're on time to the minute, I see. There is nothing I commend so highly as promptness. We shall step right out to luncheon and do our talking there."

The club to which Engineer Price took us was so richly and elaborately furnished that we were quite overwhelmed; but our host soon put us at ease. He wanted to know all about us and what induced us to try our hand at sand-hogging. We told him the whole story from beginning to end.

"And this Uncle Edward, who is he?"

"Why, Edward Jordan, the engineer."

"What, are you 'Eddy' Jordan's nephew? I used to know him when I was at school." And he told us a lot of funny yarns about Uncle Edward's school-days. Finally, when the opportunity offered, Will took occasion to remind Mr. Price that he had not yet told us how he was going to clear out the flooded tunnel.

"Oh, that is not such a very difficult job," said Mr. Price. "We have located the hole in the bed of the river, and to-morrow, at slack tide, we are going to sink a tarpaulin over it and dump clay on the tarpaulin. That ought to make a pretty effective seal, and then we shall pump the water out of the tunnel and the air into it at the same time. I will give you a pass to see the work if you like.

"Oh, Mr. Ludlow!" called out Engineer Price to a large man with a long, gray mustache who was passing our table. "Sit down here a minute. I want you to meet a pair of very promising young engineers. This is Will, Eddy Jordan's nephew, and this his chum, Jim. Mr. Ludlow, boys, is the chief engineer of the new East River suspension-bridge." Then he proceeded to sing our praises to the bridge engineer, much to our embarrassment. "Why, they have been actually groveling in the mud as sand-hogs for a whole week, just to learn something about tunnel work at first hand instead of through books. Such striving after knowledge, such devotion to engineering, should be encouraged. Now, why can't you arrange to have them shown over your bridge?"

"Why, I should be delighted to," said Mr. Ludlow. "Call at my office, boys, and I will give you a letter of introduction to Mr. Blanchard, my assistant, who is in immediate charge of the work."

"Will you, sir?" said Will, eagerly. "Thank you so much. That 's the very work we wanted most to see."

And before that luncheon was over, we had met a number of engineers, all of whom took a kindly interest in us, and offered to show us through the various lines of work in which they were engaged.

(To be continued.)

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"ME LOVES 'OO."

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. GOODMAN.

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BOOKS AND READING

BY

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

ROMANCES OF FIVE KINGS

NEVER has the story of England been more romantic and adventurous than under the early Plantagenet kings. Then was the day of the Crusades, when nobles, knights, and princes led the flower of the land to incredible hardships far oversea; then, too, was the day of Robin Hood, gallantest of outlaws, gentlest of robbers, lover of fair play and the fresh out of doors. Norman, Saxon, and Dane were being slowly intermingled to make the English nation, and the contrasts and surprises of every-day life were dazzling. The wayfarer you encountered on any highroad might be Richard of the Lion Heart returning from fierce battles with the infidels, or just the simple pilgrim he appeared; and because you happened to be a lord of high degree, rich and powerful, one day, was no good reason why you should n't be a hunted fugitive the next.

The tender story of Fair Rosamond belongs to this time, as well as the pitiful tale of little Prince Arthur. And Magna Charta, that shining leaf in the great book of freedom, was signed under John, the third Plantagenet. In fact, the mere record of the history is thrilling; so that it is easy to understand that many a rousing story can be told of those days.

And so there has been. Scott laid several of his finest romances in Plantagenet times, beginning with "The Betrothed," which belongs in the reign of Henry II, and is by many people thought to be the very best of the Waverley Novels. The stir and turmoil of the Crusades beat through it, though it is chiefly interested in revealing the troubles that followed taking so many fighting men away from England to the Holy Lands. The heroine has many adventures and hardships, the scenes occurring in many parts of England and Wales, and a great variety of life is given to us with much spirit and power.

Another book that tells of the same period is Maurice Hewlett's "Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay." Richard is the hero of this story, to be sure, but most of it takes place while he is still a young prince, and there is a fine portrait of Henry, his father, as well as of his sly brother John, who succeeded Richard when the latter was killed by one of his subjects. The book is thrilling reading and extraordinarily alive. The character of Richard is different from the one usually attributed to him, but it is convincing, and for all its faults there is a reckless manliness, something kindly and gallant in the man, that makes you forgive his vacillation, his cruelty even; certainly he is made very real, and so too is the motley population over which his father rules, and rules well. You won't forget the England of Henry II after reading this book.

It was under this same Henry that Robin Hood is first heard of. He is not a true historical character, since he has come down to our day only in the form of popular ballads and legends, and story-tellers use a good deal of freedom in bringing him into their books; but it seems probable that he drew his famous longbow somewhere about the end of the twelfth century.

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Howard Pyle's "Life and Adventures of Robin Hood" (Scribner's, $3) is perhaps the best of all the modern Robin Hood books. Pyle loved a bold adventurer like Robin, and tells his story with the keenest joy—and what a story it is! Into it comes the noble figure of the king, and both Richard and John have adventures in Sherwood Forest. Many another brave knight and fair lady come gaily into the tale, with bad men too, who get their deserts, most of them falling before the broad arrows of the outlaw band. There is a marvelous sweet breath of the greenwood blowing through these delightful pages, with song of blackbird and throstle, and the glint of sunshine to gladden you as you follow on, seeing the glimpse of a deer or a huntsman, hearing the laugh of a maid or the clash of a sword and buckler.

Much of the life of the common people is carefully pictured, for the book is made from the songs they sang and the stories they told. For undiluted, healthy pleasure, and for a vivid sketch of the times it portrays, few volumes can beat it. The pictures are also by Pyle, and are as good as the rest of the book.

If you want another book of about the same period, there is "Forest Outlaws," by E. Gilliat (Dutton, 1887, $1.50), which tells the life of a boy and girl in Lincoln who were more or less under the protection of the good and great Bishop Hugh. King Henry is in it, long after his romance with Fair Rosamond, whom he still remembers, however, and the fierce Queen Eleanor, who came to him from Aquitaine, and of course his two sons. The king is rather big and unwieldy, and sometimes you rather laugh at him; but both the children know and love him. Robin and his merry men are there among the rest; there are splendid adventures in the forest; and, altogether, the story is good and interesting, and especially written for young people.

Richard the Lion-Hearted followed his father Henry upon the English throne, and I dare say all of you know him pretty well, for there must be very few who have n't read Scott's wonderful romances "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman." If such there be, they will have a great treat before them; I 'm sure I wish I were going to read either for the first time!

"The Talisman" tells of Richard's adventures in the Holy Land, and brings Saladin into the story. What a scene that is where Richard and Saladin try each other's skill as swordsmen, Richard the mighty, Saladin the expert. The novel is a splendid description of the whole temper and marvel of that amazing spirit, the Crusading spirit, and you need to read it if you want to understand the men and the fortunes of those days.

"Ivanhoe" takes up Richard's life when he comes home again, where the treacherous John is usurping the powers of state. Robin Hood comes into the book, and in the character of Gurth the Swineherd you meet a true Saxon churl. Then there is the great Knight Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and the fair Rowena, said to be a descendant of Edward the Confessor, whom you met in the book about William the Conqueror, "Harold." There is a wonderful tournament and a terrible battle. The story is one of the finest ever told, changing and moving, full of color and life, amusing, tragic, exciting.

There is a very good story by Paul Creswick, who has also written a Robin Hood book, called "With Richard the Fearless" (Dutton, 1898, $1.50), which tells many adventurous doings, and draws a splendid picture of the times; but I have found it hard to come by. It can be got, however, and is worth the trouble.

These ought to do for Richard. John comes next. He was n't much of a king, but important things happened during his seventeen years' reign. He was called Lackland, after the fashion of that century and several following to give nicknames to their leaders, and he lacked much besides land, among the rest any very good stories concerning his life and England's life during his day. Gilliat has one, "Wolf's Head" (Dutton, 1899, $1.50), which begins in 1202, the year of his accession, and which uses him as one of its characters. It also has Robin in it, and makes him come back from being an outlaw, which is contrary to most of the chronicles; but that is the good of having a rather mythical person like the bold wearer of Lincoln green to deal with. The book is good in reproducing the times very clearly, with many details. Poor Prince Arthur appears, and there are scenes in Rouen.

Of course John comes into the other novels I have spoken about, but not as king, and it is a pity that there are not more stories of that part of his life. If you can get C. A. Bloss's "Heroines of the Crusades," you will learn more about him and his reign; and you will find the stories interesting, I 'm told, though I 've not been able to get a copy of the book myself.

A story of Henry III and his times is a book, published in England in 1903, which you ought to be able to get through a bookseller. It is by Bryan W. Ward, and is called "The Forest Prince." Its hero is Henry's son, Edward, but it has many other characters, among them the king, and is a most enjoyable and picturesque tale.

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I suppose most of you have read some at least of Charlotte Yonge's books, and possibly "The Prince and the Page" among the rest. If you have, you will remember what a very good story it is. It tells the life of Edward I, beginning while the old, weak Henry III is still on the throne. You see the king's feebleness and selfishness contrasted with the honor and manliness of his son, the tall, strong prince, who yet considers him so carefully. A true knight, this Edward. Then it takes you through Edward's reign, and makes you at home in Edward's England.

There is another excellent book set in this same reign, Scott's "Castle Dangerous." This book takes you into Scotland, and tells how Sir John de Walton vows to keep Castle Dangerous a whole year from its owner, the good and doughty Lord James, and of what followed this rash vow. You learn a good deal of how the barons behaved themselves, and what the people were up against in that century. Though things are a lot better than they were when Rufus rode the peasants down for sport, you will see that there was much still to be done, and that Magna Charta so far had not done the poor man a great deal of good. It existed, however—a tremendous fact in itself.

This, indeed, is part of the interest in reading our sequence of historic novels. You begin to see England growing up, like a child. Learning to do new things, learning to live more comfortably, to govern herself better, to ask for what she wants, and to try pretty hard to get it. What a different idea of how kings must behave you find, now that Edward is on the throne, than when the ruthless Normans ground the land for money, and murdered whom they chose. The yeomanry of England, stalwart, brave, clean-limbed, and honest of heart, has grown up, noticeably increasing under Robin Hood, with his picturesque idea of freedom and the worth of a good man. Houses are better, and the weapons men use, as well as their tools, have vastly improved. Altogether, if we could bring our friend Harold down to the day when Edward I ends his thirty-five years of kingship, and ask him to look around, this last of the Saxon rulers would be a most astonished being—yet barely two hundred and fifty years separated the two kings.



"IF IVANHOE HAD LIVED TO-DAY!"

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FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

WHEN LITTLE BEAR HAD HIS OWN WAY

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

ONE fine morning, the three bears—Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Baby Bear—went for a long walk, very, very early, before little boys and girls were out of bed.

"Let 's go over to the park," said Father Bear, reaching for his cane.

Baby Bear danced for joy. He was always glad to visit the park.

That day the three bears were in such haste they did n't say good morning to the toads nor the butterflies nor the birds. Baby Bear did n't even look at the bluebells and buttercups by the roadside. He had no time to pick flowers when he was on his way to the park.



"LITTLE BEAR SEEMED TO BE FLYING." (SEE PAGE 650.)

When they came to the park, the three had a merry time until Little Bear discovered the children's hill. He had never seen it before. After that, he did n't care to swing in the swings, nor teeter, nor dance around the May-pole. He wished to do what the children did all day long in that lovely park. He wished to climb to the top of the hill and run down the hard, hard path.

"If you should try to run down that hill by yourself, you would fall," said Father Bear.

"Yes, you would surely fall," said Mother Bear.

So the three bears climbed the wee, wee hill together, Little Bear in the middle, Father Bear on one side, and Mother Bear on the other.

"Now, down we go!" began Father Bear, when the three stood at the top of the tiny hill, looking down the hard, hard path where children played all the long summer days.

"Down we go!" said Mother Bear, keeping tight, tight hold of Baby Bear's little paw.

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"One, two, three, go!" counted Father Bear, keeping tight hold of Baby Bear's other paw.

Downhill ran the three bears—plunk—plunk—plunk—plunkety—plunkety—plunkety—plunk! At first, Little Bear kept his feet on the path and made them run fast, fast; but before he reached the bottom of the hill, his feet did n't touch the path, and he seemed to be flying, with Mother Bear on one side and Father Bear on the other.

Over and over again, Mother Bear and Father Bear climbed the little hill to run down again with Baby Bear, until they were both tired and out of breath.



"HIS FEET GOT AWAY AND LANDED HIM ON THE HARD PATH."

Father and Mother Bear were too big and heavy to enjoy what Little Bear thought was such fun. Besides, Mother Bear wished to see the peacocks, and Father Bear wanted a drink of water.

"Let me run down the hill alone!" begged Baby Bear. "The children do it all day long!"

"Not *little* children!" said Mother Bear. "Their fathers and mothers always run down the hill with them. You are too small to run down the hill alone!"

"I want to run down the hill alone! I want to run down the hill alone!" howled Baby Bear, in a tantrum.

"You shall have your own way!" thundered Father Bear. "You shall run down the hill alone!"

"Oh, but he will get hurt!" put in Mother Bear.

"It will do him good!" said Father Bear; "it will teach him that fathers and mothers know best! Now we will go and see the peacocks!"

Away tramped Father Bear and Mother Bear, leaving Little Bear climbing the hill alone. Up and up climbed Little Bear. The hill seemed longer to him than before. At the top he waited a minute, then waved his arms and counted, "One, two, three—here—I—go!"

Little Bear started down the hill all right. His feet came plunk—plunk—plunk on the hard path, exactly as if his father were on one side and his mother on the other. But the next thing Little Bear knew, his feet were going too fast!—plunk—plunk—plunk—plunkety—plunkety—plunkety—plunk! Little Bear wished his father were on one side and his mother on the other. He was afraid he was going to fall! It seemed as if the path tried to hit him in the face! And the next that Little Bear knew, his feet got away and landed him bump-bump, *ker-smash!* on the hard, hard path, and over he rolled in the dust and dirt until he reached the bottom of the hill!

Mother Bear had been looking over her shoulder, and that is how it happened that she reached the bottom of the hill almost as quickly as did Baby Bear.

"Poor little lamb!" she said, and she took him up and tried to comfort him.

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"Oh, my nose, my nose, my nose!" wailed Baby Bear, and, sure enough, Little Bear's pretty little nose was black and blue in three places, and his head was covered with bumps. Mother Bear kissed every one of the bumps.

Baby Bear cried so loud, loud, loud, Father Bear was afraid the keeper of the park might waken and come running. "There, there!" comforted Father Bear, "did n't I tell you fathers and mothers knew best?"

Just then, a voice from across the duck-pond called, "Papa! Papa! Papa! come quick! Here are three bears! And, oh, oh, one of them is a little bear!"

When Father Bear looked around, there was Goldilocks pointing toward Little Bear, and shouting louder than ever, "Oh, come and catch the little bear! I want him for a pet!"

Quick as a wink, Father Bear snatched up Little Bear in his arms, and ran out of that park, with Mother Bear close at his heels. The two big bears did n't stop running until they were in the woods.

There they stopped to take breath and to look behind them, and then, when they saw that no one was following them, and that they were quite safe, Father Bear stood Little Bear up in front of him and brushed the sand and dirt off of Little Bear's fur coat, and then he took Little Bear down to the brook and washed his face. After that, Mother Bear put some leaves on his poor, hurt nose; and he was a good Little Bear the rest of that day.

And now, when Little Bear sometimes remembers that day in the park, he takes his little paw and gently rubs his head where the bumps were, and says: "Fathers and mothers know what is best for their children."



"FATHER BEAR SNATCHED UP LITTLE BEAR, AND RAN OUT OF THAT PARK."

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NATURE AND SCIENCE for Young Folks

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



SIOUX INDIANS OF MISSOURI CROSSING A STREAM IN THEIR "TUB-BOATS," OR "BULL-BOATS."
These boats were made from bull-buffalo hides drawn over a stout, roughly made frame of wood.

THE SMALL WATER CRAFT OF THE AMERICANS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

HOWEVER interesting it might prove to study the development of small water craft in the order in which they have come into use, the writer has found it impossible to do so because he has been unable to procure the necessary information. But we know that it was not always convenient, nor even comfortable, for the Sioux Indians of our Middle West to swim across a stream, nor was it handy for him to paddle a heavy canoe to the opposite side of a smooth body of water. So he made a "tub-boat" by stretching one of the buffalo hides, plentiful in those days, over a stout frame of wood. There is nothing graceful about these rough-looking "boats," but they were light in weight and served their purpose, except that they were not easily made to go straight across a stream, and that they occasionally capsized. They were propelled mostly by single hand paddles, or a longer paddle which could be worked easily from side to side or—to give the most telling stroke—directly "a-stern." These skin tubs are from four to five feet in diameter, and not quite two feet deep. The hair was not well scraped from the hides, so the boats were dark ugly-looking things.



THE SIMPLEST FORM OF DUGOUT.
Used by the Hupa Indians of northern California for smooth, inland waters.

The Hupa Indians of northern California made a simple form of dugout—a tree trunk stripped of all bark, square at both ends—a good carrier but a poor craft for speed. The well-modeled dugout of the Louisiana Indians was made in a similar way, by burning the inside and chopping out the charred wood with a stone adz, but they produced a boat serviceable for fishing purposes, and for carrying a heavy load. The size of these dugouts was limited only by the size of the tree trunk which they could find near enough to the water to be easily launched.

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In strong contrast with these plain dugouts, we have the curved and highly decorated fishing-canoe of the Haida Indians of the far north, off the Alaskan coast. This also is dug out from a log of great dimensions, a canoe in the National Museum being about fifty feet in length. The peculiar "eye" decoration on the "starboard" bow is painted in black and red, leaving the yellowish, natural color of the wood to take its place in the pleasing color scheme.

At a place where no large trees are available, and where seal and walrus are abundant, we find some interesting skin boats, like those from Kadiak Island. The construction of these is a marvel of Eskimo genius, and is excelled only by the storm-defying kayak of the Greenland Eskimo. A harpoon is tightly held under the cords



MAKING A LOUISIANA DUGOUT FISHING-CANOE.

This was dug out with a stone adz after being burned in places. It was well formed, outside and in, but the whole gunwale was in a horizontal plane; that is, it had no graceful curve at bow or stern, but was in one even plane along its upper edge or "gunwale."

which cross the deck, and, to protect the sailor from the waves, a thick, oil-soaked skirt is pulled up under his armpits, while his body stops up the manhole in the deck as a cork would stop a bottle. This "skirt" is not a part of his dress. It is the skirt of his boat, and is made fast to its rim about the manhole; it may be tucked down or pulled up as occasion may require.



AN ELABORATELY DECORATED, BEAUTIFULLY MODELED, FISHING-CANOE.

This was used by the Haida Indians on the coast of Alaska.

Mr. E. W. Nelson, of the United States Biological Survey, has given probably the most complete available report upon Eskimo boats and boat-building. He tells us that the umiak of the Greenlanders, an open, skin boat, was originally propelled by paddles, but slender blade-oars are



A FIFTEEN-FOOT SKIN BOAT OF THE ESKIMOS OF KADIAK ISLAND, ALASKA.

now used. The steering was done from the stern with a broad-bladed paddle. In ancient times, sails were sometimes used. These were made by sewing grass-mats together, and supporting them on two long sticks, stayed by guy-ropes of skin to the sides of the boat. We may still see deer-skin and sealskin sails used on these boats, and, occasionally, canvas, which has been procured from the traders. Some of the Bering Strait



THE STORM-DEFYING, SKIN-COVERED KAYAK OF THE GREENLAND ESKIMO.

boats, having less "sheer" (side) than others, are provided with sealskin flaps, about two feet wide, which are attached along the side rails, to be raised and supported by stout sticks in rough weather, or folded down within the boat at other times.

So far as I can ascertain, the North American Indian never made nor used a sail on any of his boats. He did, however, make the most graceful and picturesque canoe ever seen on this continent —the birch-bark canoe. These water travelers were made of the bark of the birch, which, whenever possible, was stripped off in one long piece. This strip of semi-cylindrical bark was wrapped about a frame of spruce and bound to the frame with deer thongs, and sewed up along the curve at bow and stern with the same material. There

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were many shapes and sizes of these beautiful canoes.



THE GRACEFUL AND PICTURESQUE BIRCH-BARK WATER CRAFT OF THE PASSAMAQUODDY INDIANS OF MAINE.

At Pyramid Lake, in the treeless Nevada desert, we find the Ute Indians using boats made



THE LOG RAFT USED BY SETTLERS, LUMBERMEN, AND RIVER DWELLERS.
A "carryall" for short distances in smooth waters.

from long reeds. I have been shown, by one who has traveled much in South America, pictures of grass boats, with a sail, that are used by the natives on Lake Titicaca, Bolivia. These boats, when thoroughly water-soaked, must be hauled up on the shore to dry for a week or so, when they are again ready for service. I conclude that the reed boats of Nevada must be treated in a similar way.

We might give a long list of boats and canoes made by the white man. The reader is familiar with the common rowboat, the racing "outrigger," the cedar canoe, the life-saving boat with double sides and water-tight compartments, and the clumsy yawl that forms a necessary part of the outfit for the sailing-vessel.



A TULE GRASS "BALSA."
Used by the Ute Indians of Pyramid Lake, Nevada.

One of the latest models in small-boat construction is the vapor launch, using gasolene in an engine of one or two horse-power that carries the craft along at a speed of more than six miles an hour. A gasolene engine runs only one way; that is, it does not "reverse," as a steam-engine does. To meet this difficulty, the boat has a reversing lever attached to the propeller, and by it the blades of the propeller are reversed, and the boat then moves backward.—HARRY B. BRADFORD.



A LATE MODEL OF A GASOLENE PLEASURE BOAT.

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THE ROCKING STONE OF TANDIL

On the last day of February, 1911, one of the most interesting of natural phenomena in the world, the great rocking stone of Tandil, situated



THE ROCKING STONE OF TANDIL.

in the Argentine Republic, lost its balance and fell, a ponderous mass, into the valley below.

There are several of these curious stones scattered about the world, but this one was by far the largest, its weight having been seven hundred tons. Yet, so delicately was it poised on the edge of the precipice that it rocked in the wind, and the finger of a child could cause it to sway back and forth. A walnut placed at exactly the proper point could be cracked to perfection.

So firmly fixed and so perfectly balanced was this huge boulder, that when one of the earliest dictators of the Argentine Republic, Rosas by name, wishing to test its wonderful balance, harnessed more than one hundred oxen to it, he was unable to dislodge it. It was shaped like a mushroom, and of quartz-like structure, and the geological books tell us that it was probably placed in its perilous position by glacial action.

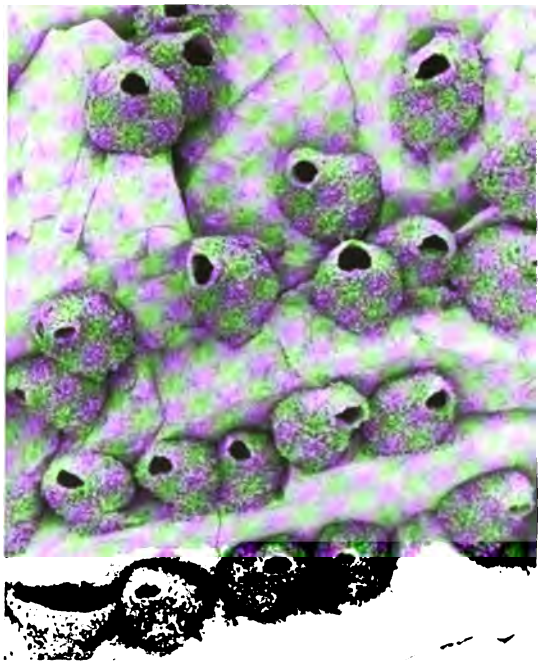
For many years, it belonged to the wealthy Santamarina family, but, recognizing the possibility of its being dislodged by the blasting at the Tandil quarries, the family deeded the rocking stone, together with the base of the hill and its immediate surroundings, to the municipality of Tandil, but even these precautions proved futile, for, although they succeeded in preventing quarrying operations in its immediate vicinity, the blasting from other neighboring quarries eventually dislodged it.

Thousands of picture post-cards of this genuine wonder of the world have been sold, and every year hundreds of visitors, in order to see it, made the long journey of two hundred and fifty miles by rail from Buenos Aires, the great South American metropolis.

Eva Cannon Brooks.

REMARKABLE MUD NESTS OF SWALLOWS

The colony of cliff-swallows, a portion of which is shown in the picture, was situated on a low sandstone bluff that forms the bank of Pawnee Creek, in northeastern Colorado. Such colonies are not infrequent in these localities, and are often inhabited by many birds. While I did not count the nests at this place, I think there were nearly two hundred pairs of birds, and, as they were continually going in and out of the entrances, the bustle and activity may be imagined. At that date, June 7, a few nests were still under process of construction. Built, as the picture shows, of mud pellets plastered against the face of the rock, taking advantage of the angles, the nests are strong, and may sometimes be removed whole, and will stand much handling. They have a lining of dry grass and sufficient feathers or other soft material to make a comfortable bed.



MUD NESTS OF SWALLOWS.

The swallows devour many flies, mosquitos, and similar insects, and their nests should be protected.—E. R. Warren.

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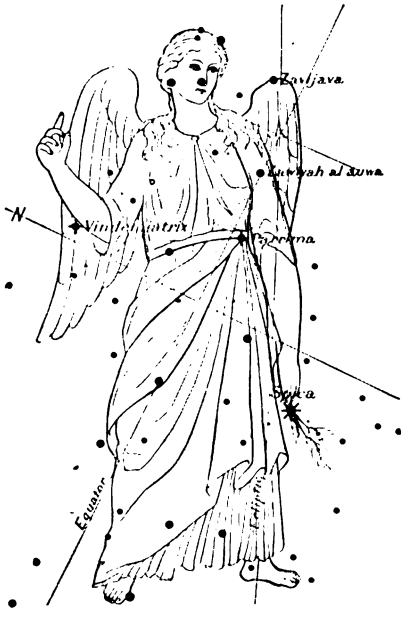
THE CONSTELLATION VIRGO

IN the early part of May, at about nine o'clock in the evening, the constellation Virgo is in the southeastern part of the sky. Each day of the



A MAP OF VIRGO AND SURROUNDING CONSTELLATIONS.

month brings it farther westward. The principal star, Spica, is directly southward at nine o'clock about the twenty-fifth of the month. There is no



THE IMAGINED OUTLINE OF A PERSON AS THE ANCIENTS SAW IT IN THE SKY.

other star in that part of the heavens so conspicuous for its pure white light. Its beauty is increased if viewed with an opera- or field-glass.

The constellation Virgo is very interesting in myths and poetry. A poet tells us that the ancients fancied the Virgin's home was once on earth, where she bore the name of Justice. This was in the golden age, when all men obeyed her. Later, in a silver age, her visits to men became less frequent, "no longer finding the spirits of former days." Still later, in a brazen age, the poet fancies that in the clangor of war she left the earth to make her abode in the sky.

> Justice, loathing that race of men,
> Winged her flight to heaven; and fixed
> Her station in that region
> Where still by night is seen
> The Virgin goddess near to bright Boötes.

Almost directly north from Spica, and about one third of the way to the north star, is the glim-



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BRIGHT STARS IN THE CONSTELLATION OF COMA BERENICES.

Made at the Lick Observatory in 1894 by E. E. Barnard. Exposure 4 hours, 1 minute.

mering little constellation known as Berenice's hair. By the aid of your opera-glass you can count from twenty to thirty of the largest stars in this cluster. Even the strongest telescopes do not show many more very bright stars. Professor Barnard sends the accompanying photograph, and writes to ST. NICHOLAS:

"The naked eye will see a large group of dim stars. These stars form part of the constellation

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of Coma Berenices—Berenice's hair. Comparatively few stars form the group, for the telescope does not show many more stars belonging to it. Even the photographic plate does not increase greatly the number of stars in it. The bright stars in the middle of the photograph are those seen with the naked eye. They doubtless form a physically connected cluster, like the Pleiades. The small stars forming the background of the sky in the picture doubtless have no connection with the cluster, and must be very far beyond it. The region is one rich in nebulæ, but they are mostly small in appearance, and are lost in the reproduction."

A TRAGEDY OF THE ROADSIDE

It is well known that many wasps store their nests with spiders which are paralyzed by the wasps' sting, but not killed. Among these motionless but still living spiders, the wasp places an egg. The grub, or larva, hatched from the egg feeds on the



SPHEX PENNSYLVANICUS AND ITS SPIDER VICTIM.

spiders. Some wasps seek only one kind of spider, others are not so particular.

One summer, as I was collecting insects along a mountain road in Virginia, my attention was attracted by the antics of a large, blue-black wasp some distance ahead. She flew up, darted down, and with great activity circled around a spot in the road. She was one of the largest wasps that we have in this section (known to naturalists as *Sphex pennsylvanicus*), a wasp one and a quarter inches long and two and one eighth inches in wing expanse. Drawing nearer, I saw that the point of interest was a brown earth-spider allied to the big tropical *Mygale*. I later found its body to be one inch long and one half inch wide. Its legs had a spread of three and one half inches.

It was clear that the wasp had made the attack. The big spider stood nearly erect on its hindmost legs, with its long, sharp fangs extended in front, ready for use; that it could use them with deadly effect was evident from the actions of the wasp. Quick as was the wasp, the spider was as active, keeping its front toward its enemy, and now and then springing at the wasp, which instantly evaded the deadly leap. For nearly ten minutes



THE LIZARD (*SCELOPORUS UNDULATUS*) THAT JOINED IN THE FIGHT.

they circled, attacked, and retreated. Once or twice the spider almost reached the wasp by a quick leap, and again barely faced about in time to escape the fatal thrust of the sting from the rear. Not once did the spider endeavor to run away.

Finally, the unguarded moment came, and a quick rear thrust of the wasp's sting went home; the spider toppled to one side, striving in vain to whirl about, but a second thrust of the sting, and a third, more carefully placed, rendered it helpless; it fell over and its legs curled up. The wasp hovered over her victim, looking for any sign of activity, and giving several final stabs, as though to make sure. She then began to roll the spider, preparatory to gathering it up for a labored flight. She tucked in the limp legs, and tested the weight, with quivering wings.

At this point, a movement on a fence rail near by attracted my attention to a gray lizard known as *Sceloporus*, and often seen about old fences. The lizard was standing at extreme attention,



THE SO-CALLED "TARANTULA," OR MYGALE, OF TEXAS.

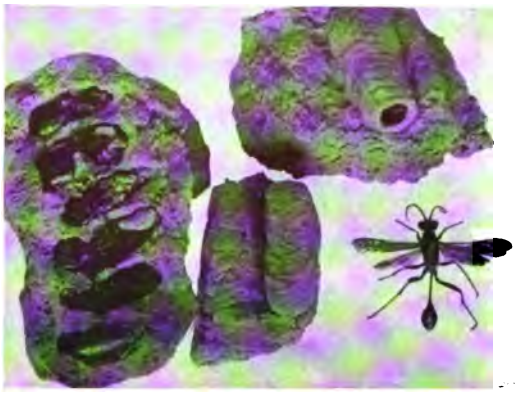


THE TARANTULA KILLER, *PEPSIS FORMOSA*.

head up and body raised on rigid fore legs, intently watching the fight in the road. As the wasp made a basket of her legs and with them

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finally inclosed the big spider, there was a rush, a gray flash across the road, and the lizard grabbed both wasp and spider in its extended jaws. But the wasp, though taken at terrible disadvantage, sent home a thrust of that deadly sting as the reptile jaws crushed down. I saw a whirl of dust, a motionless spider, a struggling



THE COMMON MUD-DAUBER, *PELOPŒUS CEMENTARIUS*, AND ITS MUD NESTS.

wasp with crushed body and broken wings tumbling over and over, and a much grieved and surprised lizard rapidly opening and shutting its mouth, while its eyes blinked at the rate of five to the second. It slowly started back to the fence, without a look at the wasp, when, with my net, I captured lizard and spider and wasp. The last two I expanded and placed side by side, and on the preceding page you have their photographs, and that of the lizard.

In Texas and adjacent parts, spider and wasp combats occur far more exciting than this, on account of the size of the participants. There flies the huge tarantula killer, one of the largest wasps known, a blue-green insect with reddish wings, known as *Pepsis formosa*. A specimen in my collection measures three and one half inches across its wings, and its protruded sting is five sixteenths of an inch in length. It captures for nest storage the enormous Mygale spider, whose body is often as big as that of a mouse. In the photograph (see page 657) of a fine Texas specimen of the tarantula killer, the sting is curved down, and its full length does not show. The picture of the Mygale shows the formidable, extended fangs.

The common mud-dauber wasps are also spider-wasps, though they catch other insects. Many readers have doubtless watched these slim-waisted, black-and-yellow wasps gathering their pellets of mud or working them carefully into place, to make their cylinder-shaped cell. The cell is filled with paralyzed spiders, an egg is laid therein, and the opening is plastered up. These spiders serve as food for the young grub until it is ready to transform into the resting, or pupa, stage. Sometimes a dozen or more cells are made in two or more layers, and all smoothed over; or one or two cells stand apart, hastily finished and still showing the circling layers of mud as they were laid on by the wasp. This difference is evidently due to the individuality of the wasp making the nest, for some show much more care and solicitude than others. The illustration shows a cell with rounded opening, ready for its store of spiders; this unfinished cell is on the top of a smoothly finished group of seven cells in a double row. The two closed cells in the center also show the layers of mud, and one shows how the opening is plastered over. To the left is a group of six cells, cut open to show the stored spiders and pupa cases. A figure of the builder is also shown. This is the common black-and-yellow mud-dauber, known as *Pelopœus cementarius*.

One of the steel-blue wasps, *Chalybion*, is very particular as to the kind of spider she furnishes as food for the grub that she will never see, and, to save extra labor in driving these out of their retreats, she entangles herself slightly in the web of the spider. Her apparent struggles for freedom draw the spider close enough for the wasp to seize it and fly away. I have seen cases, however, where the Chalybion wasp became more deeply enmeshed in the clinging web than she had intended,—an accident of which the spider promptly took advantage by further entangling with new silk the struggling wasp, and finally capturing her.

ELLISON A. SMYTH, JR.



LIGHTNING SEEN WHEN THE THUNDER IS NOT HEARD

LAKE CLEAR, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few Sundays ago it rained all day here, but in the evening it cleared. For a while, everything was calm, then it began to lighten across the lake. It lighted up all the mountains, and appeared in four directions at once. We heard no thunder, and although it looked like heat lightning, it was quite cold. What was it?

Yours truly,

BEATRICE WHYTE.

It is a very common thing for distant lightning to be seen without hearing any thunder. When this occurs in the summer, we call it "heat light-

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ning," although it is only the reflection in the clouds and in the sky of light that comes from distant, ordinary lightning. Generally, the thunder that starts from a distant flash is refracted as it passes through the atmosphere, very much as the sun's rays are refracted at sunset, and, like them, passes above our heads, leaving us in the shadow below.

This is called an "acoustic" shadow. Such acoustic shadows may occur at sea. The fog-signal from a distant fog-horn, or siren, may not be heard because some hill, or building, or full-rigged vessel, intervenes. Sometimes, when a mass of air intervenes, the sound is deflected from a straight line, as when light goes through a prism. This is a subject that was extensively studied by Professor Joseph Henry, about 1860, in order to improve the safety of vessels approaching our coasts. As a rule, when the fog-signal is not heard at sea-level, it can be heard by climbing to the topmast. A great improvement has been made by changing from fog-bells in the air to fog-bells under water, since such bells send their sounds in straight lines, and much farther in water than in air.—C. A.

CORNUCOPIA-SHAPED OUTSIDE; BIRD'S-NEST APPEARANCE INSIDE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While walking in the yard at our summer home at Marquette, Wisconsin, I saw some plants with small, cornucopia-shaped pieces growing on them, which I am inclosing. Could you please tell me, through "Because We Want to Know," how these pieces are formed, and by what? I would be much interested to know.

One of your readers,
BARBARA E. LYON.

The name of the cornucopia-shaped fungus is *Cyathus striatus Hoffm.*, commonly known as



THE CORNUCOPIA-SHAPED FUNGUS.

striate bird's-nest fungus. It is an interesting little plant and quite widely distributed, not only in the United States, but in Europe, Africa, and the island of Java. It may be easily identified by the striations, or lines, on the inside of the cup, it being the only species of bird's-nest fungus marked within by lines. In the bottom of the cup are the whitish, seed-shaped particles known as sporangia, or peridiola. The sporangia being borne in a cup-like receptacle, known as the peridium, give it the appropriate name of a bird's-nest fungus.—STEWART H. BURNHAM.

FLIGHT OF BUTTERFLIES

MILSTEAD, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A great deal of our time last summer was spent out on the piazza enjoying the occasional breeze and the landscape.

Something (which we could not explain) continually



ONE OF THE LIGHT YELLOW BUTTERFLIES.

attracted our attention, and so I am writing to you to know if you can help us in the matter.

Vast numbers of yellow butterflies passed over the field in front of the house. We noticed them all summer long, almost every day. They always flew to the east. And I noticed that, in riding through the country, I could find the east easily, simply by watching for these yellow butterflies.

Later in the season, these butterflies were noticed, in even larger numbers, flying in the same easterly direction. My little daughter and I counted eighty-two going by in fifteen minutes one afternoon. If you can explain this matter to us, we will all be very glad and most grateful to you.

Very sincerely,
(MRS.) EDWIN L. GARDINER.

The butterfly which you describe is, in all probability, the "cloudless sulphur" (*Callidryas cubule*). In the larval state it feeds upon Cassia and other legumes. It is well known to migrate in flocks from the southeast to the northwest in the spring, and from the northwest to the southeast in the autumn. The species is double-brooded, and is usually abundant in the Southern States, migrating each season up the coast to New England, and up the Mississippi Valley to Wisconsin. —L. O. HOWARD.

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THE League pages offer, this month, a goodly assortment of "Family Traditions," ranging in style from "grave to gay, from lively to severe,"—some of historic interest, some of adventure, some fanciful, some frankly humorous, and some that chronicle incidents of every-day home life. All are well told, and if the amusing tradition of the frog family won the gold badge, it was not merely because of the bright idea and the clever telling, but because its author had already won the silver badge, and so was in a line just one step ahead of most of her competitors. For again we must remind League members that the silver badge must be achieved before the gold one can be awarded.

And if the prose-writers lead the van, this month, they are closely followed by the versifiers, with their tributes to May-time and the spring; by the young artists, who show several admirable drawings; and by the girl and boy photographers, with their varied and beautiful views "Along the River."

As this issue of ST. NICHOLAS begins the final half-volume for the current year, it is only fair to many new readers, who say they "would like to join the St. Nicholas League, but don't know just how," that we should here explain, again, just what the League is and how to become a member of it.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of the young readers of the magazine, for mutual advancement and improvement—mainly along artistic or literary lines. Its motto is "Live to learn and learn to live." It stands for intellectual and spiritual growth and for higher ideals of life. "To learn more and more of the best that has been thought and done in the world" is one of its chief aims.

There are no dues or charges of any kind in connection with the St. Nicholas League. Members are simply expected to be readers of the League department, and to take an interest in its purpose and progress. It is a union of cheerful, fun-loving, industrious young people, bound together by worthy aims and accomplishments, and stimulated by a wide range of competitions that offer to every member a chance of recognition and success.

Any reader, not under six or over seventeen years old, may become a member, and a League badge and Information Leaflet will be sent upon application. The conditions of the competitions are fully set forth on the final page of the League, each month.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 159

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Rebecca Hubbard Wilder** (age 14), Denver, Col.
Silver badges, **Marjorie Gleyre Lachmund** (age 17), Portland, Ore.; **Elizabeth Diller** (age 11), Carlisle, Pa.; **Susan B. Nevin** (age 15), Sewickley, Pa.; **Daniel B. Benscoter** (age 12), Chattanooga, Tenn.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Emily S. Stafford** (age 15), Millbrook, N. Y.
Silver badges, **Elsie Emery Glenn** (age 17), West Philadelphia, Pa.; **Emanuel Farbstein** (age 15), Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Elisabeth Elting** (age 12), Whitesboro, N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Walter K. Frame** (age 17), Pittsburgh, Pa.
Silver badges, **Gladys Culver** (age 14), Montrose, Cal.; **Margaret Hanscom** (age 14), Rumford, R. I.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Alexander Scott** (age 17), Rome, Italy.
Silver badges, **Marjorie Taylor** (age 16), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Creswell Micon** (age 15), Washington, D. C.; **Gladys E. Livermore** (age 13), New York City; **Portia Wagenet** (age 16), Oakland, Cal.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Jean F. Benswanger** (age 11), Milwaukee, Wis.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Ruth Adele Ehrich** (age 13), New York City.
Silver badges, **Julius Brenner** (age 13), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Albert Gerry Blodgett** (age 14), Lyndonville, Vt.



"ALONG THE RIVER." BY CRESWELL MICON, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"ALONG THE RIVER." BY GLADYS E. LIVERMORE, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

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MAY-TIME

BY EMILY S. STAFFORD (AGE 15)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won March, 1913)

"Oh, tell me, oh, tell me, I pray, Mother Nature,
Oh, what is that sound that I heard in yon tree;
That sound so rejoicing, that sound so uplifting,
That sound so unbounded, so blithesome and free?"
"'T is the song of the oriole, high in the tree-top;
'T is the song of the robin, that flits o'er the lea.
They sing of the springtime, their hearts overflowing,
They sing of the beautiful world that they see."

"Oh, tell me, oh, tell me, I pray, Mother Nature,
From whence come those breaths of the fresh mountain air;
So filled with the sunshine, and scents of the flowers,
That life, and new vigor, abound everywhere?"
"They come from the highland, the wood, and the valley,
Where grasses and ferns have begun to unfold;
From each nook and cranny are May-flowers growing,
Oh, hie to the woodland, her glory behold."

"Oh, tell me, oh, tell me, I pray, Mother Nature,
Oh, why is all Nature so joyful to-day?"
"All Nature rejoices because it is springtime,
The world is rejoicing because it is May."

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY SUSAN B. NEVIN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

Over a hundred years ago, one bright afternoon, a lady was sitting just inside her door, sewing busily.

In those days, every one had their doors divided in half, and the different parts could be opened separately.



"ALONG THE RIVER." BY ALEXANDER SCOTT, AGE 17. GOLD BADGE. (SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1910.)

On that day, the lower half was closed and the upper half wide open, to let in the sunshine and fresh air.

Presently a drunken Indian came down the street, swaggering from side to side, and brandishing a tomahawk above his head. He paused outside the door, and, suddenly raising his arm, threw the ugly weapon straight for the head of the lady. She, unconscious of the danger, did not move, but her husband, who had entered the room and had been watching the Indian's movements, rushed across the floor, and threw the door closed just as the tomahawk struck it and buried itself deep in the wood. Opening the door, the Indian, now in a rage, sprung upon him, and a sharp struggle followed. Finally, however, the disturber of peace was thrown back into the street.

That lady was one of my ancestors, and the story has come down through the family, told first to one and then to his children. For many years, the tomahawk was kept as a curiosity.



"ALONG THE RIVER." BY MARJORIE TAYLOR, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY REBECCA HUBBARD WILDER (AGE 14)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won April, 1912)

In the garden back of the king's palace lived the most aristocratic frog family in all the country.

One morning, the littlest frog had a startling piece of news to tell his brother. "I heard the gard'ner's boy talkin'," he confided, "an' he said as no one was any good 'less they had a family tradition, an' I know we have n't none, 'cause I know where Ma keeps everything, and it ain't there."

The middle-sized frog told the big frog, and the big frog referred the matter to Mrs. Frog. She had no sooner heard about it, than she called to Mr. Frog:

"My dear, have we a family tradition?"

"Sure," returned Mr. Frog, "you just wait half a shake of a tadpole's tail, and I 'll tell you about it.

"You see," he began, in a voice hoarse from many night concerts, "the tradition is about your granddad's aunt's uncle's nephew's cousin's great-great-great-great-stepma's son's granddad. And what 's more," he continued with pride, "it is n't in prose, but in rhyme."

"An' what did he do?" interrupted the baby frog.

"You just listen, and you 'll know," returned Mr. Frog. With that, he began to quote "A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go."

All the frog family, excepting the baby, heaved a great sigh when he finished.

"How could he have a gran'chile if a lily w'ite duck came an' gobbled him up?" the baby objected.

"Oh, that 's all right, that 's all right. I don't see how, myself, but he did; so that 's all right," was the reassuring answer.

So the baby frog hopped away, entirely satisfied with Father Frog's story of the family tradition.

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MAY-TIME

BY ELSIE EMERY GLENN (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

Do you know why the wanton wind whispers so sly
To the babbling brooklet that chatters all day?
Do you know why it frolics with prankish delight
As it whispers, then, elfin-like, dances away?
Can you guess? You can't help it, it 's all in the weather
Why the brook and the silly wind whisper together;
(And they need n't, for every one knows it!)
It 's May!

Do you know why it lingers awhile in the wood
Where the mother-tree's gentle arms soothingly sway,
As she rocks her wee baby leaves, tender and green,
And sings them sweet melodies all the long day?
As she croons and she dreams until surely it seems
That all life is nothing but sunshine and dreams?
It 's to tell her the wonderful secret—
It 's May!

LISZT, THE GREAT MASTER

BY MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

OUR family tradition is still in its infancy; but it promises to be handed down through the following generations, and treated with the awed respect that such stories usually inspire.

My father was a young man studying at the Conservatory in Cologne, when the "new school" of music, with Liszt and Wagner as its chief supporters, was creating a furore of opposition, led by Hiller and other conservative pedagogues of the old school. But Liszt taught on, apparently serenely unconscious of adverse criticism.



"ALONG THE RIVER." (PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.) BY HARRY R. TILL, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Father had heard much of Liszt, but did not dare hope to study with him. One day a Liszt pupil told him such glowing tales of the great master, that Father was quite carried away by his enthusiasm. When he urged Father to accompany him to Weimar and study with Liszt, Father explained, rather wistfully, that the price such a teacher must charge would be far beyond his purse. But when told that Liszt accepted no pecuniary recompense, Father gladly agreed, though oppressed by the doubt that Liszt might not accept him as a pupil.

The organist at the palace in Weimar, to whom Father had a letter of introduction, took him, one afternoon, to the "*Hofgaërtnerei*," where Liszt resided. They waited in an anteroom while Pauline, the old housekeeper, summoned "der meister." A few minutes elapsed. Then the door reopened, and Liszt himself stood in its frame—a fascinating figure. His hair was gray, his shoulders somewhat bowed, his face kindly, yet strong and expressive. He was clad in black, wearing a velvet sack-coat and low slippers. He greeted Father with paternal kindness, and, after some desultory conversation, requested him to play. The testimonials Father had were laid aside, for Liszt's motto was "recommend *yourself*."

So Father played. The master stood near, watching his hands. Presently he stopped him, and said: "Well, come to-morrow when the other pupils will be here." Father left in an exultant frame of mind, for he had been accepted as a pupil by Liszt—the great master!

That was Father's first introduction to Liszt, and it was indeed a memorable occasion.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY HELEN HAYNIE (AGE 14)

THERE are few traditions connected with our family, but of those few, the favorite is one concerning the origin of Rucken, my paternal grandmother's maiden name.

Long, long ago, before William I conquered England, Germany was not a single great country, as it is now, but was divided into little provinces, each of which was ruled over by a prince. There was great rivalry between these princedoms, and many battles were fought over their petty quarrels.

In one of these battles, a great prince was severely wounded. His army, discouraged by the loss of their leader, was soon forced to flee, leaving the prince to die of his wounds on the field.

One of his soldiers was a young man. He had almost gained shelter, when the image of his fallen commander rose in his mind, and, after hesitating a minute, he turned to run down the field again. The enemy halted in astonishment. Was this one man going to face thousands? But no, he ran straight to the prince, threw him across his shoulders, and, amidst cries of admiration from friend and foe alike, bore him back to safety.

In a few days, the prince recovered, and called the young man to him. Then, in the presence of all his nobles, he gave him a new name—Rucken, or "strong-back."

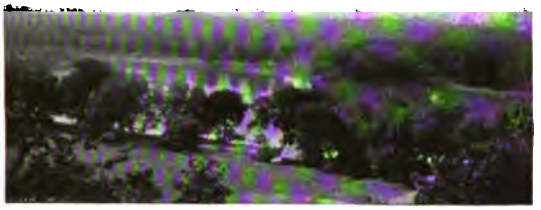
A SONG OF SPRING

BY ELISABETH ELTING (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

S MEANS springtime, jolly and gay,
P means the pastures, light green to-day;
R is the rain, come to freshen the flowers,
I is the iris, blooming for bowers;
N, the night wind, whistling a song,
G means gladness all the day long.

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BY WILLIAM E. DART, AGE 17.



BY BETTY LOWE, AGE 14.



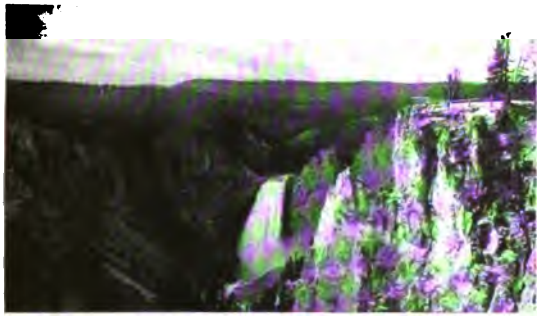
BY MYRA FRASER, AGE 13.



BY KATHERINE PARSONS, AGE 15.



BY MARION BENNETT, AGE 14.



BY ELIOT GRANT FITCH, AGE 17.



BY MARION ADAMS, AGE 11.

"ALONG THE RIVER."

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY DANIEL B. BENSCOTER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

TRADITION tells us that, many years ago, on the farm of my great-grandfather, an exciting and unusual event took place. Most of the Indians that inhabited the then scarcely unbroken wilderness near where the city of Wilkes-Barre now stands were friendly. One tribe, however, was not, and many of the settlers were being captured.

One day, as my great-grandfather was splitting logs (a wedge being driven at either end of the log, forcing it open), four Indians, whom he at once recognized as being suspicious characters, appeared. Under a pretext, they asked him to return to their village with them, where they would in reality have made him a prisoner.

He himself suspected as much, but as his gun was at the house, he resolved upon a ruse. He told them he would go with them if they would help him split the log, and so, after placing their fingers in the crack ready to pull, he promptly drove out the wedge, and the log closed fast upon them—holding them prisoners.

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MAY-TIME

BY HENRIETTA PERRINE (AGE 11)

MAKE a dainty little basket,
Then dampen here and there,
Next fill with fragrant posies,
But handle with great care.

Now make a pretty handle
(Which must be strong and neat),
Be sure and fasten strongly,
Then the basket is complete.



"ALONG THE RIVER." BY PORTIA WAGENET, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Now run softly to the door-step,
Hang quickly, make no noise;
Ring the bell, and scamper
To the waiting girls and boys.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY CORINNE CASSARD (AGE 17)

THERE are many traditions concerning one of my ancestors, the brave French admiral Jacques Cassard. I believe my favorite is one which shows his devotion and loyalty to his king, Louis XIV, though that monarch was treating him with the utmost ingratitude.

Admiral Cassard, commanding a squadron of nine ships, had increased the glory of France and gained large sums of money for the country's treasury by successes in the West Indies. These aroused the jealousy of other naval officers, and they carried many unfounded tales against Cassard to court, with the result that an officer was despatched to assume command of Cassard's fleet, and return with it to France.

Naturally, the mortification of the brave admiral was very deep. Suffering as he was from a severe wound in the foot, received in his country's defense, he must have felt doubly the king's ingratitude.

In the homeward journey, however, an incident occurred which showed that it would take more than ingratitude to destroy Cassard's devotion to his sovereign. An English squadron was sighted, but the admiral who had been placed over Cassard was afraid of being worsted, and signaled his ships to avoid action. Cassard immediately asked permission to attack, but was refused. Although he knew he would be severely punished for disobedience, he turned to his second in command, and exclaimed: "My duty to my sovereign overrides my duty to my admiral, and I take it that my real duty is to fight His Majesty's enemies wherever I see them." Thereupon, he bore down upon the enemy, fighting till night put an end to the engagement, which resulted in the capture of two English ships by Cassard's squadron.

This shows the spirit of Cassard, in whose memory one may now find the French cruiser *Cassard*.

A SONG OF CITY SPRING

(*Tune: "The Purse-proud Pineapple"*)

BY EMANUEL FARBSTEIN (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T IS spring in the city;
The poet, ecstatic,
Indites joyful ditty
And melodramatic.

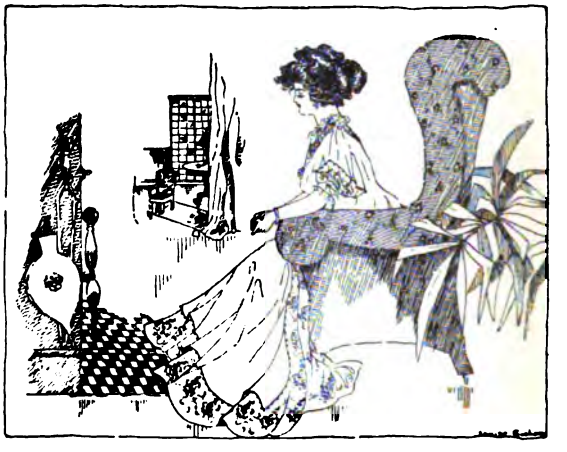
He raves of the springtime,
Soul-raising, inspiring;
The "Let 's-have-a-fling" time,
With zeal that 's untiring.

Meanwhile

A tar-kettle, boiling,
To him its smoke sending,
His temper is spoiling
By torture unending.

A din his ears greeting,—
The huckster's hoarse carol,
A loud carpet-beating,
And swift-rolling barrel.

Some creditors, calling,
Their bills have presented;
An infant's loud bawling
Half drives him demented.



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY LOUISE GRAHAM, AGE 14.

To the reader:

Of falsehood, abjure all;
Don truth, sacred turban:
Is spring that is rural
Not far from spring urban?

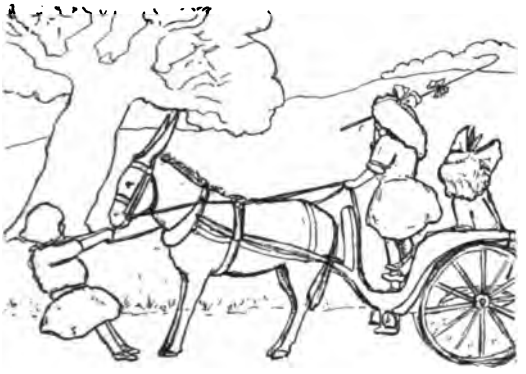
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A SONG OF SPRING

BY ELSA A. SYNNESTVEDT (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

Oh, how can I write of the verdant grass
When the snow lies deep on the frozen ground?
And how of a chattering brook—that sleeps
With the icy fetters of winter bound?
And how of the trees in bloom—that stand
With glittering frost and icicles crowned?



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY MARGARET HANSCOM, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Oh, how can I sing of the balmy air
When the wind is sharp, and bitter, and shrill?
And how of a "soft cerulean sky"
When clouds hang low o'er the brow of the hill?
And how can I sing of the fresh spring flow'rs
In a world all gloomy, and gray, and chill?

But hark! what is that? A child's merry laugh
Peals forth on the air with a jubilant ring;
It tells of a spirit buoyant and free,
And the joy that contentment ever will bring.—
Regardless of menacing storm and wind,
Hearts may be full of the beauty of Spring.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY D. Q. PALMER (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

George Willard sat chewing his pen handle, and frowning perplexedly at the paper before him. He sighed, and, looking up at the clock, saw that there were only ten more minutes in which to finish the examination. George was taking a competitive examination for a college scholarship. He would have to work his way through college if he went at all, and a scholarship, giving free tuition, would be of great assistance.

He was taking the last examination, and was on the last question. But, unfortunately, he had not prepared for it, and knew nothing about it. He realized that this question counted twenty points, which, if lost, might spoil his chances for the scholarship. He looked around the room. Every other contestant was writing busily.

Just then, unknown to its owner in a seat near George, a slip of paper fluttered to the floor. George's eyes fell on it unwittingly, and he read the answer to the last question. He quickly snatched his eyes away, but the mischief was done. George did some quick thinking in the next three minutes. He saw his chances of success returning. Nobody had seen him, and he now could answer the question. But Conscience protested that he had never yet cheated, and that such an action would be wrong. While his decision was thus wavering, the memory of an old family tradition flashed through his mind.

His great-great-grandfather had once been a United States senator, especially noted for his fearless and honest actions. At one time, when he was deep in debt, through the dishonesty of his partner, there was a bill before the Senate which he was convinced was wrong. He was offered a sum large enough to pay the greater part of his debts if he would vote for the bill. He refused, but shortly after paying his liabilities, he died, almost in poverty.

George quickly decided to follow his grandfather's example, and handed in the paper with the last question unanswered.

Two weeks later, George learned that he had won the scholarship by a very scant margin.

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY MARION LOVEKYN ROGERS (AGE 8)

When my great-great-grandfather was a little boy, which was many, many years ago, he liked pie the best of anything, which is the case with all boys.

It was near Thanksgiving Day, so, on Thanksgiving morning, all he had for breakfast, and all he ate, was pie, and I guess he ate his fill, too.

That was the only day of the year that he was allowed to have only pie for breakfast.

And when he grew up and was married, his children had pie, and they grew up and had the same. So



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY GLADYS CULVER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Mother had pie, and I suppose my children will all have pie, on Thanksgiving Day, for breakfast.

And now we have pie every Thanksgiving and Christmas, and I hope we will always keep up this family tradition.

I think this is a good family tradition, and I hope it will keep till the world comes to an end.

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MAY-TIME

BY RUTH MERRITT (AGE 15)

THO' gently Summer's streams may flow,
And lightly fall the Winter's snow,
Give me the month when flowers blow—
The May-time.

Tho' Autumn flaunt her flaming trees
And softly sighs the Summer breeze,
Give me the month of birds and bees—
The May-time.

When all the world with joy o'erflows,
When in the fields the daisy grows,
The sunset sky with color glows,
In May-time.

When in the pastures cattle low,
When to the woods the children go,
When through white orchards breezes blow,
'T is May-time.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY WALTER K. FRAME, AGE 17. GOLD BADGE. (SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1912.)

THE FAMILY TRADITION

BY ELIZABETH DILLER (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

A LONG time ago, before the Revolutionary War, in a little clearing near the place where Lancaster, Pennsylvania, now stands, there stood a log-cabin. In this humble home lived a family of German settlers. They had cut down trees and cleared enough of the land, so that now they had several nice fields under cultivation. The grass had been cut and heaped in piles in the sun. The field of corn was growing nicely when, one morning, the father and mother went into the field to cultivate the corn, taking their guns with them, and left the little girl to do the house work and mind her baby brother. After a while, she heard guns, and, upon going to the door, the little girl saw a band of Indians firing upon her father and mother. She saw her father and mother slain. Then the Indians came toward the log-cabin, and the little girl stole out a back way, carrying her brother in her arms. They hid under one of the piles of hay. The little girl had to put her hand over her brother's mouth to keep the sound of his cries from the hearing of the Indians. In the evening, she looked out and saw the house had been burned, but that the Indians had gone. She took her baby brother in her arms and went to her nearest neighbor, several miles away. When she got there, she was exhausted. The kind family cared for them until they were old enough to earn their own living.

This little girl I have spoken of was my father's great-grandmother. My father's grandmother said that she had often heard her mother cry out in her sleep, and that then she was dreaming over this scene I have told you about.

A SONG OF SPRING

BY RUTH DE CHARMS SEWARD (AGE 11)

WHEN I look out on Winter's snow
And hear the wild wind's whistle blow,
When little birds no longer sing,
I cannot write "A Song of Spring."

If I said, "Now the trees are green,
And butterflies are flying too;
And roses now their fragrance give,"—
You see, it would not be quite true.

So, as I think I said before,
I cannot think of anything,
When winter's snow lies deep around,
To write—about "A Song of Spring."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Mary E. Wells
Esther Goodale
Alice Heyl
Grace C. Freese
Alfred Fabbri
Claire H. Roesch
Hedwig Zorb
Caroline MacFadden
Elizabeth Skeele
Ruth J. Henika
Helen J. Barker
Margaret Finck
Dorothy M. Hoogs
Thyrza Weston
Elizabeth C. Carter
Barbara Loeb
Eleanor W. Haasis
Horace Woodmanse
Elizabeth P. Smith
Tleeta Dudley
Nathaniel Dorfman
Robinette Ward
Louise Gorey
Helen E. Walker
May E. Wishart
Silvia Saunders
Marjorie Thirer
Marjorie Skiff
Hélène M. Roesch
Winifred Phelan
Gwendolyn Frothingham
Harold F. Hopper
Miriam Newcorn
Virginia E. Gowen
C. Adolph Bush
Martha H. Comer
Frances D. Pennypacker
Halah Slade
Edna M. Guck

VERSE, 1

Wallace R. Bostwick
Ethel M. Feuerlicht
Fay E. Doyen
Edna Hills
Anna Charap
Olga Owens
Jeannette Ridlou
Elizabeth M. Duffield



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY FRANCES M. KOEWING, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Coralie Austin
Louise R. Hewson
Muriel Irving
Archie Dawson
Dorothy H. Mack
Edith M. Coit
Joe Mendelsohn
Laura Wild
Isabel E. Rathbone
Alice P. Hackett
Harriet Crawford
Katharine W. Ball
Catherine F. Urell
Maybelle B. Wood

PROSE, 2

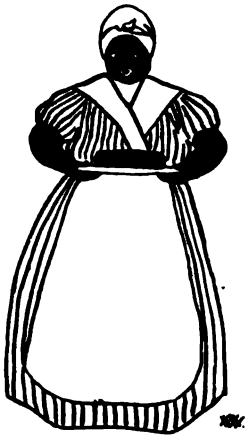
Michael Glassman
Alice A. Woods
Talmage MacLeod
Phyllis Fraser
Iman Sygman
Morris Ryskind
Bruce T. Simonds
Elaine Manley
Watson Davis
Eleanor Johnson
Marion K. Valentine
Doris R. Wilder
Helen J. Winans
Lucile E. Fitch
Arthur H. Nethercot
Anita L. Grannis

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Alice Lindley
Constance Quinby
Marjory Wilson
Jacques Souhami
Josephine N. Felts
Eleanor E. Carroll
Cora L. Butterfield
Anna R. Hoge
Elizabeth C. Morrison
Sherman Humason
Isidore Helfand
York Sampson
Sarah L. Humphreys
Mildred G. Wheeler
Nellie Adams
Vera T. Bloom
Eva R. Mowitz
Christina Phelps
Isabel B. Peavey
Mildred Willard
Katherine Levy
Erma V. Chase
Mary V. Farmer
Katharine V. Higley
Myrtle A. Oltman
Marian S. Waupun
Edith V. Manwell
Alice Chaffee
Mary Smith
Alice Trimble
Dorothy C. Snyder
Elsie L. Lustig
Agnes Nolan
Harriet W. McKim
Frederic Arvin, Jr.
Margaret Tildsley
Ethel Warren Kidder
Gwynne A. Abbott
Ann Hamilton

Hester Bedinger
Martha H. Cutler
Frances M. E. Patten
Lavinia Riddle
Margaret Brate
Edgar Marburg, Jr.
Carol Taylor
Frances Eliot
William T. Stoll

Margaret Sanders
Robert A. Browning
Lucile G. Robertson
Paulyne F. May
Louise S. May
George Lane
Ethel Polhemus
Philip W. Bradbury
Margaret Dunham



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY VENETTE M. WILLARD, AGE 14.

VERSE, 2

Edith H. Walton
Ruth White
Helen M. Stiefel
Annie H. Potter
Armand Donaldson
Virginia A. Mattox
Lois Gubelman
Mildred Avery
Elsie Jenssen
Edith S. Holihan
Birdie Krupp
Arthur L. Morsell
Marion West
Rose Kadishevitz

Stewart Bramman
Hilda M. Cann
Dorothy Sprague
Lucie C. Holt
Welthea B. Thoday
Beatrice B. Sawyer
Sarah Schatz
Edith M. Smith
Jacob White
Dorothy Walter
Marjorie Flack
Isabelle B. Howland
Catharine Grant
Jeanne Dartiguenane
E. Leslie Wathen

DRAWINGS, 1

Howard Sherman
Hugo Stanger

DRAWINGS, 2

Mac Clark



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON, AGE 14.

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Adelina Longaker
Maude E. Hunt
Robert Dean Clark
Aubrey Wilson
Edna D. Arnstein
John O. Crane
Katharine Bradley
M. Alison McIntyre
Marie Rupp
Charles Fligg
Helen F. Neilson
Louise M. Blumenthal
Elgin F. Hunt
Dorothea A. Worman
Caroline F. Ware
Dorothy V. Tyson
Henrietta Hoffmann
Mildred A. Hubbard
Katherine D. Stewart
William Schweitzer
Alice Greene
Joey C. Smith
Barent T. E. Schuyler
Harry Villard
W. R. Spiller
Laura L. Benz
Alice Geoffrion
Robert Harrington
Harold Rodman Walters
James W. Frost
Dorothy Dorsett
Marjorie Corbett
Harold A. Fitzgerald
Mary Comstock
George Jefferson
Elizabeth B. White

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Muriel Slawson
William I. Zabriskie
Althea Adams
Martha Taylor
Dennet Withington
Elverton Morrison
Eversley S. Ferris
Laurence C. Andrews
Blanche I. Storer
Elizabeth Ball
Louis F. Ranlett

PUZZLES, 1

Duncan Scarborough
Philip Franklin
Eugene Scott
Leonore Lemmler
Cora Goodkind
Willard B. Purington
Alfred W. Slade
Joan Wilson
Mary G. Porritt
Elizabeth Robinson

Hannah M. Ruley
Florence E. Jones
Barbara Crebbin
Louise Parrish
Marguerite Pearson
Evan Synnestvedt
Robert H. Wildman
Edith Lucie Weart
Margaret M. Horton
Helen Fogg
Gustav Diechmann
Anthony Fabbri

Eric Kraemer
Lucia Hazzard
Sam Bronsky

PUZZLES, 2

Donald McMaster
Carol Webb
Mary Flaherty
Margaret Billingham
Janet Durrie
Ethel T. Boas
Fannie Ruley

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 163

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 163 will close **May 10** (for foreign members **May 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **September.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "In the Orchard."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Best Summer Holiday."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Pleasant World."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Secrets," or a Heading for **September.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied,* but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*— if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

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THE LETTER-BOX

THE Letter-Box this month is given up mainly to letters from young readers who are living or visiting in far-away lands. And, as will be seen, this chain of friendly missives virtually encircles the globe, for here are delightful descriptions and messages from Japan, the Philippines, New Zealand, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, Spain, and England. All the letters, too, are interesting in themselves, and all were as joyously received by ST. NICHOLAS as the magazine was by their senders. We thank our young correspondents, every one.

First on the list comes this charming long letter from a dear little Japanese girl, with a beautiful introductory note from her kind American friend. Our girl and boy readers will be interested in the detailed account of Japanese school life, and ST. NICHOLAS is glad to welcome back to its pages Hanano Inagaki Sugimoto, who became, while in America, an Honor Member of the St. Nicholas League.

AOYAMA, TOKIO, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The accompanying letter was dictated to me by a little girl who is very ill. She has lived in America all her life, until three years ago, and while there was a most devoted reader of the ST. NICHOLAS. Since being in Japan, she has missed it very much, and now that it is, once more, a regular visitor to her home, her delight insists on manifesting itself in a long letter, which I am afraid will not find a welcome in your busy rooms; but as she is just recovering from an almost fatal illness, I had not the heart to discourage her. I have given you her exact words.

Thanking you from my heart, for all you have been —and will be—to a homesick little girl, I am,

With deep respect,

FLORENCE M. WILSON.

I am a friend and co-laborer of the child's mother, in writing for Japanese magazines.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you do not remember me, but I have a silver badge and a gold badge from the St. Nicholas League. I used to live in America, but my papa died, and Mama and Chiyono (that is my little sister) and I live here in Tokio. I used to cry whenever I would think of home, but I don't now. I can never go back to America, and it can't be helped, so I 'll just have to stand it.

This Christmas some one sent me you for a year, and now I would like to try for a prize, but I am too far away. But I am going to write a letter anyway, because Mama said perhaps you would like to know about my school.

Well, the name of my school is Aoyama Gakko. That means "Green Mountain School." I suppose you think that is a funny name for a school in the city, but it is called that because this part of Tokio is on a hill, and there are lots of trees here. In the morning, a little before eight o'clock, we all have to be at the school. In the dark part of the year, we do not go until nine o'clock. The school is a big building, made of wood. It is new, and has glass windows just like an American house. We have 1935 pupils, and there are some more in the old building, and they will come in if any of us get sick or die. Then there is another building, too, where the children are sent who can't keep up. I would n't like to be sent to that building.

Well, when we go to the entrance, we step out of our wooden shoes, and slip on light straw sandals, called zori. Then we go to our classrooms. There are thirty-three in our building. We put our books away very neatly in our desks, and then we all go to the playground. That is a kind of court, with the buildings on three sides, and the wall and big gate on the other. Just as the bell rings for eight o'clock, we all arrange ourselves in rows, and the principal of the school stands up high on a platform. When a very sharp whistle sounds, we all bow to the principal very low, and he bows to us, but, of course, he bows a little bow. Then the whistle blows again, and we go to our own rooms and sit down at our desks.

When our teacher comes in, we all get up and make a deep bow, then we sit down again and study one thing for forty-five minutes. Sometimes the teacher will ask us a question, but she does n't bother us much, and we just study. We have to, for if we don't keep up, we are crowded out, and then we can't get in; and yet the government makes our parents send us to school; so if we did not study, there would be an awful time.

Well, at the end of forty-five minutes, we go out and play for fifteen minutes. Then the signal sounds, and we go in and study another study for forty-five minutes, and so on until twelve o'clock. Then we have our lunch. That is not served by the school. We carry it from home in a little box that has one on top of another, so the rice will not get mixed with the other things. We talk and have a nice time when we are eating. My grandma is a very old-fashioned lady, and very particular, and she thinks it is not polite to talk when we are eating, but my teacher says that it is the fashion now to think that it is good for our bodies. So, after he said that, we all like it very much.

After lunch, we go on just as we do in the morning. We stay until three o'clock on three days of the week, and until four o'clock on two other days. On Saturday, we get out at twelve o'clock. When school is over for the day, we gather up our books, then we all stand up and bow to the teacher, then we march to the school gate, and all stand in rows and bow to the teacher again; then we all go home.

I expect you will think we study some funny things, for the government wants us to learn certain things, for every one of us has to be useful to the nation, even though I was born in America. The officer who visits our school said I could be *more* useful on that account —so, you see, I have to study very hard.

We have arithmetic and geography and history, a good deal like my school in America, and we have penmanship and composition and gymnastics, not a bit like the American schools. They are so different that I can't explain about them, but I can tell you about some of our other studies. On Monday, we have to study about great people who were poor and had no chance. We don't know who, of the very poorest people, may be great sometime, so we must always remember that. There have been many poor people in Japanese history who worked themselves into great positions. And in that study we learn about Lincoln and Napoleon.

Then we learn all about how good and wise the emperor is, and how he is trying to do the best he can for every one of us, because we are his children.

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Then we have sewing, and making little boxes of paper and crape and silk, and all kinds of work with a needle. Sewing is very important, so we have double time for that. I just love to sew.

On Tuesday, we study all about animals and nature and electric lights. In the afternoon we have sewing, penmanship, and gymnastics.

On Wednesday, we have etiquette, arithmetic, drawing, penmanship, and singing.

On Thursday, we have reading, geography, gymnastics, composition, and a long practice on the soroban. Perhaps you do not know what that is, so I will tell you. It is a little, long, flat box, with tiny spools sliding on tiny rods, up and down. One row means just things, the next ten things, and the next a hundred things. You have no idea how fast a person can count with a soroban. They are used in all the schools, and stores, and everywhere, and a man carries a little one in his pocket, just as he carries his lead-pencil.

On Friday, beside the usual studies, we have American dancing. It is taught by our sewing teacher, and is very different from our dancing school in America. Some one plays an organ, because that is a foreign instrument, and we all go to the time; but it is very slow and not a bit like dancing. But it is very dignified.

On Saturday, we have reading, sewing, and map-drawing, though we often have to draw maps on other days too.

Then there is something else. Every afternoon, some of the girls stay to do janitor work. We all like it, and we take turns, for it is part of the rules, and it is very important to know how to sweep and dust and wipe off things. We put towels on our heads in just a certain way, and we loop up our sleeves just like a servant, then we tuck up our kimonos, by sticking the front points in our belts. We don't wear our shoes in the house, so the room is never dusty as my American school used to get. We sweep and wipe the floor with a damp cloth, then we wipe all the wood in the room with a damp cloth, except the ceiling. Then we wipe all the desks with a damp cloth. Sometimes we sing songs, but always servants' songs.

I did not mean to write such a long letter, but when I began about my school, of course I had to finish.

In Japan we always close our letters in this way:

With deep respect,

HANANO INAGAKI SUGIMOTO (aged 13 years, by American count).

JOLO, JOLO, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: During the six years that I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS, I have lived three years in the Philippines. At present, we are living in Jolo, one of the islands inhabited by half-civilized Mohammedan Moros. But only Americans, Chinese, and other civilized people live in the walled city.

It is about the wedding party of one of these rich Chinese merchants, for his son, that I am going to tell you.

This young man and the bride were engaged four years before they ever saw each other, the contract being made by the fathers, as is the Chinese custom. They met first at the time of the wedding, for which the groom's family went to Hong-Kong, where the bride lived.

After about a month of festivity there, they all returned to Jolo with the bride. And this party was given in her honor.

As the guests arrived, they were greeted at the door by the father and introduced by him. Then the ladies and gentlemen separated into different parlors.

Soon dinner was announced, the ladies and gentlemen going to different tables. At the two ends of the women's sat the bride and mother-in-law. All of the ladies were beautifully dressed in Chinese, Filipino, and Moro costumes, and my mother in American evening dress.

The menu consisted of Chinese delicacies, there being only two things served that we were familiar with—bread and tea.

There were fifteen courses, and all were good. But I preferred those of sharks' fins, seaweed salad, and birds' nests, though the dried oysters, snails, and other things were very good. The pastries and crystallized fruits were delicious and just like those in France.

The men drank the bride's and the groom's health in many cups of champagne, and the ladies in many cups of tea.

After more conversation in Chinese, French, Spanish, and a little English (for the educated Chinese are great linguists), we all went home, having thoroughly enjoyed our first Chinese party.

I am twelve years old.

Your friend,

LESLIE A. SKINNER.

RAVENSBOURNE, NEAR DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You cannot imagine the eagerness with which my sisters and I read your delightful magazine, when we get it, every month. I am sorry I cannot enter into any of your competitions, as we are always a month behind, but I should be pleased to become a member of your League.

We live at one of Dunedin's suburbs, in the heart of a native bush, on the beautiful Otago Harbor, which, on a calm day, is still more beautiful with the reflection of the bush. I attend the commercial classes at the Dunedin Technical School, and like it very much. I have to travel to school every day in the train. This is August twenty-fourth, and we are now enjoying beautiful spring weather, and everything is looking bright and fresh.

I remain,

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH ROBB (age 15).

LE FONTANELLE, PORTA OVILE, SIENA, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been one of your interested readers for more than two years, and I have liked you very much, better than any other magazine.

I am an Italian girl, but I know English well, having studied for some years; and I like your beautiful language very much. I am fond of reading, and I have many English and Italian books.

I live in Siena, a very ancient city, full of art treasures.

The villa where we are is called Fontanelle, and it is in the country, about a mile from one of the city gates. Very near us there is the beautiful old monastery of Osservanza.

I have many animals, chickens, and some tame pigeons, which come to eat corn on my hand and shoulder.

We have peacocks, and a beautiful white dog named "Polar." We named him so because, when he was young, he looked just like a polar bear.

Wishing you great success, I am

Your devoted reader,

EGLE ROSSI (age 15).

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LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years. This is my third. I like your stories very much, especially "The Lucky Sixpence."

I am staying in Lausanne, a town on the Lake of Geneva, Switzerland. My home is in America, and I have two brothers and two sisters there. I am the eldest. I went to the castle of Chillon a few days ago, about which Byron wrote his poem entitled "The Prisoner of Chillon." The oldest part of this castle was built in the eighth century by the Romans.

I learn German from my German nurses, and am now taking French lessons. Although I am enjoying myself immensely, I was so glad to get your last number!

Your interested reader,
MARY BORLAND THAYER (age 8).

BERLIN, GERMANY.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I *do* enjoy you so much! We live in Germany, about an hour's ride from the lovely city of Berlin. My little sister, Phyllis, and I go to a German school, which lies fifteen minutes away from our house. We came to Germany when I was eleven months old, so now we have been here eleven years. The schools are very different from our American ones. I have to be in school at ten minutes past eight, and stay until one o'clock. In winter, when I leave in the mornings, the lights are still burning in the streets sometimes.

My mother just told me to come and see a *Rumpler Taube*. So I came. A Rumpler Taube is an aëroplane. In the summer, we saw airships almost every day, and aëroplanes—oh, about four or five each evening.

I *love* your stories.

Our pets are a tortoise-shell cat and a little canary. We just love "Musenmutter," the cat. She is brown, black, and white. Our little canary, "Piet," is a little *dear*. Now I must say good-by.

Your loving reader,
MARGARET HOUGHTON HESSIN (age almost 12).

TOURS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for more than a year. I 've seen the big châteaux of Touraine, and I like Azay-le-Rideau best. At Loches, in the old guard-room, the soldiers carved figures of men fencing and a chapel with ladies in big skirts and ruffs, with daggers. Here in Tours there are lots of old houses, and one was built in the fifteenth century.

Wishing you lots of success,
ELIZABETH B. WHITE (age 9).

MADRID, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had your magazine for one year, and I like it very much, especially "The Lucky Sixpence." It is *so* interesting!

I have a little pony from America, and we have lived five years in Africa.

Your very interested little Spanish reader,
ROSIE PADILLA (age 12).

BUCKHURST HILL, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something rather interesting to tell you, so I thought if I wrote now, you might like to print my letter.

We had school sports about three weeks ago, and one of the races was called "the three-minute race," in which you had to walk away and then come back when you thought three minutes were up. But I just remembered a story I read a long time ago in the ST. NICHOLAS, which told of a certain way to count in a race or anything like that; so I did it, just to see if it would turn out right, and I won the first prize for that race!

My sister and I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours truly,
DORIS GRIMBLE.

HERE is a quaint little story, very cleverly told by a very young contributor. ST. NICHOLAS sympathizes with little brother, in this instance, however, and would whisper to everybody whom it may concern, young or old, that the "why" habit is a natural one, for little folk, and—if kept within bounds—an exceedingly good one. But, of course, it is troublesome for grown-ups sometimes (and ST. NICHOLAS sympathizes with them, too!).

THE "WHY" HABIT

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a brother and he has got the "why" habit. Once we were in the woods and were having a picnic. We were near an old railroad track. We saw some squirrels, but they ran away from us. Pretty soon a train came along and we saw the squirrels again, chattering at a great rate, and our father said to John: "Look at those little chatterboxes, talking about everything but never asking 'why,' as you do, John." And what do you think? He stopped the "why" habit right away.

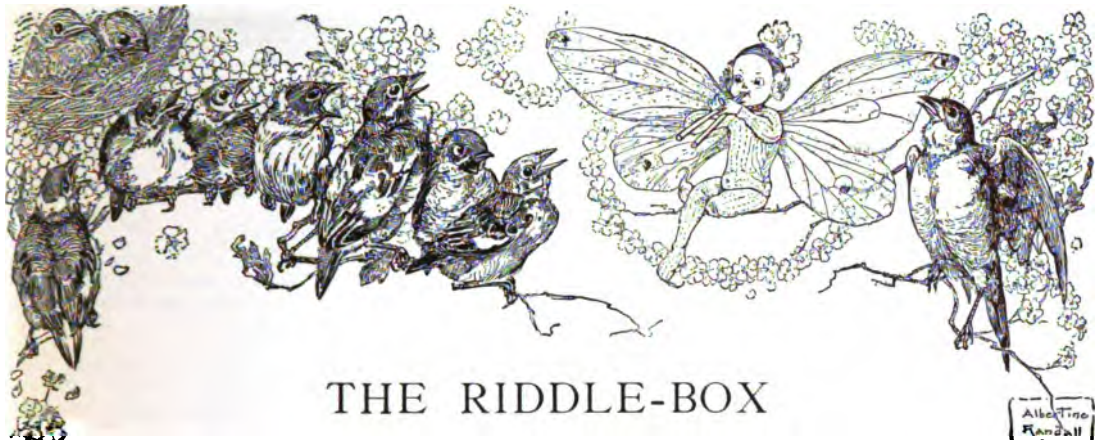
The end.

ALICE SHERBURNE.

THIS bright bit of verse, appropriate to the season, was written and ingeniously illustrated by Helen S. Daley.



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THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Kansas, Topeka. Cross-words: 1. Kit. 2. Ago. 3. Nap. 4. See. 5. Ark. 6. Sea.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Thames, Hudson. Cross-words: 1. Trough. 2. Cherub. 3. Shadow. 4. Cosmos. 5. Corner. 6. Nymphs.

ZIGZAG AND ACROSTIC. Abraham Lincoln, Hannibal Hamlin. Cross-words: 1. Ashlar. 2. Abacus. 3. Renown. 4. Sandal. 5. Heifer. 6. Tablet. 7. Meadow. 8. Allure. 9. Inhale. 10. Enamel. 11. Combat. 12. Solemn. 13. Loiter. 14. Annual.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMOND CROSS. I. 1. Panel. 2. Agora. 3. Nomad. 4. Erase. 5. Lades. II. 1. Spoil. 2. Parma. 3. Organ. 4. Image. 5. Lanes. III. 1. L. 2. Raw. 3. Lares. 4. Web. 5. S. IV. 1. S. 2. Inn. 3. Sneer. 4. Net. 5. R. V. 1. S. 2. Ban. 3. Savor. 4. Nod. 5. R. VI. 1. S. 2. Yen. 3. Sever. 4. New. 5. R. VII. 1. R. 2. Doe. 3. Rowel. 4. Eel. 5. L. VIII. 1. Repel. 2. Elate. 3. Pasha. 4. Ether. 5. Learn. IX. 1. Rebel. 2. Eerie. 3. Bride. 4. Eider. 5. Leers.

CHARADE. C-o-w.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. There is a foolish corner, even in the brain of a sage.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Fiber, finer, miner, mines, pines, pipes, piper, paper. 2. Grate, prate, plate, slate, state, stare, store, stove. 3. Lead, head, heal, peal, peel, pell, pill, pile, pipe. 4. Lamp, lame, lane, lank, lack, lick, wick. 5. Crust, crest, cress, tress, trees, treed, breed, bread. 6. Wolf, woof, wood, rood, road, read, bead, bear. 7. Serf, turf, turn, tern, term, teem, them, thee, tree, free. 8. Paper, paler, pales, palls, pills, sills, sells, seals, seats, slats, slate. 9. North, forth, forts, torts, toots, tooth, sooth, south. 10. Cake, lake, like, pike, pipe, pips, pies.

REARRANGED WORDS. Robin Hood. 1. Star, rats. 2. Soar, oars. 3. Robe, bore. 4. Mite, item. 5. Line, Nile. 6. Rhea, hear. 7. Soil, oils. 8. Gore, ogre. 9. Send, dens.

HIDDEN BIRD PUZZLE. Thrush, swift, martin, nuthatch, heron, finch, merle, stonechat, tern, gannet, snipe, linnet, robin, wren, dove, grouse, lark, tit, owl, hen.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. C. 2. Aha. 3. Chant. 4. Annal. 5. Tales. 6. Leech. 7. Scrap. 8. Hairs. 9. Prone. 10. Snail. 11. Eider. 12. Legal. 13. Rabid. 14. Libel. 15. Debar. 16. Labor. 17. Robin. 18. Ripen. 19. Never. 20. Net. 21. R.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals: The Mikado; 1–8, Pinafore; 9–16, Patience; 17–34, Sir William S. Gilbert. Cross-words: 1. Tapir. 2. Hello. 3. Ewers. 4. Mince. 5. Islam. 6. Kafir. 7. Abaft. 8. Digit. 9. Opine.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 10 from Ruth Adele Ehrich—Julius Brenner—Albert Gerry Blodgett.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 10 from Ruth Browne, 9—Edith H. Baumann, 9—Marjorie A. Ward, 9—Virginia Park, 9—Claire A. Hepner, 9—Theodore H. Ames, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 8—R. Kenneth Everson, 8—Mary B. Shove, 7—Dorothy Berrall, 7—Janet B. Fine, 6—Carlisle Cabaniss, 6—Jeanette Gale, 6—Adele Morton, 6—Lothrop Bartlett, 6—Eloise Mary Peckham, 5—Dorothy B. Hoyt, 5—Margaret Andrus, 5—Douglass Robinson, 4—Donald C. Allen, 4—Margaret R. White, 4—Henry G. Cartwright, Jr., 4—Alice Brady, 3—Frieda Selligman, 3—Elizabeth Brady Ferguson, 3—W. Eldridge, 3—Elizabeth Still, 2—Edith Kriegshaber, 2—Dorothy E. Sutton, 2—Fred Floyd, Jr., 2—Harry Kirkland, 2—Elizabeth Parsons, 2—Madeleine Ida Strauss, 2—Agnes G. Jones, 2—Eleanor Seavey, 2—George L. Meleney, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. C. M.—F. G.—M. B.—W. M. R.—R. S. W.—C. H.—J. L.—E. N. F.—A. D. D.—L. I.—C. C.—B. S.—V. M. T.—L. B. L.—S. A.—P. E. T.—R. P.—D. O.—K. M.—M. L.—J. B. K.—A. B.—I. S.—D. L. T.—M. H.—P. D.—H. A. L.—M. L. E.—J. B. K.

GEOGRAPHICAL SUBTRACTIONS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Subtract three letters from a southern State, transpose the remaining letters, and get anger. Answer: Georgia, rage.

In the same way subtract and transpose: 1. Two letters from a country of Europe, and get a useless plant. 2. Three letters from a country of Asia, and get a wild animal. 3. Two letters from another country of Asia, and get a doze. 4. Three letters from another country of Asia, and get to grieve for. 5. Two letters from a country of North America, and get to approach. 6. Three letters from a country of South America, and get a horse. 7. Three letters from a country of Africa, and get a bar resting on two supports. 8. Three letters from another country of Africa, and get to bow the head quickly.

JEAN F. BENSWANGER (age 11).

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. PURSUIT. 2. A place of refuge. 3. To turn aside. 4. To work for. 5. To penetrate.

II. 1. Living. 2. Cloth made from flax. 3. Senseless. 4. Poison. 5. Foe.

M. K. G.

NOVEL HISTORICAL ACROSTIC

·	21	12	5	·	2
·	14	·	·	6	16
18	10	8	·	22	24
4	1	·	11	23	·
·	19	20	9	·	13
·	15	17	3	·	7

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous character in ancient history. 2. A great naval battle in which the friend of number 1 was defeated. 3. What the country of number 1 became under his successor. 4. A great general of the same country who lived a hundred years before. 5. The friend of number 1 who lost the battle of number 2. 6. The fellow-countrymen of number 1.

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The primals spell the same name as cross-word 1. From 1 to 7, and from 8 to 13, spell the names of his two associates, and 14–24 and 7 spells the name of his contribution to history.

ALPHEUS W. SMITH (age 14), *Honor Member.*

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second columns will spell the surname of a famous author, and through the fifth and fourth columns, one of his best-known works.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The head of an Arab tribe. 2. Sedate. 3. To correct. 4. An incident. 5. Additional. 6. Unfit. 7. A fragment. 8. To cheat. 9. A water-nymph.

HENRY D. KNOWER (age 14), *League Member.*



ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

EACH of the seven pictures may be described by a single word. When these words are rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the surname of a famous man who was born in the month of May, more than a hundred years ago. M. W.

DIAMOND

1. IN commendation. 2. To equip with weapons. 3. A place for sacrifice. 4. A bird. 5. A peninsula of Asia. 6. A genus of fishes. 7. In commendation.

GEORGE S. CATTNACH (age 14), *League Member.*

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of seventy-two letters, and form a quotation from Sir Walter Scott.

My 41–14–36–22–64 5–69–59–51–55 is a hero of the American Revolution. My 6–48–32–44–18–54–25 is a wind of the Indian Ocean. My 34–61–67–68–31–71 is to achieve. My 11–17–47–35–42–21–49 is comforted. My 52–33–65–28–3–16–10–62–37–24–8 is a collection. My 23–2–57–53–40–70–12–60 is the famous waterfalls in 63–19–43–9–13. My 26–27–20–72–1–15–58–38–66–4–46 is informing previously. My 56–45–50 is distant. My 39–30–7–29 is to urge forward by any irritating means.

SOPHIE E. BUECHLER (age 13), *League Member.*

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the diagonal, beginning at the upper right-hand corner, will spell the name of a hero of the Trojan War.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Remarkable or unusual appearances. 2. Profaning sacred things. 3. To justify. 4. Feature. 5. Insipid. 6. Fantastic. 7. A large body of land. 8. Occurring at night. 9. Generally known or talked of.

CONSTANCE GRIFFITH (age 15), *League Member.*

ANAGRAM

A GENERAL famous in American history: World on call sir. KATHERINE BROWNE (age 10), *League Member.*

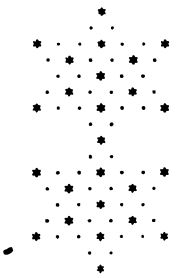
NOVEL ZIGZAG

*	24	17	5	WHEN the words described have been
21	*	15	23	correctly guessed and written one below
*	12	4	18	another, the zigzag of stars will spell
8	*	19	9	the name of a famous English admiral
*	10	16	3	who won a naval battle. The figures 1
14	*	22	2	to 5 spell the name of the town off
*	11	7	20	which the action took place, and 6–24
1	*	6	13	spells the epithet always applied to the battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. For fear that. 2. To unite. 3. To corrode. 4. Scent. 5. Wages. 6. A number. 7. A wild animal. 8. Beseeches.

MARJORIE K. GIBBONS (age 16), *Honor Member.*

CONNECTED STARS



UPPER STAR: 1. In stock-yard. 2. A conjunction. 3. Indian chiefs. 4. Accounts. 5. Repose. 6. Drags along the ground. 7. Unfeigned. 8. A possessive pronoun. 9. In stock-yard. Diagonals: 1. To clamber up. 2. Scorches.

LOWER STAR: 1. In stock-yard. 2. A pronoun. 3. A city of Switzerland. 4. A piece of furniture. 5. A Mexican donkey. 6. The Christian name of two Presidents of the United States. 7. Wise men. 8. A personal pronoun. 9. In stock-yard. Diagonals: 1. Entices. 2. Acquires by service.

The nine central stars spell the name of a famous writer.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 13), *Honor Member.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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"Not as good as Campbell's"

"NO. There is none like that."
This is what people who know the best and have it in their homes say every day about

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Not only is it composed of the choicest materials known, but our method of retaining their fresh natural flavor is exclusive with us. And our blending-formula was originated by the foremost soup-expert in the world.

Try this perfect soup prepared with milk or cream as a bisque and you will realize that the most expensive hotel, the most palatial club or private residence can supply nothing better.



"One good turn deserves the same:
I eat these soups so fine.
And then uphold their strength and fame
While they're upholding mine".

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

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The Food That Builds Rugged Children

Thousands of youngsters ask for Heinz Peanut Butter every meal. Just because of its delicious flavor. Parents have a deeper reason for wanting them to have it. Children's food must go into *growth*, as well as satisfy appetite. They need *protein*. And

Heinz Peanut Butter

is rich in this valuable element. Little folks revel in it while it builds them up. The choicest peanuts, picked over and over to exclude all but the perfect kernels—roasted till the delicate flavor is fully brought out—then salted and ground. Made into creamy butter. One of the best of the

57 Varieties

And grown folks rival children in demanding Heinz Peanut Butter. Many housewives use it for cooking and for the table. Fine for luncheon sandwiches. Get a jar today.

Others of the famous "57": **Euchred Pickle, Chili Sauce, Vinegars, Tomato Ketchup, Baked Beans, India Relish, etc.**

H. J. Heinz Co.

HEINZ

Over 50,000 Visitors Inspect the Heinz Model Kitchens Every Year

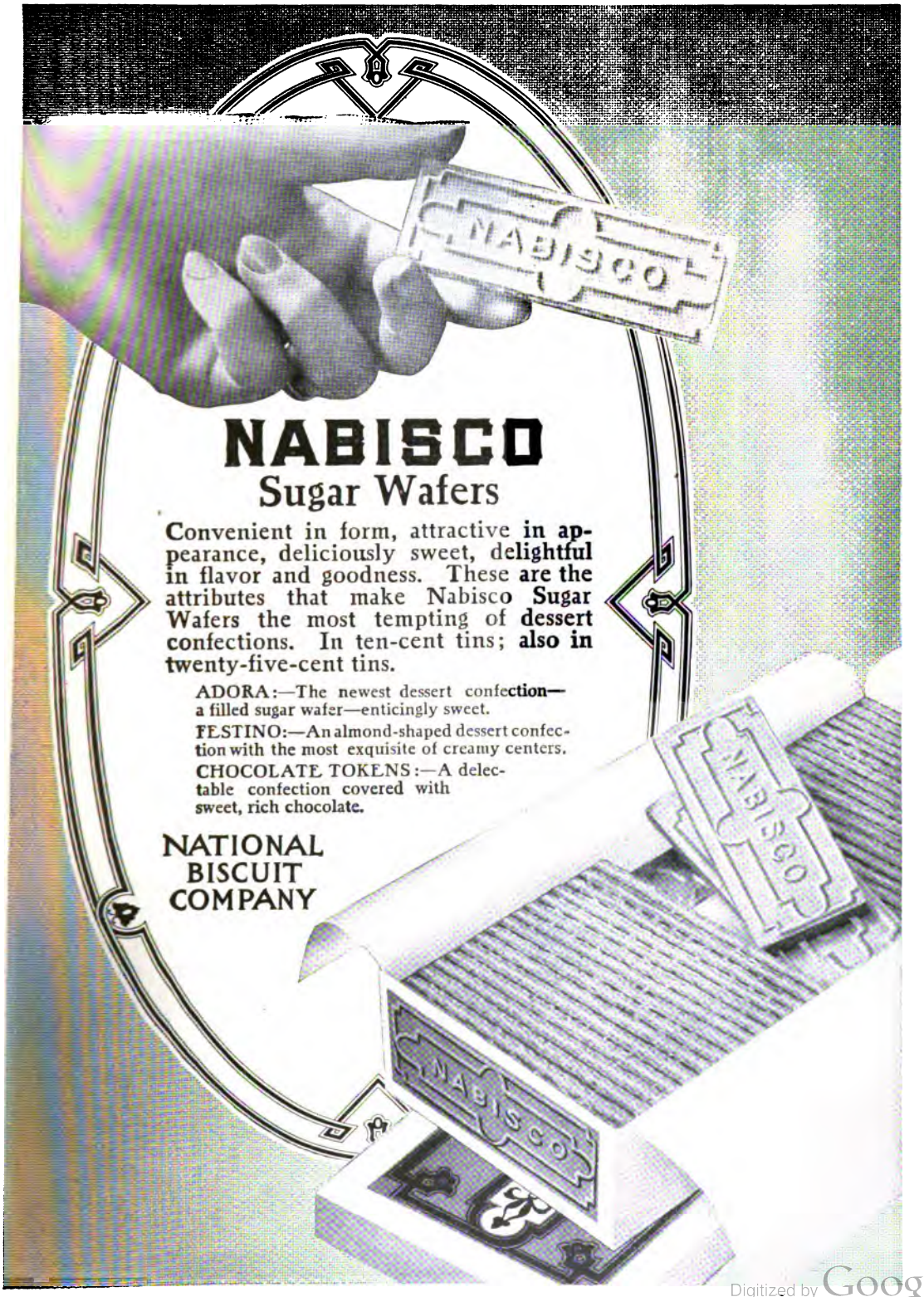
Have You Tried the New Heinz Spaghetti?

—Real Italian Style—with that delicate *finer* flavor—the piquancy and richness of the dish as served in the most famous restaurants of Italy.

Better even than best home-made. Appetizing—digestible—nourishing. Prepared in a jiffy.



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NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

Convenient in form, attractive **in appearance**, deliciously sweet, **delightful** in flavor and goodness. These **are the** attributes that make Nabisco **Sugar** Wafers the most tempting of **dessert** confections. In ten-cent tins; **also in** twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA:—The newest dessert confection—a filled sugar wafer—enticingly sweet.

FESTINO:—An almond-shaped dessert confection with the most exquisite of creamy centers.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS:—A delectable confection covered with sweet, rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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The New Holeproof Sox

at $1.50 for Six Pairs

Are Mercerized

Get a Trial Box Today

A Soft, Silky Appearance and Six Months' Wear



We now offer a Twenty-Five-Cent sock with a silky lustre — six pairs guaranteed six months—the finest thing of its kind ever made.

We imported a mercerizing machine from Switzerland to do it. We have invested $10,000 in this one improvement alone. Don't you want to see what kind of hosiery this machine turns out?

The yarn in this sock costs us an average of 74c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest yarn at the top market price. Common yarn sells for 32c. But the new Holeproof is soft, light and stylish. With all its light weight, it lasts six months. Don't you want to wear it?

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Write for the Free Book on Holeproof. See how these wonderful goods are made.

The genuine are sold in your town. Ask for the dealers' names. We ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

We make them for men, women, children and infants.

Holeproof in cotton, for men, cost from $1.50 to $3 a box of six pairs. For women and children, $2 to $3 a box of six pairs. For infants, $1 a box of four pairs. All the above boxes guaranteed six months.

Silk Holeproof for men, $2 for three pairs. For women, $3 for three pairs. Three pairs of silk guaranteed three months.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Fraschl

Look for This Mark on the Toe

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd.
London, Canada (422)

"Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend"

Holeproof GUARANTEED Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors. Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

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Easier than Cooking.

Turning the contents of a Jell-O package into a pint bowl and filling it with hot water is the easy way the cook makes dessert when she uses

JELL-O

There is no cooking about it, and, of course, anybody can do it.

A great variety of the most delicious and beautiful desserts for dinner and the most delightfully flavored dishes for lunch and supper are made of Jell-O.

Seven fine flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.



We have two recipe books, both beautifully illustrated. One is "Desserts of the World," and the other, "Six Famous Cooks." If you will write and tell us which one you prefer we will send it to you.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

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KODAK

Makes all outdoors a playground, for grown-ups or for children—Gives all the fun of photography without any of the bother.

Simplicity, convenience, efficiency—these tell the Kodak all-by-daylight story.

Kodak catalogue at your dealers, or on request. Free.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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THE STORY THE TOOTH BRUSH TOLD

"SEE my little bristles," said the Toothbrush, hopping from his rack over the washbasin. "Those are my hands and they're ready to help you make your teeth clean and white. With them I can reach into all the little cracks and spaces between your teeth and pull out the tiny bits of food which catch there. But I need some help—I can't make your teeth clean all alone. I need the help of



COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TRADE MARK

"Squeeze a little of that on my hands and see how well I work and how much you like it too. The Cream tastes *so* good and it polishes the outsides and insides and tops of your teeth and makes them white.

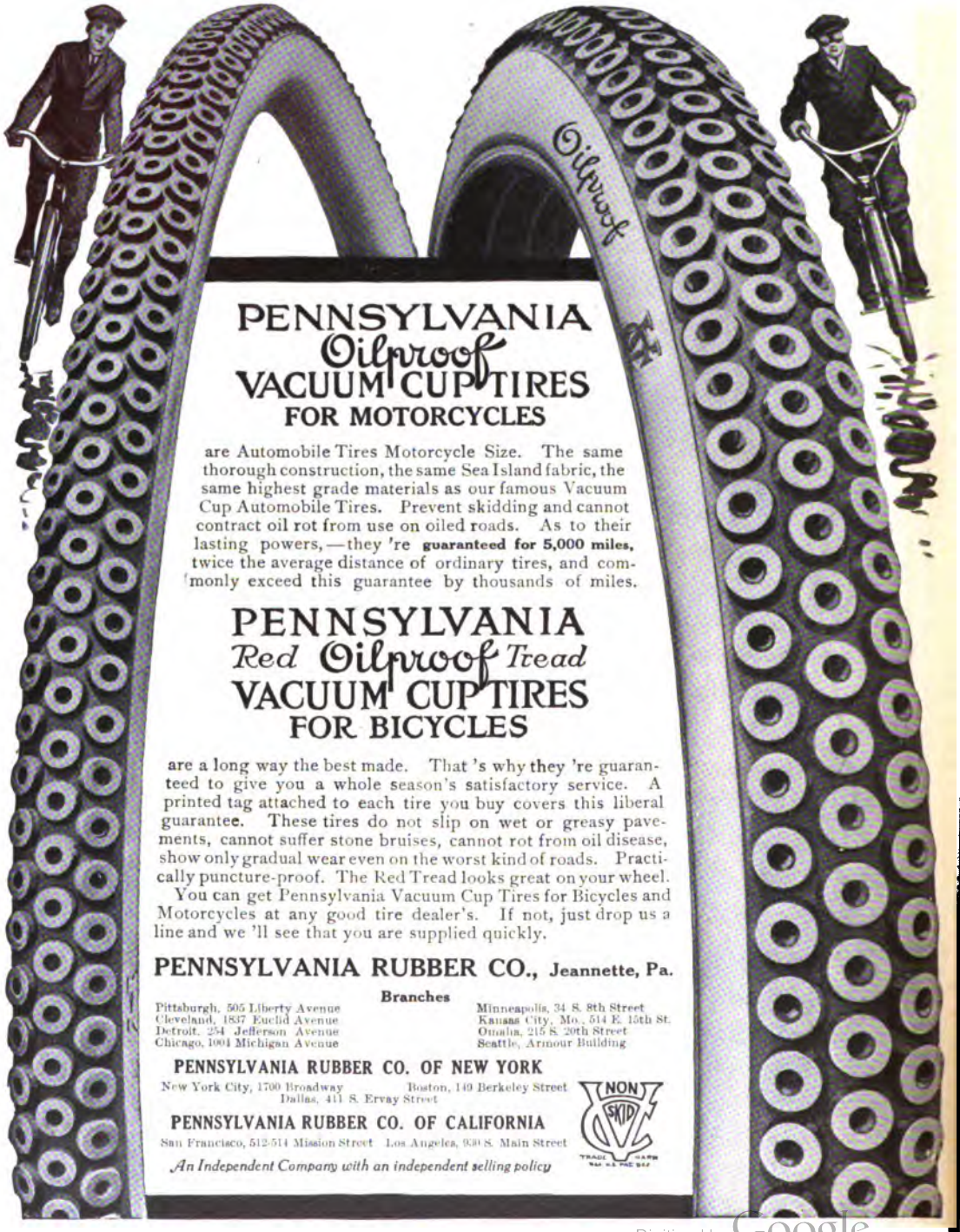
"And when Colgate's Cream and I are through, your mouth will feel so cool and clean, with such a splendid, wholesome taste, that you'll love to use us. Oh! you'll be very fond of us both when you've found what we do."



And as the Toothbrush scrambled up into his rack again, he added: "A good way to begin is by asking Mother for 4 cents in stamps to send to Mr. Ribbon Dental Cream, c/o (Colgate & Co.), 199 Fulton Street, New York. He will send you a nice little tube like the picture all for your own, and a funny animal rhyme book, with colored pictures.

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Tires that have ALL the big features for perfect service



PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES FOR MOTORCYCLES

are Automobile Tires Motorcycle Size. The same thorough construction, the same Sea Island fabric, the same highest grade materials as our famous Vacuum Cup Automobile Tires. Prevent skidding and cannot contract oil rot from use on oiled roads. As to their lasting powers,—they 're **guaranteed for 5,000 miles,** twice the average distance of ordinary tires, and commonly exceed this guarantee by thousands of miles.

PENNSYLVANIA Red Oilproof Tread VACUUM CUP TIRES FOR BICYCLES

are a long way the best made. That 's why they 're guaranteed to give you a whole season's satisfactory service. A printed tag attached to each tire you buy covers this liberal guarantee. These tires do not slip on wet or greasy pavements, cannot suffer stone bruises, cannot rot from oil disease, show only gradual wear even on the worst kind of roads. Practically puncture-proof. The Red Tread looks great on your wheel.

You can get Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires for Bicycles and Motorcycles at any good tire dealer's. If not, just drop us a line and we 'll see that you are supplied quickly.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.

Branches

Pittsburgh, 505 Liberty Avenue
Cleveland, 1837 Euclid Avenue
Detroit, 254 Jefferson Avenue
Chicago, 1004 Michigan Avenue
Minneapolis, 34 S. 8th Street
Kansas City, Mo., 514 E. 15th St.
Omaha, 215 S. 20th Street
Seattle, Armour Building

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF NEW YORK

New York City, 1700 Broadway
Boston, 149 Berkeley Street
Dallas, 411 S. Ervay Street

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 512-514 Mission Street
Los Angeles, 930 S. Main Street

NON SKID TRADE MARK

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy

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For Your Spring Hike!

You know the soft, quiet, elastic tread of the trained athlete—How it enables him to walk for miles without fatigue—How, at the end of a long day's march, he is able to come into camp as fresh as a daisy, and with as much enthusiasm as he had when he set out in the morning. To acquire this easy, springy step you should have your shoes equipped with

O'Sullivan's Heels *of* New, Live Rubber

They last more than twice as long as leather heels and enable you to march without the fatigue that follows the use of hard leather. Do you know one reason why the Indian can walk so far tirelessly? It is because his soft moccasin falls upon soft turf and produces no jar to legs and back. Rubber heels save you from that jar and give you the long, easy, swinging stride of the Indian, the woodsman and the athlete.

No matter where you walk, whether it be on rocks, on hard paths, or on stone pavements, your foot will fall just as lightly and with just as much spring as though you were walking on the softest turf or leaf-carpeted path in the woods.

Get a pair before you go on your Spring hike and see how much more you will enjoy it. 50c attached, at any shoemaker's.

Be sure and get O'Sullivan's because they are the original rubber heels, made of new, live rubber—rubber with all the spring in it.

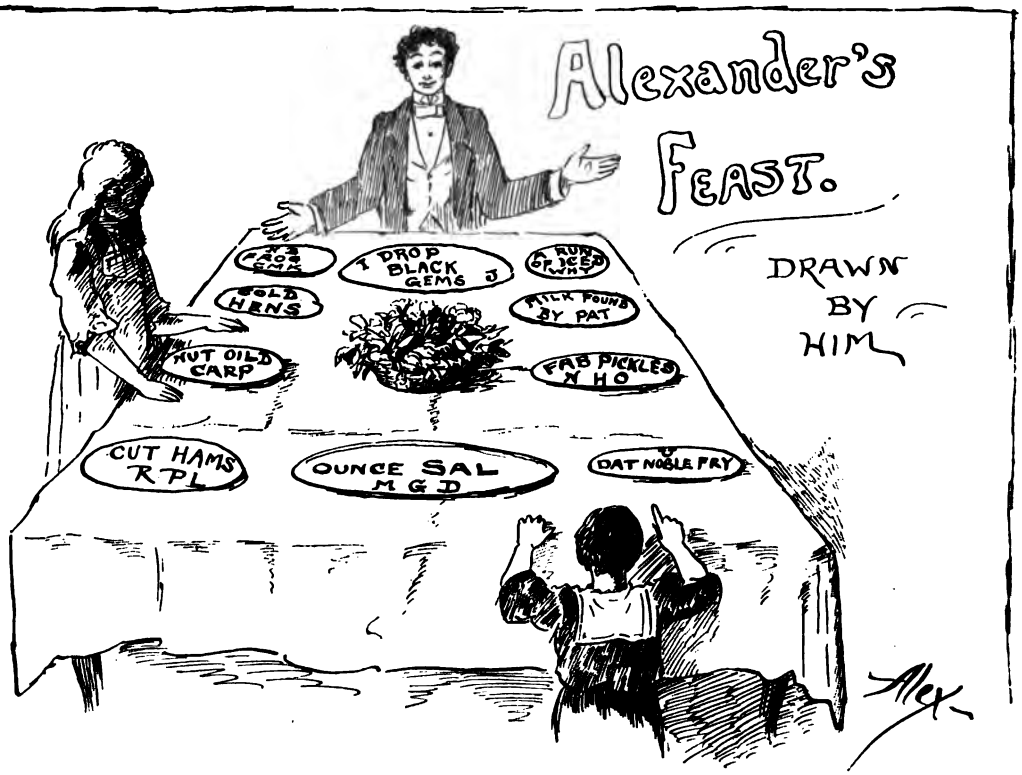
50c Attached



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St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 137.

Time to hand in answers is up May 10. Prize-winners announced in July number.



"And will you be kind enough," we inquired of our young friend, Alexander the Little, "to let us know what this drawing of your feast is all about?"

"It will give me," Alexander replied, "the greatest pleasure in the world. Casually examining the advertising pages of the April ST. NICHOLAS, it struck me that there were a large proportion of eatables exploited for the delectation of your readers."

"You mean, a number of foods advertised?"

"My words can hardly warrant any other signification," said he, with much dignity; "but if you like primer language, you shall be satisfied.

"I have taken some of the foods advertised by nothing less than a quarter page, and have put the letters that spell the articles into the ten dishes on the table.

"To solve the puzzle, you begin at one of the dishes, the same one every time, and from it select *one* letter. From the next dish take *one* letter, and so on around the table as many times as necessary till the whole name of each article is spelled out as it appears in the April advertisement. Always go around the same way, taking from each dish, in regular order, a letter at a time."

(While some letters may be used more than once, Alexander says that each advertisement is covered by *one answer only*, and that one, the main title of each of the advertisements selected. Alexander tells you this because three of the advertisements mention a number of varieties coming under their general subject.)

"This will give the list of those food articles advertised in the April ST. NICHOLAS, which I have chosen.

"Then put these in alphabetical order, number them, and you will have the answer to 'Alexander's Feast.'"

"Where have we heard that name before?" we asked.

"The other is a great poem by Dryden," Alexander informed us; "but that is no reason why I should not have a feast of my own."

"Very true," we agreed. "But were you able to get a sufficiently varied table to satisfy your guests?"

"Not quite," he admitted. "I have profited by this experience, however, and next time will add other articles which my guests think delightful. At the top of the list will be peanut butter and crackers! Why don't you tell the ST. NICHOLAS folk about some of 'Heinz' 57 Varieties, Beechnut products, or some of the

(See also page 20.)

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Necco
Necco
Necco

delicacies prepared by the National Biscuit Company? They make dishes fit to set before a king."

"Thank you for the suggestion," we remarked, as we bowed Alexander the Little out of the office.

After you have found out the correct advertised articles, you must write us a letter of three hundred words or less, telling what you know about peanut butter or crackers. Where solutions to the puzzle are equally correct, the writers of the most interesting letters will receive the prizes.

Here are the prizes and rules:

One First Prize, $5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most interesting letter.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (137).

3. Submit answers by May 10, 1913. Do not use pencil. Do not inclose stamps. Write on one side of your paper only and when your answer requires two or more sheets of paper, fasten them together.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 137, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 135.

Alexander is the most disagreeable boy we ever saw! He walked into the office to-day, glanced over a few of the thousand and more answers received, and then with a very spiteful smirk said, "Ah ha! I told you so! They *did* make mistakes after all—and careless ones, too." We treated his remark with silent contempt, because it so happened he did not look through the large pile of good papers where no mistakes had been made in the list.

But—to get down to business. First, many papers were discarded because of poor spelling, "Crystal" never "Chrystal," "Maillard's" never "Mallard's." Then some of you were not keen enough to note two number seventeens in the list and thought you had solved the puzzle when you had found twenty-one answers. Some of you on the other hand called attention to this mistake (?) on our part.

And why—oh, why did so many of you write "Northern Pacific Railroad" or "Railway" when the advertisement referred to clearly read "Ry"? "Jell-*O*" is not written with a small "o." Another large stumbling-block was "O'Sullivan" (not "O'Sullivan's") Rubber Heels and still another was "Swift's Premium" Ham (not Hams) and Bacon. Some of you did not follow the rule of putting your name, age, address, and competition number in "the upper left-hand corner of your list."

You who began your list with "O'Sullivan Rubber Heels" instead of "Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa" evidently did n't read the sentence about putting answers in alphabetical order.

Of course, in some cases, there were other errors than those mentioned, but most of you who are not on the list of prize-winners made some of the above mistakes.

It is all very simple when you think of it—this matter of getting correct lists. The secret of success in these competitions is really no secret at all. It is just a question of old-fashioned care and thought. Most of you have ability enough: *all* of you can be careful. And you may be certain that if *you* are not correct to the smallest detail, the quick eyes of the Judges will discover it, and the girl living in the next street, who has read the advertisements just a little more thoughtfully than you, will win your prize.

Careful study and analysis of the advertisements month after month are making you very keen critics. Some of the lessons you are learning now will stand you in good stead in the years to come.

The letters this month telling why you liked certain advertisements were exceptionally good. Many of you are learning the true principles that should govern advertising. Indeed, some of our grown-up advertising friends would be surprised and pleased by the intelligent judgment of you young experts.

Some future artists and illustrators submitted very attractive papers. The best are so good that we simply are compelled to give them Honorable Mention.

They follow the list of prize-winners, who are:

One First Prize, $5.00:
Elizabeth Dewing Macy, age 15, Pennsylvania.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each:
Margaret M. Benney, age 15-2-3, Pennsylvania.
John F. Kyes, Jr., age 15, Massachusetts.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each:
Mildred Harvey, age 14, Nova Scotia.
Frances C. Burr, age 16, New Jersey.
Jane P. Clark, age 14, New York City.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each:
Longshaw K. Porritt, age 17, Connecticut.
Susan Gore, age 13, Ohio.
Katharine M. Jaeger, age 14, New York.
Bessie H. Rockwood, age 13, New York.
Edna Elmore Milliman, age 14, New York.
Edith Hahn, age 14, New York City.
Mary Shufelt Esselstyn, age 13, New York City.
Clara Louise Berg, age 15, Iowa.
Ethel S. Hayes, age 11, New York City.
Ethel Miriam Feuerlicht, age 16, New York City.

Honorable Mention for uniqueness and originality:
Hugh W. Hitchcock, age 14, Michigan.
Arthur H. Nethercot, age 17, Illinois.
Horace S. Hill, age 15, New York City.
Athalia Rankin Bunting, age 15, North Carolina.

(See also page 18.)

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A "F-A-I-R-Y" STORY

CHAPTER III

(*This story began in the March issue of this year*)

THE little fairy boys were somewhat startled by the wise men's sudden question. But after consulting together they shouted back quite loudly, just to show that they were not to be frightened by any old wise man: "We Like Our Soap!" And who could wonder at that, pray, for was n't it Fairy Soap?

And yet you would have thought pandemonium had been let loose, such cheering and clapping, such stamping and running to and fro. The impulsive little fairies embraced each other, shook hands, clapped one another on the back, and such a general rejoicing was never before seen. Only the wise men remained calm, and drawing their robes closely about them, they stalked majestically back to their palace.

Then the Queen arose and clapped her hands for order, and proclaimed a holiday to celebrate the great discovery. And it was a great discovery, to be sure, for now it was perfectly plain to the fairies that the little mortal boy could be helped.

So, while her subjects went dancing away for a frolic in the woods, the Queen and her council were drawing up a wonderful plan. At sundown the fairies were summoned, and then such a volley of commands as descended upon their heads, and such a hurrying and scurrying! Even the littlest toddling fairy helped.

They ran this way and that, tumbling over one another in their eagerness to help.

What do you suppose they were doing?

(*To be continued next month*)

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO
Makers of Fairy Soap

If you will write The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago, and tell them what you think of their Fairy Soap story, they will send you a copy of their Juvenile History of the United States, free of charge.

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The Coward Shoe

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



COWARD ARCH SUPPORT SHOES
With COWARD EXTENSION Heel

should be worn by every child whose ankles "turn in." The correct anatomical construction of these shoes rests the arch ligaments, overcomes ankle weakness, and exerts a helpful influence under the entire foot-structure. The approved shoes for strengthening structural foot weakness and correcting "flat-foot" conditions.

Made by J. S. Coward, P.D., and endorsed and recommended by physicians and surgeons.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty years.

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City

(NEAR WARREN STREET)

"OILRIGHT"
FOR



3-in-One revives old sewing machines, clocks, typewriters, guns, bicycles, making them work like new. 3-in-One removes dirt, relieves friction and makes all action parts work smoothly, easily, and accurately. Will not cake, gum or collect dust.

3-in-One

cleans and polishes furniture, varnished or veneered woodwork—prevents rust and tarnish on brass and nickel trimmings, bathroom and kitchen fixtures—keeps bright silverware, glass and bric-a-brac in all climates and weather.

FREE Write now for good free sample and booklet. **THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 42 Q. M. Broadway, New York.**

Maillard's Ground Chocolate Ground Chocolate Ground Chocolate

A new Chocolate Product

Maillard's Ground Chocolate

(VANILLA FLAVOR)



Specially prepared for immediate use

Most exquisite as a hot beverage.

Try it to-day.

At leading grocers.

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Only Pure, Rich Milk, Produced by perfectly healthy cows, properly fed and housed in sanitary barns, well lighted and ventilated, is used in the preparation of

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Best for the Nursery, the Table and Cooking Purposes.

Send for

"Borden's Recipes."
"My Biography," a book for babies.
"Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme."



BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York
Est. 1857



The Cromwell Pattern

This pattern has achieved marked popularity. The delicate lines of ornamentation result in a design of beauty and simplicity that is combined with strength and durability.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, backed with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years. Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "E-5."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Successor to
Meriden Britannia Company
MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.



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MARTIN HOUSE

If You Love Birds

Write me *To-day*



WREN HOUSE

Sit down right now and write me asking for the interesting story of how I attracted the birds to my home—how I won the loyalty of the purple martins (I have hundreds of them), the bluebirds, the flycatchers, the wrens, tree-swallows, and others.

I make houses that attract birds

It took me many years to get the houses just right for the birds. They are particular little fellows and insist on having their houses built "just so," but I finally succeeded, and I want to tell you all about it.

I build bluebird, wren, and martin houses, and one for great crested flycatchers, which are comparatively inexpensive. *I also make English sparrow traps, which rid you of the sparrow, as sparrows drive away the song-birds.*

The birds are beginning to nest now—write me to-day so you can see the pictures of all my bird-houses to pick yours out and have your little feathered friends with you this summer.

JOS. H. DODSON, 914 Association Building, Chicago, Ill
(A Director of Illinois Audubon Society)

Hinds Cream

HONEY AND ALMOND



50c. *Improves the Complexion* 25c.



A toilet cream that is particularly agreeable and refreshing; that keeps the skin so pure and so clean that it never looks unwholesome, but always fair, fresh and attractive. It is not greasy and cannot grow hair.

You should try **HINDS** Honey and Almond **CREAM**—Sold by all dealers, Hinds Cream in bottles 50c, and Hinds Cold Cream in tubes 25c.

Write for Free Samples A. S. HINDS, 74 West St., Portland, Maine



With a HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND on your lawn **you need not worry** about the health and amusement of your children. They'll enjoy themselves in the open, at home. Grow strong in mind and body.

The Health Merry-Go-Round is absolutely safe; has no cogs; is strongly built of iron, steel and seasoned wood; repair proof; an ornament to the lawn, or public play grounds. Made with or without canopy. Organ for music.

Every machine Guaranteed. Sent on Free Trial; your money back if not satisfied. Dealers Wanted—attractive proposition.

Write for Free Illustrated Catalog.

HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND CO.,
Dept. 317 • • • QUINCY, ILL.

Here, Boys!

THE BATTLE OF BASE-BALL

By C. H. Claudy

A book which gets at the heart of the great American game and tells *everything* a boy could wish to know about it from the boy's standpoint—every page snappy and alive.

Many pictures. $1.50 net, postage 11 cents.

THE CENTURY CO. **New York**

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How We Love to "Evinrude"



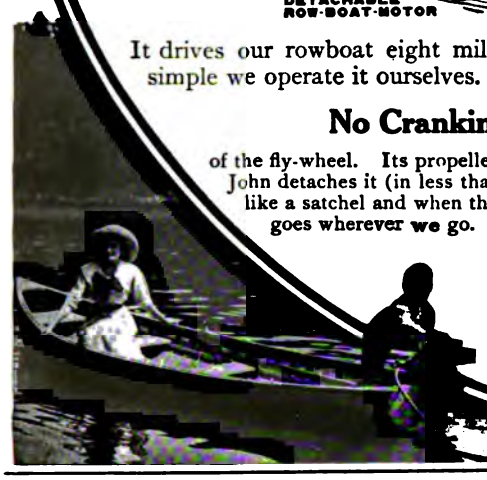
WE love to skim up the river in our motor driven rowboat. We glide along in and out of the little nooks and baylets with their over-hanging trees and feel that the best hours of the whole golden summer are spent with our



It drives our rowboat eight miles an hour and it 's so simple we operate it ourselves.

No Cranking—It Starts With A Swing

of the fly-wheel. Its propeller is weedless and when the day's fun is over, Brother John detaches it (in less than one minute) and brings it into the house. It carries like a satchel and when the summer is over we take the motor home with us. It goes wherever we go.



Beautifully illustrated Catalog on request

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY

252 M Street **MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

New York City Show Rooms: Hudson Terminal Bldg., 30 Church St., N.Y.
California Show Rooms: 423 Market Street, San Francisco.
Seattle Representatives:
Woodhouse Gasoline Engine Co., 62-64 Main St.

For instant control of your bicycle in traffic—



The Corbin Duplex Coaster Brake

When cycling in city streets, hundreds of occasions arise when the instant and absolute control of your wheel is not only desirable but essential.

The Corbin Two-Speed Coaster Brake is also an invaluable control device. Particularly helpful to elderly riders. Decreases the labor of riding up steep hills and against strong winds. Operated by pedal.

Either of these Brakes fitted to your wheel at any bicycle repair shop.

Send for 1913 catalog showing all models

Corbin Screw Corporation Division
(American Hardware Corporation)
306 High Street **New Britain, Conn.**

Licensed Coaster Brake Manufacturers

"Bristol"

Bait Rods



May for trolling. And there are no rods of any kind that will give you anywhere near the satisfaction for trolling that the "BRISTOL" Bait Rod No. 11 and the "BRISTOL" Adjustable Telescopic Bait Rod No. 34 will give you. Both stand up under the heavy strain of dragging the lure through the water exceptionally well. No. 11 is $4.50 to $6.25, according to handle—the finest all-around rod made. No. 34 telescopes down to 33 in. Like all "BRISTOLS," both are guaranteed three years.

Your dealer has "BRISTOLS." If not, we will supply you.

NEW ART CATALOG FREE

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
167 Horton Street,
Bristol, Conn.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

RUSSIA

IN 1857 the first Russian stamp was issued. The design pictured in the center of the stamp is the double-headed eagle, and this, with the exception of the Charity Issue of 1905, has characterized all subsequent issues of this country. In passing, we would call attention to the fact that the earlier issues are printed in water-colors, and must not be soaked or moistened, lest the colors disappear.

Russia now departs from the design which has become so familiar to us, and on their first of January (which, owing to a different system of reckoning time, is our fourteenth of January) issued the most interesting series of stamps which we have seen in a long while. The lower values of the set are surface-printed and very striking in appearance. These lower, or kopec, values bear portraits of Russian rulers—of persons prominent in the rude and stormy stories of Russian history; the higher, or ruble, values—with the exception of the five—portray buildings. A ruble is worth a trifle over fifty cents, and a kopec about half a cent.



SOME OF THE KOPEC VALUES OF THE NEW RUSSIAN ISSUE.
(Illustrations slightly reduced. Actual width of each stamp 15/16 of an inch.)

On the one-kopec (orange) is a picture of Peter I, or Peter the Great, founder of St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, who was born in 1672, and died in 1725. Life in those days was a strenuous thing for Russian rulers. Peter's elder sister, Sophia, tried to deprive him of his right to the throne, then tried to assassinate him. However, he escaped, to become the most effective, as well as the most picturesque, of Russian czars. As a child, his education was greatly neglected, and only as a young man did he become aware how far his native country was behind the rest of Europe in all arts and sciences. When he reached the throne, which, for a while, he shared with his brother, he set in motion his vast schemes for the regeneration of Russia. We all know of his intense desire to convert his country into a great naval power; how he warred with Turkey to get a seaport on the Black Sea; and how he journeyed to Holland, where he worked as a common laborer that he might master all the secrets of ship-building. He finally secured from Sweden provinces on the Baltic, and there laid the foundations of St. Petersburg, his new capital.

Peter the Great was succeeded on the throne by Peter II, whose portrait is upon the four-kopec (rose) stamp. His reign was neither long nor brilliant. He died in 1730.

Peter III, the next czar, was deposed and assassinated by his wife, who subsequently ruled as Catharine II (pictured on the fourteen-kopec stamp, blue-green in color). Space will not permit us to enter upon a description of this brilliant and erratic woman. We hope, however, that this set will inspire in all stamp-collectors a desire to know more of Russian history, and that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will soon be found consulting their histories and geographies with increased interest.

On the two-kopec stamp (yellow-green) appears the portrait of Alexander II, grandfather of the present czar. It was during his reign that the first Russian postage-stamps were issued. He it was who freed the serfs of Russia, and became known as "The Liberator." On the three-kopec (rose) is Alexander III, father of the present czar. On the seven-kopec, ten-kopec, and five-ruble is Nicholas II (who looks so much like King George of England), and who now occupies the throne.

The other values are as follows: fifteen-kopec (pale brown), Nicholas I; twenty-kopec (olive-green), Alexander I; twenty-five-kopec (chocolate), Alexis Michaelovitz; thirty-five-kopec (green and slate), Paul I; fifty-kopec (brown and black), Elizabeth, who was daughter of Peter the Great; seventy-kopec (brown and green), Michael Féodorovitch, the founder of the Romanoff dynasty; one-ruble (green), the Kremlin; two-ruble (red), the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg; three-ruble (slate), castle of the early Romanoffs; five-ruble (brown and black), the present czar, Nicholas II.

The set is really a beautiful one, and will certainly meet with approval from stamp-collectors. There is a bit of uncertainty, however, as to its success in Russia. The czar is not only the head of the state, but also of the church. He is the "Little Father" of his people. What will happen when the postmasters throughout the empire are called upon to cancel a stamp bearing the features of this revered father? Will the vast mass of the people of Russia—ignorant and bigoted as they are reported to be—consent to this desecration? Will they accept letters so canceled, or will they demand, and succeed in getting, a different design?

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

THE IMPERIAL STAMP ALBUM published for beginners. The best on the market. Bound in boards, 1,000 illustrations, spaces for 3,500 stamps. Price 25c., postage 10c. extra. 108 all different stamps from Paraguay, Turkey, Venezuela, etc., 10c. Finest approval sheets of 50 per cent discount. Agents wanted. Write to-day.
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

PHILATELISTS

Outfit No. 1 Contains Stamp Tongs, Watermark Detector, Pocket Magnifying Glass, Perforation Gauge, and Mill. Scale, Pocket Stock Book. Price 75 cents post-paid.
Stamp Collectors' outfits from 25 cents to $10.00 in 1913 price list, free. New 20th Century Album just out.
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.
43 WASHINGTON BUILDING BOSTON, MASS.



STAMP ALBUM with 105 all different Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 200 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 15c. Agents Wanted. 50%. *Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!* We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

50 VARIETIES STAMPS FROM 50 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

sent with our 60% approval sheets for 5c.
PALM STAMP CO., 249 No. CARONDELET ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FREE. Fine unused stamps to purchasers from my unexcelled approvals. Reference.
CHESTER MCLAUGHLIN, BRENTFORD HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FREE Packet of Stamps for name and address of two collectors. Enclose 2 cents for postage.
RED JACKET STAMP CO., 114 LAKE STREET, PENN YAN, N. Y.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.
10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 6000 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FREE 150 Newfoundland, Egypt, etc. Approvals one cent each. PROVIDENCE STAMP CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.



RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount, 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

1000 Different STAMPS, Catalogued $30 for $1.80 No Revenues or trash.

500 different	$ .45	Hayti, 1904	Complete	6	Var. $ .15
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8 " Samoa	.40	Prince Ed. Island	"	4	" .35
12 " Bermuda	.25	N. F'ndl'd, 1890 & '98	"	15	" .30
20 " Panama	.30	Nyassa, Giraffes, '01	"	13	" .25
9 " Prussia	.10	Canada	"	35	" .20

Gold California $1/2, each 35c.; $1/4, each 65c.; 25 diff. Foreign Coins, 25c.; Roman Silver (Cæsar), 45c.
JOS. F. NEGREEN, 8 EAST 23D, NEW YORK CITY.

70 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FROM 70 DIFFerent Foreign Countries, including Bolivia, Crete, Guatemala, Gold Coast, Hong-Kong, Mauritius, Monaco, Persia, Réunion, Tunis, Trinidad, Uruguay, etc., *for only 15 cents—a genuine bargain.* With each order we send our pamphlet which tells all about "How to Make a Collection of Stamps Properly." QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 7 SINTON BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT
For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT.
Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.
C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLIANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.



DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N. Y.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, BOSTON.

5 VARIETIES PERU FREE.
With trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N.Y.

FREE 150 Newfoundland, Egypt, etc. Approvals one cent each. PROVIDENCE STAMP CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STAMPS FREE!

No stamp collector can afford to collect without *Mykeel's Weekly Stamp News.* You might just as well go fishing without hook or line. How do you know how to avoid rubbish? How do you know what to pay for stamps? *Mykeel's* gives you all the news about stamps and offers thousands of stamp bargains. Only 50c. per year.

SPECIAL OFFER—25c. for 6 months and Choice of these Premiums:
A packet of 205 all different clean foreign stamps.
A nice collection of 100 all different United States stamps.
A book on United States stamps, fully illustrated.
A nice stamp album that will hold 1200 stamps.

ANOTHER SPECIAL OFFER—10 weeks, 10c. and YOUR CHOICE:
A nice packet, "all over the world" foreign stamps.
A collection of 50 all different U. S. stamps.
A leaflet describing and illustrating U. S. stamps.

Good Penmanship Made Easy
A fascinating course, costing less than 4c. a day. Write today for Free Circulars and handsome specimens.
The Palmer Method School of Penmanship by Correspondence, 30 H. Irving Place, New York City.



Fish Bite Like hungry wolves any time of the year if you use Magic-Fish-Lure. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.
J. F. Gregory, Dept 118, St. Louis, Mo

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FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 666 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.



We Ship on Approval
without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on every bicycle. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous offers* on highest grade 1913 models.
FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our new large Art Catalog and learn our *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town.
RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory.
TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices.* Do Not Wait; write *today* for our *latest special offer* on "Ranger" bicycle.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. S-272 CHICAGO

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St. Nicholas Pet Department

Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.



A SHETLAND PONY

is an unceasing source of pleasure. A safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and of robust health. Highest type—complete outfits—here. Inexpensive. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Box 9, Markham, Va.



THE BEST DOG

for a companion or watch-dog is the Collie. Alert, intelligent, faithful, handsome, he meets every requirement. We have some fine specimens to sell at low prices. Send for a copy of "Training the Collie," price 25 cents.

F. R. CLARK, Prop.
SUNNYBRAE KENNELS (Registered)
Bloomington, Ill.

Shetland Ponies

Airedale Terriers **Scotch Collies**

Why not give the children the happiest vacation they have ever known by getting them a pony or a puppy. Pony catalogue and sales list of puppies on application.

PAULINE W. SMITH, Box 58, Sandy Hook, Conn.



Scottish Terriers

Offered as companions. Not given to fighting or roaming. Best for children's pets.

NEWCASTLE KENNELS
Brookline, Mass.



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and complete outfits for them for sale, WRITE YOUR WANTS.

There is nothing that can be given children which will bring them so much health and pleasure as a Shetland Pony and outfit.

Shady Nook Pony Farm
Dept. H North Ferrisburgh, Vt.

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Learn this immensely rich business we teach you; easy work at home; everybody succeeds. Start with our Jumbo Homer Pigeons and your success is assured. **Send for large Illustrated Book.** Providence Squab Company, Providence, Rhode Island.



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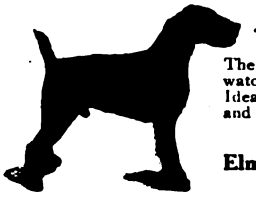
Companion for your child and guardian of your property. Best Kennel in America.

HERCUVEEN KENNELS
Red Bank New Jersey

SHETLAND PONIES

Carefully trained for children's safety. Only gentle, highly-bred registered ponies in our herd. Champion stock, all colors and sizes.

SUNSET HILL FARM
F. E. LATHAM, Mgr. **PORTSMOUTH, N. H.**



Airedale Terriers

Most popular dog of the day

The Airedale is the best companion, watch-dog, and all-round hunting-dog. Ideal pets for children, faithful, kind, and wonderful intelligence.

Puppies from $25 up.
Beautiful booklet free.

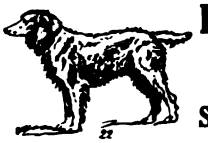
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SHETLAND PONY FARM

Beautiful and intelligent little horses for children constantly on hand and for sale. Correspondence solicited. Write for handsomely illustrated pony catalogue to

MILNE BROS.
617 Eighth Street Monmouth, Ill.



Do you love dogs?

Send stamp for "*Dog Culture*" to

SPRATT'S Patent Limited
Newark, N. J.



FOR CHILDREN WITH INFANTILE PARALYSIS

A WELSH PONY

will be found to be a great help in restoring the use of the limbs.

PINE HILL PONY FARM
724 Forest Street Medford, Mass.

How about a flyer in Kewpies?



You 'll scarce believe what I 'll be saying,
Or what I saw as I was Maying!
Not in green fields my way I took,—
I went "a-Maying" in a book.
The Woman's Home Companion through and through
I 've skipped—and did it just for *you*.
I saw the Kutouts sporting there,
With roguish eye and Kewpish hair;
But listen!—here 's the *best* surprise,
'T will make you open ears and eyes,
This time they 're *flying Kewps*—five of 'em,
Oh, gracious! just to see 's to love 'em.
Perhaps *you* think that Kewps of paper
Are powerless in air to caper.
You 'll find that scissors, paste, and string,
Send Kewps cavorting on the wing.
All day their charms I 'd gladly tell,
But other things I 've seen as well.
For Mother, there are styles for Spring,
Menus, stories, everything!
The gardening hints are for your Dad,
And bungalows, if they 're his fad.
And as I scrambled through the book,
With here a word, and there a look,
An *idea* rose and knocked me flat,
See how I hurt my toe. See that!
Fact is, I saw a *lot* of stuff,—
But don't you think I 've talked enough?
And words can *never* tell the joys
The Kutouts bring to girls and boys.
You 'll know that all I 've said is true—
The flying Kewps will fly for *you*.
But time as well as Kewps can fly,
Good-by, my dears—Good-by!—Good-by!

The Kewpie Kutouts—all in color—appear in every issue of the Woman's Home Companion. And so do Rose O'Neil's Kewpie verses. Get a copy of the May Woman's Home Companion from your newsdealer, or send 15 cents to us and we will send you the May issue post-paid. There are lots of other interesting things in this magazine for **you** and your mother—in fact, all the family. The Kewpie Kutouts have fronts and backs, and when cut out and pasted together make lovely paper dolls. You can have all sorts of fun with the Kewpies, and you should have the whole collection.



WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
381 4th AVE., NEW YORK

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A Great General Overlooks Nothing

NAPOLEON, the greatest General the world has yet produced, achieved seemingly impossible victories because of his mastery of *Detail.* The half hidden opportunity, the whispered rumor, a countless mass of little things served him as the magic lever that swung his mighty armies to the points of vantage.

Keen wits, then keen swords bring victory.

In planning your Advertising Campaign, have you, in caring for the very obvious big things, overlooked the all-important little things?

Have you forgotten the Girls and Boys? Then you have missed the lever of the advertising situation to-day,—for THEY are the "Power behind the throne." Behind the throne to-day, BUT, *on* the throne to-morrow!

In ST. NICHOLAS you have their interest and their parents' patronage to-day,—the assurance of their patronage five years from now. Boys and girls have a way of growing, you know; what they have been used to as children they will have as grown-ups. Advertise in ST. NICHOLAS and insure the future.

REMEMBER! the Little things are the foundation of the Big Successes, and—

A Great General Overlooks Nothing

DON M. PARKER
ADVERTISING MANAGER
Union Square . New York

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The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano

A Personal Word From "The Man Behind The Name"

"We are building for the future. By concentrating every effort to secure the highest efficiency throughout our organization, by constantly studying the best methods of piano-building and by using that knowledge, we give to the making of each Steger & Sons Piano and the Steger Natural Player-Piano the greatest care in workmanship, years of experience and the finest materials the world can supply, realizing that our future growth and progress depend upon the artistic worth and durability of every instrument sent forth from our factories." John V. Steger.



19 Story Steger Bldg.

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

When you buy a Steger & Sons Piano you pay for no commission or allowances or extras. You pay only the factory cost, plus a small profit, and you get an instrument of excellent qualities, which will provide the highest type of pleasure for your home-circle.

Steger & Sons Pianos easily take rank with the finest products of Europe and America. They are made in the great Steger piano-factories at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

PLANS FOR PAYMENT THAT MAKE BUYING CONVENIENT

The Steger Idea Approval Plan. Send for our catalog and other interesting literature, which explain it. Sent free on request.

Steger & Sons
PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Steger Building, Chicago, Illinois.



SPECIAL COMPETITION

Open to All readers of *St. Nicholas* Magazine

We have noticed how many clever boys and girls there are among the members of the St. Nicholas League. Perhaps *you* are just as clever, even though you may not be a member. At any rate, we are going to put you *all* to the test.

We want a suitable heading in our Advertising sections for school advertisements.

We are going to give a prize of $10.00 to the boy or girl who submits the most attractive school heading for ST. NICHOLAS. It may be in pencil, pen and ink, wash drawings or colors, but it should be original and appropriate for a page of school and college advertisements. It should be about 2½ inches deep by 5½ inches wide. Mr. Harry R. Till's heading on page 468 of the March ST. NICHOLAS expresses the idea.

There is no age limit, but *each* contribution must bear the name and address of the sender. As many designs as desired may be submitted, but it is, of course, better to have one carefully worked sketch than three or four ordinary ones. Use only one side of paper. Address replies to
"SPECIAL COMPETITION," Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York City.

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Fun for Everybody

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

In Yellowstone National Park

The Geysers, Cataracts, Canyons, Mountains, Lakes and Streams are spread in most alluring array around the superb 143-mile coaching trip through America's Only Geyserland. Jaunts of one, two or more days or complete tour in 6 days only $55.50. Fishing galore in the flashing trout streams—side trips in the haunts of Bison, Bear, Deer, Elk, Antelope, Beaver and other weird creatures so plentiful in this greatest of Uncle Sam's preserves. Go this summer sure! Low fares for the Park trip by itself or in connection with Pacific Coast trips. Let me tell you about Summer Tourist and Convention Tickets at greatly reduced rates. Write today.

A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, ST. PAUL
Offices in Leading Cities

Northern Pacific Railway

Panama-Pacific International Exposition: San Francisco, Feb.-Dec., 1915

Gardiner Station, Northern Pacific's Gateway to Yellowstone Park, the Original and Northern Entrance



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"It's a hit"

Here's the first chance for you to get the same tire for your bicycle that you see on most of the big automobiles—

Diamond

Safety (Squeegee) Tread Bicycle Tires

It's the tire that won't slip, slide or skid. You can ride over wet and slippery streets, around corners and over car tracks without taking a "header"—because it has the famous "Squeegee" bars on the tread—same as on our automobile tires.

Then this tire has other advantages that you will appreciate—

"It's red and oil-resisting"

You can ride over oiled roads without ruining tires—and on top of all this it is almost puncture-proof. The Safety Tread feature alone would make this the best tire for your bicycle, but in addition you get the oil-proof, easy riding and practically puncture-proof advantages—things you can't get combined in any other bicycle tire. It is the most popular tire on the market—be sure to get a pair. Write today for the Diamond Bicycle Tire Book—*free.*

They are for sale now by

Diamond Dealers Everywhere

If your dealer does not happen to have Diamond Bicycle Tires—we will send them by Parcels Post, prepaid anywhere in the U. S. east of the Rocky Mountains, for $8.00 per pair.

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WELL, Polly and Peter Ponds have been home in New York City for nearly a month. But don't you imagine for a minute that they have been sitting around the house doing nothing. Not a bit of it! They are good healthy American children, and if nothing interesting enough is going on at home, they are bound to go out and find it.

One warm, sunny April morning Peter came tumbling down-stairs and found Polly curled up in a chair reading the March *St. Nicholas*.

"Oh, Peter," she cried as soon as she saw him, "have you read the story about the men who work on the sky-scrapers? It's awfully exciting, but I don't believe they do all these crazy things any more than I did the first time I read it."

"Polly," answered Peter, "that gives me a great idea! You know Uncle Henry is superintendent of construction on that big new sky-scraper they're building near City Hall. We'll just go down there and make him take us up in it!"

And in not much more time than it takes to tell it, they had on their hats and were off.

Fortunately, Uncle Henry had a bit of time on his hands, and soon they were on one of the great, rough elevators that take up the workmen and some of the supplies.

When they had reached the thirty-first floor, Uncle Henry said, "Well, children, here's where we get off. It wouldn't be safe for you to go any higher."

"My," said Polly, "this is high enough for me. I think I'm beginning to feel just a little queer. Look, Peter,—'way down there on Broadway—the people look just like little black ants running around."

"They certainly do," replied Peter, "and look, you can see all the way out to the real ocean, miles and miles! But, my goodness, how the wind does blow up here!"

This may be easy for you to read, but it was all Polly and Peter could do to hear each other, with the deafening noise made by the steam-riveters and the wind and the clank of the hoisting-gears. The men were hurrying here and there, and all was apparently bustle and confusion; but in reality every man knew exactly what to do, and was doing it promptly and well.

All at once Polly caught sight of one of the riveters who had come up to speak to the foreman of that floor. He had his handkerchief wrapped around his hand, and showed plainly that it hurt like sixty.

"Well, Jim," said the foreman, "what's happened to you? Catch one of those red-hot rivets where you didn't expect to?"

"Right you are," replied Jim. "Got any of that good old fixin' stuff handy?"

"I sure have," said the foreman, and pulling out of his hip-pocket a little leather case, he took from it a bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT

and began soaking the handkerchief with it.

"Just look at that, Peter," cried Polly, "they know how good it is everywhere!"

"Yes," broke in Uncle Henry, "it's the best thing on earth or up in the clouds for any kind of burn or bruise. Every foreman on this job has a bottle always with him."

"Oh, see!" cried Peter, "there's Jim back at work, whistling away and catching red-hot rivets just as though nothing had happened."

And sure enough, so he was.

If you boys and girls want a sample bottle of Pond's Extract like Polly and Peter always carry with them, just write to Pond's Extract Company

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street - - New York

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream —Talcum Powder—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract.

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Say, Billy—How would you go at it to build a boat?

Suppose you wanted to build a boat.

Probably the first thing you would do would be to ask several of your friends who knew something about boat building to help you build it.

Together you build a much finer boat than any one of you could build working alone.

The same is true of tire building.

We believe that tires made the way

United States Tires

are made—by four of the most famous tire makers in the country working together—must be stronger tires and longer-wearing tires than any single company could ever hope to build working alone.

Next time you buy tires for your bicycle make sure that they are four-factory United States Tires. And tell your father and brother that the United States Tire Company builds tires for automobiles and motorcycles the same way.

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY

NEW YORK

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Sometimes it is hard to make a boy get up in the morning, but if he has been "brought up" on Ivory Soap he is sure to be bright and clean when he reaches the breakfast table.

Children take to Ivory Soap. As babies, the floating cake fascinates them. Then, a little later, they realize what a pleasant bath it makes so that, while still very young, they are willing to attend to their own toilets. Thus the practice of cleanliness becomes a habit which not even the prospect of a late breakfast can alter.

It is only natural for Ivory Soap to influence its users in this way. It is so mild and pure that it feels soothing to the tenderest skin. It gives such a bubbly, copious lather that it is a delight to bathe with it. And it rinses so readily that the skin is left in its natural, healthy condition—glowingly, refreshingly clean.

IVORY SOAP . . . .  . . . . 99 44/100% PURE

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MOTHER GOOSE" PICTURES BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

OL. XL, No. 8 JUNE, 1913 PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



FREDERICK WARNE & CO · BEDFORD ST · STRAND · LONDON

THE·CENTURY·CO·UNION·SQUARE·NEW·YORK

WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, IRA H. BRAINERD, GEORGE INNESS, JR., TRUSTEES. UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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The Victor system of changeable needles is the only way to get the perfect tone

Full tone



Victrola Needle
30 cents for 200

Medium tone



Victor Needle
5 cents per 100
50 cents per 1000

Soft tone



Victor Half-Tone Needle
5 cents per 100
50 cents per 1000

Subdued tone



Victor Fibre Needle
50 cents per 100
(can be repointed and used eight times)

The perfect tone—the tone *you* like the best—is different with different selections.

You will never be satisfied with any musical instrument which does not respond to your individual tastes and requirements. How many times have you been actually irritated by hearing music played too loud, too fast, too slow, too low, or in some way which did not answer your desire at the moment?

The only way you can be sure of having your music exactly the way you want it is to own an instrument which you can *control* at all times to suit your varying desires.

Victor Changeable Needles enable you to exercise this control, to give any selection the exact tone *you* wish, and to make the instrument constantly adaptable to your different moods and your varied demands for musical entertainment in your home. Victor Changeable Needles can thus be compared to the pedals of the piano, the stops of wind instruments, or the bowing of the violin.

Contrast these advantages of the Victor changeable needle system with the old style fixed or unchangeable point in other instruments, where *all records must be played exactly alike* and where there is no possibility of changing the sound volume or the tone quality.

Because the Victor is always subject to your complete control, it gives you *more* entertainment, *more* variety, *more* personal, individual satisfaction day in and day out.



Any Victor dealer will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the value of the changeable needle.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

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The Roots of a Sky-scraper

DID you know that all the big, towering sky-scrapers have to have roots, just like a tree? Well, they do, and some of them go down into the ground for a hundred feet—and there are men who do nothing else but make sky-scraper roots.

And here are Polly and Peter Ponds going down into the hole where one of those roots will be.

No, that isn't a big milk-can that Peter is in. It is what the men who build foundations call a "caisson,"—a hollow cylinder full of compressed air with the bottom resting on the wet sand or mud through which they have to dig to get the foundations down to rock-bottom. The air in the cylinder has to be under heavy pressure so as to keep that wet sand from running in and filling up the hole as they dig it.

Anyhow, if you read the April *St. Nicholas* all through, you know all about it.

Uncle Henry Ponds had a hard time getting permission for Peter and Polly to go down in that caisson, but they had made up their minds to do it, and so he just couldn't help himself. But when the time came for them to get into the sand-bucket, Polly was a little bit frightened, and made Peter go first.

"Well, good-by, Polly," he said as he clambered in, "here I go down to the center of the earth!"

"Oh, Peter," cried Polly, "I'm afraid something will happen! Have you got your bottle of **POND'S EXTRACT** with you?"

"I surely have," answered Peter. "You know I would n't go anywhere without it. And I've got something else too that you'll be glad of later."

Well, the children had a wonderful experience down in the caisson. The compressed air nearly burst their ear-drums, and they went down so far that they could almost hear the Chinamen walking below them, and when they got out, they looked something like sand-hogs themselves.

"Oh, my," said Polly, "I feel awfully dirty and hot. And my face feels as red and gritty—"

"There," cried Peter, "I thought you 'd be complaining of the dirt, but I've got a box of

POND'S EXTRACT VANISHING CREAM

in my pocket for you. What do you think of that?"

"Peter," said Polly, "you're a darling, if you are my brother. That's just what I wanted. My skin will be just as good as new in five minutes."

"Maybe I'll have a bit myself," answered Peter, "if I am your brother. It certainly does make a chap feel good and doesn't leave him looking like a greased pig."

If you boys and girls want a nice sample tube of Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream for your very own use, just write to Pond's Extract Company and ask them for one.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street - - New York

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream —Talcum Powder—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract.

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In the United States and Canada, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is **$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy**, without discount or extra inducement of any kind. Foreign postage is 60 cents extra when subscribers abroad wish the magazine mailed directly from New York to them. We request that remittance be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit.

The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, $1.00. We *bind* and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or $1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

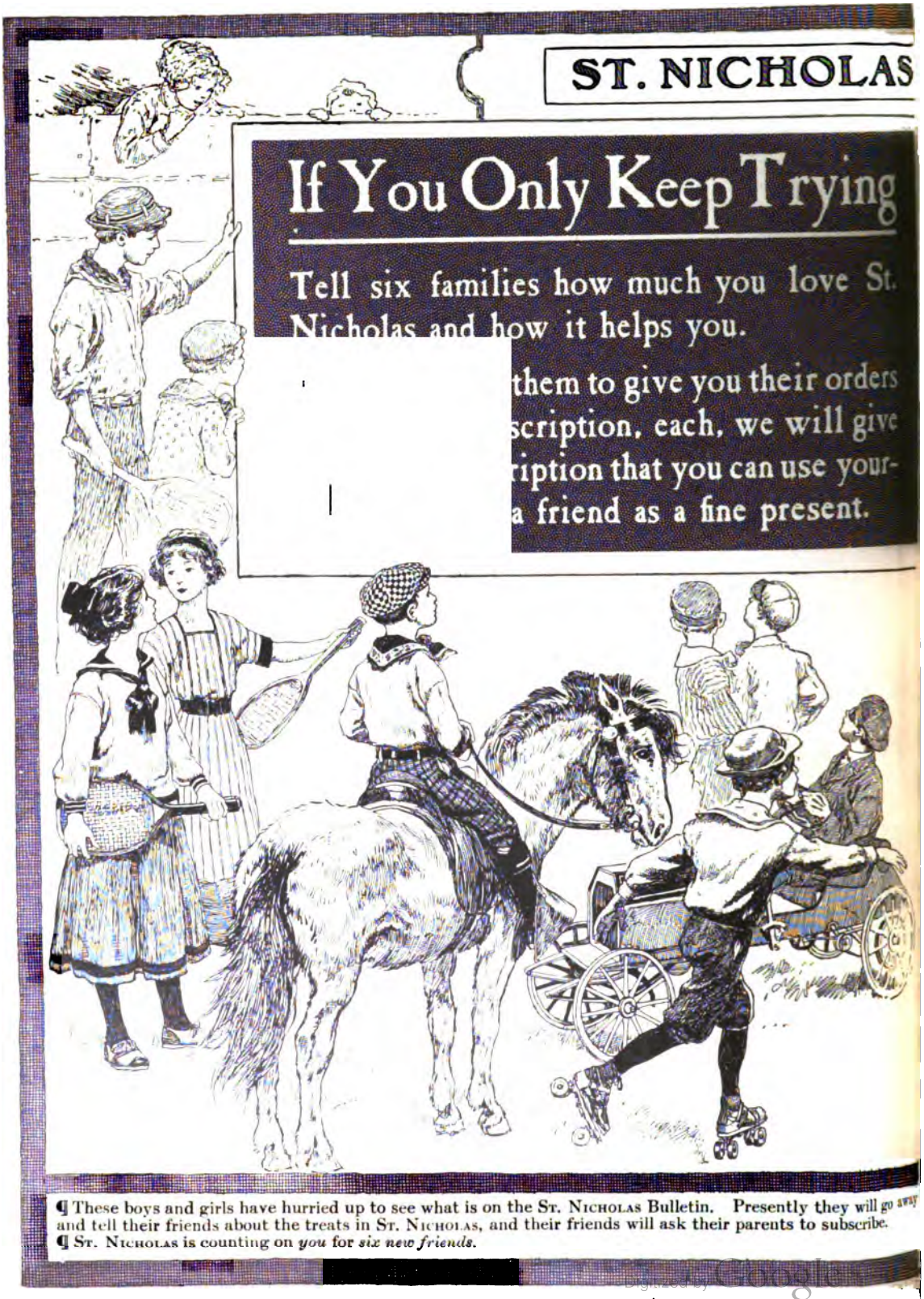
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¶ These boys and girls have hurried up to see what is on the ST. NICHOLAS Bulletin. Presently they will go away and tell their friends about the treats in ST. NICHOLAS, and their friends will ask their parents to subscribe.
¶ ST. NICHOLAS is counting on *you* for *six new friends*.

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BULLETIN

You Can Win That Reward

COMING IN YOUR NEXT NUMBER

Cars in New York that carr
passengers every day, free.

What a baseball manager ha

More splendid new stories
nating treats for boys and g



St. Nicholas in 1913 is a better comrade than ever for boys and girls of all ages. Beside the splendid serials here will be scores of short stories, jolly jingles, beautiful pictures, and interesting, valuable articles. Three dollars a year. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

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William W. Ellsworth, *President.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this eighteenth day of March, 1913.

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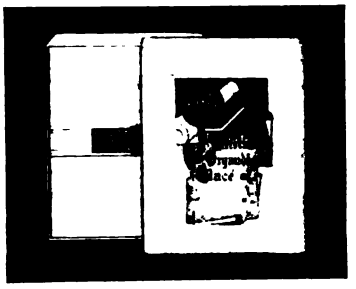
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St. Nicholas League "Special" Advertising Competition No. 1.

Time to hand in answers is up June 15. Winners announced in August number.

This is the same competition run last month, as follows:

SPECIAL COMPETITION

Open to ALL readers of *St. Nicholas* Magazine

WE have noticed how many clever boys and girls there are among the members of the St. Nicholas League. Perhaps *you* are just as clever, even though you may not be a member. At any rate, we are going to put you *all* to the test.

We want a suitable heading in our Advertising sections for school advertisements.

We are going to give a prize of $10.00 to the boy or girl who submits the most attractive school heading for ST. NICHOLAS. It may be in pencil, pen and ink, wash drawings or colors, but it should be original and appropriate for a page of school and college advertisements. It should be about 2½ inches deep by 5½ inches wide. Mr. Harry R. Till's heading on page 468 of the March ST. NICHOLAS expresses the idea.

There is no age limit, but *each* contribution must bear the name and address of the sender. As many designs as desired may be submitted, but it is, of course, better to have one carefully worked sketch than three or four ordinary ones. Use only one side of paper.

Address replies to

"Special Competition," Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York City.

Here is a splendid opportunity for our young artists and illustrators to earn some vacation money. Would n't you be proud to see your heading being used in ST. NICHOLAS every month?

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL JUNE, 1913 NO. 8

The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

©A. R.



I

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a Man with seven Wives.
Each Wife had seven Sacks,
Each Sack had seven Cats,
Each Cat had seven Kits.

Kits, Cats, Sacks, and Wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

II

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

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A THATCHED COTTAGE. BUILT IN 1666.

THE "ROYAL" MAY-DAY FESTIVAL

BY M. L. ANDREWS

FEW American travelers in England fail to visit the quaint old town of Chester. And if you should slip away from Chester by foot or carriage into the region roundabout, you would find yourself in a delightful district of rural England. For here are the village church with taper spire, the mill beside the willowy brook, the meadows abloom, the fields dressed in gold and white; a narrow highway screened by hawthorn hedges, an old-time coach just coming into view, and if, on a certain spring morning, you take that coach so providentially in sight, you may arrive at Knutsford in time for the "Royal" May-day Festival.



A KNUTSFORD INN. BUILT IN 1614.

> The Forest will be all alive to-day,
> There 'll music be and children singing songs,
> And dancing round the May-pole in a ring.

To grown-up folk, Knutsford has been made famous because Mrs. Gaskell wrote about it in a wonderful story called "Cranford." To girls and boys, it may be somewhat surprising to learn that the honor of maintaining the glorious traditions of Britain's earliest festival has been con-



THE QUEEN APPROACHING THE THRONE.

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ceded to so small a community. Yet, for the last fifty years, Knutsford has never failed to break its genteel silence on the coming of the May, and always observes the ancient customs of the festival of birds and blossoms by the crowning of a May-queen and the twining of the May-pole with garlands from the woods. And the festival has grown in size and character until now thousands of visitors gather in Knutsford, on this first day of England's summer, to enjoy the oldest, prettiest, and only "royal" May-day festival in all the kingdom.

Since then, the festival has grown year by year more beautiful in detail, more gorgeous in costume, while, by invitation of the "Royal" Committee, representatives of all the civilized countries of the globe have gathered in this rustic village to pay homage to the "queen of May."

The old black-and-white buildings of the town, the thatched roofs, the high, uneven pavements of the narrow streets, form a harmonious setting for the passage of the sedan-chair and other old-time features. Garlands of evergreen festooned with gay spring flowers arch the winding course



THE THRONE SCENE ON THE HEATH.

Knutsford itself might almost be termed "royal," for tradition has it that this very ancient town was founded by King Canute, of famous memory, when he forded the river at this point. But Knutsford can boast many more recent favors from royalty. The Princess Victoria, a year or two before she came to the throne, was greatly pleased with the town. In 1887, the then Prince and Princess of Wales attended the May festival, and granted the privilege of affixing "Royal" to the name of the festival itself and the committee of arrangements.

of the procession up hill and down dale, from "top" (Princess Street) to "bottom" (King Street). The fairies and elves that crowd the line with dance and song might well have come from out the wood that presses close upon the half-concealed town. *Robin Hood* has once more eluded the doughty sheriff of Nottingham, and, with *Maid Marian* and *Will Scarlet,* is seen upon the street, in his old-time costume, and is already taking note of the merry companies of morris-dancers who have come in to Knutsford from all the country-side. The appearance of several promenaders in quaint,

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old-fashioned costumes leads us to imagine that Mother Goose, that famous writer of the earliest *natural* history book, has sent a large company of her best lords and ladies, lads and lassies, to join in the revels and add to the merriment of the day.

But the procession is now entering upon the heath, where some two thousand spectators are awaiting the arrival of the queen and the beginning of the revels. The shrill notes of the heralds announcing the appearance of the "court" are all but drowned in the tumultuous applause which greets the "royal" carriages. Preceded by court ladies and courtiers, pages and maids of honor, resplendent in velvet cloaks and coronets, the royal carriage makes its slow approach, surrounded by the "Royal May-day Foot-guards." Her Highness is accompanied by her ladies in waiting and train-bearers. Having encircled the heath, the May-queen descends from her carriage, and, attended by her principal ladies and courtiers, is escorted to her richly decorated throne.

Before one can tire of the charming picture—the youthful queen resting in simple dignity upon the throne, surrounded by her regally appareled "court"—the crown-bearer, with all proper heralding and fanfares, slowly advances, and, with several obeisances, comes into the presence of her royal Highness, and places the symbolic crown upon her head. The musicians greet the coronation ceremony with appropriate harmonies, and the crowds with uncovered heads cheer lustily as the crown-bearer gracefully bows himself from her Majesty's presence, and the scepter-bearer proclaims, as he yields up the emblem of sovereignty, "I hail thee Queen of the May."

The honors of the festival having been thus happily bestowed upon their chosen queen, the children abandon themselves to the full enjoyment of the sports, all the characters, to the number of some four hundred, opening the revels with a combined dance which proves one of the prettiest spectacles of the day. The tambourine dance, the sword-dance, and the horn-pipe dance follow in quick succession. The courtiers' coronation dance prefaces the plaiting of the May-pole by the flower dancers—

> Some crowned with bluebells, some with primroses,
> As if the rainbow's colours they 'd unwove.

Now follows the morris-dance, and now, to the strains of the national anthem, the queen retires from her throne, and thus ends the official program of another "Royal" May-day Festival in quaint old Knutsford.



THE "ROYAL" MAY-QUEEN OF 1912.



THE "ROYAL" MAY-QUEEN OF 1911

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SETTLING THE QUESTION

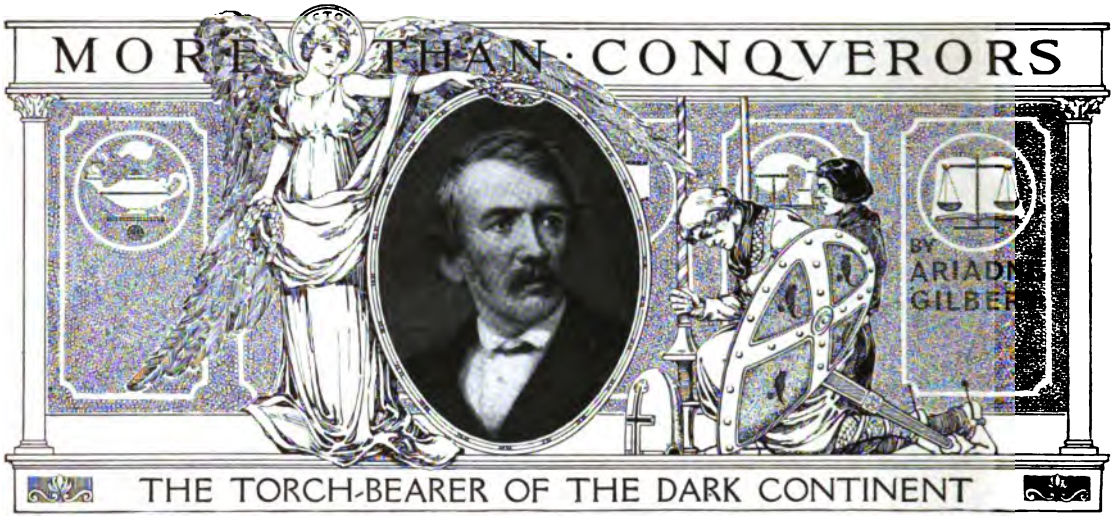


I know you will think it outrageous—
In fact I admit it myself—
But I never could tell just the difference
'Twixt a Gnome and a Sprite and an Elf.

I hope, little folks, you'll forgive me;
I confess I am *not* very smart;
But, now that I've seen you *together*,
Perhaps I can tell you apart.

GEORGE BUTLER

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Mrs. Livingstone stood in the doorway looking down on her sleeping boy. With his tousled hair dark against the white pillows and his eyelashes dark against his pale cheeks, he lay there in the feeble light of the winter dawn, looking particularly small and particularly glad to dream. Indeed, the mother wished she did not have to wake her little David. He was o'er young to work! Hardly more than a bairn, after all. But it had to be done. First she called; then she touched him gently; then she put her cheek down close to his and tried by her warm Scotch love to soften the hard news—that morning had really come, and he must rub his blue eyes open, dress, and reach the factory by six o'clock. This was ninety years ago, before there was much talk about that cruel thing, child labor. The Livingstones were poor. There were many children, and David was next to the oldest. He expected to help, and his father and mother expected it of him.

The lad had to be in his place at six. Then, with a short time out to rest and eat, his little hands would tie broken threads till eight at night. Fixed to the spinning-jenny was a Latin grammar, bought with his first wages, so that while his fingers were busy with their mechanical task, his brain could keep pace with the boys at school. No doubt those boys were yawning over their verbs that very minute, and no doubt all the boys, including little David, would rather play on the banks of the singing Clyde. Its music suited a child's spirit a great deal better than the whir of wheels; and the winter wind blowing over its waters, nipping though it was, was better for a child's blood than the dust-filled air of the factory. As for sunshine, David hardly knew its flicker any more; he who had loved so much to gather shells and flowers! He would plod home by starlight or no light, as the weather decreed, so that, if the school of darkness was the best preparation for life in the "Dark Continent," his training was indeed rare.

Lives of most of the great men prove that those with the least time hold it at the highest value. It is with time as with money. The poor man, if he is wise, values five cents more than does the millionaire; David Livingstone valued a minute more than the boy of endless leisure. Free time was dear to him. But after the long factory day was over, bed was the place for a child of ten. For his golden minutes of freedom, sound sleep was the best investment. As the lad grew older, however, he felt compelled to wrench from life something besides drudgery and dreams, and so, in those precious leisure moments, he studied history, politics, and literature, puzzled out creation's secrets locked away in flowers and stones, and at nineteen had saved enough money and stored up enough knowledge to go to Glasgow and enter the university. As a boy, religious books had been hateful reading. Deacon Livingstone would fain have had his son love his catechism; but up to this time, David had taken little interest in religion. Now he made up his mind to devote his life to making men better; and accordingly, when he went to Glasgow, it was to study for the ministry. Here, as Dr. Hillis puts it, "He hired a garret, cooked his oatmeal and studied, made a little tea and studied, went forth to walk, but studied ever."

One of his first attempts at preaching was enough to make a weaker man give up preaching, for life. He was sent to Stanford to supply a sick minister's place; but no sooner had he given

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out his text, than something queer happened. "Midnight darkness came upon him." "My friends," he said, with his frank straightforwardness, "I have forgotten all I had to say." Then down he came from the pulpit and went out at the chapel door. We can imagine it perfectly: his young face crimson, his shoes creaking with each fatal step, and the little congregation, some laughing, some pitying, but almost all remembering the failure for years to come.

But Livingstone was not to be beaten by one defeat. Because he longed above everything else to be a missionary, he studied surgery at the medical college; he would want to heal men's bodies as well as save their souls. To his common sense, it seemed much easier to win confidence by curing pain or saving life than by preaching strange doctrines, no matter how good. If his common sense had not told him this, his Master's example, as the world's great healer, would have done it. And David Livingstone needed no better example.

As soon as he had decided on Africa as the land for his work, the whole world tried to scare him—no, not his family, and not Dr. Moffat, but most of those outside his family. When Dr. Moffat, himself an African missionary, looked into the young man's fearless eyes, he read there the courage Africa would need. But people in general did their best to frighten him. Death, they said, would meet him at every turn; between African fever, savage natives, and the merciless power of the sun, he would be cut off in the prime of his youth and hopefulness. The Missionary Board itself would not be held responsible for any such risk. If he went, he could go independently.

Despite all these threats and warnings, the strong heart was unshaken. A steamer would sail for Africa almost immediately, and on that steamer Livingstone would go. He hurried home to say good-by. It was evening before he reached the dear old door, and in the early morning he must leave again. So till midnight he and his father and mother, three understanding hearts, talked over the fears and hopes of his journey—steadfast, all three, yet finding the parting bitterly hard. When the sun flushed the sky with the light of dawn, David read, with brave simplicity, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." Then, leaving his mother in the open doorway, he set out on his seven-mile walk to Glasgow. His father strode beside him till they reached the top of one of the high hills, when the good-by of their life was said.

If David Livingstone had been a cold-hearted man, the bravery needed for his African explorations would have been purely physical. Whether he was to meet fever, savages, or sunstroke, or even all three, physical bravery alone would have been enough; but he took with him into the desolation a great, warm heart pounding with love of home. I suppose the very poorness of it was dear: the old sofa; the faded carpet; the fire that had not always kept them warm; dearest of all, the faces around the fire. David Livingstone needed a great deal more than physical courage to face that life of loneliness.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

SHUTTLE ROW, BLANTYRE, NEAR GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, WHERE DAVID LIVINGSTONE WAS BORN, MARCH 19, 1813.

Since most of us would find it tiresome to follow Livingstone's long journeys even on the map, we will pay little attention to geography. It is far better to remember that, to him, every name and every mile meant an experience—those names and miles that are too tedious for us to *read* about. As he traveled, not only was he *making* geography (seeking to discover the source of the Nile), but he was trying to rid the land of slavery, and to teach the people a happy religion. These were his three great aims. But to us his story is so full of poetry and action that it reads like a wonderful book of adventure. Sometimes, as we follow his hairbreadth escapes, we forget entirely that he was a missionary, and think he must have explored for excitement or fame. We must not do this. While he was as daring as the

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bravest explorer, he never faltered in his purpose; he had, above all else, the motive of redeeming Africa.

Before he could do anything for the Africans, however, he had to learn their language. This took seven months. After landing at the Cape of Good Hope, the very southern tip of Africa, he struck into the forest, and there he lived, the one white man among the half-naked black savages, learning their speech and their ways. If a man from another planet should suddenly stand before you in the center of your city, he would not seem as queer to you as David Livingstone seemed to these black natives. We can have no idea what they thought of him, whether he was a miracle, or just a new kind of animal. But night after night he lay down to sleep among them with a fearlessness that was, in itself, power. "I trust you," his placid face would say, without speech. And without speech, armed and wondering, they would answer, "We are worthy of your trust." They were not, except as his trust had made them so. They themselves did not know why they did not kill him as he slept there among them unprotected.

He first won their confidence as a "rain-maker." By leading "runnels from the river," he taught them to irrigate; the desert changed to a fruitful valley. "He is a wizard," they said. "He brings water to dry ground." As time went on, he taught them to make gardens, raise cattle, and build houses. He taught their young people everything practical, from carpentry to taking care of the sick. After his marriage to Dr. Moffat's daughter, his wife taught the girls dressmaking. She was as brimful of bravery as her husband. She and the children spent many years in England for the children's health and education; but all the time she was in Africa, she was a strong help to the "doctor." And Livingstone's short holidays at home were very precious. With a child on each knee, he loved to turn his dangers into stories, and see the young eyes grow big with terror while all the time he and the children knew that he got away safely.

Truly the swamps and jungles, where he spent his brave life, were frightsome enough. Trees one hundred feet high, festooned with tangled vines, shut out the sun, and snakes wriggled round in the tangle. Now Livingstone was stung by nettles, now, for days together, drenched by rain. At night, his only shelter was an overturned canoe. Thirst, sunstroke, and famine, all threatened death, just as the friends in Scotland had prophesied. "A mole and two mice" do not seem, to us, like a tempting supper. One evening, Livingstone and his men were glad enough to get that. When he was starving, he wished he would not dream of "savory viands." "Took my belt up three holes to relieve hunger," reads one day's journal. His cattle died, his goods, including his precious medicines, were stolen. The rivers they swam or waded were the homes of many crocodiles. Not only was he attacked by serpents, lions, buffaloes, and hippopotami, but he was constantly harassed by tsetse-flies and ants.

"The Majestic Sneak" was Dr. Livingstone's nickname for the lion. Drawn by the smell of meat, he would come near the camp and roar.

If "lions attacked the herds in open day, or leaped into the cattle-pens by night," one had to be killed to scare off the others. Though it took tremendous courage to lead lion-hunts, Livingstone was the man who could do it. He mustered his men. Around a group of lions hiding on a wooded hill they formed a circle, but were afraid to throw their spears. Some one fired. Three animals, roaring, leaped through the line and escaped unhurt, while the panic-stricken natives huddled back into the circle. For very kinkiness, their hair could not stand upright; but their knees shook, and their eyes rolled with terror. Those who could shoot were afraid of killing their fellows. Since the whole attack seemed as useless as it was dangerous, the circle broke up, and the party was about to return to the village, when, from the other side of the hill, Livingstone made out the outline of a tawny foe. About thirty yards away, the lion crouched behind a bush. Livingstone took good aim and "fired both barrels into it."

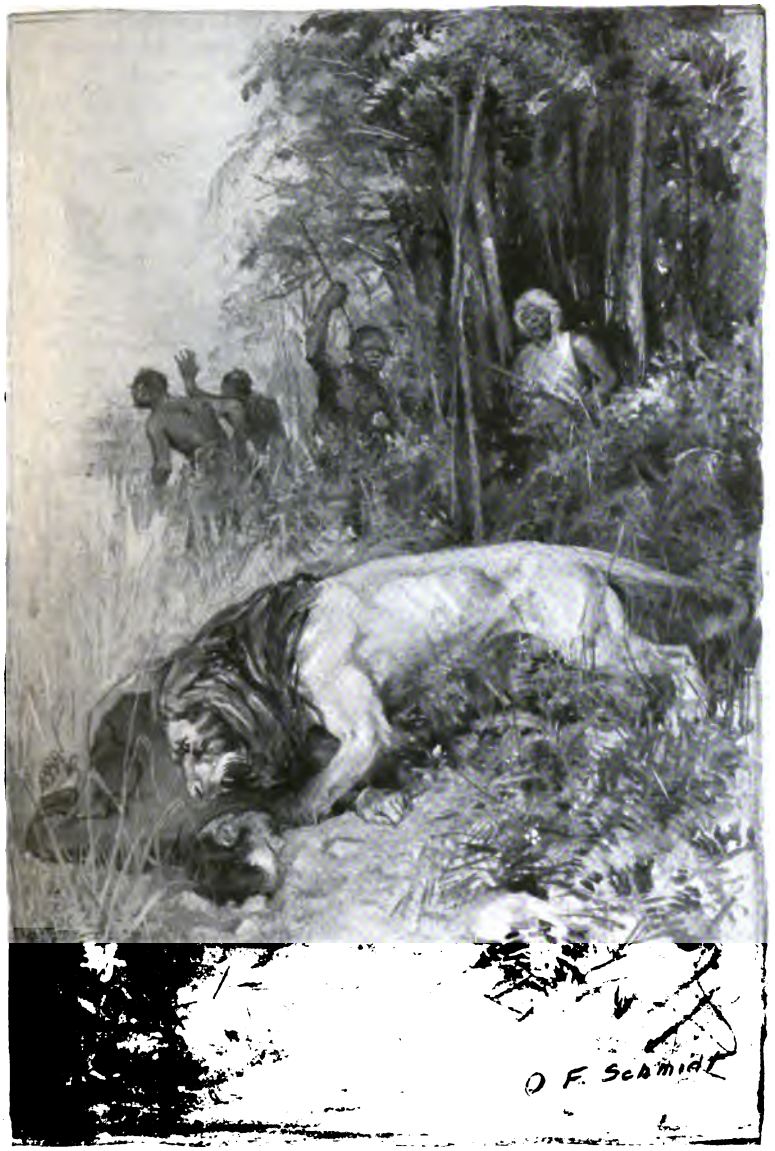
"He is shot! he is shot!" shouted the men.

"He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him," cried others.

"Stop a little till I load again," warned Livingstone, who saw the "lion's tail erected in anger." Then, as he "rammed down the bullets," he "heard a shout, and, looking half round, saw the lion springing upon him." "He caught me by the shoulder," reads his vivid account, "and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat." Then a dreaminess like the effect of chloroform came over the great doctor. Though he knew what was happening, he had no "sense of pain or terror." "As he had one paw on the back of my head," the journal continues, "I turned round to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Mabálue, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him. Another man, whose life I had saved

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after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Mabálue and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. At that moment, the bullets the beast had received, took effect, and he fell dead. The whole was the work of a few moments."



"HE CAUGHT ME BY THE SHOULDER, AND WE BOTH CAME TO THE GROUND TOGETHER."

In his account, Livingstone made light of his injured bones and of the deep prints in his arm of eleven sharp teeth. "I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint," he says simply, and is thankful for his tartan jacket that partly protected him from those cruel teeth, and so saved his life.

This was, perhaps, his most exciting lion-fight; but the lions were familiar neighbors all the time. Livingstone could keep even for the lions a kind of understanding friendliness. Human enough to see their point of view, he adds to his description of "dripping forests and oozing bogs," "A lion had wandered into this world of water and ant-hills, and roared night and morning, as if very much disgusted. We could sympathize with him."

He liked to watch all the different animals. In two sentences he tells of another adventure: "I killed a snake seven feet long. He reared up before me and turned to fight." Evidently bragging was not in his line.

But if it came to honoring the natives, his journal could give that generous space. "Their chief characteristic is their courage. Their hunting is the bravest thing I ever saw." Then he goes on to describe a hippopotamus-hunt. The game, if won, could be traded for maize. There were two men in each light craft. "As they guide the canoe slowly down-stream to a sleeping hippopotamus, not a single ripple is raised on the smooth water; they look as if holding in their breath, and communicate by signs only. As they come near the prey, the harpooner in the bow lays down his paddle and rises slowly up, and there he stands erect, motionless, and eager, with the long-handled weapon poised at arm's-length above his head, till, coming close to the beast, he plunges it with all his might in toward the heart." Surprised from sleep by sudden pain, the animal does not fight at once. But the instant the "enormous jaws appear, with a terrible grunt, above

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the water, the men must thrust a second harpoon, this time from directly above. Then comes the battle. In a flash, the paddlers shoot the canoe backward, before hippo "crunches it as easily as a pig would a bunch of asparagus, or shivers it with a kick of his hind foot." If the canoe is attacked, the men must "dive, and swim to the shore under water," playing a trick on their huge gray enemy, who will look for them on the surface. Meantime the handles, tied to the harpoons by long ropes, are floating on the stream, and from a distance other paddlers in other canoes seize them.



"SUSI RUSHED IN, GASPING, 'AN ENGLISHMAN! I SEE HIM!'" (SEE PAGE 684.)

But there were not only lions, serpents, hippopotami, buffaloes, and other big foes, which any one would have dreaded, but there were hordes of tiny enemies: swarms of mosquitos, stinging men almost to madness; tsetse-flies, killing off in a short time "forty-three fine oxen"; pests of ants that produced a burning agony; and leeches that flew at his white skin "like furies, and refused to let go," until he gave them a "smart slap" as the natives did.

So much for the miseries of this jungle world. It had its beauties—great ones, too. Livingstone has left us a noble picture of the kingdom where animals reign. "Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood lordly elephants feeding majestically. . . . When we descended, we found all the animals remarkably tame. The elephants stood beneath the trees, fanning themselves with their huge ears." He wrote with affection. He gloried in the crimsons and deep blues of the African tangle, and in the flowers that made a "golden carpet." It was as if the ten-year-old Scotch laddie, cheated long ago of his sunshine, found it at last through sacrifice. No vast experience in great affairs could spoil his happiness in little things—in the songs of birds, the freshness of the morning; in everything that "God made very good." And half his heart seems at home in Scotland. There was a river "beautiful like the Clyde"; larks that did not "soar so high," or stay "so long on the wing as *ours*"; "a tree in flower brought the pleasant fragrance of hawthorn hedges back to memory." Some days the whole world seemed steeped in clear sunshine, the air filled with the hum of insects and the "courtship" of full-throated birds. Livingstone watched them "play at making little homes," or carrying nest-feathers too heavy for their strength; and often he fed them with bread-crumbs, he who had so little bread.

Into the tangled darkness of Africa, the torch-bearer carried a light; and, for the first time, eyes dull almost to blindness, saw life—clean, honest,

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THE MEETING OF LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

and peaceful. Like children, the savages were quick to imitate. "From nothing I say will they learn as much as from what I am," was Livingstone's great doctrine. If the life-sermon failed, no word-sermon could win. And so, for example as well as for his own comfort, he kept himself, and everything he had, scrupulously neat. He taught them to despise a man who struck another in the back. By his own proved fearlessness and by appealing to their own bravery, he made them ashamed to be sneaks.

Livingstone offered no miracles. Still treating them as untaught children, he pleased them with music, and showed his magic-lantern pictures of his Master's life.

"It is the Word from heaven," they said. But most of them grasped little except that the one who bore the Word was himself good. His genius was the genius of the heart. The natives trusted him more than they could trust father or brother; and when once their love was won, they thanked him by their faithfulness.

Of the horrors of the slave trade, it is enough to quote his own words: "The subject does not admit of exaggeration." His accounts, further than this, are only too vivid. "She is somebody's bairn," he would say pityingly, as he saw some poor chained creature. Three times Livingstone built for himself a house, only to have it destroyed by slave-traders, who hated him fiercely. After that, he was forever homeless. What Lincoln did for America, Livingstone did for Africa. The Boers, whose chief commerce was in slaves, destroyed all his possessions. "They have saved me the trouble of making a will," he said. Three times in one day he nearly lost his life, for his was the life they were seeking.

Great physical courage he needed, then, but much more. For three years, he heard no news from home; for two, the world heard nothing of him. "Oh, for one hour a day to play with my children!" he would think. Early in his African experience one of his babies had died in the wilderness. Years later, his boy Robert went to America, and there, like his father, spent himself for the slaves—he fought and fell at Gettysburg. When Livingstone was on his way home from his first journey, his father died.

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"You wished so much to see David," said the old man's daughter.

"Aye, very much," with Scotch strength. "But I think I 'll know whatever is worth knowing about him. Tell him I think so when you see him."

To Dr. Livingstone's delight, his wife sailed with him back to Africa. But the dreadful fever took her away. "Oh, my Mary! my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift," he sobbed. "For the first time in my life, I feel willing to die." Yet, in his bitterest loneliness, he sustained himself with the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In his original way he added, "It is the word of a Gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honor, and there is an end on't."

Long before now, the London Missionary Society had given Livingstone its strong support. His home-comings were real triumphs! medals, degrees, receptions—all the honors that England showers upon her heroes. Livingstone hated such a fuss. He would rather meet a lion in the jungle than be made a lion in public. With no thought of his own glory, he set forth the commercial value of Africa: its fruits, its furs, its ivory. But his strongest appeal was for the slaves. Self-forgetful always, on his careful maps were two names of his own choosing. The beautiful cataract, described by the natives as "Smoke that sounds," he named Victoria Falls for the "Great White Queen"; and he named a lake for his hero, Lincoln.

In September, 1865, he left England for the last time. Two years later, we find him again in the heart of Africa—a world all "froth and ooze." Again his goods have been stolen and he himself is a mere skeleton. Exhausted by exploration and sickness, with no news from home or from any one, his "forward tread" is a poor totter. Death is the best he can hope for; no "good Samaritan" can possibly pass by. But suddenly, out of utter hopelessness, his faithful black man, Susi, rushed in, gasping, "An Englishman! I see him!"

Never was an American flag so dear to a Scotchman as those stars and stripes to Livingstone! And never was a stage action more dramatic than Stanley's unexpected entrance—another white man in that unknown wilderness, bringing food, clothing, and medicine—everything a desolate, dying man could need. Letters? Yes, a bagful. Livingstone read two from his children; then he demanded the news. "Tell me the news. How is the world getting on? Grant, President? Good! It is two years since I have heard a word!" The story of Stanley's and Livingstone's friendship is too beautiful to miss. Every one should read it for himself. In the joy of their companionship, Livingstone grew rapidly better: his eyes brightened; his briskness and his youthfulness came back, together with that great, sweet spirit that Stanley never forgot. But when Stanley urged him to come away with him, Livingstone steadily refused. Africa might need him yet.

But his work was nearly over. During his long, wearying illness, however, he had the comfort of seeing his "boys'" faithfulness. They gave their blankets for his bed; they carried him on a litter over land; and on their shoulders through the flood. By his torch they had lighted theirs, and learned that brotherhood is true religion. Then, on a May morning, in 1873, one watcher alarmed the rest: "Come to Bwana; I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive." Susi. Chumah, and four others ran to the tent. There, by the bedside, with his face buried in the pillow, knelt their doctor, dead!

What to do they did not know; and he could not tell them any more. They wanted to keep him in Africa, but thought that his friends would want him home. And so, one of them reading the burial service, they laid his heart to rest where he had worked; but his body, cased in tree-bark and sail-cloth, they carried over a thousand miles to the ship that would bear it home. Gratitude has been called "the memory of the heart." Of all heart-memories, is there a better proof than this? The Samoans, who dug the road for Stevenson, could count on appreciation; but Livingstone's friends, with their dog-like fidelity, could never hope for a word, a look, a smile of thanks. One of the boys who made that hard journey was a slave he had freed.

England, proud to do him honor, gave him a place in Westminster Abbey, among her poets and her kings. On the black slab above him we may read:

Brought by faithful hands
Over land and sea
Here Rests
David Livingstone
Missionary, Traveler, Philanthropist
Born March 19, 1813
Died May 1, 1873

and on the border of the stone:

Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice.

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HER LESSON

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

Little Miss Frills and Furbelows,
Tripping to school one day,
Met, on the corner, the Gingham Girl,
And together they went their way;
With the yellow curls of the first small maid,
A-bob by the second one's trim brown braid.

"*I* mean to be head of the class to-day,"
Proudly spoke Curly-head.
"Maybe, but I shall try very hard, too,"
The girl with the brown braid said.
"Could a Gingham Girl get to be head, do you
s'pose?"
Thought vain little Frills and Furbelows.

Spelling-time came, but ruffles and frills
Attention must have, you see.
All of the studying time it took,
And she spelled comb without a *b*.
(If only that *b* could have buzzed about,
Perhaps she would n't have left it out!)

Down went Miss Frills and Furbelows
To the foot of the row of girls.
"Mother knew best," the sorrowful thought,
Under the drooping curls.
And the very next day, in the morning cool,
Two little Gingham Girls tripped to school!

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THE LILAC-TREE

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I NEVER had a lilac-tree;
I wish that I had one,
With all its purple candles
A-lighted in the sun,
And all its sweetest perfume
Like smoke upon the breeze,
And all its dusty lilac leaves
Like other lilac-trees.

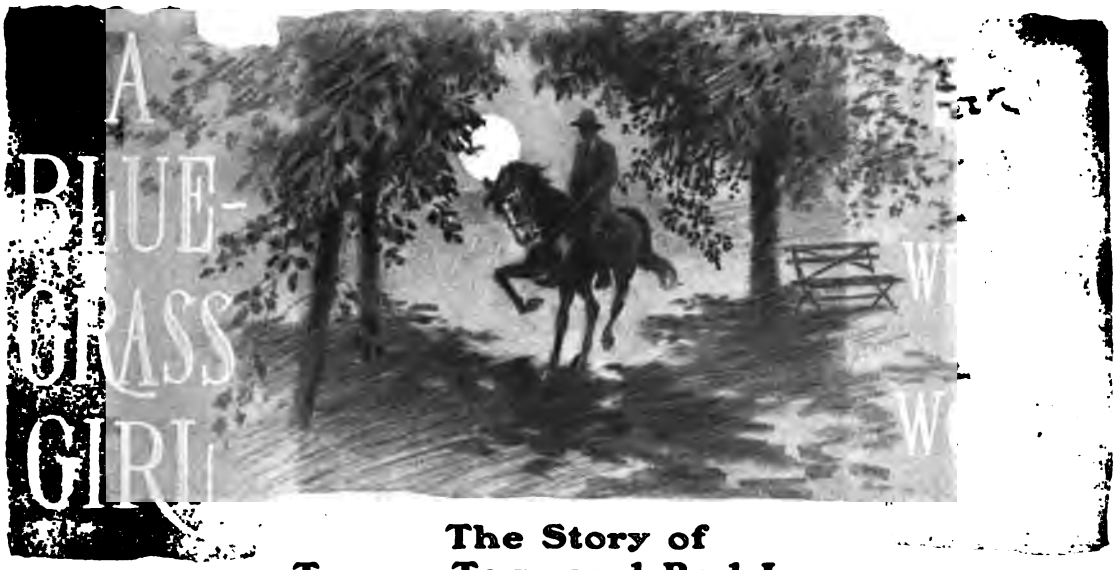
I 'd do without the larkspur—
I would not care at all;
I 'd do without the burning-bush
Against the garden wall.
I 'd do without the hollyhocks;
I 'd do without the four-o'clocks;
I 'd do without the curly-locks,
The snowballs, and the lady-smocks;
I 'd do without the almond bush,
Gold daffodils, and purple phlox.

Oh, once there were two lilac-trees,
All purple and all white,
That kept their candles lighted
In the garden day and night!
They grew so tall; they smelled so sweet;—
They were unlucky, though,
And so the gardener cut them down
For other trees to grow.

But, oh, I 'd love a lilac-tree!
I would not care at all;
I 'd do without the burning-bush
Against the garden wall;
I 'd do without the hollyhocks;
I 'd do without the four-o'clocks,
The larkspur, and the purple phlox.
I 'd rather have a lilac-tree!—
Oh, I wish that I had one,
With all its lilac candles
A-lighted in the sun!



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The Story of Tamsy, Tom, and Red Lass

TAMSY was just turning away from the window, when she caught a glimpse of a figure on the lawn. The moon was nearly down, and the shadows of the maples were so deep, that she could not be certain she had seen anything. But, looking intently, she saw, now beyond a doubt, a mounted horseman move across the grass. It was the time of the Night-Riders in Kentucky, and for a moment the girl was startled. But she soon recognized her brother, Tom, on his young saddle-horse, Red Lass; and for some minutes, Tamsy, at her dark window, watched the Lass racking, single-footing, cantering, and moving at any other gait the most accomplished Kentucky saddle-animal is supposed to have. Tamsy did not know what it meant. But she knew that Tom was devoted to the young horse he had raised, and lately broken for his own use, and that it was not at all beyond him to go out at midnight for a little practice. The girl turned away at length with a smile, and an unspoken wish that her only brother was not quite so fond of horses.

Tamsy was to start the next morning for Louisville, to begin her last year at school, and the comedy on the dark lawn slipped her memory for a little while. Tamsy's school life had been very successful. She had taken and kept her place at the head of the class with a quiet confidence rather unusual in one so young; and she had, moreover, developed literary ability that had attracted attention outside her school circle. She was going back now with bright anticipations, enhanced by the fact that for a while it had looked as if she were not to go back at all. The Coyles were far from being wealthy, and it had only been within the fortnight, and after vigorous effort, that Tom had been able to manage it.

"I can't imagine yet how he raised the money," she said at the breakfast table next morning, "and I feel as if I could n't thank him enough. I wish he had n't hurried off before I started. What took him to town so early, Mother?"

"It 's court-day in Lexington," Mrs. Coyle answered, "and Tom had business there he was anxious about; and he thought he had better bid you good-by last night."

"I saw a good deal of him after the good-by," said Tamsy, smiling; and she told her mother of the midnight ride.

Mrs. Coyle listened with evident interest; but, to Tamsy's surprise, seemed rather troubled than amused.

"You don't appreciate the funny side of it as I do, Mother," she said at last. "But I would n't mind. Tom 's a dear, good boy, but you know he always was a tiny bit horsy."

A rare pink came into Mrs. Coyle's cheeks, and she looked up with shining eyes.

"Tom may not have quite the same tastes you have, Tamsy," said she; "and he has not gone to college, because his health would not allow it, and because there was not money enough for you both. But if you think I am troubled by what you call your brother's horsy ways, you are very much mistaken. He is only a year older than you, and, ignorant as we are of business affairs, I do not know what would have become of us, if it had not been for Tom."

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Tamsy made quick amends for her speech, and parted from her mother with all the old affection. But the conversation awakened questions in the girl's mind that would not down. Had she abused their affection and their pride in her success? Had she been selfish? She could not find in her own mind a wholly satisfactory answer.

MADAM DONAN, principal of Edgewood Seminary, in the suburbs of Louisville, and Miss Jackson, professor of belles-lettres, were in the parlor when Tamsy reached Edgewood.

"A hearty welcome, Mr. President," said Madam, kissing the girl's cheek. "Should I say 'Mr. President' or 'Miss President,' Miss Jackson? I hardly know which is correct."

"Neither, just yet, I should say," was the matter-of-fact reply. "Have you had a pleasant summer, Miss Coyle?"

"Delightful," said Tamsy; and added some polite inquiry about Miss Jackson's vacation. But the flush that had risen in her cheeks at Miss Jackson's remark was slow to leave. That remark, and Madam's as well, voiced, it was true, the general impression that Tamsy would be the new class-president; but it annoyed the girl to have it thus publicly taken for granted.

It soon became clear, however, that Tamsy would be elected without opposition. But as the presidency meant inevitable additional expense, and the getting back to school at all had been so doubtful, her election was a possibility she had not mentioned at home. Happily for Tamsy, just at this time, a story she had entered in a magazine competition won a prize of one hundred dollars. She was glad to be able to write home, therefore, that the presidency would mean no more expense to them.

The class-election was still a fortnight away, when Tamsy went into Louisville with Miss Jackson on a shopping trip. As they were turning into Fourth Street, they heard a sudden noise, cries, and shouts, with the quick trampling of hoofs; and the next instant, a plunging, rearing horse, hitched to a doctor's phaëton, dashed into sight. The driver was using the whip, and the horse, mad with pain and fright, reared straight up in air, and, losing its balance, fell to the pavement with a crash.

Miss Jackson, who was on the crossing, instantly darted back to the sidewalk, dragging Tamsy by the arm. But, to her amazement, the girl pulled herself free, stepped quickly into the street, and took hold of the bridle-reins close by the bit, and still held them when the trembling animal struggled to its feet—Tamsy had recognized Red Lass!

"Whoa, Lass! Steady, girl, steady!" she said, stroking with one hand the horse's neck, while with the other she clung to the bridle. "Put down that whip!" she called to the astonished driver, and turned again to her task of soothing the horse.

The thing had happened so quickly that Miss Jackson had been speechless. But now she cried out, "Miss Coyle, I insist that you come away from there at once. This is ridiculous!"

Tamsy did not seem to hear. The groom had now scrambled out of the phaëton, and went to the horse's head.

"Look at those great welts there on her side," Tamsy said to him, with flashing eyes. "How could you? How dare you?"

"Dr. Cantrell told me to hook her up," said the astonished groom, "and she got scared—"

"Dr. Cantrell?" said Tamsy. "What Dr. Cantrell?"

"Dr. Cantrell round here on Walnut Street."

Dr. Cantrell the master of Red Lass! It suddenly flashed across her mind that this was how Tom had raised the money to send her back to school.

"Here, then," said Tamsy, opening her purse; "here 's car-fare, for you to ride home. I 'll drive the horse back myself. I 'm sorry if I spoke to you too sharply, but this horse was my brother's pet, and is not used to being beaten."

"Miss Coyle, I positively forbid your trying to drive that beast," said Miss Jackson. "I insist on your getting out of that carriage at once. This may be a serious business for you."

Tamsy was already in the phaëton. "It is serious now, Miss Jackson; more so than you think," she replied. "Give her her head, please," she called to the groom, and started up the street. She had a dim impression of some one's coming up quickly, and of a man's voice calling after her; but Red Lass required all her attention, and she did not look back.

Dr. Cantrell was out when she reached the office, and turning the horse over to the office-boy, Tamsy made her way back to Edgewood.

The story of her adventure had preceded her. "I have always thought Miss Coyle a typical southerner, with her soft manners and slow speech," Miss Jackson, herself a Michigan woman, was saying to Madam, "but I shall never again doubt that such manners may go with efficiency. That man dropped that whip as if it burned him; and she got into the buggy and drove off in spite of me, and everybody else; and she had tears in her eyes all the while."

Tamsy was near to tears again when she made her explanation to Madam and Miss Jackson

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But, unusual as her conduct had been, she would probably have heard no more of it, if that had been all; but it was not. She wanted to go and see Dr. Cantrell; and of that Madam strongly disapproved.

"I think the matter must end here," she said, "and, at any rate, I can give it no further attention now. Mrs. Weems has just had a bad fall and I am waiting to learn how serious it is."



"'PUT DOWN THAT WHIP!' SHE CALLED TO THE ASTONISHED DRIVER."

It proved that Mrs. Weems, the housekeeper, had broken a leg, a misfortune not only for her, but for the large household under her care.

After recitation hours the next day, Tamsy went to Miss Jackson. "Are you very busy?" Tamsy asked.

"Not unusually so," was the reply. "What is it?"

"Would you be willing to go to Dr. Cantrell with me? I feel that I must see him."

Miss Jackson frankly stared. "What?" she said coldly, "when I am a teacher in the school, and myself heard the principal forbid your going?"

"But I am going to leave the school immediately," said Tamsy, "and I shall tell Madam to-day that I am going."

"Going to leave school!" Miss Jackson exclaimed. "Is it possible that after your three years of success here, and your bright prospects, you will throw everything away for a horse? You Kentuckians are impossible!"

"Not altogether for a horse," Tamsy answered. "But I reckon it does take a Kentuckian to understand Kentuckians," she added, with a wan little smile.

Finally, however, Miss Jackson consenting, they presented themselves in Dr. Cantrell's office.

Tamsy introduced her companion and herself. "We saw the runaway yesterday," she said, "and have come to speak to you about the horse."

"And are you the young lady who took her away from the groom and drove her home?" asked the tall, clerical-looking old gentleman.

"I—I did n't mean to take her away from any one," said Tamsy, blushing. "But, you see, I helped raise the horse, and I thought she knew me—and I—I could—"

"You could, and you did," said Dr. Cantrell, his blue eyes twinkling upon her. "I suppose there is

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no possible way of inducing you to take charge of the horse altogether?"

"That 's what I came to see about," was the unexpected reply. "Dr. Cantrell, will you sell me Red Lass?"

"Not I," he answered with a promptness his smiling face belied. "Not a crusty, close-fisted old chap like me, who knows when he has got a bargain. My son, Hugh, now, might not be so hard to deal with."

"Does he own Red Lass?"

"Partly; or thinks he does; ah, here he comes to speak for himself," he added, as a tall young man entered the office. "Hugh, here is your unknown of yesterday; and she wants to buy your horse."

Tamsy's cheeks were crimson, and her speech, at first, unsteady, but her eyes did not falter once. She had not understood, she said, that it was Mr. Cantrell who called after her the day before; she disapproved of the groom and his whip, and that was why she did what she did. As for her errand to-day, she explained with a proud simplicity, and as briefly as possible, that Red Lass had been the pet and chief possession of her brother, always delicate and dependent upon an active outdoor life; and that the Lass had been sacrificed for Tamsy's benefit, as she had just now discovered.

"I have only a hundred dollars with me," she ended with a shy eagerness, "but if you will keep the horse, and wait until I can raise the balance—Mr. Cantrell? I—I—mean, of course," she hesitated, "how much do you ask for Red Lass?"

"I gave your brother four hundred dollars for her," said Hugh, and he turned to his father. "Miss Coyle gets the horse, of course?" he said.

There was no need of any payment now, they said; but Tamsy insisted on turning over her beloved prize-check. "And the balance I 'll pay just as soon as I can," she said.

On the way home, Miss Jackson tried her utmost to lend Tamsy money but it was steadily refused. "If you had told Madam the half of what you told these two strangers, you would not have had to leave school," she remonstrated.

"But is n't that old gentleman a dear?" Tamsy cried. "And you are another!" she added, patting her companion's arm. "But I should have left school in any case, Miss Jackson. I have that three hundred dollars to raise."

She said nothing of any plan she had in mind; but that evening Madam was told that some one wished to see her about the housekeeper's place. "I do not understand," said Madam. "I only sent in the advertisement this afternoon."

Her face flushed with surprise and displeasure when Tamsy rose to meet her in the parlor. But she heard the girl's stammering plea to the end. After all, the idea was not wholly presumptuous. Tamsy only wanted to come on trial, and as assistant housekeeper.

"Since you have chosen to come to me in this way, Miss Coyle," said Madam, at last, "I shall meet you on your own ground. My housekeeper buys all the food and fuel supplies for the establishment, and has a position of great responsibility. You have had experience in this line of work?" Madam continued, with eyes that twinkled kindly as she regarded Tamsy's downcast face.

Madam Donan, for all her wisdom and experience, was still, at times, an impulsive woman. She got up quickly, and taking Tamsy by both hands, exclaimed: "Now you dear little goose, sit down here, and tell me what has got into you, in these last two days! Housekeeper, indeed!"

Nevertheless, Tamsy gained her point, but only after a long talk and certain very strict provisos. Mrs. Coyle was to approve, first of all, although, of course, no syllable was to be breathed to Tom. Then the agreement was to last only until Christmas, but with full salary if Tamsy succeeded. Best of all, by leaving off some extra studies, and all outside work, Tamsy might still be able to retain her place in the class, although the presidency must go by the board. "And if you will get into the good graces of Mrs. Weems, and let her advise with you, I am sure you will make a success of it," Madam concluded.

The prophecy was fulfilled. There were mistakes, to be sure, some costly ones. But Tamsy brought to her new work the same intelligence, and sometimes even more of eagerness, than she was used to bring to her studies; and it was soon evident that she could not fail.

She begged off for a day or two at Christmas; and, all unannounced, got off the Lexington train at her home station late one afternoon.

"Did my horse come, Mr. Harms?" she called out eagerly to the agent.

Yes; Red Lass was waiting there in the stable. Mr. Harms had his trap all ready, too, and would drive Miss Tamsy over home right away. And the horse he would send over at twilight, and have her hitched at the rack, just as Miss Tamsy had written. But he did not quite carry out this plan, for Tom's amazed eyes saw Red Lass before she got to the hitching-rack; and then, of course, came Tamsy's explanation.

"And to think," she ended, whispering the words at her brother, "I laughed at you; laughed at you! and thought you 'horsy.' But I did n't know—I did n't know!"

Tom was in great straits. His gulping refusal to take the horse had been utterly ignored.

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"But, look here, you people," he cried, "do you think I prefer any horse that ever walked, to my sister?"

"And I? am I to prefer college honors to my brother?" was the reply.

Tom stared a moment helplessly, and then suddenly seized her in a brotherly bear-hug, and rushed out of the house.

But late, late that night, Tamsy imagined she heard a sound outside, and, with a sudden thought, got up and went to the window. And down at the bottom of the lawn, between the shadows of the naked maple-trees, a horseman went riding to and fro across the grass.

And Tom's happiness was not to be Tamsy's only reward, for the next summer when she was at home again, having brought back with her all the honors that Edgewood Seminary could confer upon her, Tom insisted on sharing his pet with her, and so she too had many a glorious canter mounted on Red Lass.



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A CITY GREENHORN

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

Author of "The Young Railroaders," etc.

COUSIN BILLY certainly was green, even for a city boy, according to Rod Bailey's opinion—calling a goose a duck, not knowing shotes were little pigs, and looking for apples on a pear-tree! But this—

Rod doubled up with convulsive laughter, and, clapping one hand over his mouth, tiptoed behind the corn-crib to watch, while, at the bars just beyond, Billy continued to hold out his cap full of oats and call, "Her-r-re, cow, cow, cow! Her-r-re, boss, boss!"

The idea of any human being coaxing a cow with oats! Rod told himself he should die of laughing.

But the news which had sent him on a running hunt for Billy could not wait long, even for such fun as this, and presently he ran forward. "Billy," he cried, "the chicken thieves were here last night, and stole every one of the little Rhode Island reds!"

"What!" Billy spun about incredulously. "And did n't the alarms work?"

"Nope; they found the wires and cut them."

Billy was speechless. The electrical alarms had been installed on the farm only the week before, by his own father's firm; and that they could thus have failed was almost impossible to believe.

Silently he accompanied Rod back to the orchard, to the little chicken houses. One was empty and quiet—so pathetically empty and quiet that Billy had a struggle to keep back the tears. For they were such busy little fellows, the little "reds"—and so friendly. Only yesterday Rod had taken a snap-shot of him with one perky little rascal on his shoulder and another on his head.

"They found the wires here at the back," said Rod. "Cut them with a knife, I guess."

Billy felt very badly over the loss of the chicks, and during breakfast he was silent, thinking. Could he not figure out some improvement on the alarm that had failed? He had often visited his father's factory, and had learned a good deal about electrical alarm systems. The great difficulty was the probable cutting of the wires. But at last out of this very problem came the solution. Why not two circuits, a "closed" and an "open" circuit, so arranged that the cutting of the wires of the first would set off the bell of the second?

Billy jumped in his chair. "I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed jubilantly. "And, oh, say!—" He paused, wide-eyed at a further inspiration, and added excitedly, "And we can make almost sure of catching them, too! Uncle, have you any blue-stone?"

"Why, a little, I guess. We usually have some for the poultry fountains in case of cholera. But what wild idea is this you 've got?"

"If you don't mind, I 'd rather not tell you, yet. I 'll explain when everything is ready. Are there any scraps of copper and zinc around?"

"I think so."

"Good! I can try out my first idea right away."

Uncle Jim's, "Well, you can't make it worse," indicated that he was somewhat skeptical. Rod was frankly so. That a fellow who would coax a cow with oats could improve on so mysterious an invention as an electrical alarm was the height of absurdity.

Nevertheless, after breakfast Rod willingly aided Billy in the collecting of the things necessary to his plans; and when at last, out of two old stone crocks and odds and ends of copper and zinc, Billy had fashioned a gravity battery, doubt gave place to wonder and admiration. And when a wire had been strung from the several little houses in the orchard to their room over the kitchen, and two bells arranged on the wall, with their batteries underneath, Rod dashed excitedly off to the orchard to make a test by separating a connection. When ready, he whistled. Instantly there was a click from the first bell, then from the second a delirious whir. Rod rushed back, all out of breath, and was almost beside himself with delight when he heard the alarm-bell still buzzing, as though it would never cease.

"We 've got them this time, sure 's you 're born," he declared gleefully. "And won't it be a joke on them—telling us themselves that they are here by cutting the wire! Great! great! I don't see what else you need to do, Billy."

"Come on and get those boxes and a saucer, and you 'll see," said Billy, going to a shelf for his camera. And presently Rod, again wondering much, was following him to the orchard, carrying two wooden boxes, one, three by two feet and two feet deep, the other much smaller.

Some eight feet from the most distant of the chicken houses Billy halted, and, taking the larger box, placed it on end, the open side toward the little house. Within he placed the smaller box, fastening it securely with nails.

When he then placed the camera on the top of the latter, Rod shouted his enlightenment. "I

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"'I SEE! I SEE! YOU 'RE GOING TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THEM!'"

see! I see! You 're going to take a picture of them! But—but how in the world—"

In reply, Billy began the arrangement of a contrivance that was truly ingenious, explaining as he went along. "This elastic, fastened to this nail in the side of the box, and then here to the shutter trigger of the camera, is strong enough to pull the trigger over and snap the shutter.

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"Now I 'll place the saucer on top of the camera, as far back as it will go, and put a flash powder in it. Then I 'll take a thin thread, tie one end to the shutter trigger, lead it directly over the powder, run it around this nail, tighten it until it has pulled the shutter lever over away from the pull of the elastic—so—and fasten it. Then you see what happens—"

"Certainly! certainly!" exclaimed Rod. "The moment the flash goes off, the thread is burned through, the rubber band snaps the shutter—and your picture is taken! Fine! great!"

"Yep; that 's it. And we want a snap-shot because, otherwise, the thieves would be shown moving, and the picture would be no good."

"But how are you going to set the flash off?"

"This way." Billy produced a piece of stout cord, and tied it about the middle of the saucer. Beneath it he laid a strip of sandpaper. "We 'll mucilage that down," he explained. To the taut cord he then so fastened a match that its head rested firmly on the sandpaper, the other end standing some distance above the cord.

"Oh, I see!" said Rod. "You tie a string to the top of the match, run it through the hole in the side of the box, and out to where you will grab it and pull it."

"And then I 'll fire a revolver to start the thieves off before they can meddle with the camera," added Billy. "But it will be great fun, won't it, Rod? A regular adventure!"

When shown the boys' thief trap, Billy's uncle was genuinely surprised. To one detail he objected, however. "These men probably are desperate characters, Billy," he said, "and I could not allow you to take any chances with them; so when your alarm goes off, you come to my room and waken me, and I 'll come out myself." And, somewhat reluctantly, Billy agreed.

But night followed night, and the impatiently awaited chicken thieves did not repeat their visit. Billy began to despair. His vacation was drawing to a close.

Monday night of his last week came, and Billy dejectedly retired, wondering whether it would be wrong to pray that the thieves might come.

An instant later, it seemed, he found himself sitting upright in bed. A dazed moment he wondered what was wrong, then, with a cry of "The bell! the bell!" he shot from the covers, and, followed by Rod, dashed for his uncle's room.

It seemed an age before his uncle appeared. "Now go to your window and watch what you can see from there," he said, as he hurried past them.

They were at the window, leaning far out, before the door beneath softly opened and Mr. Bailey's dimly seen figure appeared, and was quickly lost in the darkness of the orchard. The two boys clutched each other's hands and scarcely breathed.

Minute followed minute, and the quiet remained unbroken. "Now would n't it be just too mean," began Rod. The remark was interrupted by a flash of brilliant light, there was a wild cry of surprise and terror, two quick pistol-shots, and the sound of desperately running feet. The two lads uttered a simultaneous shout of joy, then caught their breath and gleefully listened to the sounds made by the fleeing thieves. "Right through the bushes for the fence! My, are n't they digging for it, though!" chuckled Rod. "I 'd give anything to see them. I 'll bet their eyes are popping out of their heads, they are so scared!

"Now they 're at the fence." A moment after, there came the sudden rattle of wheels and the pounding of horses' feet down the road.

Mr. Bailey returned as the sound of the fleeing wagon died away in the distance.

"Did you bring the camera?" demanded the boys, excitedly.

"Yes; here it is. You are a genius, Billy!" he added. "Everything went like a clock."

The boys rushed down-stairs to meet him. "We 're going to develop the plate right away," said Billy. "Oh, yes; please let us, Uncle. You know we could n't sleep anyway."

Mr. Bailey consented, and together they hastened the preparations. A few minutes later, side by side in the dim light of the red lamp, they bent over the tray of developer and breathlessly watched the white plate.

"It seems slow, awfully slow," said Billy, in a tremulous whisper. "A strong flash like that—like that—Yes! Here she comes! Here she comes! See, Uncle? See, Rod? Two black spots—the faces! And both turned toward the camera! Oh, great! great!" Billy could hardly contain himself.

It seemed an hour before the plate was properly developed and fixed, but finally the lamp was lit, and Billy held up to it the finished negative.

"There you are, Uncle! Is n't that fine?

"Now, can you tell who they are? Rod, get a piece of white paper and hold it up behind it."

Rod adjusted the paper, and his father studied the negative closely. "No," he declared at length, "both are strangers. But we 'll send a print in to town to the sheriff. He probably will know them, and will fix them, all right."

True enough, a week later, with the aid of the picture, the two poultry thieves were captured,

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convicted, and sent to the state prison. And as they had operated successfully for several years, and all previous efforts at their capture had failed, Billy became quite a hero.

"Which shows," wrote Rod to Billy, back home in New York, "that what a city fellow knows about other things can't be judged by what he does n't know about cows—can it?"



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THE SAND WAVES OF OREGON

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY



SAND WAVES IN THE VALLEY OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.
Their height can be estimated by comparing them with the man's figure in the foreground.

SAND dunes, as they are called by the Bretons and other hardy people who live on the coast of the North Sea, are hills or hummocks of beach sand which has been heaped up by the ocean gales. For miles and miles along this coast stretch these dunes, often forty feet high, some bare, and others covered with a tough sharp-edged grass, called sword-grass, which finds enough nourishment to grow on these piles of sand.

On the deserts in western America, wandering sand-hills are frequently seen; but in the valley of the Columbia River, in the State of Oregon, is a sand sea, as the people out there call it. The formation indeed resembles a sea, as it contains ridges of sand remarkably similar to waves, while it is moved from place to place in such quantities that it frequently does much damage. The Columbia River, which deposits the sand along the valley it traverses, often rises to a height of sixty feet during the freshet season, carrying downstream an immense quantity of silt, which consists of very fine, rounded grains of sand, easily combined into drifts by the strong winds which sweep through the valley.

The movement of a drift, or wave, is caused by the movement of the sand grains over its crest. As the direction of the winds is generally up-stream, the waves at times attain such an altitude that trees forty feet in height are buried to the tops. An analysis of the sand shows that it is very fertile when sufficiently watered, but the high winds absorb so much moisture that it is impossible for vegetation to take root in the dry season.

Picturesque as is the view along these sand ridges, they are unfortunately a serious problem for residents in this vicinity, as they frequently overwhelm the railroad tracks, and would engulf buildings if something were not done to prevent their encroachment. For a considerable distance, the tracks of the railway owned by the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company are built through this valley, and such is the movement of the sand that on a windy day it is literally impossible to keep the rails clear of the drift by shov-

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eling, and unless other measures were taken, the railroad would soon become buried to a depth of many feet.

For many miles, therefore, the track is protected by stout fences, intended to change the course of the wind so that it will not blow directly toward the railway, but at an angle with it, and thus move the "waves" in a different direction. It has been found that by building rows of these fences at right angles with the track, the sand is kept from burying it, but if the fence is built parallel with the track, and by its side, even if it be twenty feet high, the waves will soon reach above the barrier and cover the roadbed, just as if it had no protection.

There are places, however, where apparently nothing will keep back the sand. At one point, where the track passes close to the wall of rock forming one side of the valley, a force of men and teams is almost constantly employed with shovels and scrapers to keep the tracks from becoming completely submerged.

JACK

BY MABEL LIVINGSTONE FRANK



I AM always afraid he will smother,—
Though I think he 's accustomed to shocks,—
For he jumps with a smile,
When I call him awhile
From his home in the little brown box.

I should like him to play with forever,
And I shut down the lid with a sigh—
For Nurse says he will rust
If he stands in the dust,
And, of course, she knows better than I.

But I cannot help fretting about him,
And I wonder sometimes does he mind;
For it seems such a sin,
To keep poking him in,
When his face is so jolly and kind!



Oh, his home is so dark and so dreary,
And he never can peep at the skies—
When I open his box,
He 's so dizzy he rocks,
And the light fairly dazzles his eyes!

Yet I never have seen him unhappy;
And I never have heard him complain—
When I put him away,
"Please be merry," I say,
"'Til we meet in the morning again."

But I 'm always afraid he will smother,—
Though I think he 's accustomed to shocks,—
And I know he will smile,
When I call him awhile
From his home in the little brown box.

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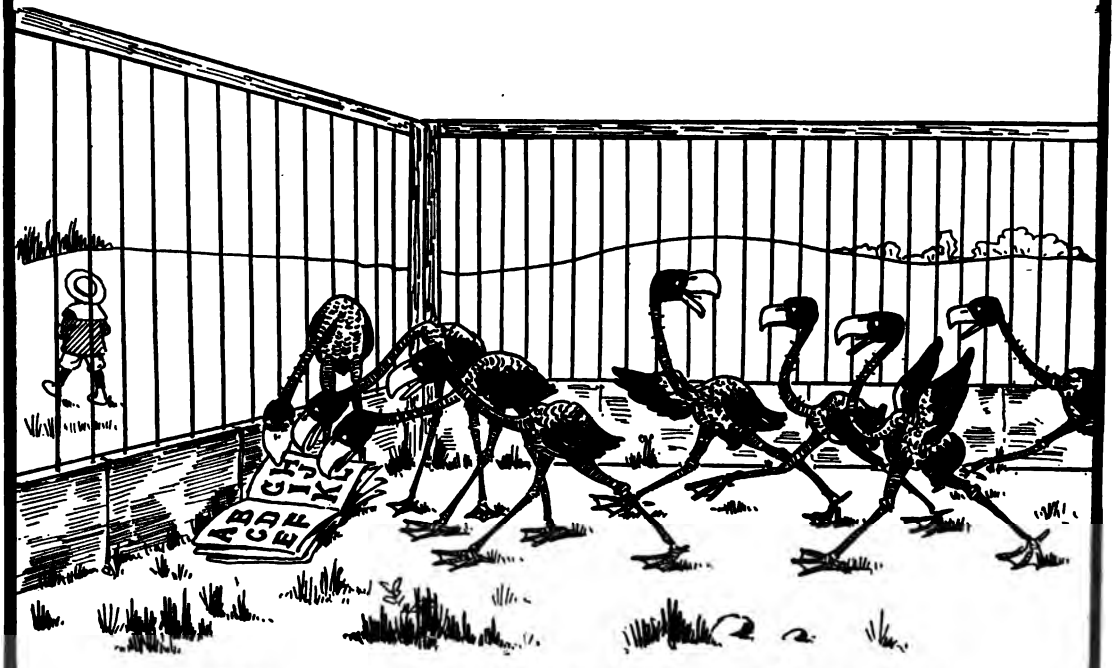
THE CLEVER FLAMINGOS

BY

DE WITT CLINTON FALLS

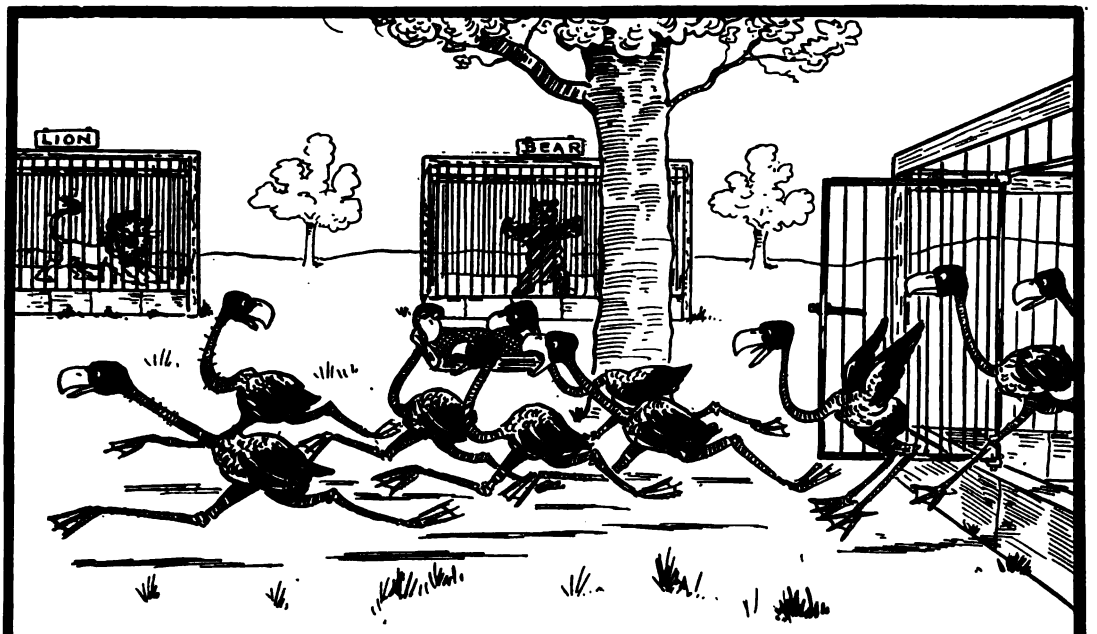


THE CLEVER FLAMINGOS WERE CAPTURED, AND LIVED FOR A LONG TIME IN A ZOÖLOGICAL GARDEN. AS THEY WERE VERY INTELLIGENT AND WANTED TO LEARN, THEY ALWAYS LISTENED CAREFULLY TO WHAT THE SCHOOL TEACHERS SAID WHEN THEY BROUGHT THEIR CHILDREN TO SEE THEM.

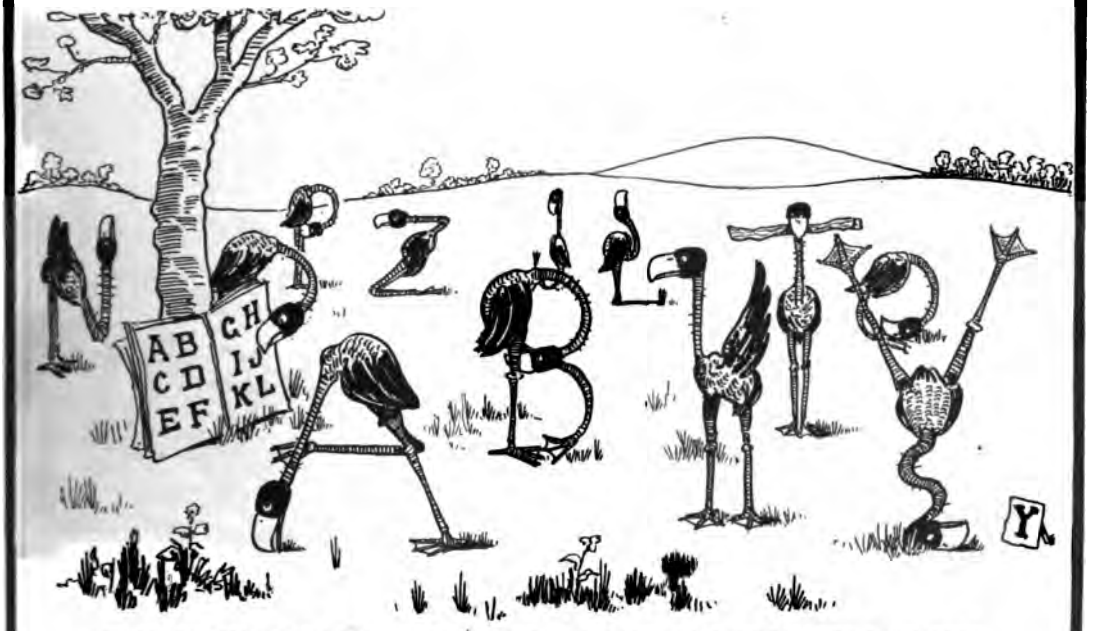


ONE OF THE SCHOOL-BOYS ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED HIS SPELLING-BOOK, AND THE FLAMINGOS WERE SOON BUSY LEARNING THE LETTERS.

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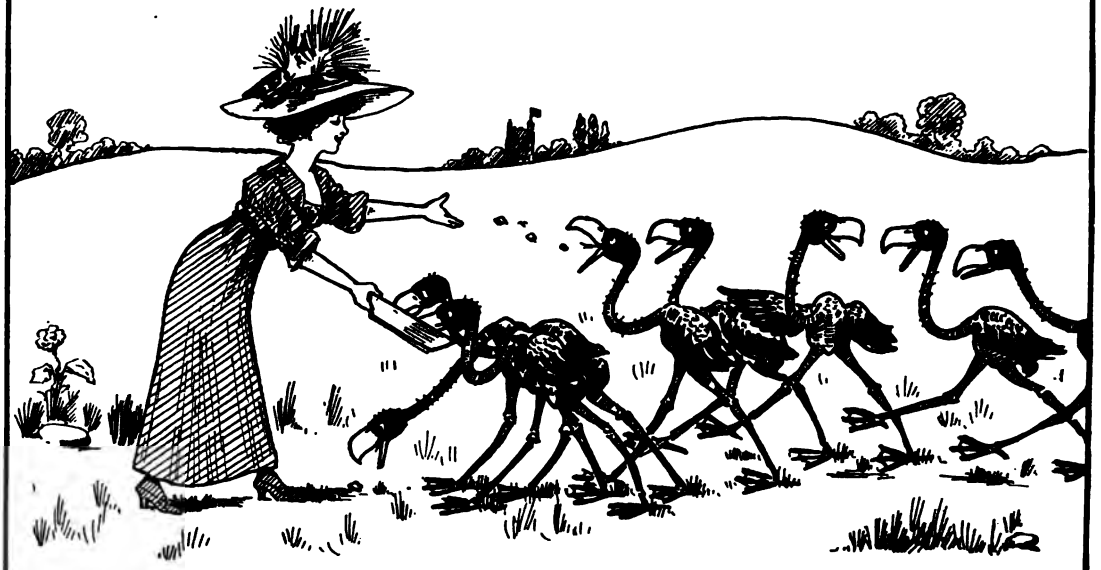


ONE DAY, THE KEEPER LEFT THE DOOR OPEN BY MISTAKE, AND THE WHOLE FAMILY ESCAPED, TAKING THE PRECIOUS BOOK WITH THEM.

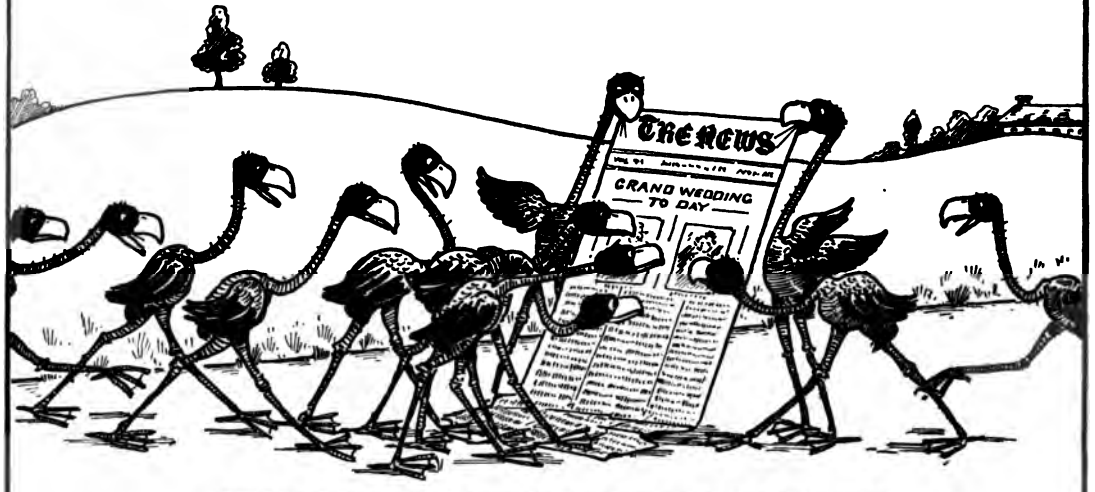


SO THAT WHEN THEY WERE AT HOME AGAIN, THEY WERE ABLE TO PRACTISE UNTIL THEY COULD MAKE THE WHOLE ALPHABET. AND THEN THEY LEARNED TO SPELL AND TO READ.

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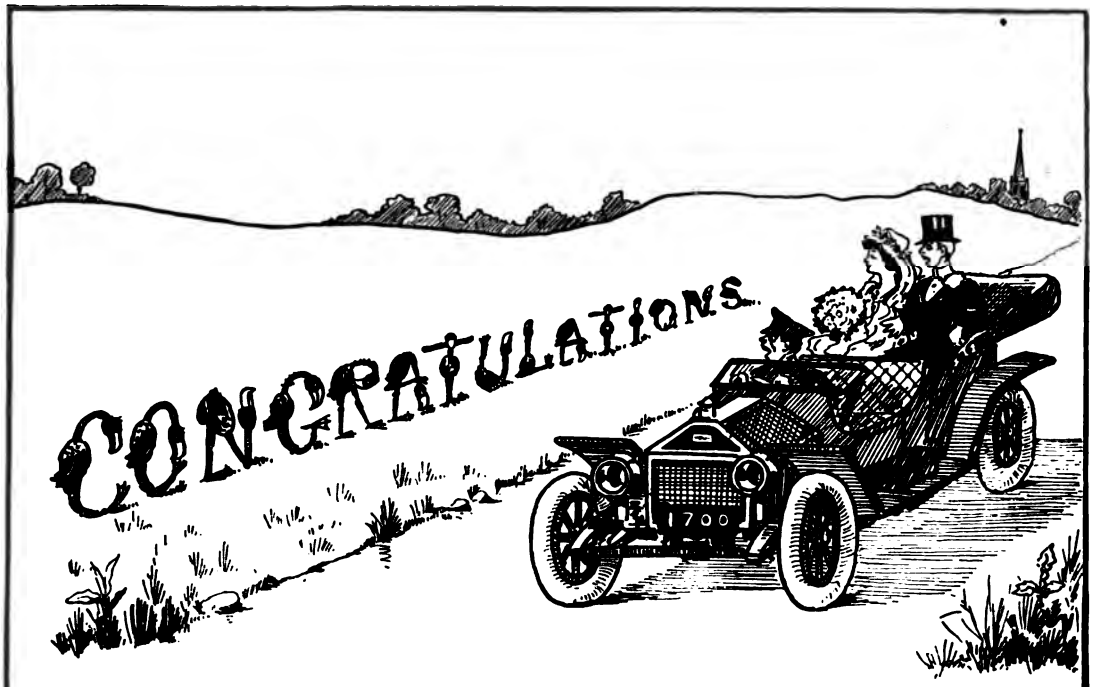


A KIND YOUNG LADY WOULD SOMETIMES FEED THE FLAMINGO FAMILY WITH ALL KINDS OF THE GOOD THINGS THEY LIKED.



ONE DAY, THEY FOUND A NEWSPAPER IN THE ROAD, AND READ IN IT THAT SHE WAS TO BE MARRIED.

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SO THEY TOOK A POSITION WHERE THEY KNEW THE WEDDING PARTY WOULD PASS AND DID A VERY FINE TRICK.



WHICH SO PLEASED THE BRIDE AND GROOM, THAT THEY GAVE TO EACH FLAMINGO A LARGE PIECE OF WEDDING-CAKE!

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BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XV

AT THE TOWERS

I HAD much food for thought during the rest of the journey. The map I had forgotten now took on an added value. Once or twice I was tempted to cut the stitches holding the silk cover of my little book, but changed my mind, as it would serve no good purpose, and put me to much trouble to sew it up again. I was assured that the map was safe, and that was all I was concerned with for the time being.

But I hoped to see Blundell punished in the future for this impudent imposture. At first, I thought to tell Horrie of the outrage, but when my anger cooled, I saw that that would involve him in a quarrel as his sister's protector, and, moreover, would disclose my possession of the map, which I now determined to keep secret, holding that, if it was the key to hidden wealth, it belonged to the American cause. Wherefore I took the precaution to order Clarinda to be silent regarding our late adventure.

We entered the gates of the Towers about sunset. I had to admit at once that it was a lordlier place than Denewood, the deer park stretching for miles ere we came to the great house itself. The trees and lawns were magnificent, there could be no doubt of that. "But," I said to myself, "'t is not so homelike as Denewood"; and that was the thought in my mind as I stepped out of the carriage, leaving the business of the luggage to Clarinda and two very grand footmen, who came down the steps as if they were conferring a favor upon us.

I went slowly into the house, my heart beating a little faster than its wont, for it was a strange return for me. I was anxious to see Granny, and somewhat puzzled over the question of how my brothers would like their sister.

The hall I entered was a huge place, with walls and fireplace of stone, around which ran an oaken gallery with a staircase of the same wood at one end. But, strange as it may appear, my thought was not of its magnificence.

"'T will be terribly cold in winter," I said to myself; and compared it to our own cheery hall in Denewood, which I still reckoned as my home.

I wandered on, searching for the drawing-room, where I thought Granny was like to be at that hour, feeling a little lonesome and neglected that no one was there to meet me, though I told myself they could have no means of knowing that I was even in England. Really, I could not blame them, nor did I, though I could not help but note this lack of welcome.

I took a look into a vast dining-room which opened into a vaster library beyond, and, assured that I was pointed in the wrong direction, I turned back.

As I reëntered the hall, I heard a curious thud, thud, and there was Hal with a tennis bat, knocking a ball against the wall as I had seen him do outside the Dower-House when he was a little lad.

I stood watching him for a moment, until he turned in my direction.

At first he stared, and then his face lighted up with a look of gladness.

"Save us!" he cried, at the top of his voice, "'t is Bee, with her hair as tousled as ever!" and he ran over to me, and, taking me into his arms, gave me a great hug that lifted four years off my shoulders as if by magic. Hal had not changed a whit, and my eyes filled with tears and my heart with joy, for I felt his welcome to be sincere.

"Where 's Granny?" was my first question.

"In the drawing-room," said Hal, eying me curiously. "I 'd have you know we 're monstrous fashionable, Bee, now that Horrie is so horrid rich. We 've but finished dinner, after which we sit in state, and a great bore it is, I think. But how you 've grown, Bee! I wonder will Granny know you? Come along; we 'll in to her."

He led the way into the drawing-room, and there, screened from every draft, sat Granny, reading her newspapers by the light of the candles burning on the table at her side, just as she used to do. Beside her was Marlett, her tire-woman, and, on the instant, all the joyful, happy days of my childhood in the Dower-House came rushing back into my memory. Dear old Granny! how I loved her!

"Granny!" cried Hal, pressing forward, "here 's your red Indian come back."

Granny looked at me, and when I saw her face light up, I knew how warm a place I had in her old heart.

"Bee! my little Bee!" she murmured, and would have risen, but I flung myself at her feet and

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buried my head in her lap, the tears running down my cheeks. And though I cried, 't was the first time since I had left America that I felt glad I had returned to England.

We shed a few tears together, and then, drying our eyes, we looked at each other to see how time had treated us. Granny was little different, and Marlett not at all so. She still looked as if she were made of a stiffer material than mere flesh and blood, and I could not help feeling something of the awe I had had of her when I was a child.

A little later, Horrie came in, and found us all chatting away for dear life.

He was dressed very handsome, and every inch of him showed a man of fashion, with a fine taste in ruffles and laces; and I guessed, as I learned later, that now the money had come to him, he made it fly right merrily, and took his grand position in the world as became a man of his station.

He greeted me gladly enough.

"Faith, you 've grown finely, and will be a credit to the family, after all," he said, in a very grown-up way. "I 'm right glad the colonies have not spoiled you, and I doubt not, when Granny and Marlett have tutored you a while, you 'll do very well indeed."

"A thousand thanks for your compliments, Horrie," I cried back, making him a curtsey; "but I fear I shall never satisfy your taste."

"Have done with your quizzing," he said sharply. "As head of the house, 't is natural I should think of these things. At any rate, now you 're here, the family is together once more."

And, in a way, that sentence of Horrie's summed up the whole matter. I had hardly been in the house a week before my place in it was as fixed as though I had never left it. I was the sister of Sir Horace Travers—and naught else. Though that, to be sure, was enough to plague me.

I soon found that nothing was expected of me. I was seventeen, and even Marlett considered samplers too youthful an occupation for me. There were servants a-plenty, all under the eye of a housekeeper in rustling black silk, and I should as soon have thought of ordering the stable-men about as of suggesting aught to her. Granny had her journals, her tea, her chocolate, her old friends, and Marlett ever ready to anticipate her wants, and I could be of little service to her. Horrie was earnest in the affairs of the estate, talked of standing for Parliament, and rated me roundly for my "Whiggish notions on America," as he called them, vowing that the colonies were the king's, to do with as he pleased.

Hal had a tutor for a year, and was still a good deal of a boy, so that he was more companionable than the others. Yet, truth to tell, with all their appearance of being busy, there was naught that any of them did with a whole heart.

It was all play to my thinking. Granny played at being a great lady once more. Horrie played at being a fine gentleman, and Hal played with his books.

And, worst of all, I knew that England was no place for me. There was naught for me to do in this land of my birth. No one who needed me, and none to heed my comings and goings so long as I followed the rules of fashion and kept my complexion shaded in the sun. I was lonely, and I longed for the land across the sea where I had my duties, my responsibilities, and my good friends. Lonely indeed, and there were nights when my pillow was wet with tears ere I slept.

But I loved Granny, and I loved the boys, so I hid from them what was in my heart, and went through the monotonous days with as fair a smile as I could muster. Indeed, had I told them I was far from happy in all the splendor of their grand estate, they would have thought me crazed.

From various sources I had news of what was going forward with the war in America; but the announcements of one week were contradicted the next, and I soon came to doubt all the reports.

One morning, however, came news that was true. I found on the breakfast-table a letter from John, and held it in my hand awhile, hardly daring to open it because it meant so much to me. At length I broke the seals.

"My dearest Beatrice," it began, and I read the words again, for it sounded as if John missed me, and that made me glad.

My dearest Beatrice:

You don't know how many times I have called myself a fool for sending you off as I did. Surely some better way might have been devised, and Mrs. Mummer has not given over reproaching me for letting you go at all.

Little Peg is disconsolate, and wanders about with a kitten hugged to her breast, and I have heard her telling it that if it 's a "g-g-good k-k-kitty, perhaps B-Bee will c-come back b-before it grows to be a s-s-stupid cat." Even Mummer's face is longer and more solemn than ever, and he talks less, though you will scarce believe that possible; so you see you are greatly missed. But I, more than they, feel your absence, because now, when I go to Denewood, I find it so lonely that Mrs. Mummer complains that I eat nothing, and scolds all in the kitchen with such vigor that I cannot help but stuff myself in order to save the cook a rating.

I laughed aloud, not so much because there was anything so very funny in the letter, as because my heart was glad to know that I was not forgotten in the place I called my home.

"Why, Bee, you look *almost* pretty," cried Hal. "What has stirred you so?"

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"'T is only a letter from America," I answered, and went on with my reading.

John wrote me of many trivial things that had happened, knowing that I would be interested in them; but his talk of the war in the south brought an anxious throb to my heart.

They are to push it, and Allan frets to be there with the troop. I have no doubt we shall be ordered to the front shortly, and then I must leave Denewood without a master or mistress. Well, the old place has lost its sunshine for me.

I must close this long letter not knowing when I shall find the chance to send another. Letters for me, if you still remember, may be sent under cover of John Smith, Esquire, at the White Horse Inn in Fetter Lane, London, and will reach me at Denewood sooner or later, where we all pine to hear that your new home has not supplanted Germantown in your affections.

I am sending you money by this same hand, and if you would pleasure me, you will spend some of it in having your portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, I have heard, does as fair work in this way as may be obtained. I want the picture for the hall in Denewood, and your compliance with this request will give me much happiness.

Please present my respectful greetings to your grandmother, Madam Travers, and to Sir Horace and your brother Hal.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN TRAVERS.

I told Granny of my letter, but she seemed scarce interested. She dismissed all news of the war by saying that she made it a point never to read politics, and when I spoke of my fear for John if he went south to fight, she complained that she felt a draft, and asked would I get her a shawl. It was not that she did n't love me, but all of my interests were so outside her life, that she could n't understand any one thinking twice about them.

So I was off to my room with the letter, and read it again and again, laughing a little over Peggy, but crying a great deal more over the vain wishes it brought to me.

I was the only one who was really unhappy, but Hal had gloomy thoughts now and then which he confided to me.

"I tell you, Bee," he would say, "this thing of being a younger brother is a monstrous nuisance. Horrie 's right enough, but I 'd like to be my own banker, and spend my money as I pleased, beholden to no one. 'T is all luck in this world. Look at that fellow Merchant, now."

"What about him?" I asked, for I knew naught of what he was speaking.

"Have you not heard of Billy Bluebones's treasure?" he cried in astonishment. "Why, 't is the talk of the town this past six months!"

At the mention of that curious name, I remembered having heard it before at Squire Sunderland's, and asked Hal to tell me his tale.

"This Billy Bluebones was a pirate," he began; but I broke in upon him.

"That was n't his real name!" I protested. "It 's so silly."

"Nay, I know naught of that," said he, petulantly; "'t is what he called himself, and no sillier than Blackbeard, though I doubt not these gentry take up such bloody titles to scare the timid. However, Billy Bluebones he called himself, and he did a fine business in pirating. He hid his treasure safe enough, for after he died some of his followers went searching for it, without success I believe, and, until Merchant picked up the stuff, none but seafaring men gave Billy Bluebones a thought."

"And was a treasure found?" I asked.

"Aye, that it was, by this chap named Merchant," Hal went on, "who ran off from the bailiffs in London and shipped aboard an ill-found privateer bound for the Americas. As luck would have it, she fell to pieces and dropped a few of her crew upon the coast of Virginia, 't is said. At any rate, Merchant was one of these; but so far gone was he, that the others left him to die on the beach, and, to make a long story short, he came to, wandered about half daft for a day or so, and then ran flat into the treasure. There are a dozen tales told of how he found it. Some say he was buried for dead and came to life in the pirate's storehouse; others that the gold was washed out by floods, and still others—but there are half a score of different rumors, any one of which may be true. At all events, Merchant is back in London with a fortune equal to a King's ransom, and how he found it makes no odds, for 't is Billy Bluebones's treasure, and he is spending it as fast as he can. Think of the luck of the man, Bee! It makes me long to be out of England, to try my chances."

"Never mind, Hal," I said, to comfort him, "who knows what a year may bring forth, or what is in store for us. Your luck is better now than it was in a counting-house in Amsterdam, with Mr. Van der Helst to drive you."

"Aye, there you 're right, Bee!" he cried. "When I think of those days, I feel ashamed for grumbling that I have n't the moon," and he went off to the stables whistling.

IN London, I found that things were somewhat different than with us in the country. It is true that there were many "macaronis," as the men of fashion were called, who thought of little outside their betting; but there were others who came to the house whose wits were sharp, and who knew what went forward in the world; and some two or three who had a hand in shaping events.

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It was all very gay, and I will not deny that I had much pleasure in the jollities of that season. Squire Sunderland came, and I was glad to have an opportunity to thank him for his carriage; we laughed over my predicament on the beach, now but an amusing memory.

Another visitor was an old friend, Mr. Guy Vernon, who had aided me years ago when I was a lonely little maid on board a British ship of the line of which he was an officer. He entered

There was a general movement in the room toward where we were sitting, as the man named Charles came over and joined us.

"'T is the sad truth that you 're an idler, Vernon," he said, assuming an air of concern, "but I am the hardest-worked man in England."

"And pray what is your business?" I asked curiously, at which there was a roar of laughter from the young men, though it was not joined in by the one to whom I spoke.



"'FAITH, YOU 'VE GROWN FINELY, AND WILL BE A CREDIT TO THE FAMILY, AFTER ALL,' HE SAID."

the house one day with a stoutish gentleman whose name I did not catch, and, although I noted there were murmurs when they appeared, I forgot them in greeting Mr. Vernon, whom I greatly liked. He and I sat and talked together for a while of the old days and of the events of the war. Then I rallied him for the useless lives the men in England led, and compared them to those in America.

Instead of answering, Mr. Vernon called across the room to the stout gentleman with whom he had come.

"Here, Charles, come to my rescue. I 'm being abused as an idler, and you too are included in the condemnation."

"I am engaged in keeping Lord North awake," he answered gravely, and I half guessed his meaning, for Lord North was the bitterest enemy America had.

"Then you are—are—"

"Charles James Fox, at your service," he answered with a smile.

"And America's best friend in Parliament," Mr. Vernon added.

"America is my country, you know," I said, looking at Mr. Fox.

"Then am I doubly tied to it," he replied gallantly, and took my hand, remarking at the same time, "But are you never going to drive out the invader?"

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"Never doubt it!" I cried, while Mr. Fox looked keenly at me with a half-smile on his face.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried a voice at my elbow that was new to me, and I turned to see a man writing busily on a tablet. "Faith, I love a patriot!"

"'T is Mr. Walpole," said some one, and this was taken by us both as an introduction, and I curtseyed my best to one of whom I had heard much.

So it came about, in one way or another, that I met some of these gentlemen, who, though they played the dandy and macaroni, were nevertheless shaping the affairs of their country to their liking. Mr. Fox, for example, who, while he was cordially hated by the king, was also feared by him, and so, at last, had his way—to the great gain of America.

It was with some diffidence that I approached with Granny the subject of the portrait, for I feared her disapproval; but I was relieved to find that she cordially welcomed the suggestion.

"'T is a very proper sentiment on Mr. Travers's part," she said promptly. "I shall write to Sir Joshua and tell him he is to have the honor"; which she straightway did.

One morning, some days later, a polite note was handed to her from Sir Joshua, saying that he had but lately returned from Streatham, that he had much work on hand, and proposed a tour of the Low Countries, so that he must forego the honor and pleasure she offered.

I thought all was over as far as he was concerned, and could have cried at the thought of John's disappointment, had I been alone; but I had not counted on Granny. She fairly bristled.

"Order our chairs," she cried to Marlett. "He does n't want to paint her, does n't he? What right has the son of a preaching schoolmaster to have likes or dislikes? We 'll go to Leicester Square and see what tune he sings."

With Granny, to think was to act, and it was not long before we were at the painter's door, and information was brought to us that Sir Joshua was within.

"Come, child," cried Granny, and we descended from our chairs and mounted the great stairway, with its curious balustrade, shaped with a deep curve to accommodate the wide sweep of his fair sitters' skirts.

Chapter XVI

Sir Joshua Paints a Portrait

As we entered the room, there came toward us, with a very brisk manner, a man who was below middle height and rather inclined to stoutness. His face was pleasant enough, but much pitted from smallpox, and his mouth was disfigured as the result of an accident in his youth, I learned later, when he was thrown from his horse and a surgeon had cut away a portion of his lip. This slightly affected his pronunciation of certain words; moreover, he was apparently very deaf, for he carried an ear-trumpet. All these defects seem to make up an unattractive personality, but in Sir Joshua, for it was he, of course, one forgot these misfortunes at once. His air was so engaging and pleasant, his movements so quick and active, that he gave the impression of a young man.

"Now this is good of you!" he exclaimed, bowing over Granny's hand. "You 've come to condole with me that I am unable to paint your granddaughter."

"Nay," said Granny, suavely, "I have come to you for advice. You see, the child's picture must be painted."

"I am desolated that I cannot undertake it," Sir Joshua put in. "But my engagements are such—"

"Oh, that I appreciate," said Granny, holding up her hand; "but, not to trespass on your time, let me come to the point at once. As you cannot paint the picture, to whom would you advise me to take her? She is not the ordinary maid, and a mere journeyman could scarce represent her. Take off your hat, child, and let Sir Joshua see what I mean."

Blushing to be thus put upon exhibition, I yet complied, while Sir Joshua, setting great horn-bound spectacles on his nose, began to "hum, hum," to himself as he looked at me.

"Of course there 's Benjamin West," Granny suggested, and would have continued but Sir Joshua cut her short.

"She is no classic column to be set like stone," he said impatiently.

"True, true!" agreed Granny, "Romney might make a success of her," she went on, regarding me with her head on one side and her quizzing-glass held to her eye.

"You mean the man in Cavendish Square!" exclaimed Sir Joshua, contemptuously. "No, no, Mrs. Travers, ma'am. He would scarce do for her."

"Then I take it you think we should go to Thomas Gainsborough," Granny remarked, making a little movement toward the door, as if the matter had been determined, though, in truth, Gainsborough had not been mentioned between them. "Gainsborough is the right one," she added, with finality.

"Stop, madam!" cried Sir Joshua; "Titian is the right one; but, failing him, you will have to put up with one Joshua Reynolds—as well you

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"I STOOD THERE FOR FOUR MORTAL HOURS WHILE SIR JOSHUA PAINTED." (SEE PAGE 708.)

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knew when you bade her unbonnet," he went on, shaking a playful finger at Granny.

"But you have no time!" cried Granny, with an arch look at him, "and we must be gone!"

"You 'll be gone into the studio!" commanded Sir Joshua, yet there was something of pleading in his tone also. "Think of the pleasure it will be to portray flesh and blood instead of faces hidden under powder and paint, and do not force me to postpone it."

"But the child is not dressed for the occasion," protested Granny, letting him have his way, nevertheless.

"'T will be all the better if she 's unstudied. Half the charm might go with too great preparation," Sir Joshua assured her, leading the way into the studio.

As we walked in, Granny said something of my having been to the Americas, and Sir Joshua turned to me with an exclamation of surprise.

"Has so young a lady made so great a journey?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "there and back again," I added, with a sigh.

"How liked you the colonies?" he questioned.

"They ceased to be colonies even before I arrived there," I replied, bristling, as I ever did, on this subject. "I believe that the British still hold Canada, but *we* have been free and independent States this four years."

"Heyday!" he cried, much amused, "am I to paint a rebel?" and even as he spoke, his easel was set up and a great canvas placed upon it. He passed his finger over its surface, and seemed to forget all about me, talking to himself fretfully.

"Though I ground my canvases with Indian red and black, yet they crack. I am persuaded that all good pictures crack, and that there are no fast colors nowadays. I have even taken a Titian apart, inch by inch, and examined it chemically, yet can I find no difference 'twixt his pigments and mine. Mix a little wax with the colors, say I, and—don't tell anybody," he ended, with a nod and a smile at me.

Then he began to mix and compound his colors.

"Tell me about this country you claim as your own," he remarked, eying me. "Is it as handsome as England?"

"As handsome as England!" I cried, fired at the suggestion. "Sure there 's no place on earth so beautiful as America. The sunlight is more golden, the sky is bluer, the water is clearer, the grass—"

"But 't is a wilderness, is it not?" he interrupted.

"'T is a rich, prosperous, cultivated country," I exclaimed in one breath. "Why, Denewood, my home, is the prettiest spot in the world. We pride ourselves on our flowers and fruits, and an army could camp under our trees. You never saw such elms and oaks, such beeches and chestnuts and evergreens; 't is—"

"I have it! I have it!" cried Sir Joshua, taking up his brushes. "Madam Travers," he went on, over his shoulder, to Granny, "pray, ma'am, make yourself comfortable. You 'll find Miss Burney's 'Evelina' at your elbow. 'T is a right elegant novel, and will amuse you." Then he addressed me. "Turn your head more to the left, child, and stand *so!*" whereupon he began to paint, seemingly lost to everything but his model and the canvas before him.

I stood there for four mortal hours while he painted, stopping only to consult my reflection in a mirror. While he worked and I stood as still as I was able, for the aches and pains that gripped me, many people came and went; but Sir Joshua gave them no heed. He plied his brushes furiously, as though he and I and the picture were the only things in the world.

But I, who had no occupation to interest me, found much to claim my attention, and, indeed, this helped mightily to make those long hours pass more quickly.

One person I particularly noted. He was a great, untidy fat man who talked much to Granny. With him was a white mouse of a man who circled around him from side to side, as if uncertain with which ear he heard him the better. The big man seemed most impatient of him, and the other would retreat like a chidden spaniel, always to return in a hurry at the first word that fell from the lips of his fat friend.

After a while, as more people came into the studio and clustered around Granny, I could hear their remarks quite plainly; and it became evident to me that they all knew and counted upon Sir Joshua's deafness. 'T was not that they said unkind things, for it was plain that they all held him in great affection, but they were unrestrained in their speech as they could not have been had he been able to hear.

Finally, the busy painter drew back from the canvas, gave one look at it and another into his mirror, and then threw down his brushes.

"'T is finished!" he cried, and turned from the easel so that all might see.

They clustered around it immediately, and, as their eyes fell upon it, a spontaneous burst of applause came from them.

"'T is marvelous!" cried a very fair lady they called Mrs. Sheridan, clasping her hands together with the prettiest of gestures.

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"'T is Beatrice!" declared Granny, at which Sir Joshua bowed profoundly.

"I ask no higher praise, ma'am!" he said. "I could not improve on the original." Then, as his eye fell upon the fat man, he greeted him with great affection, and I learned that this was the great Dr. Johnson who had made a famous dictionary.

"He must needs have a great head to hold all that spelling," I said to myself, and as I gazed at him, Sir Joshua led him up to me.

"You must know my pretty rebel," he announced. "Have a care, or she will supplant little Burney in your affections."

"Nay, now," said Dr. Johnson, in his big voice, "I 'm willing to love all mankind except an American." Nevertheless he shook my hand, and looked down at me in a most kindly way.

"May I not see the picture, too?" I asked, rather timidly.

"Indeed, I should like your opinion," answered Sir Joshua, courteously, and I stepped to the easel.

Standing off at a little distance, I looked at the picture, entranced. Sir Joshua had done what I believe a true artist must always do. It was as if he had discovered a beauty hidden from other eyes, certainly I myself had never seen it; and, for the rest, the figure stood under a great tree on a hillside, and in the distance was a sunny landscape. I looked at it, while tears came into my eyes.

Impulsively I turned to Sir Joshua.

"'T is real American sunshine!" I cried, "and thank you for making the portrait so much lovelier than I could ever be. I am proud to send such a picture to Denewood."

After a word or two, Sir Joshua brought up to me a niece of his, a very sweet young lady, by the name of Miss Offie Palmer.

"Is it not wonderful!" I said to her, still gazing at the picture. "To think that in four hours this has grown up where before there was but a blank canvas!"

"It must be exhibited," she said, as if it were a settled matter.

"Oh, no, no!" I protested. "It must go to Denewood at once. Mr. Travers wants it."

"Then if I am to be deprived of it so quickly," said Sir Joshua, "you must at least promise to sit to me again when I return from the Low Countries."

That I gladly consented to do, although something prompted me to add, "if I am in England."

I think I had never been so happy since my return as I was that day, for the portrait that I was to send to John seemed to bring me closer to him and to America than I had been for long.

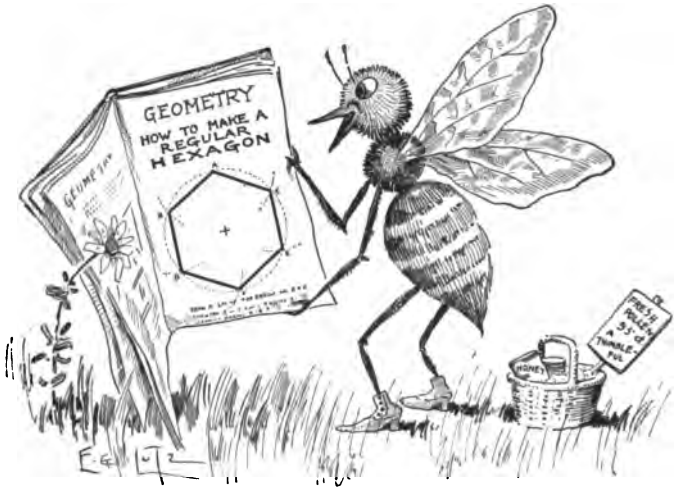
I sang softly to myself, just humming from sheer gladness, and I had no warning of what was to come as I walked into the hall on our return from Leicester Square.

"There 's a man asking for you, miss," said Perkins, one of the servants.

"For me?" I replied, surprised. "What sort of a man?"

"I should say he was an upper servant, miss," was the answer; "but he bade me say his name was Mummer."

(To be continued.)



YOUNG HONEY-BEE: "DOES ANY ONE HAVE TO LEARN *THAT* OUT OF A BOOK!"

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TREE-TOP ROMANCE

BY MELVILLE CHATER

Ho! all aboard the Tree-top Ship!
  Aloft the summer breeze is wailing;
Our anchor 's up, our hawsers slip,
  And 'round the world we 're smoothly sailing.

Good-by, old house, old garden, too,
  And Sarah's Monday wash a-drying!
I 'm lookout-man amid the blue,
  And overhead the clouds are flying.

Our gravel walks, so flat and neat,
  Like slender brooks, seem half in motion.
Hurrah! There 's China at our feet,
  And yonder the Atlantic Ocean!

Ho! Reef our sails, you men behind!
  We 're far upon the angry billows—
No sound except the singing wind
  And Martin beating rugs and pillows.

The clothes-lines' fields of ice and snow
  Our gallant bark has left behind her
For jungles African—where Beau
  Is barking at the organ-grinder.

And now we 're where the maps are bare—
  Green empty space—north pole—Sahara.
See yellow Asia, over there,
  Where Martin 's stopped to talk with Sarah!

Ho! Jason, Siegfried, Bedivere,
  Thor, Sinbad, Captain Kidd, and Nero!
Take note the ship that 's drawing near,
  And on her deck the world's high hero.

And if, because your pride demurs,
  Ye bar my path with sword or truncheon,
I 'll fight ye single-handed, Sirs!
  —Oh dear! There goes the bell for luncheon!



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"I 'M LOOKOUT-MAN AMID THE BLUE, AND OVERHEAD THE CLOUDS ARE FLYING."

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A JUNE SUN-BATH FOR THE DAY-NURSERY BABIES.

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FAITH

("*Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects*")

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

FAITH is one of the great words in our language. It is so often used in sermons that, at the beginning, I am afraid you may think that I am going to preach to you. But I am not. I am just going to talk with you. And our chat is not going to deal with some of the hard meanings of this word, but only with some of the very simple things that we meet every day.

By saying that I am going to talk with you, I find right away my first meaning of faith. And it is this. Faith is the very thing that makes us able to talk with each other. You meet a friend and talk about yesterday's rain-storm, or to-morrow's excursion, or what you are going to do next week, because you believe—that is, you have faith—that he is interested in these things, just as you are.

So faith is the link that binds us together, and if we should do away with it, our lives would stop. We should soon cease to act at all. If a man halts me on the street and asks, "Where does Mr. Harrison live, please?" he believes that I will tell him correctly if I can. If I get on a trolley-car, I believe, or have faith, in a great many things. I believe that it is a safe car; I believe it will take me where I want to go; I believe the motorman knows how to run it. If I did not, I would just stand on the corner in doubt and fear, all the time.

You see, faith in each other makes the world go round. When I post a letter, I have faith that the United States Government, if I have stamped the letter, will deliver it, even thousands of miles away. I have no real guarantee that it will do so. I act on faith.

And then, too, when we say a person has broken faith with us, we say about the worst thing of him that can be said. We know that in war the safety of the whole army depends very often, and nearly always at night, on a few chosen men. If a sentinel is unfaithful, the whole army is in danger. And just so, if we are not worthy for others to have faith in us, we put everything in danger.

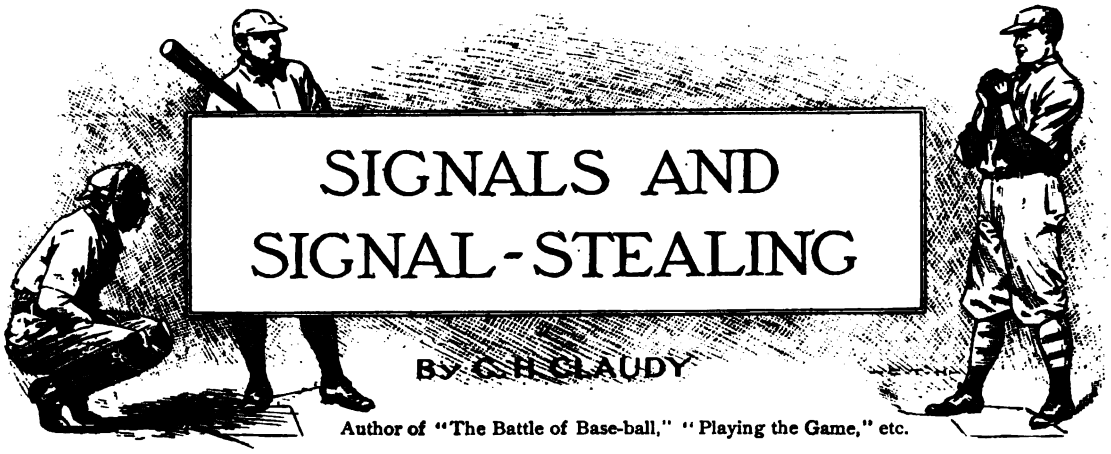
Now there is another meaning to the word faith. It means "keeping at it," keeping at the thing we have started out to do, no matter what the discouragements are; it means keeping before us all the time the real value of any task. It is not always easy to do this, and the only possible way to do it at all is by faith. Everything in the world grows tiresome to us unless we again and again remind ourselves that it is worth doing. We must see some real result at the end and put faith in that. Then we can go on. If we sit down and say, "Oh, what 's the use?" we spoil it all. For, unless we *believe* there *is* use in what we do, then, indeed, there really *is n't* any use in it. But if we "keep at it," the use and meaning of it come to us. Think of those men in Libby Prison who dug their way out by using just a knife and their own hands, covering up their work, too, each day, and having to do part of it over again next day! What made them go on? Only faith. They saw the light of liberty at the end; they saw, too, what it really meant, and they "kept at it."

I really believe that "keeping at it" is almost the greatest thing in the world. There may, indeed, come times when we have to change our plans, or give them up for something else; but even then we can take faith with us, and see worthwhile-ness in it all. The only way to prevent discouragement is to ask ourselves constantly, "Is n't this worth doing in spite of its being very hard?" And if we can honestly say that it is, then we will find ourselves able to go on.

Now let me have one more word with you about faith before we end our chat. To faith in people and faith in what we are doing add one thing more—faith in yourself. You will get discouraged with yourself perhaps oftener than with any one else, and oftener than with anything else. But remember that *you* are worth while, that if you had no value you would not be here at all. If you undertake something, having no faith in yourself, you are sure to fail. If you believe in yourself, if you go at this or that good thing as if you were just the one to do it, and keep at it until it is done, you are almost sure to succeed. In Vergil's great story, the "Æneid," this is said about some men: "They are able because they think they are able," or, "They can because they think they can." And it is just so with us—if we think we can, that is, if we have faith, there are very few things that we should do which will prove too hard for us. If you are constantly wondering whether you can do it, you will never do it. Faith says, "I think I can, therefore I can!"

Now, surely, these are simple things about faith. Faith in other people, faith in what we are doing, and faith in ourselves; let us hold to each one of them, for we need them all.

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SIGNALS AND SIGNAL-STEALING

By C. H. CLAUDY

Author of "The Battle of Base-ball," "Playing the Game," etc.

SECOND PAPER OF THE SERIES—THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

MINUTE, unseen telegraph-wires run throughout your body. Doctors call them nerves. But they are as truly wires for the transmission of signals as are those of copper or of iron which are strung high on poles to carry the telegraph message or the telephone current. When you stand at the plate with your bat in your hands and see a fast ball coming, your brain telegraphs through the motor nerves to your arms, "Swing!"—and they do swing! If your muscles have obeyed your brain accurately, you hit the ball. If your brain has said, "Swing at the level of your waist," and the pitcher has pitched a low drop, then you get a strike called against you!

Base-ball itself has nerves, and these invisible wires transmit messages. The signals they transmit are those "signs," as the League player calls them, by which one player notifies another what to do. A good part of a Big League ball game is bound up in the giving of these signs or sending of these signals, and the attempt of the other side first to see and recognize these signs, and then interpret them.

First, as to the fairness of this part of base-ball. There is a rule and a penalty for the violation of that rule, for almost every conceivable situation. There is nothing explicitly stated in the rules against the use of secret signs, or against the "stealing" of those signs by the other side, so long as signs are given or "stolen" *without artificial aid.* In other words, to watch a catcher carefully and discover what he is doing with his hands when he stoops down behind the bat and picks up a little dirt, is fair; to have some one watch him from the outfield with a pair of field-glasses, and report by waving a handkerchief what he sees, is unfair. Any means of "stealing" signals which is open to either side and with no outside aid, is considered entirely legitimate in base-ball. Wires, moving signs, shifting flags, field-glasses, telegraph instruments, etc., are unfair, and, for many reasons, among which is a heavy financial penalty, are never resorted to any more in Major Leagues.

One of the many points of difference between a boys' team, a college team, and a Major League team, is this matter of "signs." The boys' team usually has two or, at most, three signs. The college team will often have them by the dozen, and the Major League will have less than ten, but will have several different "sets" of the prescribed ten signals. The boys' team "does n't bother." The college team, seldom playing more than one or two games with any one opponent in a season, does n't need multiple sets of signs, but often does overdo the signaling, apparently from pure joy in using the head as well as the hand and arm. The Major League team gets along with as few signs as possible, but must be able to change those on the instant, if they are being read or "stolen" by the opposing players.

The principal signs are those between pitcher and catcher. As a general rule, the catcher is the thinking end of the battery, and signs to the pitcher what it is he desires pitched. So catchers rather than pitchers usually do the signaling, for many reasons. In the first place, the signs can be better concealed by the catcher; in the second place, the catcher plays in more games than any single pitcher, and can thus the better know the weakness of opposing batters; in the third place, the catcher is in a better position to see the batting team's sign for a "steal" or the "hit-and-run" play, and thus can himself signal for a "pitch out" to stop it; and in the fourth place, catchers' signs are more easily visible to the short-stop and sec-

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ond baseman of his own nine than those a pitcher makes, facing the catcher.

As every lad knows, the catcher gives his signs when stooping down, hiding them behind his big glove, his knee, and his chest-protector, so that only players in the field may see them. Generally he uses but four signs: one for a fast ball; one for a slow ball; one for a curve (whatever curve the pitcher may happen to throw best); and one for the "pitch out." The catcher may also sign for the place he wants the ball to come, that is, "high," "at the waist line," or "low"; but that is not signaled by a separate sign, but by the position of the sign hand in the glove. Major League twirlers know the character of opposing batters so well that they need little instruction on this score. In the case of a pitcher who can control two widely differing curves, it is possible that the catcher will have a separate sign for each.

The signs of the catcher are taken from these simple movements: his hand, palm out, open; his hand, back out, open; his hand, closed; his hand, one finger extended; his hand, two fingers extended; his hand, thumb only extended, etc., etc. It makes no difference which signs your team selects, if both catcher and pitcher thoroughly understand them. Lads who desire to perfect this matter of battery signs should practise on the field, with a boy at bat and one in each coaching box, to see if the signs are successfully concealed.

For you might as well not have any signs as to have such signals as can be easily seen, or guessed, by opposing players!

Big League players are extremely expert in this matter of "getting the signs." Men with keen eyesight, quick wit, and a retentive memory are found in many a base-ball club, able to go out on the coachers' lines and catch a glimpse of the catcher's signals. It takes little more than half an inning for such a player to solve the mystery of what sort of a ball is called for by any special signal. Suppose the coacher catches sight of a closed fist behind the catcher's big glove. The next ball pitched is a curve. He sees the open hand behind the bent knee, and notes a fast ball. It is enough. Watching his runner on first base, he holds him from attempting the steal for which he was ready, when he *sees the catcher hold down two fingers*. He has guessed two signals, and is willing to chance it that the third means a "pitch out." Sure enough, the catcher, fearing a hit-and-run or a straight steal, has ordered a pitch out! But the runner on first, held back by his coach, only laughs. The catcher has been duped; he has had his pitcher "waste" a ball, and all to no effect, since the coacher read the signal and guessed its meaning rightly.

The batters and base-runners are concerned only in this matter of getting the pitcher's intentions, through reading his catcher's signals. There is no time when actually running to see defensive signals between players in the field, and play to frustrate their intentions. When you are at bat, on the bases, or coaching your runners, all the signals of the defense that you have to worry about are those between catcher and pitcher.

Note particularly that it is your business on the paths or at bat to try to help your coachers, as well as for your coachers to try to help you. The coachers usually must have their eyes glued on you, the pitcher and the catcher, if they are to steal signs. At bat you cannot turn around and look at the catcher to see what he is signaling; and if you could, he would merely change his sign the next instant, and you might run the risk of getting hit from a pitched ball that you did not see coming.

But you *can* watch the short-stop and the second and third basemen.

One of the hard things to teach young infielders just getting a chance in "fast company" is that they must not move when they get the signal. A normal, right-handed batter will hit a slow ball to left and a fast ball to right. Consequently, with such a batter "up," the infield will shift for the expected ball. Seeing that their catcher has signed for a fast ball, they will poise ready to jump to their own left, to get the ball which will normally and usually go toward right field.

But the good players will neither appear to be "set" for any such shift, nor will they move until the pitcher starts to draw back his arm. You, watching a ball game, will seldom note that they do start before the ball is hit, because your attention is glued to the pitcher and batter.

And the batter never sees the infielders move after the pitcher starts his wind-up, for the same reason: he is too busy watching the pitcher to look anywhere else!

But if the short-stop or second baseman is new to Big League practise, and over-anxious to play the "inside game," he is all too apt to start or shift his position when he sees the catcher's signal. This is fatal. It does not need much skill for the man at bat to interpret this movement. He knows if the whole infield shifts toward right field that he is expected to hit toward right field. He knows, if he is a normal, right-handed batter, that this means a fast ball. Knowing a fast ball is coming, he can "set" himself, and drive it hard and far. And note this carefully: no right-handed batter is more apt to hit speed to right than to left field *if he knows it is coming*.

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The contrary is even more true, and worse. Seeing a shift of the infield to left—the third baseman almost on the bag, the short-stop more than half-way between, the second baseman almost on the bag, and the first baseman half-way to second—the alert right-handed batter can easily figure that the catcher has signed either for a slow ball or a curve to break "in" toward the batter. Knowing a slow ball is coming, almost any batter can knock it to the far corner of the lot. It is n't the *slowness,* but the *surprise,* which makes the slow ball effective.

Therefore, you at bat, keep your eyes on the lads in the infield. When, in turn, you are of the four who guard the diamond, see to it well that no movement or leaning of your body "telegraphs" the signal of the catcher to the batter.

If the pitcher gives the signals of what he will pitch—which is sometimes done, in order to puzzle the opposing players or for other reasons—the catcher should continue to give *his* signals, just the same, with the idea that the opposition will be misled. Pitchers' signals to the catcher are made up of natural movements. A hitch of his trousers may mean "fast ball," stooping to pick up a little dirt to rub in his glove a "curve," and an apparently nervous throwing of the ball from gloved hand to bare hand and back again, a "slow ball." Or the signals can be simplified in this way: any movement of the feet after getting in the box may mean a "fast ball"; any movement of the arms, such as scratching the head, or rubbing the hands, or hunching the shoulders, may mean a "curve ball"; and any movement of the head, such as turning several times to watch a baseman, or tossing the head apparently to settle the cap, etc., may mean a "slow ball."

If the coacher has been "getting the signs," as given by the catcher, to shift the giving of signals from catcher to pitcher will puzzle him greatly.

Now a word about "taking a sign." Big Leaguers often object to being "tipped off" as to what is coming, except as to the slow and fast balls. For if the coach makes a mistake and lets the batter know a curve ball is coming, and he reads the sign wrongly and it happens to be a fast one, an injury may result. For if you "step in" to meet a curve and it is a fast one, you may get hit!

The studious lad will see at once that if the short-stop and second baseman can get the catcher's signs, so also can a runner on second base. This often happens, and the effort to prevent the runner from reading the sign is one of the things which causes those little mid-diamond conversations between pitchers and catchers which are, for some unknown reason, so amusing to the "fans." With a runner on second, the catcher and the pitcher may step together to arrange what sort of pitching is to be "served up" to the batter, or to arrange that for this batter the *pitcher* will give the signs. Often, however, the catcher merely "covers up" his sign, and, waiting until the runner and the pitcher are in line, will "open up" his hands just for an instant for the pitcher to see his signal.

The matter is of great importance to the runner at second, because, if he can catch the "pitch out" sign, he has a first-class opportunity to steal third base. In a 1912 game, Bush, of Detroit, was on second, and Cady, of Boston, behind the bat. Cady is young, a fine thrower, and very accurate. In this game, Bush, stooping (he is short, anyway), was able to see under the "cover up" of the catcher and get what he was confident was the "pitch out" sign. He had taken a big lead from second, and rather expected Cady would try to "nip" him by throwing to the second baseman, Yerkes. But he had to know when Cady was going to do it. Getting the "sign," Bush looked away, with his head, but kept the corner of his eye on Cady, and the instant the catcher's arm was drawn back for the throw to second that he felt sure was coming, little Bush darted to third. By the time the ball was relayed to Gardner, at third, from Yerkes, at second, Bush was a-sprawl on the ground, one leg comfortably hooked about the bag. The play was close, as it always is, but that is the joy of base-ball. Stealing third, by so small a man as Bush, who has not the speed of a Ty Cobb, is a difficult accomplishment. Knowing in advance that the ball was to be thrown to second, however, gave him a big advantage, since he took a longer lead than he would otherwise have dared to take.

Some simple system of signals must be arranged between team-mates to transmit information from observation. It may be verbal or visual. A coach may stoop over to pull the grass *a la* Hugh Jennings, to signal the batter that a "fast ball" is coming; he may push the air in the direction of the outfielders, as if motioning them back (as Herman Schafer does occasionally when he wants the opposing team to think the batter is going to hit a long line-drive), to indicate a "curve"; or he may stand facing the bench and yell to the players to indicate a "pitch out." Any natural movements of coachers may be taken as signals. Verbal signals are very apt to be read if too simple. If you call too often to the runner, "Look out, George, he is going to hit it," the opposition will soon guess that you mean just the opposite, and are instructing the batter that a "pitch out" is coming. But if you conceal your

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meaning by using one word in a sentence, reading a verbal signal by a coach is not so easy. Thus, "Get ready, boy—get ready—look out—get ready," would sound just about the same if "boy" were omitted, and "boy" may be your code word for a "pitch out."

A lad's own ingenuity will invent as good a system of signals as any he could read about, so no more space need be taken to describe signs which any lad can devise for himself. Beware here, as elsewhere, however, of having too many signals. The coach needs only to be able to instruct the runner what he thinks the pitcher is going to do, and to be able to start him home or off to second by a concealed word in his chatter.

If the manager plays upon the team, he must have a set of signals with his players by which he can instruct them when they are at bat. The bench manager can tell the batter before he goes to bat what he is to do, although he, too, must have a set of signals, since he may wish to change his orders after the man is at the plate. Bench managers' signals are almost invariably through motions, while playing managers' signals are almost always verbal.

McGraw, Jennings, Chance, Clarke, are fine types of both styles of managers. McGraw on the bench or in the coacher's box, Chance at first base, Clarke in the field, and Jennings dancing and cavorting about on the lines, all have their different methods of conveying their commands to the batter. Nor need these signals be complicated or numerous. A batter must (1) "wait"; or (2) try to hit; or (3) bunt; or (4) try to hit a sacrifice fly; or (5) play the hit-and-run. If he is to bunt or sacrifice, the order to do so will probably have been given him before he steps to the plate. But there may be two on bases when he gets to the plate when he is ordered to sacrifice, and one may be thrown out trying to steal third. A sacrifice then is foolish, with only a man on first and one out, and so either the straight hit or the hit-and-run should be ordered. Hence the need for a signal which can be communicated verbally. The playing manager would be apt to conceal his instructions in talk, supposing him to be on the paths himself at the time. Usually he would be on the bench, and, like McGraw, conceal his signals in a quiet movement, or, like Jennings, in curious capers, whistle, and chatter to the man at first. Systems of signals based on a code *number* are complicated, but almost unreadable. Systems based on a code *word* are more easily guessed, but are easy to remember. If you tell your batters, "When I yell your first name, hit; if I yell your last name, sacrifice; if I name the man after you, wait him out," that is easy to remember. But, "Remember that the third yell (or the first, or the fourth, or whatever you say) is the command," is more apt to lead to confusion. The opposition can make little of hearing a coach say to a runner, "Watch him hit it—watch him bunt it—watch him sacrifice——watch him bunt it," yet to the player who knows that the third command is the one, the instruction to sacrifice is plain enough.

Perhaps the most watched-for signal of any is that given by the batter to the runner. If the catcher knows that the batter is signaling the hit-and-run on the second ball, that ball will be "pitched out." So a batter's actions at the plate are a matter of sharp study. If he raises his cap, if he rubs his hands in dirt, if he bangs his bat on the plate, or if he does all these things, the catcher will try to read into them some meaning, to be made plain by what actually happens. Yet these signals are hard to read. One team in the American League manages very nicely its hit-and-run by a little signal which no one ever sees except the one who knows it. It is an old signal, too; probably it is old because it is good.

Every ball-player, almost without exception, rubs his hands in the dirt to keep the moisture from the bat. Then he rubs them reasonably clean on his clothes. As every ball-player does it before stepping to the bat, or between swings, or between pitches, it is the most common of actions. Just as the thief in Poe's story, "The Purloined Letter," concealed the letter by leaving it in the most obvious and easily discovered place, so does this certain team (it would not be fair to the team to name it) conceal its hit-and-run signal in this dirt-rubbing process. If the rub is up and down, or just down, it does not mean anything. But if the man at the bat looses one hand and gives a hasty rub *up*, then the alert young man dancing off first base knows his chance is come, and that the next time the pitcher draws back his arm, his business is to put his head down and "dig for second," for the batter will hit that next ball if he possibly can.

Many ball-players who are accustomed to stand waiting their turn at bat with the end of the bat in the dirt and half leaning against it as a prop, proceed to rub the end of the bat with the left hand as they come to the plate, to remove any dirt which sticks to it. Ball-players are finicky about their bats; and no well-regulated and properly educated batter will bat with dirt on his stick. Hence, rubbing the end of the bat with the hand is a very natural thing to do. The Giants, according to Mathewson, used to use this as a signal, being carefully restrained from rubbing

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their sticks with a man on first unless the hit-and-run was to be tried.

The outfielders should not be forgotten in the arranging of signals. Outfielders should know what the pitch is to be, in order to be able to shift for the prospective batted ball. This is easily accomplished by the short-stop or second baseman, or, better, both, signaling with their arms. Thus, if a fast ball is to be pitched, the short-stop may stand for a moment with his hands on his hips. If a curve, the second baseman may stand the same way. If a slow ball, the short-stop may pick up a bit of dirt and cast it to one side.

The principal signals between outfielders, however, are verbal and not secret. Some one outfielder (preferably center) should be captain of the outfield, and his word as to who chases the ball and who is to relay it should be an absolute signal as binding as those of the bench manager or captain. Such calls, however, not being secret, hardly belong to the domain of signaling.

The stories which are told of signals and sign-stealing make good reading, but their authenticity is often doubtful. However anxious a manager is to have his team know the signs of the opposing team, he knows that the foundation of professional base-ball is its honesty, and that once any tinge of chicanery gets a foothold, its fair reputation will be gone, and the public will desert the ball park.

Most of these stories deal with a curious misunderstanding of signals, as in the oft-told tale in which a batter stole second with the bases full and one out, getting his side retired, because he saw his manager slap his forehead. "Hand to head" was the signal for a steal. In the story in question, the manager slapped at a vicious fly which was buzzing about his face, with results from a base-ball standpoint which were disastrous! It is understood that the signals were changed the next day!

A number of years ago, when Detroit was winning its second or third pennant, but having a hard time to do it because of injuries, the batting order was frequently changed, and misunderstandings of signals came not infrequently. In one game, Delehanty was on first and Cobb at bat. Cobb usually approaches the plate with three or four bats in his hands, so that when he throws all but one away, the remaining one feels light.

Well, at this particular time, Delehanty tried to steal second on the first ball pitched, and, as it was wide (since the pitcher intended to pass Cobb), he was easily thrown out.

Expostulated with on the bench, Delehanty, a clever and heady ball-player, defended himself.

"You changed signals on me!" he protested. "Cobb had three extra bats, as usual, but he threw two away first, and then dropped one at his feet. I thought it was a 'go-down-on-the-first-ball' sign. He usually throws 'em all away at once!"

If players on the same side watch each other thus like hawks, for the signs, you can imagine how they watch the opposition!—and also how clever all signalers must be to conceal their signs, while giving them under the very noses of the men who wish to read them!

A word now in conclusion. Professional base-ball-players play the game for the love of the game and because they make their living in that way. So they play it for all it is worth, and their whole waking-time is spent in the perfection of the game and in the attempt to make its fine points finer.

Realizing this, the college team has all too often "gone the professional one better" in the multiplicity and complications of its signals.

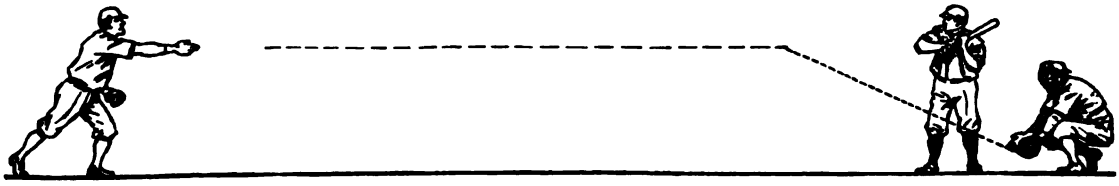
Don't make the same mistake. Don't have too many signals. Don't make them complicated.

Four signs for catcher to pitcher—four signs from pitcher to catcher—that is all you should need to bother with.

"Hit!" "The hit-and-run," "A bunt" (or sacrifice), and "Wait!" between bench and batter—these are sufficient.

"Steal!" a signal between the coacher and the runner; "Will hit next ball!" a sign from batter to runner.

If you have a simple code for all these things, you have plenty for the average lads' game; and if you have them well learned, and if you agree *to obey signs and stick to it,* other things being equal, you will seldom fail to vanquish the other nines in your league or neighborhood, in just the same way that the Chicago Cubs, when at the height of their glory, conquered other clubs as good or better than they were, because of the perfection of their "inside base-ball," engineered entirely by signs.



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The ROSEBUD

by Carolyn Wells



A YOUNG green rosebud once appeared
Upon a rose-tree small;
It was so late, the summer feared
It would n't bloom at all.

The summer was in deep despair,
"What shall I do?" she cried;
"Of all my blossoms, here and there,
This rosebud is my pride."

The rosebud looked a trifle sad;
"Oh, Summer dear," said she,
"I 'll bloom at once, when I have had
Three kisses given me."

The summer set herself to think,
And then she told the sun;
He nodded, kissed the rosebud pink,
And, smiling, said, "That 's one!"

Then next the summer told the breeze;
He well knew what to do.
He kissed the rosebud, 'neath the trees,
And whispered, "That makes two!"

Rosalie came through the soft gloom
Of twilight's dusky hour;
"Tut, tut!" she cried, "why don't you bloom?
You naughty little flower!"

She kissed the trembling petals, while
The summer cried, "That 's three!"
The rosebud gave a happy smile,
And bloomed at Rosalie!

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THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER XIX

BEDOUIN TENTS

HALF an hour's ride down the mountains—the way was so steep that the boys were over their horses' necks about half the time—brought the young rescuers into a region of increasing vegetation, and Gabriel pointed out various shrubs and trees growing along the beds of dry watercourses. Here were wild olives and acacias, this was the mustard-tree, this the famous balm of Gilead, and there a thorny bush whose strong, sharp spines would tear like a knife point. Growing among these thorns was a queer, yellow fruit about the size of a cherry, and withered like an old crab-apple. The guide gathered a handful of these, and the boys found in them, to their surprise, a fragrance and delicate flavor suggesting a strawberry.

"I say," put in McGreggor, "this man that we 're going to meet, he 's a Bedouin, is n't he?"

"Khalil? Yes, he 's a Bedouin; he 's the chief of a tribe," answered Harold.

"A robber tribe?"

"Well—yes, but they will treat us kindly. They will probably kill a sheep in our honor."

"Kill a sheep? And—we will eat the sheep—with the robbers?" asked Jack, tingling with excitement.

Gabriel smiled, and smacked his lips eloquently.

"That is why they kill it, sair. There is nothing better than—what do you call it—mutton?"

"That 's right—mutton," nodded Harold.

"There is nothing in the world more *deleecious* than mutton as they serve it in the black tents of the Bedouins. You will see."

"That 's the best news I 've heard in some time," beamed McGreggor. "Me for the robbers and the *deleecious* mutton. Eh, Sandy?"

Suddenly the shadows deepened as the sun sank behind the hills. The purple haze and the rainbow tints were gone. The mountains of Moab across the plain looked dark and cruel, especially the rugged mass of Mount Nebo, where Moses lies.

"What 's that?" started Harold, as a deep, musical whistle sounded from a thicket before them—*"Hoo hoooooo hoooooo,"* and then again, *"Hoo hoooooo hoooooo."*

"A turtle, sair," answered the guide, meaning a turtle-dove, and the boys knew how "the voice of the turtle" sounds in the land.

Jack shifted on his saddle and glanced about him uneasily.

"Say, are there—are there any animals about here?"

"Yes, sair. There are jackals on the plain, and leopards in the mountains and wild boar along the river. Not many, but some. And there are snakes, too, bad snakes. They bite the natives mostly; bite their bare feet. See, like those women—they come from Jericho." Gabriel pointed to a group of straightly veiled figures moving along silently with baskets on their heads. As one of these women threw back her veil, she showed a coarse face with queer marks tattooed around the mouth.

"Where are they going with those baskets?" asked Harold.

Gabriel spoke to the muleteer in Arabic.

"This man says they are going to the Dead Sea, sair, to steal salt."

"To steal salt?"

"Yes, sair. The government takes all the salt, like all the tobacco, but the peasants come and scrape it off the ground and carry it away. Sometimes the soldiers fight them."

"Is there salt on the ground?" marveled Jack.

"Yes, sair, much salt. You will see. Ah! behold Khalil!"

With a dramatic gesture, Gabriel extended his arm toward the motionless figure of a horseman that suddenly came into view at a turn of the road. The horse was pure white, the rider's head was swathed in white, and over his shoulders hung a black mantle. It was the Bedouin chief, waiting.

Khalil saluted with dignity as the riders drew up, and immediately there ensued a low-voiced colloquy, of which Jack understood absolutely nothing, and in which all took part except McGreggor and the muleteer. It was plain, however, that Harold and the Bedouins were coming to some agreement, and, presently, Harold drew forth his purse and gave Khalil a handful of liras. Whereupon the Arab, after pointing over the hills, saluted again most respectfully, and galloped off, leading the extra saddle-horse.

"Well," said Jack, when this mysterious transaction was accomplished, "I hope you know what you 're doing, Sandy. I 'm sure I don't."

Harold thought a moment, and then, laying his hand affectionately on McGreggor's shoulder, he

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said: "Don't be sore, Jack. I 've kept my mouth shut because Basil told me to, but it can't make any difference now. Listen! You 've just seen this Bedouin start off with the extra saddle-horse. You can guess where he 's going?"

"Mar Saba?"

"Right. It 's only an hour from here. He 'll be back in the night, and—" Evans choked a little. "I hope he won't come back alone, Jack."

McGreggor reached forward impulsively and gripped his friend's hand. "I do hope that he brings your father, Sandy."

"Thanks, old boy. It looks like an easy thing," continued Harold, trying to hide his feelings. "Those Mar Saba people trust Khalil, so they 'll let him see my father, and —he has eighty yards of silk rope wound around his waist. It 's the strongest that 's made but not bulky, and—that money was Basil's, he paid it—thirty liras. And Khalil is to have thirty more if he brings Father here safely."

"Is the idea to have your father slide down that rope—eighty yards?" whispered Jack.

"That 's it. Careful now!" He pointed to several Bedouins who came galloping up with a grand flourish, but with every mark of respect. "These are Khalil's men. They are going to entertain us until he comes back."

It is certain that the boys were well entertained on this occasion in the black Bedouin tents that spread over a neighboring hillside. Jack always treasured the memory of this night's experience, and of the banquet which was prepared for the young Americans. Indeed, it was a really wonderful meal, consisting of soup, roast sheep, a mound of vegetables, and a thick layer of rice cakes, heaped together in a bowl about a yard in diameter, and served without spoons, forks, or knives.

After this savory repast had been with difficulty devoured, the satisfied company gathered, cross-legged, around a pleasant tent-fire, and enjoyed two hours of Oriental story-telling. And here Nasr-ed-Din proved himself a star performer, his contributions calling forth enthusiastic approval from the ring of bronzed faces.

The Bedouins applauded his stories so heartily that Deeny was just preparing to relate another, when there sounded outside a clatter of hoof-beats coming rapidly up the hill.

Deeny listened attentively and lifted two fingers.

"Two horses!" exulted Harold, springing to his feet, his eyes shining, his whole body trembling with excitement, as he hurried toward the door of the tent.

By a common impulse the others followed, and, a moment later, they all were crowding out into the darkness, eager to learn the result of their leader's mysterious mission.



"IT WAS THE BEDOUIN CHIEF, WAITING."

CHAPTER XX

MAR SABA AT NIGHT

HAROLD'S heart sank as he stepped out into the night, for a single glance showed him the white rider galloping up the hill with an empty-saddled horse behind him. Dr. Wicklow Evans was not there. The rescue plan had failed.

"What happened? What went wrong? Quick!" he demanded, as the Bedouin sprang to the earth.

With an impatient gesture, Khalil ordered his followers back inside the tent. Then he explained the unfortunate turn of affairs. It was very simple. In spite of their secrecy, some suspicion had reached Mar Saba that a plan was on foot to rescue Dr. Evans, and when the Arab appeared at the gates, he was not only refused his usual privilege of seeing the prisoner, but he was not even allowed to set foot inside the convent walls. In vain he had argued and pleaded. The head of the convent had given positive orders

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that Khalil was not to be received on any pretext whatever, and the Bedouin, angry and discomfited, had finally ridden away. It was fate. There was nothing more to say.

"There 's a good deal more to say," replied Harold, with flashing eyes.

"What are you going to do, Sandy?" asked Jack.

"Do?" cried Evans, and his face bore the look

men insisted, he would do his best. It may be added that Khalil had received five extra liras for his trouble.

Soon after the start, Harold pushed forward and rode beside Khalil, and for several miles the two remained in earnest conversation, holding their horses to a quick walk. As the road grew steeper, they dismounted to adjust their saddles, and Evans showed Jack how to fasten his saddle-



EVENING IN A BEDOUIN TENT.

the St. Paul boys had seen in a famous foot-ball game, when, in spite of his slender figure, Sandy went through the Andover line for eighty yards and scored a touch-down. "Do? I 'm going to get my father out of Mar Saba."

Then, turning to Khalil, with the air of a young commander, he called for the horses.

The Bedouin stared in amazement. The horses? Were the gentlemen tired of his hospitality? No, but the gentlemen had urgent business to transact. They were leaving at once. But it was long after midnight. It was not safe for the gentlemen to be abroad at this hour. Safe or not, they were going, Harold replied, and, what was more, Khalil was going with them. No, said Khalil, he was not going with them; he was certainly *not* going with them.

Half an hour later, the little cavalcade set forth once more, turning their faces toward the rugged heights of Mar Saba. And on the foremost horse (such is the power of an unswerving purpose) rode the Bedouin. It was a foolish and useless effort, he grumbled, but, since the gentle-

girth in front around the horse's chest, native fashion, so as to keep it from slipping back.

"Say, Sandy," ventured McGreggor, as they started on again, "have you any idea what we 're going to do when we get to Mar Saba? Honest, now, have you?"

Harold's face brightened as he answered his friend.

"As a matter of fact, Jack, I *had* no idea when we started except that we must do *something*, but —it 's wonderful, old boy, the way things happen. I guess we 're being steered better than we know."

"All right, and then what?" said McGreggor, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The point is, I 've been talking to Khalil, asking him questions, and he 's given me an idea. We 've got to get that rope up to Father, and—I know how to do it."

"Fine!"

"That is, I think I do. Just give me a few minutes to work out my plan. We 'll be there in half an hour."

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"All right! Keep your thought machine working full time," said Jack. "I guess we 'll need it."

The moon, swinging high in a cloudless heaven, had wrapped the rude mountain gorges in silver splendor. For another mile, the boys rode on in silence, and now all kept their horses in single file as the path grew steeper and narrower. Presently they entered a great cañon where every horseman needed his wits about him as they skirted giddy chasms black with shadows in their depths. Then, suddenly, there lifted before them a vague mass of tower and archway, and a moment later the fortress-monastery came into view, clinging to the face of the opposite precipice with the moon full on it.

"So that 's the little job we 're up against," muttered Jack, as he looked across the gulf and rested his eyes on this rambling habitation, built like a swallow's nest against a wall, with a great depth below and a great height above. In the moon's transforming light it looked like a flattened-out castle with turrets and galleries and battlements.

And presently a strong voice sounded through the night and was joined by other voices that rose and fell in suppliant cry. No need to understand the words; it was a prayer for help and forgiveness; it was the monks chanting.

As the voices ceased, a bell struck ten with harsh, quick strokes, telling that it was ten o'clock by the Arabic reckoning of time, about half-past four, English time—and already the day was breaking.

Harold motioned the company to draw back.

"We must n't be seen!" he whispered.

And now, stretched on their backs, with a saddle blanket to ease the hardness of the rocks, the boys saw two things that they always remembered—a star rising up like a lifted torch, and a jackal. The jackal was walking along a ledge of rock, so plain against the dawn that they could see each foot lift. Then the morning star flashed suddenly over a bald mountain crest, like a light-house signal. And even as they looked, there was clear sky between the star and the mountain, one inch, two inches, then a foot. Most extraordinary! A star was racing up the sky, they could see it move!

By this time, the convent was rousing itself for the day. More bells rang. Monks appeared on



"'WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT WENT WRONG?' DEMANDED HAROLD."

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the terraces, and moved along the narrow balconies. Jack discovered one monk standing on a high tower and looking down into the cañon. Others mounted crooked stone stairways that led from terrace to terrace. Two came out with bread and fed it to some yellow-breasted grackles, evidently pets, that fluttered in and plucked the crumbs from their hands. Harold rose and beckoned to Khalil, who nodded, and led the way down a precipitous path.

"Come on, Jack. I 'll show you what we 're going to do. We will send Gabriel to take the horses around by a long way, and— Careful with the horses! Careful there! We 've got to get down to the bottom of this place."

Presently, at a lower level, they crossed a natural bridge, trellised over with grape-vines, and then it was seen that the Mar Saba convent did not face the main cañon, but hung over a tributary gulf, and the boys now found themselves looking across at a second rock wall rising full five hundred feet in sheer perpendicular above a mountain torrent that tumbled along in the depth beneath them. The face of this second wall was marked with various irregular openings, rising in tiers one above the other, some of them connected by ladders and wooden galleries.

Khalil paused impressively, and pointed to one of these openings, saying something in Arabic, while Harold listened eagerly.

"Jack," said the boy, with suppressed excitement. "You see those openings way up there in the precipice? He says they are caves cut in the rock—there are dozens of 'em, and—you see that large one, the second on the right—that 's where my father is. Careful now!"

Still the descent continued with increasing perils. The boys passed along narrow ledges where a single false step would have plunged them into the gulf. Once McGreggor shut his eyes as a treacherous stone slipped from under him, but Deeny sprang forward just in time and caught his arm.

Thus, finally, without other harm than some bruises and a general weariness, they reached the torrent's bed.

"Whe-ew!" panted Jack. "I 'm done up!" He threw himself down by a line of willows that fringed the stream, and, kicking his feet among the red flowers of a pomegranate bush, he closed his eyes wearily. "I 'll never get back up that mountain!" he sighed.

Meantime, young Evans and the Bedouin were busying themselves with mysterious preparations. Khalil quickly unwound the knotted silken rope that had been concealed around his waist, then, with Harold's help, he tested every length of it over a strong willow branch. At each end of the rope, he made a noose.

McGreggor watched all this in sleepy astonishment. What were they trying to do? Dr. Evans's cave was two hundred feet straight up the face of that precipice across the brook.

"Is one of those nooses to go under your father's arms when he slides down the rope?"

"Yes."

"And the other noose is to hitch around something up there in the cave and hold the rope?"

"That 's it."

Jack lay back and yawned as if he was trying to swallow the mountain.

"It 's a good-enough scheme, Sandy, but—how the *mischief* are you going to get that rope up to your father?"

CHAPTER XXI

THE TIN BUCKET

"You go to sleep," said Sandy. "I guess you 're tired."

Jack sat up stiffly, and looked at his friend with reproachful eyes.

"Tired?" he retorted. "Why should n't I be tired? What do you think I am? A fireless cooker? Eight hours on a jouncy horse, no sleep all night, and a precipice that breaks your heart, for breakfast. Tired? Well, say!" He lay back and closed his eyes as if words utterly failed to express his feelings.

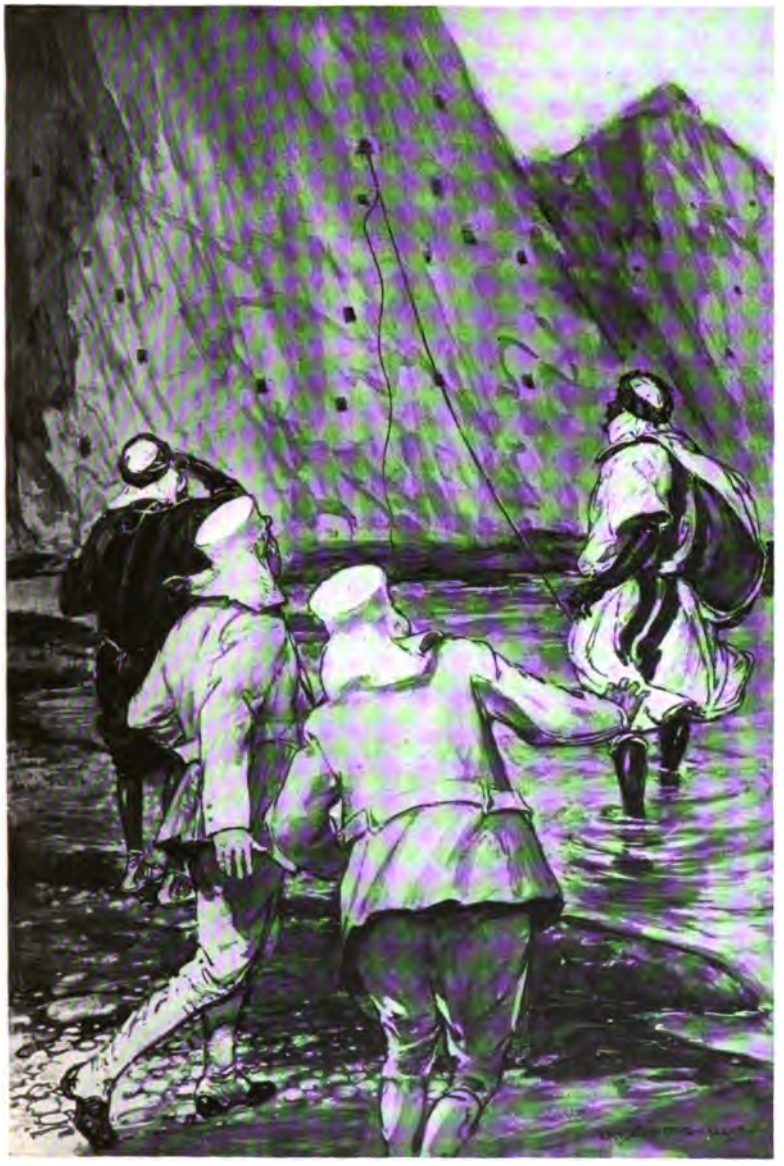
For about twenty minutes after this, nothing happened. Deeny sat cross-legged on the bank and crooned a doleful lullaby as he, too, tested the rope that was to save his master. Khalil lighted a cigarette and blew philosophical rings toward the rising sun. Harold leaned against a willow and never took his eyes from that lofty cave opening, the second on the right, where his father was. His father!

Presently a quick whispering brought McGreggor back to consciousness, and, looking up drowsily, he saw a tin bucket descending out of the heavens, not falling, but coming down deliberately and on a slant, as if it understood its mission. Nearer and nearer to the torrent came the bucket, and then, choosing a deep place with excellent judgment, it dipped itself therein, after which, full to the brim, it began to ascend again with long swingings, going closer and closer to the precipice across the stream, but never quite striking it.

As Jack followed this well-trained bucket in its upward course, he discovered that it was not moving miraculously, but was sliding on a trolley-wire which stretched down to the mountain stream from a flimsy balcony in front of one of

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the caves. And on this balcony, far up the wall, he made out a tiny figure of a man turning a wheel that drew in or let out a pulley cord which operated the bucket on its wire. A moment later, this figure was seen to receive and empty the bucket, and then start it back on its downward journey.



"IN BREATHLESS SUSPENSE THEY WATCHED THE ROPE RISE HIGHER AND HIGHER."

"Jack!" called Evans, sharply. "Help Khalil with the rope while I wave. That 's Father!"

There was no time for more words nor for any show of feeling. The critical moment had come. They must act.

As the bucket reached the stream again, Khalil waded in and seized it, and, with a piece of twine, made fast the rope. Harold, meantime, was waving his hands, and fluttering a handkerchief.

"He 's bound to look down when he feels the weight of the rope!" said the boy. "Then he 'll see me waving."

"He won't know who it is," objected Jack. "It 's too far to see."

"He will know," declared Harold, confidently. "Ah, I told you! Look! He 's waving back. Now then! All ready! Let her go!"

As the pulley line tightened and began to lift, Khalil fed out the rope which was presently dangling down from the bucket like a long snake.

In breathless suspense they watched the rope rise higher and higher. The figure on the balcony stood ready and was actually leaning out to grasp the precious means of escape, when suddenly another figure, in a blue garment, darted forward on a balcony about twenty feet beneath.

"Hurry! Hurry!" shouted Harold, realizing the danger.

But it was too late. The blue-clad figure reached forth an implement that looked like a rake or a hoe, and, drawing in the bucket as it passed, seized it, despite the frantic efforts of the figure above.

"Oh!" cried Harold, in dismay. "He 's going to cut the rope!"

At the same moment, something flashed in the sunlight on the lower balcony, and, a moment later, the whole length of silken cord came wriggling down through the air and fell among jagged rocks on the opposite bank.

"It 's hard luck, old boy!" said McGreggor, comfortingly, as he saw his friend's distress. "Anyhow, we know your father 's up there, that 's

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something. There must be *some* way of saving him. We 'll think of something, and—that 's good, we 've got the rope, anyway." He said this as Khalil came wading back with the rescued line.

Just then a faint cry sounded from above, and they caught the words: "Harold! My son! Wait!"

Harold waved back that he understood, and immediately Dr. Evans disappeared inside the cave. Then for ten minutes—it seemed much longer—the boys sat anxiously on the bank, wondering what would happen next.

"Your father seems to be all right," continued Jack; "that 's a great thing."

"Yes," agreed Evans, "but—oh, well! You 're a mighty good friend, Jack, that 's sure."

At this moment, Dr. Evans appeared again, and was seen to hold out some white object and move it back and forth as if to attract attention. Harold signaled back that he was looking, whereupon the father, with a quick movement, cast the white object far out over the cañon. He had judged his distance so nicely that it just cleared the torrent and descended into a cluster of fig-trees not a hundred yards from where the boys were standing.

Harold hurried after the prize, and presently returned, unknotting a handkerchief in which was tied a stone to give weight and a sheet of paper bearing hastily penciled words.

"Say, Sandy, it strikes me you get letters from your people in queer ways," grinned McGreggor. "This is the second one."

"I hope it gives us as good a line on what to do as the one we got from Mother," answered Evans. "It is n't very long, and—" As he glanced over the sheet, the boy's face darkened, and he shook his head. "I don't see how we can do this."

"Do what? Read it, Sandy. Read it," urged Jack.

Then Harold read the letter:

"My Dear Son:

"I give thanks that my prayers have been answered and that you have been brought to me. The idea of the rope might have succeeded, but it is too late now. I shall be more closely guarded in the future, and you must not try again to rescue me. Above all, you must not go to the authorities. That would do me great harm; it might destroy our chances of ever meeting again. You must go to Damascus by the way of Jaffa and Beirut, and seek out Abdul Pasha, leader of the young Turk party. Tell him the whole truth. Show him the ring which I inclose—it is one he gave to me. He will do the rest. God bless you, my boy. A heart full of love to you and your mother, who is somewhere near, I know.

"Your father,
"Wicklow Evans.

"P.S. They are kind to me here, and will be glad to have orders to release me; but the orders must come from very high up. *See Abdul Pasha and show him the ring.*

"But—I don't see any ring!" said Harold, in perplexity. "There is n't any ring."

"Wait! You may have dropped it. What 's this?" Jack darted down the bank and picked up a piece of paper twisted together like a child's torpedo. "Here it is! Here it is!" he exulted, and handed to his friend a gold ring with a large brown seal on which various strange characters were cut.

Harold frowned as he took the ring. "I 'm not going to Damascus. I 'm not going to leave my father here—not if I can help it."

"But if you can't help it, then you 'll have to," said Jack, philosophically, "just as we had to leave your mother there at the pyramid. Eh, Sandy?"

A little later, after waiting vainly for Dr. Evans to appear again on his balcony, the boys started down the cañon, and, after proceeding about half a mile, they joined Gabriel, who was waiting with the horses at the place agreed upon. Deeny was terribly disappointed at the utter failure of their efforts.

"Zavalli Effendim! Zavalli Effendim!" ("My poor master!") he kept saying, and would not be comforted.

It was a sad and silent company that started back for the Bedouin encampment. The more Harold pondered his father's admonitions, the more he realized that they were sound and must be followed. It was evident that some very powerful person was back of this conspiracy, and their only chance of coping with him was to have power on their side also. Perhaps it was better that their plan with the rope had failed. They might have been pursued and captured. In these lawless solitudes anything could happen.

And yet it was hard for Harold to go away and leave his father. Damascus was a long way off, and who could say what this Abdul Pasha would do! It was putting a lot of trust in a ring. Besides, Abdul Pasha might be away, he might be ill, he might be afraid to help them.

As these somber thoughts passed through Evans's mind, they came to a picturesque rock-bridge across the gorge. A solitary rider on a camel was just before them, Harold could hear him grunting to the beast, *"Khu, khu,"* to quicken his pace. And, again, he followed the circles of some floating vultures as they circled over the gulf with wings extended, motionless. Then, like a flash, the inspiration came.

"Jack!" he cried excitedly. "I 've got it! I 've got it!"

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"Easy now, old boy!" cautioned McGreggor. "If you 're thinking of hitching the rope to the leg of a vulture and making him carry it up—"

"I 'm not silly!" said Evans. "But I 've got an idea from the vultures—it was *your* idea."

"My idea?"

"Remember that deep valley near Jerusalem? You said it would be a great place to study flying-machines. Well, there 's a flying-machine we could make. It 's a very simple kind, but it would lift that rope, and, if the wind was right, we could steer it over the balcony where Father was!"

McGreggor listened incredulously. "I 'll bet you four dollars and sixty-nine cents you can't make a flying-machine that will do that!"

"I said *we* could do it. You 'll help me, won't you? We can make a big kite, can't we? A big box-kite? I remember reading about a kite that lifted a man twenty or thirty feet."

The boys faced each other in silence as the idea took form in their minds. "By Jove!" exclaimed Jack, beginning to be impressed.

"Will you help me build it?"

"Sure I 'll help you!" answered McGreggor. Then, after a pause, he shook his head slowly. "But you can't steer a kite up to that cave, Sandy. You can't do it in a million years."

(To be continued.)

"PLAYIN' BRIDE"



"Heah cum de bride!
Jes watch her stride,"
Dat 's what de organ say
When you heah de organ play.

Den come a shoe—
Biff! square at you!
Ole shoe, he seem' to say,
"Honey, dis yer weddin'-day!"

E. W. Kemble.

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GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

II. THE STORY OF THE WICKED DWARFS

BY GRACE TABOR

EACH waved one of the two long feathers in his cap politely, as they sailed airily along on a southwest wind. And each bowed ceremoniously; but each wore an evil little grin, nevertheless.

"Your clan is the Greenjacket, I perceive," piped the plump one, as soon as he had gained his breath, rolling his eyes most amazingly in a sidewise look.

"None other," answered his companion, with a bow and a smirk, "while you, sir, it is plain, are a Rosycoat."

"Quite right, quite right," said the first, "I am."

Silence fell after this brief exchange of courtesies, and they whirled along pleasantly and uneventfully for some time. Then, suddenly, the stout one began to sniff, and smack his lips, and lick his chops. And he peered below, cautiously, balancing himself with one outstretched wing.

"Aha," he gurgled, "spice in my nostrils, and honey on my tongue! But I certainly am glad to see *that!*"

Greenjacket looked at once in the direction of his gaze. "A garden!" he ejaculated, "as I 'm alive and famished! A real garden!"

Right away, Rosycoat was sorry that he had spoken; indeed, he could have bitten his tongue with vexation at himself. So he shut one eye and sneezed, in an extravagant attempt to appear unconcerned, and edged over sidewise, away from his neighbor. "Really," said he, "really, I think I must bid you good afternoon, Mr. Greenjacket. I fear the air is a trifle—er—brisk. I must descend." With that he slid off quickly; but Greenjacket, being slim and even more nimble, was as quick as he. And together they raced madly for the space below whence came the delightful, mouth-watering odors.

In the very midst of a Greenjacket camp they found themselves, if you will believe it, when they came at last to a firm footing on the stem of a young nasturtium which grew by the garden fence. So Rosycoat saw that it behooved him to put on his blandest smile and his best behavior at once—which he did. And thus he, too, was asked to supper, and also urged by the queen, finally, to stay and join the company.

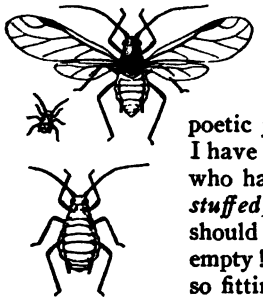
Of course he did. Nowhere else in all the world was there to be found fare of such delectable, ambrosial delight! Stay and join? I should say he *did!* And how they did eat, day in and day out, growing stouter and stouter and stouter. And by and by, Greenjacket married the queen, and Rosycoat married her first maid of honor. And they both had so many children, and these had so many children, and these had so many children, and *these* had so many children, that they simply could not count their children, and their grandchildren, and their great-grandchildren, and their great-great—oh, dear, there 's no end to them! Indeed, some one who reckoned them all up, once upon a time, told me that all

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the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great-great—and so on—grandchildren of just the queen and her husband alone, amounted to over *six billion!*

Such a family had to spread out a good deal, of course. But only as they were forced by their own numbers to do so did they move next door—beg pardon, next leaf. For they would not take time from their eating to do anything else, even to move. They ate and ate, nearly every minute; indeed, that was all they ever did—just sat through the long summer hours and drank up one continuous meal through the long soda-water-straw affair that each one always carried.

But, one day, just as they were all settled to a particularly disorderly and savage eating-contest—such contests were their one entertainment—between some of the Rosycoat great-great-greats and the Greenjacket great-great-great-*greats,* a furious tempest such as never was came right out of a perfectly clear sky, sweeping over *and under* so quickly and so angrily, that there was no chance to escape it. And when it had passed, there they were, all of them, nothing but queer, little dried-out husks of themselves!



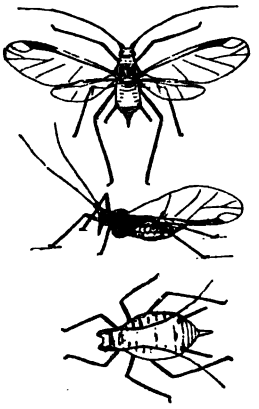
"ROSYCOAT."[1]

This has always seemed to me the very nearest to really, truly, what is called poetic justice, of almost anything I have ever heard about—that they who had stuffed, and stuffed, and *stuffed,* all their wretched lives, should dry up all hollow and empty! Could any end have been so fitting?

LISTENING! That is what the little sage was doing, though perhaps he would not have called it that. He was listening hard, fortunately, as he passed those nasturtiums. That is how he came to know that they were distressed, and to pick a cluster of the pretty leaves and run into the house to show what he had found. There, on those leaves, caught right in the thievish act, were some Rosycoat and Greenjacket guzzlers, so absorbed in gratifying their appetites that they never even noticed the change in their surroundings. And thus the entire camp was discovered in the investigation which followed; and retribution found them; and the tempest and deluge—a fierce storm of soap-suds—overcame them. Thus came these wicked families to their end.

Aphids: that is what we call these dwarfs when we find them in the garden. Oh, you will find them, never fear—just about now, too, the first of them—if you *listen with your eyes!* I mean just this. You must do more than look when you are tending garden; you must look so intently that you actually listen. Don't you feel the difference? That is what makes the good gardener; that is why the plants grow for him. He always is watching so keenly that he is listening.

What do you suppose it is that these aphids eat so greedily, the little monsters? Nothing less than the plants' blood! Up through their powerful soda-water-straw affairs—that are really tube pumps which can be sunk deep into the tender plant flesh or tissue, just as a mosquito's bill is sunk into human flesh—they draw the sap, as fast and as hard as ever they can, until they take the life right out of the plant, and it grows sere and brown.



"GREENJACKET."[2]

They hatch from the winter eggs about the time that the young leaves open nicely; and they love young, tender plants especially. Many things seem to be rarely or never troubled by them; yet they are likely to take up their quarters on almost every kind of growing thing, either shrub or flower—and even on some trees. A certain kind of aphid, indeed, is a serious apple pest. Some of them are always green bodied, as Greenjacket was, while others are pink, tan, purple, gray, or even black. Some have gauzy wings and can fly, while others have no wings at all, and do not usually leave the leaf where they have been born or hatched, although sometimes these are picked up by the wind and carried along. All of them may be crushed by the lightest touch; and the dark-bodied ones will leave a stain on the flesh, or on light cloth—so look out for your white dresses!

Now you will surely know them—any of them—when you come across them. The next thing is, What shall be done about them? They will soon ruin anything which they attack, so prompt work is necessary. Whale-oil soap is preferred by gardeners generally for making the soap-suds with which to spray them. But it is not necessary to get this. I usually take any kind of soap I may happen to find in the laundry, melting a quarter of a cake in two quarts of water by putting it on the stove, then adding three gallons and a half more water—hot also—to this, after it

[1] Rosy Apple-Aphis (*Aphis malifoliæ*). [2] *Nectarophora destructor.* Winged and wingless forms, all greatly magnified.

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is melted. This makes four gallons of soap-suds altogether.

You can sprinkle it on the plants with a whisk broom, held in one hand and struck sharply against the other so that a fine shower is sent over the plants. But as the aphids are almost always on the under side of the leaves, it is nearly impossible to reach them all in this way. Of course a real sprayer that will force the fluid up from below, or in any direction you may wish to send it, is the best. Use the suds as hot as you can bear your hands in it, and if the aphids have got much of a start and are very thick, put the basin or dish with the suds in it down alongside the plant, where you can turn the tips of the branches right down into the solution. They are always thickest at the ends of the branches, for it is here that the plant flesh is tenderest and juiciest. Spray again two days after the first application; and then keep close watch and spray every time you see an aphid.

Of course there are many more things than aphids to think about this month. There is the "tillage," for one thing—and oh, a very, *very* important thing it is! A great many gardeners—even farmers—do not know how important it is, and what it will do for the plants, and consequently they never do it, and when there is drought, their gardens and their crops suffer dreadfully. Then there are others who do practise it to a certain degree, but think it is just for the sake of keeping down the weeds. But it really is very much more than this.

You know the dirt is not really solid at all, dense and hard though it seems. All around between the little dust particles of disintegrated rock or animal matter that compose it, are spaces, just such spaces as you can perhaps understand better if you will hunt up a pile of stones and observe them carefully; or pile up some apples and oranges and nuts together. Dust particles do not fit together any better than apples and oranges and nuts, or than the bigger particles which we call stones. We think they do, only because they are so tiny that we cannot see the spaces between them.

When it rains, the water runs down, down, *down,* through all these openings between the dust particles; and the plants have plenty of food because it is dissolved off from these particles by the water, and thus liquified so that it can be drawn in through the plant roots. When it stops raining, however, and the sun comes out, the water has to return—for water is the slave of fire and must obey its call even when it is given in the mild form of heat. From away down in the ground, up it comes, by means of a movement called "capillary action," back through all the spaces; and off into the air it goes finally, in a vapor so thin that we cannot see it. And finally the ground dries out, and the plants cannot eat, for their food is locked up.

There is a way to detain the water for a time deep in the ground, however; this is by covering the surface of the ground with a blanket of earth looser than the rest, wherein the capillary action will be halted because the particles are so far apart. And this is just what tillage does. Tilling the soil is stirring about gently the two upper inches of it twice a week in dry weather, beginning always the day after a rain. A small hand-rake is the best tool to do it with in a small space, an ordinary rake in a regular garden. Draw it back and forth over all the surface, just as if you were scratching the ground. Of course this keeps out the weeds, too, but that is not the reason for doing it. If there were no such things as weeds, we still should till regularly and thoroughly.

By the first of the month, perhaps sooner, the seedlings which you have started will have grown big enough to thin out to their proper distances apart. If you have another space where flowers might grow, why not save some of the extra ones you take up in this thinning-out operation? If you wait until they have the third or fourth leaf —that will be the first pair of *true* leaves, as you will understand if you have studied botany at all —they may be planted again very easily; really, I think it would be much nicer to keep all that it is possible to keep, than to throw them all away. Don't you? Or perhaps some one you know would like to have some of them.

The ground in the new place ought to be made ready for them just about as it was made ready for the seeds when they were planted. When it is all nicely pulverized and leveled, sprinkle it—unless it should rain just then—with hose or watering-pot; then go and sprinkle the seedlings where they are growing. Then go away and do something else until to-morrow at the same time.

You will remember how those rescued morning-glory seedlings were handled by their rescuer —how careful he was not to break off a rootlet nor to bruise or injure them in any way. Well, you must be just as careful. Of course it will be much easier, for you are taking plants from nice, mellow, yielding earth; but just the same be patient and work slowly. You must have a "dibble" to help you, which is a tool that gardeners usually make for themselves. Any stick about six or eight inches long and an inch thick and wide, whittled *round* and to a tapering point, will be all right. Perhaps you can find an old broom

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handle from a playhouse broom. That would be exactly right, when sharpened like a pencil.

This dibble is to be thrust down into the ground two or three inches from the seedlings, so that it will not reach their roots, and worked and tilted back and forth until the earth is loosened all around and the plants can be gently lifted clear of it. If the plants which you do not intend to take up are loosened also, press the earth back down about them after you have taken the ones to be removed quite away. No harm will be done.

To handle the plants, take one of the leaves lightly between the soft ball of your thumb and your forefinger, thumb on top, finger below, and do not touch the roots at all if you can possibly avoid it. Take up one at a time, and go at once to the place into which you wish to replant it. Thrust the dibble into the ground at just the spot where you wish it to stand; push it down an inch deeper than the length of the longest root; pull it out, and lower the plant into this hole; then thrust the dibble into the ground again, an inch to one side of the original place, and tilt the top of it over toward the plant, which you must still hold between thumb and finger. This crowds the earth sidewise over against the roots, all the way to the very lowest tip of them, and leaves none of them "hung," as gardeners say, in a pocket of earth. If one thrust of the dibble does not seem to make the plant firm, push it down again on the other side; then you can work the surface of the soil down and pack it very gently with your fingers, laid flat onto the ground. Always put a plant the least bit deeper into the ground than it stood before—from an eighth to a quarter of an inch deeper is none too much, but quite enough.

It is a very good plan to water each plant as it is set, but be sure you pour the water on the ground about two inches from the plant, and from a small spout instead of dashing it out of a pail. It should trickle gently down through the soil, carrying the loose earth with it, so that every little crevice is filled, and every rootlet restored to complete contact with the earth.

Of the plants suggested last month for borders, all will transplant satisfactorily except the California poppies. These are likely to die if it is undertaken, for, like all the poppy family, they very much resent being handled.

It is not too late to plant the seeds of almost anything you may wish to try, or, indeed, to begin an entire garden; so why not have some vegetables? If you like string-beans, get some of the kind called "Kentucky wonder" and sow them, seven seeds to a hill, around a good long bean-pole. Put them under the earth just as far as you would flower seeds the same size; when they are all up, thin them out so that the four or five strongest seedlings remain. Half a dozen such hills will provide a family of four or five with quantities of delicious beans from the time the first are ready to use until almost the end of summer; for they go on blossoming and making long green pods as fast as they are picked. From four hills we pick enough for a meal. The hills should be about twenty inches apart.

Cress is another thing that is delicious to have, and takes up only a little room. Get the kind called "upland cress," which is as good as water-cress but does not need running water in which to grow. Sow the seeds in rows or drills ten or twelve inches apart, and sow them about every two weeks. Then you can pull up the old plants as soon as they persist in blossoming—when they will grow rank tasting—and always have young and tender ones from which to pick salad and garnishing. I should have some sorrel, too, for salad, if I were you. The seed of this is sowed in just the same kind of drills, but the plants must be thinned as soon as they are well up, so that they stand about four inches apart. It is delicious as a salad, or as a green cooked like spinach, or in a chafing-dish, or made into a thick, creamy soup. And I do not know of anything to eat that is quite so good for people, big or little.



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A NONSENSE SONG

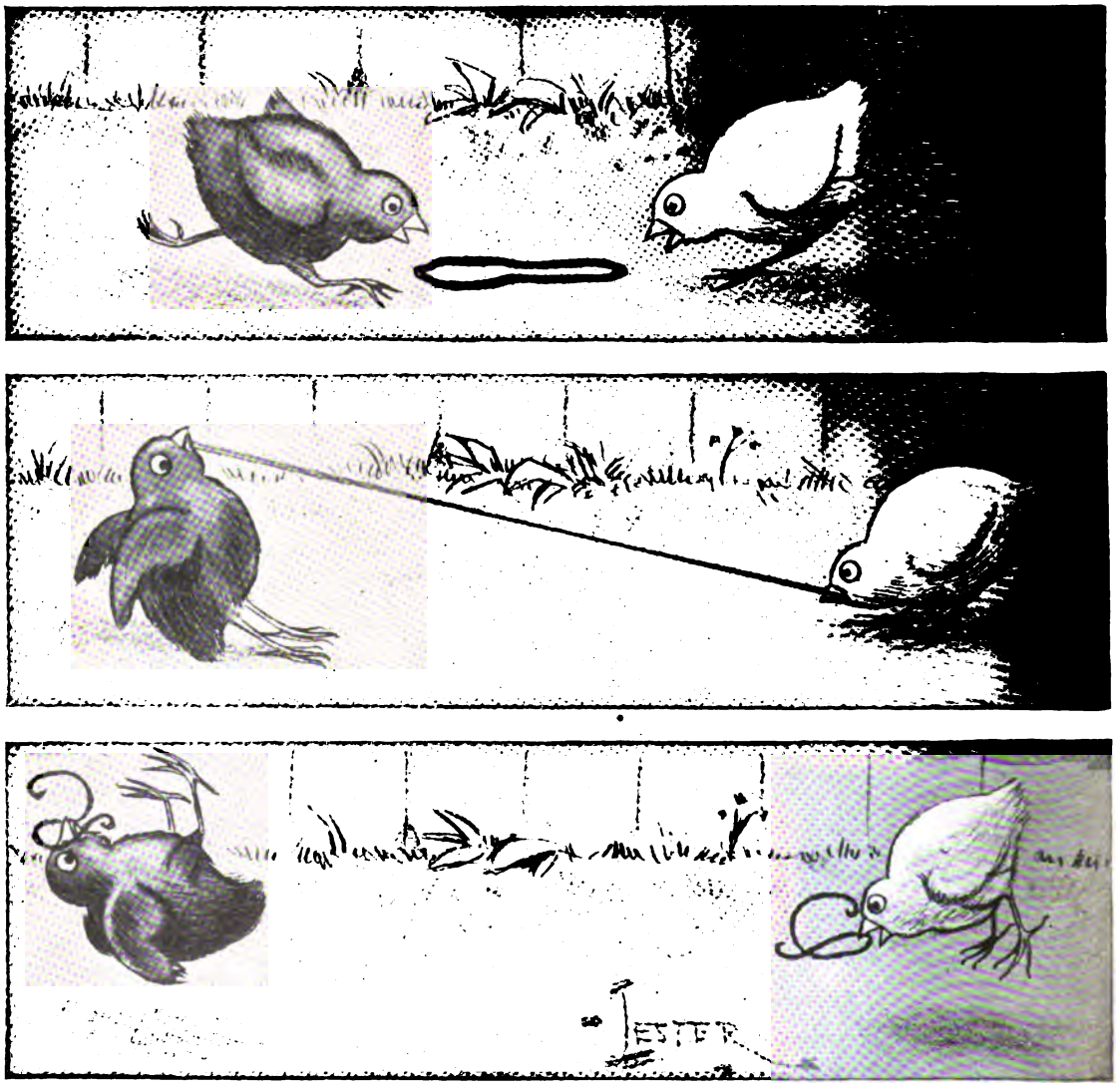
Oh, Nonsense Nan was a queer little lass,
She lived in a house made of fine cut glass;
She rode in a carriage of puffed pink silk,
And fed her horses on buttermilk.

One day she walked in a Nonsense wood,
Where every tree wore a worsted hood;
And a cow stepped up in a social way
And offered Nannie some cold boiled hay.

"Sit down," said Nan, "on that nice, soft rock,
And I 'll chat with you till four o'clock."
So the cow sat down, and, to Nan's surprise,
She took from her pocket two popcorn-pies!

So everything was prepared, you see,
For a dear little, queer little afternoon tea.
They chatted and laughed till the sun went down,
Then Nannie went back to Nonsense Town.

Oscar Llewelyn.



THE GREEDY CHICKS AND THE RUBBER BAND. 1. EXPECTATION. 2. EMULATION. 3. CONSTERNATION!

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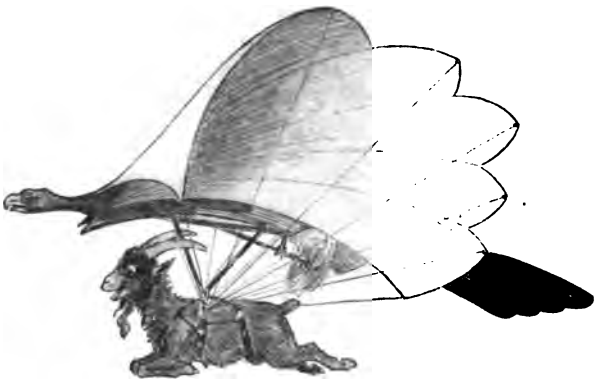
OLD FABLES BROUGHT UP TO DATE

(Just for fun, and with apologies to Æsop)

THE TWO GOATS

THE OLD-TIME FABLE

Two goats started at the same moment, from opposite ends, to cross a rude bridge that was only wide enough for one to cross at a time. Meeting at the middle of the bridge, neither would give way to the other. They locked horns and fought for the right of way, until they both fell into the torrent below and were drowned.





THE FABLE BROUGHT UP TO DATE

At one time a goat, desiring to cross a certain bridge, was met by another goat. Now these goats (like some children) were stubborn. Neither would back down, and, as there was not room to pass, a long and tedious argument followed. Things were beginning to look serious, when the very wise goat, thinking of the aëroplane which he always carried, buckled on his wings, and soon was soaring over, much to the amazement of his stupid enemy.

MORAL: 'T is well to rise above a silly argument.

C. J. Budd.

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THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

BY LE ROY TITUS WEEKS

In a willow by a brook
(Wheety, wheety, wheety, wheety),
There I keep a picture-book;
Would you like to take a look?
Just a nest and nestlings sweet,—
Wheety, wheety, wheety, wheet.

In the water there you see
(Weechy, weechy, weechy, weechy)
Shadows of my mate and me,
Like a dream of Arcady,
All too fine for song or speech,—
Weechy, weechy, weechy, weech.

How d' you like my mask of black?
(Wichery, wichery, wichery, wichery),
How d' you like my yellow sack
With its olive-tinted back?
Made at *Nature's*, every stitch.
Wichery, wichery, wichery, wich.

Blithe and happy all the day
(Weety, weety, weety, weety),
Here I lilt my roundelay,
On this tilting willow spray.
Oh, but nesting-time is sweet!
Weety, weety, weety, weet.



THE SNAIL'S PACE

BY AMOS R. WELLS



Said the Snake to the Snail, "How absurdly you crawl!
I scarcely can see you are moving at all."

Said the Hen to the Snake, "With no leg and no wing,
No wonder you travel so slowly, poor thing!"

Said the Fox to the Hen, "You have wings, that is true;
But what are your wings when I get after you?"

Said the Wren to the Fox, "Don't you think you are spry!
But what are your legs to a bird that can fly?"

Said the Hawk to the Wren, "In my masterful flight
Your fluttering pace is a leisurely sight."



Said the Snail to them all: "This big world is my steed,
And I travel upon it as fast as I need—
Yes, daily upon it, in spite of your smiles,
No less than three fourths of a million of miles.
You think you excel in your hurrying race:
Can any one beat me in traversing space?"

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WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER VII

SPINNING A WEB ACROSS THE RIVER

"I SUPPOSE what you are most anxious to see is how the cables are strung," said Mr. Blanchard, as he walked out of his office toward the bridge, after we had presented our letter of introduction. "But what 's the use of cables unless you have something to tie them to, eh?"

"You mean the towers," I ventured.

"Oh, no, they could n't begin to stand up against the pull of those cables. We just put in the towers to *raise* the bridge high enough above the river—something after the fashion of the clothes-poles with which a washerwoman props up her clothes-line. Why, you have no idea what a strong pull there is on the bridge cables. We have to build great masses of stonework, and imbed in the masonry enormous steel bars linked together like giant chains, to which the cables are fastened. The anchorages of this bridge are each as long as a city block (225 feet), and 175 feet wide, and when they are finished, they will be built up as high as an eight-story building."

With this impressive introduction, Mr. Blanchard led the way up to the anchorage, and let us see for ourselves the huge chain of eye-bars. They were stringing the cables in separate strands, and each strand was fastened to a separate pair of eye-bars.

As Mr. Blanchard was anxious to inspect the work at the other end of the bridge, he did not stop to explain this just then, but started with us up one of the temporary foot-bridges that ran up, under each cable, to the nearer tower.

It was quite a climb, particularly as we neared the top, where the slant of the footwalk was very steep. The towers, reaching up to a height of 350 feet above the water, had looked very slender from a distance, and hardly strong enough to sustain the weight of a heavy double-deck bridge; but we found on closer inspection that they were made of massive steel, rising 322 feet above the masonry pier.

"They 're tremendously strong, are n't they? I should think they would stand up under almost any load," remarked Will.

"They 'll carry the load," said Mr. Blanchard, "but we expect them to sway some, back and forth. The top may move one way or the other, as much as two feet from the upright position."

"Why, how 's that?" I queried.

"When the summer sun beats upon the cables, they will grow so hot that it would be uncomfortable to put your hand on them, and you will find that they will have expanded considerably. On the other hand, when the bitter cold winds of winter chill them down below zero, they will contract appreciably. We expect the cables to be twenty or thirty inches shorter in winter than summer. The total change will be greater in the long span between the towers than in the shorter shore spans from the towers to the anchorages, and so the towers will have to bend to accommodate themselves to this variable pull. In the Brooklyn Bridge, the cables pass over cradles on rollers, so that they can travel back or forth with the cable to allow for these variations in the length of the spans. In this bridge, we are going to let the cables rest directly on the towers, and let the towers themselves bend back and forth, to allow for differences in length of the cable. I don't suppose they will ever bend much more than six inches one way or the other, but we have allowed for a flexure of twenty-four inches."

We followed Mr. Blanchard down one of the steep foot-bridges and up the opposite tower. It was quite a long walk, over a quarter of a mile in a straight line, and considerably more following the curve of the cables, as we had to. The foot-bridges were merely continuous platforms, about nine feet wide, and supported on temporary cables under the four main cables that were being strung. I kept strictly to the center line of that platform, and did n't pay much attention to the boats that were plying back and forth beneath us. The foot-bridges were connected in pairs every five or ten feet, by means of beams, and at various intervals there were cross-walks connecting the south pair of bridges with the north pair. It made my flesh creep to see the workmen walk across the narrow beams between the platforms.

All the time, the wire carriers were traveling back and forth over our heads, just like spiders spinning their threads across the river. The carriers were merely large pulley-wheels connected to traveling-cables. The wire was looped over the pulley-wheel, and as the wheel traveled across, it would string two lengths of wire at once.

When we had reached the opposite side of the river, Mr. Blanchard explained the wire-string-

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ing process. The steel wire was about half the size of a lead-pencil, but it was strong enough to lift forty men. It was wound on enormous reels weighing four tons each, and with 80,000 feet of wire to the reel. When the cables were finished, they would be nearly two feet in diameter, 21¼ inches, to be exact. Each cable was made up of 9472 wires, strung in thirty-seven separate strands of 256 wires each. Altogether, in the four cables there would be 23,132 miles of wire, or enough to go nine tenths of the way around the earth.

The wire in a strand, he said, was looped around "shoes" at each end of the bridge, and ran in a continuous length, like a skein of silk. When the strand was completed, the ends were spliced together. When the strand was started, the wire was temporarily fastened at one end and passed around the shoe. Then it was slipped over the carrier, a signal was given, the cable started, and the carrier proceeded merrily on its way across the river. When it reached the top of the first tower, the lower reach of wire was gripped and hauled up until adjusted as to tension, so that the sag would correspond with a standard guide wire. Then it was clamped, and the signal was sent to the next tower, where it was similarly gripped and adjusted. This done, a signal was sent on to the anchorage, where the final adjustment took place. As soon as the carrier released this wire, it took back with it a pair of wires of another skein, which gave time for adjusting the upper reach of wire just strung. The wires were laid at one side of the position they were to occupy in the final cable, and when the strand was completed, it was moved out of the temporary rollers upon permanent shoes. The work of splicing the ends of the strand together usually took about five minutes. The shoes on which the strands were built up were horizontal. When a strand was completed, the shoes had to be drawn back by a hydraulic jack, turned on edge, and pulled back between a pair of steel eye-bars. Here they were made fast by a cross-pin. As the carriers strung two wires at a time, it took only six days to complete a strand. The wire was drawn through heavy oil and graphite, to prevent rusting while the cable was being made up.

We spent many hours on the bridge, examining the work, just how many I do not know; but it did not seem long before we heard several factory whistles, which warned us that it was five o'clock, and quitting time. We followed Mr. Blanchard down to the wash-room, and began to wash up. We were on the Brooklyn side, and as I was washing my hands, I looked over across the water to the tall bridge-tower on the New York side. A thin wisp of smoke was curling up from the very top of the structure.

"That tower looks just like a factory chimney," I remarked to Mr. Blanchard.

"Eh, how 's that?"

"Don't you see the smoke coming out of the top of it? It seems to be getting thicker."

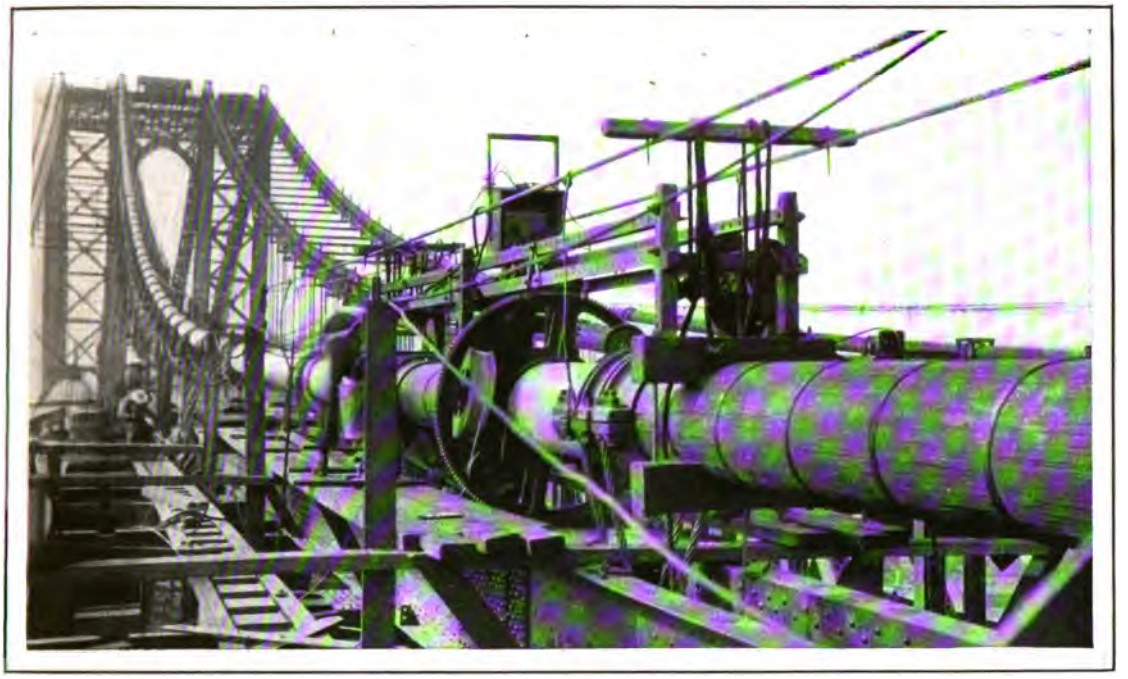
Mr. Blanchard took one look at the tower, then rushed to the telephone and rang up the office on the other side; but could get no answer. He rattled the receiver hook wildly, growing more excited every moment. Finally, he threw the instrument down violently, and tore out of the room without a word to us. We did n't stop to replace the receiver on the hook, but followed him as fast as we could up to the top of the Brooklyn tower, and then along the foot-bridge to the other side. The smoke was pouring in dense volumes from the tower now, and we could see the flames that were eating up the woodwork. It seemed like an endless run across that long foot-bridge. I had n't time to think of getting dizzy now. My eyes were on the blazing tower, that seemed miles away. Down below us a fire-boat was screaming, and the clang of fire apparatus showed us that the fire-department had responded promptly. I could see that quite a crowd of men had collected and were trying to put out the fire.

We were on the north foot-bridge, and just as we neared the burning tower, a gang of men rushed down the foot-bridge and across the small connecting bridge to the south foot-bridge. They had tools with them, and apparently their idea was to cut off enough of the timber to prevent the fire from creeping across the bridge to the Brooklyn side.

"Come back here, you," yelled Mr. Blanchard, when he saw what they were up to. They were so intent on their work that they did n't hear him. At any rate, they did n't heed, but started right in chopping off the planks. Mr. Blanchard did n't stop for argument, but ran across the bridge and began hauling them back by main force. He was so excited he could scarcely speak. "What is the matter with you?" he cried; "don't you know the fire will burn through the cables and drop you, foot-bridge and all, into the river?"

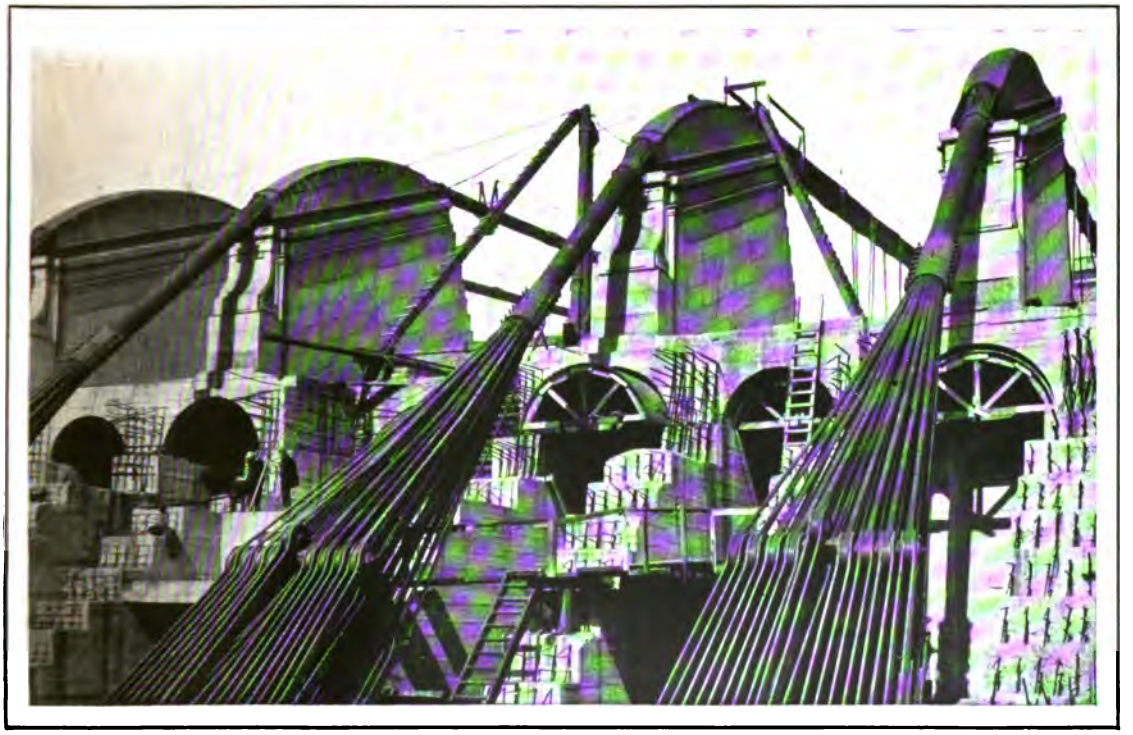
It finally dawned on them what he was after, and they scampered back, Mr. Blanchard bringing up the rear. Just as he was half-way between the two footwalks, the cables gave way, and down crashed the south bridge. The connecting cross-walks gave our bridge a yank that sent us all sprawling. Will, who was near the edge,

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"A SPOOL OF WIRE ON THE GEAR WINDS THE WIRE AROUND THE CABLE." (SEE PAGE 740.)

almost rolled overboard, but one of the men grabbed him by the waist of his trousers just as he was teetering over the brink, and hauled him inboard. I did n't see that incident because my



THE ANCHORAGE. EACH STRAND OF CABLE IS FASTENED TO ITS OWN ANCHOR CHAIN

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attention was fixed upon Mr. Blanchard. The cross-bridge had broken in the middle, and as



THREE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE RIVER.

the broken end sprang up, Mr. Blanchard was nearly slung off by the recoil. But he clung on desperately until some of the men had recovered sufficiently to seize him and drag him up to safety.

The fallen foot-bridge did not drop into the river, but was caught in the tangle of suspended cables. Some of the burning timbers dropped into the water, narrowly escaping a ferry-boat that was passing under at the time. There was nothing for us to do but to run on up to the tower and give what aid we could there, in fighting the fire. Things were in a pretty bad way. The cotton-waste and oil-soaked timbers, and the barrels of tar and paint and oil, made the very best of fuel, but to fight the fire there was only a



STRINGING THE LAST PAIR OF WIRES ACROSS ON A CARRIER BEARING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

single barrel of drinking-water, which had already been used to no avail. The fire-boat could n't begin to reach us, and fire-engines about the

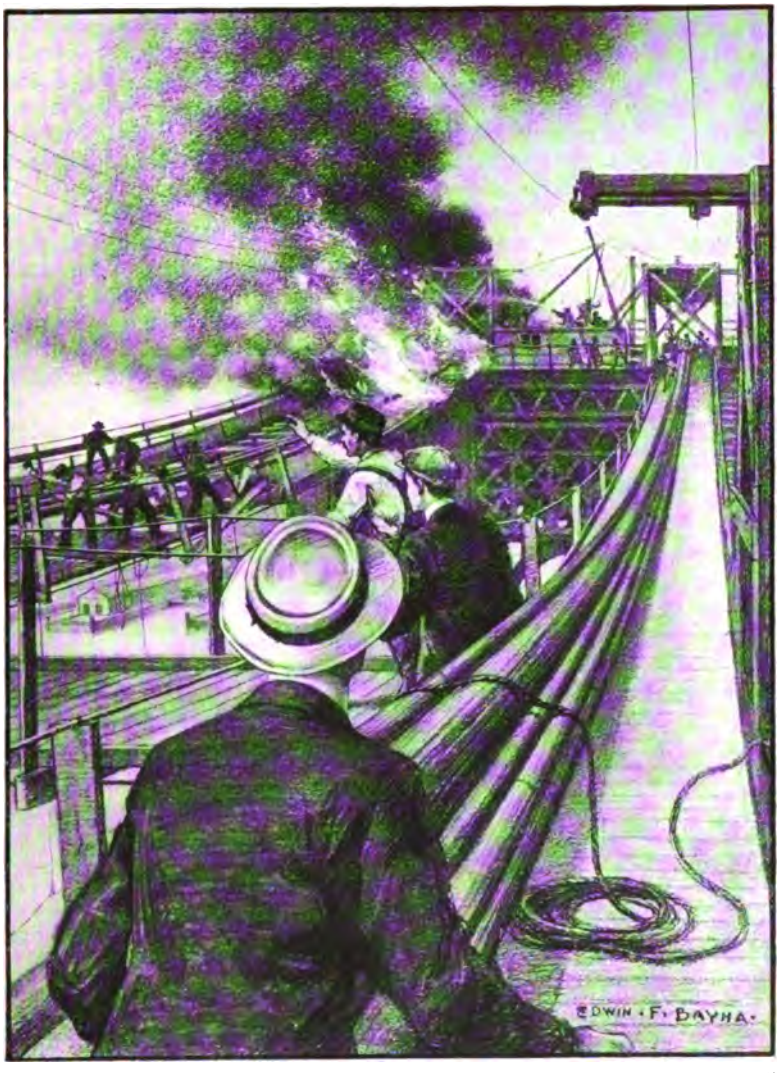


"SEVERAL STRANDS WERE SQUEEZED TOGETHER TO FORM A CORE." (SEE PAGE 740.)

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base of the tower were helpless. Some of the firemen tried to drag the hose up the long stairways to the top of the tower, but when they finally did reach the top, and gave the signal for the water to be turned on, the hose burst, and all their labor went for naught. A second hose line was made of better stuff, but only a weak, sickly stream trickled out of the nozle, because the engines were scarcely powerful enough to pump water so high, even when a number of them were coupled up in tandem. A few of the firemen had hand-extinguishers with them, which held the blaze in check for several minutes; but that ammunition gave out soon, and it was evident that we would have to abandon everything and run.

That retreat was an exciting one. The fire had spread to the northern side of the tower, and as we ran down the stairway, blazing brands kept dropping on us. To add to our peril, there were several barrels of bolts at the top of the tower, and these were heated to redness in the fire, and, as the barrels and flooring burned away, they began to drop down upon us. I did n't know at what moment a heavy bolt might strike me on the head and lay me out. A man in front of me had his clothing set afire by an incandescent bolt, which fell on the edge of his coat-pocket and hung there a moment. We were not half-way down the tower when there was a crash, and the north foot-bridge fell; but we were so busy dodg-



"MR. BLANCHARD DID N'T STOP FOR ARGUMENT, BUT RAN ACROSS THE BRIDGE."

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ing firebrands and bolts that we did n't even pause in our rush down the stairs.

That fire was one of the oddest the New York fire-department ever had to tackle. They could really do nothing but let the fire burn itself out at its own sweet will.

When we went around to see Mr. Blanchard a few days later, he explained to us just what damage had been done to the main cables. It was evident that the cables had been heated red hot during the fire, because they were badly burned and flaked. A number of wires would evidently have to be cut out and replaced with new sections. Some of the less seriously injured wires were cut out and sent to have their strength tested. These tests were very favorable, and showed that the cables were not half so badly damaged as it was feared that they might be.

Near the end of the summer, we visited the bridge again, so as to watch the cable-winding process after all the strands had been strung. First, several strands were squeezed together with crescent-jawed tongs, and fastened, at intervals, to form a core for the cable. Then the other strands were grouped about them and fastened temporarily. After this, the wire-winding machine was mounted on the cable. This was a large gear-wheel in two parts, bolted together about the cable. A traveler arranged to move along the cable carried a small electric motor that turned a pinion or small gear-wheel, fitting into the large gear, and in that way made the gear rotate around the cable. A spool of wire on the gear was carried around with it, winding the wire around the cable. A brake on the spool kept the wire under a constant tension. After the wire was wound, a steel sheathing made in half-sections was bolted about the cable. "Every so often" a collar was applied to the cable, and suspender cables were attached to them. To these suspenders, floor beams and girders were to be fastened, and on them the double deck of the bridge was to be built up.

To-day, at any time, you can see a procession of trucks plodding over the bridge, with a string of hurrying trolleys and rushing elevated trains loaded to the limit of capacity with human freight, all supported by the combined strength of those thread-like wires that were spun by human spiders across the East River.

(To be continued.)

THE ROSE THAT WENT TO THE CITY

BY MARGARET EYTINGE



One morning in the lovely month of June, a rose-bush in a large country garden was proudly holding up to the golden sunshine many beautiful pink roses. A tall boy who was going to work in the great city near by, stopped and picked one and put it in a buttonhole of his coat. "Good-by, sister," called the others, as he hurried away. And then they began to talk. "It is too bad," they said, "that our sister should be taken from her delightful garden home. We fear she will not live long. How we pity her!"

At that moment, along came a pleasant young breeze. "You need not pity her," he said, as the roses gave him fragrant kisses of welcome. "She may not live as long as you do, but while she *does* live, she will bring happy thoughts to all those who see her. The boy who plucked her smiled as he did so, and thought, 'How sweet my mother used to look with a rose like this in her dark hair.' And all the poor children he will meet to-day will say in glad voices, 'Oh, the pretty, pretty flower!' and their pale faces will grow bright. And in the dark office where the boy works from morn till night, the fragrance of the rose will bring to the tired men who work there too, memories of the country homes and old-fashioned gardens of their boyhood.

"So you see, my dear flower-friends, though the rose that went to the noisy, dusty city may not live as long as you who remain here in this beautiful garden, her life will be thrice blessed, because of the happy moments she will bring to those who need happy moments." And the roses nodded gracefully as the breeze once more flew lightly on its way.

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BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

GOOD STORIES OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

THERE was so much fighting and sudden death in the fourteenth century, that one rather wonders any one came through it alive, and able to carry on the history of Europe.

The Scotch wars began under the first Edward, of whom you read in the last article,—he that was called Longshanks. He was a great man, beloved by his people,—a golden-haired, wise king, thoroughly English, a brave soldier, and a man of nobility of character and high purposes. He conquered Wales, and then started in to subdue the Scots, who were for having a king of their own, and were rather puzzled whom to choose among several claimants. Edward soon reduced the lords to submission, and Scotland seemed to be his, when Wallace, an outlaw knight, called the people to his standard, and defied the English king. A time of great struggle followed, Wallace proving a mighty captain and inspiring leader; but at the battle of Falkirk, the Scots were routed with terrible loss; a few years later, Edward beheaded the great Scotchman, and Scotland fell under English rule. Another Scot, however, who had fought with Wallace, Robert Bruce, managed to arouse the people once more, and, after years of fighting against the second Edward, he won the stirring battle of Bannockburn, making Scotland an independent kingdom and himself king.

Nothing much more romantic than these Scotch wars has occurred in history, and in two books, both a little old-fashioned but none the less mighty good reading, you can follow the story of the two heroes. The first is Jane Porter's "The Scottish Chiefs," whose particular hero is Wallace, and the second, Grace Aguilar's "The Days of Bruce." There are countless adventures and excitements in these novels, and a tender sort of love story runs through them. They give excellent pictures of the times, a real "feel" of the Scotch enthusiasm and devotion; and though they are rather long, they repay the time spent on them. For a shorter account of the same two heroes you can go to Alice S. Hoffman's "Heroes and Heroines of English History" (Dutton), a delightful book full of breezy stories.

Two books of a somewhat similar kind are Laurence Gomme's "Stories of English Kings," and of "English Queens" (Longman's), which are crammed with charming anecdotes and tales, from many sources, relating to the rulers of England. If you have these volumes you can turn to the particular king or queen you want to know about, and read the story of some romantic happening in his or her life.

Edward's son, Edward II, had none of his father's virtues, and proved a bad king for England. He lasted twenty years, and was deposed by the barons, who had always hated him, and with whom he was constantly quarreling. He inherited the war with Bruce from his father, and the first half of his reign was mostly given up to it, and in "The Days of Bruce" you will see how he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the victorious Scots. A book by Henty, "St. George for England," touches on the end of his reign—he was murdered in prison soon after being deposed —and takes you on into Edward III's days, when the Hundred Years' War began with France. It is n't much as literature, but the story is interesting and the historical picture true and accurate. The boy hero sees heaps of fighting, and meets all the important personages of the time.

Edward III had a long reign, packed full of fighting, but the hero of his successful battles was his son, the famous Black Prince. There are a number of splendid stories about this English leader, who seemed to be invincible. W. O. Stoddard has a stirring tale called "With the Black Prince" (Appleton), that no one ought to miss, and I have had a letter from one of my young readers, Edith Pierpont Stickney, of St. Paul, telling me that another fine book is "Cressy and Poictiers," by J. G. Edgar, in Everyman's Library. This tale follows the adventures of a page of the prince all through the French campaign, in the two wonderful battles of the title, through the siege of Calais, and back to England, to the battle of Neville's Cross, where the prince repulsed and turned back a Scotch invasion.

Another enjoyable book that is interested in this same Black Prince is Miss Yonge's "The Lances of Lynwood," in which the prince's adventures in Spain are told, and many there were. Unluckily, during the hardships of this long struggle that had neither definite result nor real success, the poor prince contracted an illness, and when he returned to his own country, he had not long to live. It was his little son, Richard II, who became king when Edward III died.

Another story of the time of Edward III that

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you will like, is to be found in Maurice Hewlett's "New Canterbury Tales." It is called "The Countess Alys," and is about the "at-home" England of that day, and not the adventuring prince, who, after all, was not the whole of England, though he lends himself so well to adventure stories that the writers like him for hero.

Richard II was only a baby when he became king, so that his uncles undertook to do the ruling for him, and it was not until he was twenty-four years old that he finally asserted himself, really becoming England's ruler. But while he was still a child, the fierce revolt of the peasants broke out. There are several books that tell of these events, and of the Black Death that befell at the same time, or somewhat earlier. Henty has one of them, "The March on London" (Scribner's), which is good, and there is a very exciting and picturesque story also specially written for young people, "Red Dickon the Outlaw," by Tom Bevan, which was published in 1905, and ought not to be hard to get. Dickon is a thrilling character, and the story manages to make the peasants' struggles and sufferings and courage very real to you.

A very quaint and touching book that is set in the same period is by William Morris, called "A Dream of John Ball." John Ball was a peasant of those days who first began to say that all men are equal, and should stand alike before the law. He preached this, at that time, astonishing doctrine all over England, and was the chief incitement to the revolt. In this story a working-man of modern England wakes up to find himself back in the age of Ball, and he has a series of adventures that take him to various parts of the kingdom. The book is short, and is admirably written, giving one unforgetable picture after another of the ways of living, the houses and inns, the people and their talk and their hopes. My copy is an old one, but I think it has been reprinted several times, and I 'm sure you can get it with a little trouble. Don't miss it, for, aside from its value in this historic series of ours, it is too lovely not to know.

I suppose most of you have read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's glorious story of "The White Company" that belongs to Richard's reign. It comes later on, when the peasants have been driven to submission again, and when the wars in France have once more become all-important. It is there that the White Company goes, and besides the English leaders, you meet the great Du Guesclin and others of the French captains. There is some wonderful fighting in this book, which is written with all that charm and vividness Sir Arthur can put into his stories. You won't lay it down unfinished, if you can help it, and it will probably make you sigh for the "good old times," and wish you could put on armor and mount a charger and ride to gallant adventure—even if you happen to be a girl!

A book that shows quite another side of this same period of England's life is by Annie Nathan Meyer, "Robert Annys, Poor Priest" (MacMillan). This tells how the poor priest was sent out into the world to learn what men and women had to suffer there. It covers the years between 1379–85, just about the same that saw the White Company set out, but it is a different adventure on which the priest goes. He sees many things, and when he returns to his monastery after his wanderings, his heart is full of loving-kindness for the troubles of mankind, and of wonder and admiration for the goodness and unselfishness he has found.

One remarkable man in the reign of Richard II was Wyclif, and you will get a good account of him, though a short one, in Dean Hodges's delightful book, "Saints and Heroes up to the Middle Ages." Wyclif incarnates a lot of the spirit of the fourteenth century, and is one of the great men of all time. Another immortal of the latter half of the age was Chaucer, who gives in his many poems the sunnier and happier side of the life. Many of these poems have been turned into modern English for you young people, and you can't do better than get a few of his stories, for that is what they are, and see just how things seemed to a great writer of the very time itself.

Then there is Shakspere's play, "The Life and Death of King Richard II," which those of you who are old enough to enjoy will find to be a touching presentment of this monarch. The play is set in the last years of the king's reign, and brings in the great figure of John of Gaunt, brother to the Black Prince, who had long struggled to get the royal power into his own hands, and had ruled the young Richard with an iron hand during his minority. But that is over now, though Richard will soon have new troubles on his head. For the poor king, both by his wise and his wrong acts, had alienated most of his people. Young Bolingbroke, soon to be Henry IV, is on his way to the crown. The play moves swiftly on to the catastrophe, and to the murder of the king in prison—the last of the Plantagenets. The House of Lancaster now takes the throne, and our next group of historic stories will follow the fortunes of England under Henry IV and the gallant Henry V, as fine and brilliant a ruler as ever held scepter, though his time was short, for he died in the heyday of his youth.

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Now that we are so far into England's story, you will see that some really modern ideas have begun to arise. Under Edward I, the Parliament becomes the same in form that it is to-day, and grows more powerful and more representative year by year. The poor man is beginning to think that he, too, deserves a voice in the laws of his land, and the English language as we know it has evolved from the mixture of Norman French and old Saxon. We can read Chaucer, the first true English poet, with a little difficulty, to be sure, but with complete understanding. The same ideas of honor and justice that rule us are beginning to grow strong and show themselves, and in the people whom we meet in the stories of this century there are several with whom we should feel quite at home to-day.



AN ATTACK ON A CASTLE IN THE DAYS OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

I hope if any of you know of good books about the times still ahead of us, you will write to me about them. I found Edith Stickney's letter a great help, and want to thank her for the trouble she took. She mentioned several books we shall come to later, and the interest she takes in this series of articles is a real joy to me.

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A DOLLS' WEDDING

(A Story for Middle-aged Little Folk)

BY MARY AND MARJORY WOODS

"RIDGEWAY" and "Woodlands" were the homes of parents and grandparents of Mary and Marie, aged nine and eleven. We don't object to telling our ages. Marie's best doll is "Charlie MacBriney," and her second best is "Harry Lauder."



MR. AND MRS. CHARLIE MACBRINEY.

My "*Sunday* best" is "Jane Ward." Our real Aunt Mertie was married with a big, big, fancy wedding, and that put things into our heads. M. being of an inventive turn (oh, dear, "M" stands for Me, and I 've let the cat out of the bag!)—well, I 'll just admit it, I am Mary; the other of us is Marie, and we are cousins. I invented the game, then, for Charlie to fall in love with Jane, and then we could play wedding. (Aunt Mertie was in love before *she* got married!) So Charlie kept coming and coming to see Jane, and we were all more and more pleased with the idea of a wedding. But, of course, they had to get "engaged" first.

Charlie's grandmother said Marie might have the announcement party at her house, so we invited a lot of kidlets to bring their dolls on March 26 at two o'clock, and each child who came laid a doll on the big porch steps at Woodlands. Well, dear readers, that engagement party was a circus—really a circus, for we had chariot-races, and circus performances around the stable and lawn, leaving the dolls on the steps. When we came back, there were all those dolls on the dining-room table, arranged in a great procession, with Jane and Charlie at the front, and walking down the middle of the table was a lovely wedding party of the perkiest paper dolls, all dressed in real tarlatan, lace, and feathers!

That was to make us think about weddings; and when people began to talk about that, it made it very easy and natural to announce Jane's engagement to Charlie. Jane did n't blush a bit, because her cheeks were red already, and Charlie just smiled as usual. Then we were all ready for things to eat.

The children stayed until six o'clock, and as they were leaving, up came Mr. Parson to take home Sydney Parson, and in his hand Mr. Parson brought the evening paper. Now the funniest thing happened in that paper! Right on the front page there was a notice of Miss Jane



THE BRIDAL PARTY ON THE LAWN.

Ward's engagement to Mr. Charlie MacBriney, and we don't know yet who put it in the "society news"! Well, dear readers, two days later, her

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first letter came from a big city, miles and miles away, to Miss Jane Ward, Blanktown, Virginia, and in it was an engraved circular from a swell engraver, offering to engrave her wedding-cards, announcements, and visiting-cards. And every



READY FOR THE WEDDING MARCH.

week for five weeks that engraver posted some such letter to Miss Jane Ward. We asked Mother not to stop the man's sending them—it was such fun for Jane to get letters with real stamps on them. But Mother had said we must do everything ourselves, so we wrote on our invitations:

Mary Ward
requests you to come to the wedding
of her daughter
Jane
to get married to
Mr. Charlie MacBriney
June 18, at 3 o'clock
at Ridgeway

We invited fifty-two people, and fifty-six came, but lots more wanted to come; and for days and days, sixty-seven exciting five- and ten-cent presents kept coming.

Marie has a French doll that says, when you pull a string, "Maman venez vite! Maman venez vite!" When Marie was little, she asked her nurse to take that doll to the dentist and have her teeth fixed, so she could speak English. Well, that doll, "Elise," was bridesmaid, my "Gertie" doll was maid of honor, an old, old, sixty-year-old doll of my grandmother's was matron of honor, and Teddy-bears were ushers. Two other dolls were ribbon-bearers, with ribbons tied from the porch posts to their wrists. On the stroke of three, the wedding party marched in to the wedding march from a music-box, the ribbon-bearers drawing their ribbons to form an aisle on the porch, from the door to a bank of flowers growing in pots, and garlands of pink roses, which were afterward given each guest. And there stood Marie's Harry Lauder, in clergyman's robe. Marie's mother made the robe, and she made Charlie MacBriney's dress suit. His coat fitted beautifully, but the trousers were skin tight—tighter—for he could sit down in his skin but not in those trousers. But Charlie's knees were so wabbly, he had to have sticks tied to his legs inside his clothes to make him stand up, but we managed to fix him so that he could turn and kiss his bride at the proper moment without toppling over. While the bride leaned on the groom's arm, the ceremony was performed by me, while Marie spoke for the bride and groom. Charlie



STARTING ON THE WEDDING JOURNEY.

said "Yes," in a very meek, weak little voice, but Jane said, "Yes, I do!" nice and loud, and without giggling; and after Marie had helped Charlie

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place a bead ring on Jane's finger, I pronounced them husband and wife, and Marie turned Charlie round and made him kiss the bride nicely. Then their mothers (Marie and I, of course) kissed them, and turned, weeping, away, but when the grandmothers stooped down to congratulate and kiss them, my mother wept almost real tears, and Marie's mother nearly fainted, she was so overcome; but she really need n't have felt so badly, for though they have a house of their own at Woodlands, Charlie still lives with his mother, and Jane mostly with me.

Well, after the fun of everybody congratulating them was over, we took all the bridal party out on the lawn to be kodaked; then very soon it was time for ice-cream and strawberries under the apple-trees, the boys being made a standing committee to bring out chairs for the rest of us. Soon Jane had to go and change to her traveling dress, and throw her bouquet from the porch rail down to the crowd of children, all waiting to catch it. The bride's bouquet was of baby peonies with a shower of real mock-oranges and



THE YOUNG COUPLE STARTING FOR AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP.

white ribbon. The bridesmaids' bouquets were small pink roses with knots of pink ramblers tied on ends of pink ribbons—you cannot see in the pictures how lovely they were. While the bride was being dressed, people admired the presents. Most of them came from the largest and best-lighted store in town, a five- and ten-cent store; there were lamps, wee doilies, centerpieces, fans, purses, beads, boxes of candy, a gold necklace, a watch, a parasol, pins enameled in orange-blossoms, and the groom's grandmother, being a practical person, sent ribbons suitable for either a sash for Jane or hair-ribbons for Jane's mother; but, best of all, just before the ceremony, a pastey diamond crescent was pinned among the laces on the bride's dress, and a diamond tiara to hold



THE BRIDEGROOM TAKES THE WHEEL.

the orange-blossoms in her hair, both the gift of the groom.

Then, at last, down came Jane in a lovely black-and-white silk going-away gown, straw hat, and veil, with a suitcase and umbrella in her hand. Somebody grabbed the suitcase and tied it with white ribbons, but there stood poor Charlie in his dress clothes and silk hat—in his excitement he had quite forgotten to bring from Woodlands another suit—so *any*body would *know* he was a groom!

Suddenly, along came two of the boys with a pony-cart with sleigh-bell harness and a lot of trailing tin cans tied behind, and a great placard —"Just Married!"—and, amid shouts of laughter and quarts of rice and rose petals, the bride and groom were seated for their wedding journey round and round the house.

Three weeks later, the young couple were nicely settled in their own cottage at Woodlands, when something dreadful happened.

The bride and groom were out in their automobile, when an accident occurred, in which the bride broke her leg. After some weeks in bed, she is now improving wonderfully, and is able to sit up in a chair, though terribly unstrung.

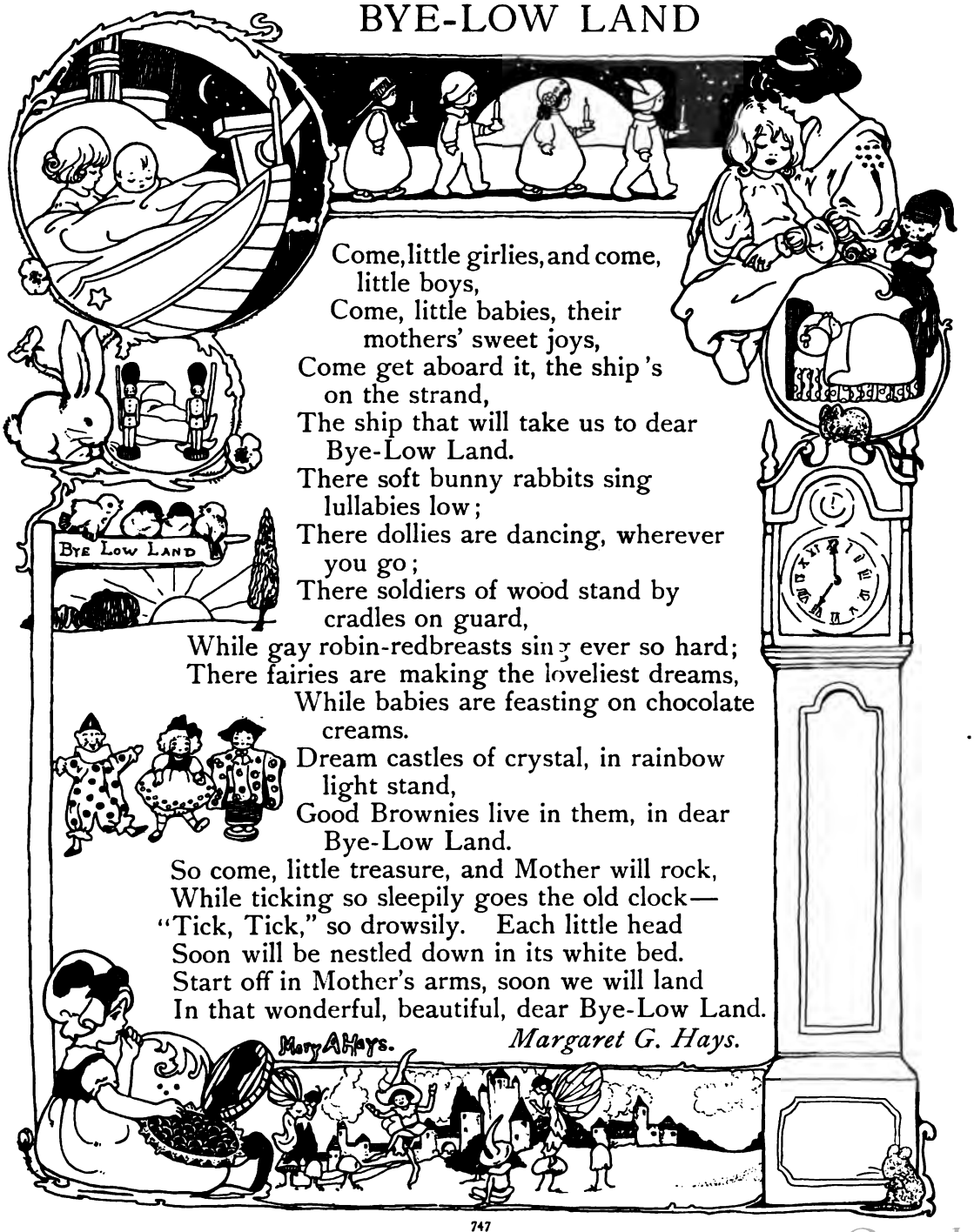
And so, dear readers, we thought we would write this true story of the wedding of

MR. AND MRS. CHARLIE MACBRINEY.

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FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

BYE-LOW LAND



Come, little girlies, and come,
little boys,
Come, little babies, their
mothers' sweet joys,
Come get aboard it, the ship 's
on the strand,
The ship that will take us to dear
Bye-Low Land.
There soft bunny rabbits sing
lullabies low;
There dollies are dancing, wherever
you go;
There soldiers of wood stand by
cradles on guard,
While gay robin-redbreasts sing ever so hard;
There fairies are making the loveliest dreams,
While babies are feasting on chocolate
creams.
Dream castles of crystal, in rainbow
light stand,
Good Brownies live in them, in dear
Bye-Low Land.
So come, little treasure, and Mother will rock,
While ticking so sleepily goes the old clock—
"Tick, Tick," so drowsily. Each little head
Soon will be nestled down in its white bed.
Start off in Mother's arms, soon we will land
In that wonderful, beautiful, dear Bye-Low Land.

Margaret G. Hays.

Mary A. Hays.

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THREE BIRDS WITH BILLS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR PROCURING THEIR FOOD.

The brown pelican, at the left, will swallow the fish it has caught, as soon as the surplus water is ejected from the pouch-like lower mandible of its bill. At the right, a white ibis is picking small water animals from the crevices in the stones along the shore. The two shoveler ducks, in the background, are "sifting" the muddy water for their food.

INTERESTING ADAPTATION IN BIRDS' BILLS

WHEN we consider what apparently simple tools most birds' bills are, the work that some of them do is wonderful. Among them are drills, picks, shovels, hammers, chisels, prying instruments,



A CROW HELPING HIMSELF TO THE FARMER'S YOUNG CORN.

spoons, spears, pincers, knives, needles, nut-crackers, strainers or sifters, and probably others.

Some of these different uses are here illustrated. In the heading, at the left, a brown pelican has "scooped" up a fish which he will swallow head first. Sometimes he throws his victim high in the air, and has his great throat ready to receive it as it falls; or he may engulf a number of small fish and strand them all by discharging the water from his "game bag."

In the same picture, at the right, is shown a white ibis from Florida, where the brown pelican also lives. The long, slender bill is beautifully grooved along its inner part, and makes a pair of forceps with which the bird skilfully picks small aquatic animals from the rock crevices.

Back of the ibis are two shoveler ducks. Their bills widen at the ends, so that they may be used as shovels to dig up the mud in which are found various small aquatic animals. The sides of these bills are lined with a row of stiff, upright hairs, which help to retain the food as the mud and water flow through them.

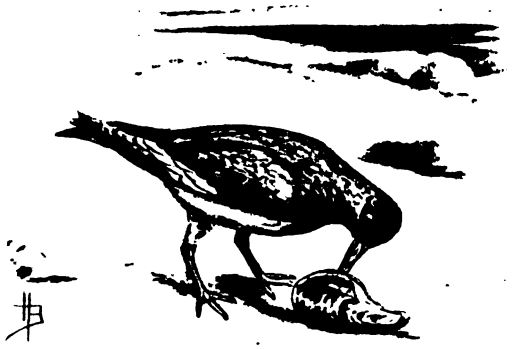
The crow is a good example of a bird with a bill fitted for various purposes. It cannot only remove recently planted corn and crack acorns, but can pick up a meal of birds' eggs. Such a bill is also well fitted to carry the stout sticks used to build the nest.

One might imagine that such a well-armored creature as the oyster is securely protected from so dainty a creature as a bird, but such is not

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the case. The oyster-catcher darts his flat-sided bill between the open shells before the oyster realizes what is happening, and if the oyster closes on the intruder, the shells are dexterously pried open. The bird is about the size and shape of a homing pigeon. It also uses the chisel-like bill to pry shell-fish from the rocks, and to probe the sand for other kinds of food.

The peculiar bill of the crook-billed plover is about as odd as anything of the kind can be, since it turns to one side. It would be interesting and of scientific value to know the cause of this unsymmetrical structure, which is said to be the result of the bird's custom of going around stones in the same direction, in search of food.



THE OYSTER-CATCHER'S METHOD OF GETTING A MEAL.

The black skimmer presents another queer bill, in which the lower mandible extends beyond the upper, and cuts along the surface of the water as the powerful bird "skims" over its feeding-ground.

The bills of the owls are hooked, and sharp

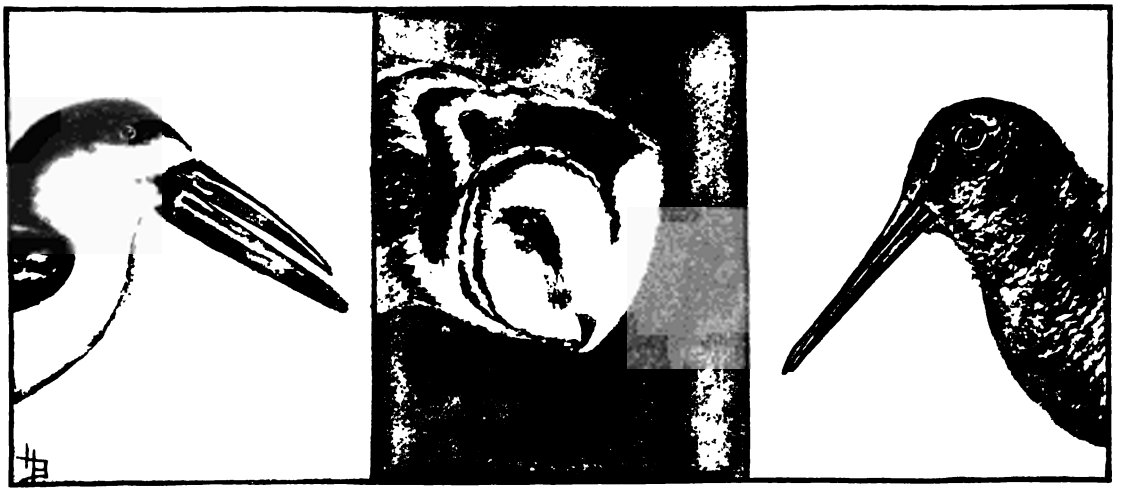


THE CROOK-BILLED PLOVER.

along the edges, and are thus fitted for tearing small animals. I once saw a man point his finger in the face of a great horned owl, because, he said, owls cannot see in the daytime. In an instant, the razor-edged bill had that finger in its grasp, and by a rapid twist cut it to the bone. That man does not nowadays point his fingers at owls at close range.

The large family of vultures, eagles, and hawks are provided with bills fitted for tearing flesh, and some are so sharp and powerful that they can cut holes in an English riding-saddle of pigskin!

The heron family have long, sharp bills which some of them, when attacked, use as bayonets.



THE BLACK SKIMMER, BARN-OWL, AND WOODCOCK.

The lower mandible of the black skimmer's bill enables it, as its name implies, to literally skim its food from the surface of the water. The sharp-edged, hooked bill of the barn-owl is especially adapted for tearing the flesh of the small mammals upon which it feeds. The woodcock, with its very different bill, probes the soft ground for worms.

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There is a vast family of birds with small, curved, or straight bills, such as the snipe, curlew, avoset, and woodcock. The last-named uses the bill to probe the soft earth for worms. The



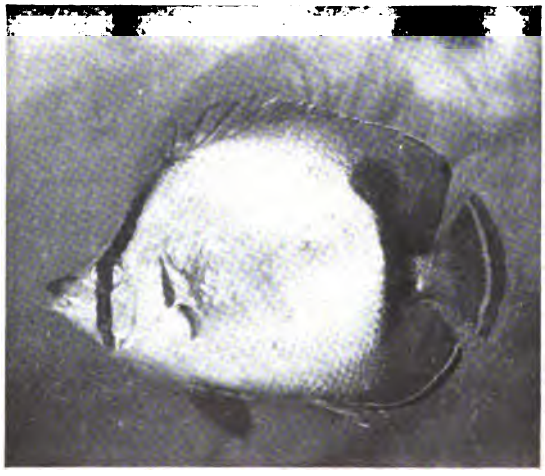
A BILL WITH A BIRD.

The toucan's bill is not so heavy as it looks, and serves the purpose of a pair of pruning-shears.

upper mandible is capable of being slightly bent up toward the end, while remaining closed near the head.

The grotesque beak of the toucan appears to be a burden, but as its interior is extensively honeycombed, it is not so heavy as might be imagined. It has a saw-like edge, and is used to clip off small fruits from the tree, in the manner of a pair of pruning-shears.—HARRY B. BRADFORD.

THE BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY-FISH



THE BUTTERFLY-FISH.

THE butterfly-fish, or chætodonts, are of small size, wide distribution, bright coloration, and live for the most part among coral heads or about coral reefs, among which they find food and shelter.

Their food consists of small animals, such as crustaceans, which they seize in the water or bite from the coral. They are of retiring disposition, and, when alarmed, dart into crevices in the coral. Several species are found on our Atlantic coast, but in northern waters they occur only as stragglers. The northern limit of distribution seems to be Cape Cod, where, at times, many have been found, having apparently drifted up from the West Indies in the Gulf Stream, hiding under sargasso weed, and then been blown ashore.

A MUSEUM OF WINDMILLS

THE remarkable collection of windmills shown in the photograph is almost entirely the work of Mr. L. T. Howes, of Stamford, Connecticut, at



Photograph by Messrs. Brown & Dawson, of Stamford, Connecticut.

A MUSEUM OF WINDMILLS.

which place they may be seen. Only two have been bought, and these are the least interesting of the collection. The mills are attached to a pole in their owner's yard, and naturally attract much attention. The variety of form is specially worth noting and merits careful examination.

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HOW TO MAKE A CAMP-FIRE PHOTOGRAPH

As you may suppose, this is a flash-light picture, but, instead of setting off the flash-light behind the camera, as the books always tell us to do, the flash is put in the fire itself.

First build up a nice, big fire, then let it die down and leave a bed of glowing coals. Then pose your group. Arrange several standing figures close together between your camera and the fire. This is to keep the bright glare of the flash from halating your plate. Wrap a small quantity of flash powder, or about two flash sheets if you use them, in a piece of paper. Give this to one of the boys sitting nearest the fire, and instruct him to toss it into the bed of hot coals when you give the word. Caution everybody to sit still till the flash is over, open your lens, give the boy the word, and, as soon as the flash goes off, close the lens. If all goes well and the lens was open at the proper moment, you will have a fine firelight effect. Of one thing you must be particularly careful: be sure to interpose some object between the fire and the camera, such as a group of standing figures, as I have suggested, or a rock, or the trunk of a tree, otherwise the intense glare of the flash will completely spoil the effect. Our picture shows a party of city boys in a vacation camp.—ALBERT K. DAWSON.

A FAWN TEN DAYS OLD

THIS little fawn was only ten days old when the camera caught him. Born in captivity, he never had the freedom enjoyed by his wild kindred,



THE VERY YOUNG FAWN.

and was never exposed to their dangers, but lived apparently contented in the acre of orchard which was his home.—E. P. CHALCRAFT.



A CAMP-FIRE FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.

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SCHOOL OF TRAINED TROUT

ONE of the attractions at Port Townsend, Washington, is a school of trained trout. Five years ago, these trout were placed in the basin of a public drinking-fountain by Charles W. Lange, when



Photograph by courtesy of P. M. Richardson.

A LARGE TROUT JUMPING THROUGH A HOOP.

they were but one inch in length. Now they are eighteen inches long, and weigh four and a half pounds each. Each day at noon, Mr. Lange feeds them with bits of meat, and at such times they perform many antics, leaping completely out of the water for food, and even jumping through a hoop. They seem to look upon Mr. Lange as their natural protector, and will not perform for any one but him.

JAMES G. MCCURDY.

A WHITE RACOON

MR. RAYMOND L. DITMARS, of the New York Zoölogical Park, kindly sends us a photograph of



Photograph from the New York Zoölogical Society.

THE WHITE RACOON.

a white racoon, regarding which he tells us the following:

"The animal has been here about three years, and belongs to some people who are traveling through Australia and Tasmania. We called him 'Pinky' on account of his brilliant pink eyes. He is perfectly tame, and, although the people who owned him were away for two years, when, on their return, they dropped in to see him at the small mammal house, he remembered them and exhibited real pleasure. He is fed upon boiled meat, potatoes, and bread."

Probably there is no other wild, four-footed animal that becomes so tame as a racoon. It seems to manifest a real affection for its caretaker, and has many other interesting traits.

THE BURL AND ITS USES

ONE of the most interesting natural deformities is the so-called burl, a growth found on the walnut and other trees, among them the redwood trees of northern California. It is said to be the result of disease, and makes an ungainly lump on the tree. The largest that has ever been found



TRAYS, PLATES, BOWLS, AND SOUVENIRS MADE FROM BURLS.

grew around the base of the tree, and measured twenty-five feet in circumference and eighteen feet in height. It was hollow, the walls being from two to six feet thick. The tree itself was only about six feet in diameter. A burl of this size is of rare occurrence. Only one tree in every four or five hundred in the forest is thus affected, and only about one burl in every thirty-five is perfect, these perfect forms being beautifully marked with darker veins and spots, in circular patterns, reminding one somewhat of the curly birch or maple.

The wood is susceptible of a high polish, and is made into table tops, picture-frames, bowls, plates, napkin-rings, vases, and other objects.

There is in Eureka, Humboldt County, California, a unique house made for the sale of these burl articles. It consists of the stump and log of a giant Sequoia. The log, at the end of which one enters, is forty feet long and sixteen feet in diameter, while the stump standing beside it is twenty feet in diameter.

From the log-room one enters the workroom of the establishment, while the big, circular stump-room contains the finished articles for sale.

HARRIET WILLIAMS MYERS.

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A "HOUSE" OF THE STUMP AND LOG OF A GIANT SEQUOIA TREE.



THE EXHIBITION ROOM OF THE STUMP-AND-LOG HOUSE.

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"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square
New York

WHAT CAUSES WAVES OR RIPPLES

LAFAYETTE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what makes the waves or ripples when you throw a stone in the water?

Yours sincerely,
BEVERLY R. STEPHENS, JR. (age 9).

The stone puts the water in motion where it strikes, and then this motion puts the surrounding water in motion, making waves which travel in all directions at practically the same speed, thus producing circles. The first wave formed causes others, so that there is a succession of ripples.—H. L. W.

LIFTING A PERSON ON ONE'S FINGERS

WELLESLEY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask you this question: The other day four of my friends and I thought we would do a sort of trick we had heard of. I lay on the floor, and the others (two on each side of me) took three long breaths, holding the third one; then the two on each side of my shoulders put their forefingers under my arms, and the other two put theirs under my knees, and lifted me up till their arms were stretched as far as they would go, and held me there on the tips of their fingers. I wanted very much to know how it was possible, and as nobody could tell me, I thought I would ask you.

Your loving reader,
FRANCIS G. AHLERS.

(1) The fingers are by no means so weak as they look. If you clasp your hands, with fingers interlaced and thumbs crossed, and then extend the forefingers, and press them firmly together over their whole length, the triangle whose legs are the forefingers and whose base is made up of the crossed thumbs affords a very powerful leverage.

(2) The taking of the three breaths insures that all four of the lifting boys exert their power at precisely the same moment. This fact is very important. In experiments that were kindly made for me by some of the younger members of my department in Cornell University, we tried two plans. First, the four men stood up, breathed out as they swung down, breathed in as they swung up again, and so on; and then, at the end of the third swing down—that is, at the very beginning of the third inbreathing, thrust their fingers under the man to be lifted and raised him. Secondly, the four men stooped down, with their fingers in position, and breathed as they pleased; presently I called out, "Now!" and they lifted. We found no difference in the ease of lifting; in both kinds of experiment a man of over two hundred pounds went up to the height of the shoulders. It is clear then, that the important thing is to apply the power at just the same moment all round.

(3) I noticed, further, that in both kinds of experiment the four men held their breath when they began to lift, just as the shot-putter and hammer-thrower hold their breath before the final effort. It is plain that, if you fill the lungs with air and hold them filled, you brace the walls of the chest; and this means that, when you lift, you have a strong support to fall back on.

(4) It is very likely that the taking of the two deep breaths really makes you stronger, for the time, than you are if you breathe in the ordinary way; though our experiments seem to show that this increase of strength is neither large, nor necessary for the success of the performance.

I have myself, as a boy, taken part in this "trick" actively and passively many scores of times; and I have never known any accident to happen. *Nevertheless, I should advise you, if you try it again, to lay down a mattress; there is always the chance that the boy lifted gets a fall.* —E. B. TITCHENER.

A REMARKABLE LINE OF SWANS

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the shore of a small lake, I saw many swans standing on a sand-bar, taking their sunbath. In midsummer, the swans come there every day,



A REMARKABLY UNIFORM, UNIQUE POSITION.

and often go to sleep for an hour or more. I inclose a photograph showing five swans with nearly all the heads pointing in the same direction.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM P. MCLAREN.

It is a curious chance that enabled you to take the photograph when five of the swans had their long necks looped in almost exactly the same position. They seem to be preening their feathers.

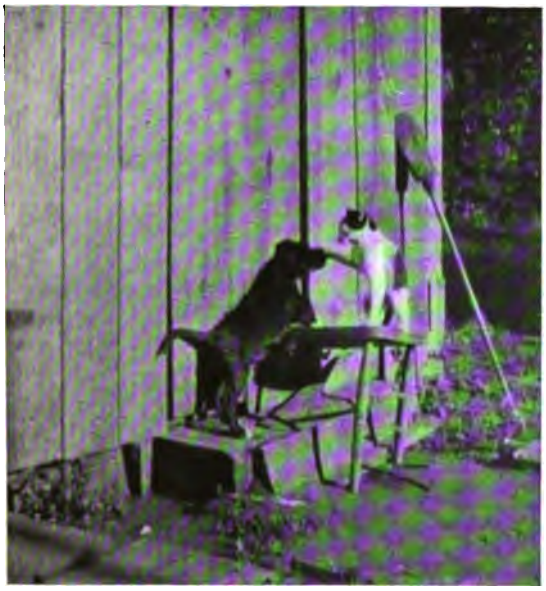
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JACK AND SPOT

MENLO, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Jack was given to me, when he was little, by a neighbor boy. His mother was a rat terrier. He played with Spot, the cat. She did n't like this, and used to get up on an old chair. This bothered him, and he would bark at her, and when he got too noisy, she would slap or bite him.

Spot was very good to catch rats. When we got another



"WHEN JACK GOT TOO NOISY, SPOT WOULD SLAP HIM."

cat, Jack tried to play with her, but she would whip him; but he got even with her when he grew up.

About a year ago, I lost my watch. It was under the snow several months. One day in the spring I was walking with Jack on the road. When I got to the bridge, I stood on it and looked at the water, and Jack went under the bridge. He soon came back and laid something at my feet. I looked to see what it was, and it was my watch. We still have Jack, and he is about a year and a half old.

EDWIN C. BARRETT.

HOW LONG A DREAM LASTS

JOHNSTOWN, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me just how long a dream lasts? I have heard that they last for only ten seconds.

Your loving reader,

CATHARINE WEAVER.

I do not think that a positive answer can be given to your question. In the first place, there is no fixed or set length of time for a dream to last, just as there is no fixed time for a train of thought or a fit of anger. And in the second place, it is very difficult to find out the precise moment at which a dream begins. Experiments show, however, that a fairly elaborate dream may occur in twenty-five seconds, and that a very elaborate "morning" dream—the kind of dream that you remember on waking, and tell at the breakfast-table—may be crowded into a time of two minutes. How much longer a single, connected dream may last, I do not know.

The flow of ideas in dreaming is not quicker, but, if anything, rather slower than it is in the waking life. But the arrangement of the ideas is so different that a short dream may seem to us, as we recall it, to have occupied a long time.

—PROFESSOR E. B. TITCHENER, Psychological Laboratory of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

BOYS AND BEES

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is amusing to see a honey-bee come in loaded, and run around in the hive with the other bees chasing her. She will stop for a second to give them a taste, then on she runs with the rest after her. When she gets them all stirred up, she goes to a cell and unloads, then out after another supply, some of the bees following her, others having left before she did, and immediately after they got a taste.

We saw two queens hatch nearly at the same time. They acted like two boys who wanted to fight, but were afraid. They ran around the hive toward each other, then away, back and forth, almost together, then away again, until, at last, they rushed at each other and clinched, and then something was doing. When they parted, one went



EXAMINING BEES ON THE "FRAMES" FROM THE HIVES.

away, and the other soon dropped to the bottom and died. Father told us that the books all say that a queen always stings her rival, but here it certainly looked as though one queen bit the other!

Your little friends,

SAMUEL AND CLARENCE PHELPS.

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ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY SCHOFIELD HANDFORTH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

JUST as these pages are going to press, the League has the good fortune to receive a free-will offering of appreciation from a grown-up friend — in this cordial letter:

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I consider the collection of poems in your February League pages quite remarkable. I don't think the muse is likely to die within this century, as is so often gloomily predicted nowadays, when our young people can write like that.

Lucile Fitch's "Call of the Wild" is really a powerful thing for any age — and she 16! Flora Cockrell's (age 12!!) is a beautiful little thing! B. Cresswell has caught quite a Kipling swing. But the one that really charmed me most was the "Lumberman's Song," and I had a fancy to write and tell the young poet so, and wish him well.

I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS yet, and shall take pains hereafter to keep track of what the Leaguers are doing.

A LOVER OF POETRY AND YOUNG FOLKS (BLESS 'EM!).

"'Bless 'em,' indeed!" is the echoing tribute that every grown-up will accord who knows the wonderful work of our young poets. Our hearty thanks are due to the friend of the League who sent us these glowing words of cheer and commendation. But the February poems, fine as they were, are hardly an exception to the rule. And in the present issue, our readers will find several charming little lyrics that fairly sing themselves into the memory.

Hardly less remarkable, moreover, are the offerings of the young prose-writers, artists, and camera lovers. They are so constantly winning the gratitude and blessing of ST. NICHOLAS that the editor's appreciation must seem like an oft-told tale. All the more gratifying, therefore, is this friendly letter that has traveled all across the continent to bring to our League girls and boys its hearty "Well-done" and "God-speed!"

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 160

PROSE. Gold badges, **Hélène Mathilde Roesch** (age 11), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Harriet D. Price** (age 11), New York City. Silver badges, **Ethel Warren Kidder** (age 15), Assonet, Mass.; **Martha C. Tucker** (age 15), Colorado Springs, Col.; **Richard K. Noye, 3d** (age 12), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Margaret Finck** (age 15), New York City.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Ruth G. Merritt** (age 15), Riverside, Ill.; **Doris Rosalind Wilder** (age 12), Denver, Col. Silver badges, **Louise Redfield** (age 12), Chicago, Ill.; **Dorothy McFarland** (age 14), Nelson, B. C.; **Eleanor Hinman** (age 13), Lincoln, Neb.; **Anita L. Grannis** (age 12), La Grangeville, N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Schofield Handforth** (age 15), Tacoma, Wash.; **James Thomas** (age 16), Hull, England; **Marinella Colonna** (age 16), Naples, Italy; **Wilhelmina R. Babcock** (age 17), Providence, R. I.; **W. G. Stewart** (age 13), Edinburgh, Scotland.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Esther Harrington** (age 13), Orange, Mass.
Silver badges, **Harold R. Walters** (age 14), Bethlehem, Pa.; **Arthur Ochtman** (age 17), Cos Cob, Conn.; **Rae L. Oppenheimer** (age 12), San Antonio, Tex.; **Russel A. Reed** (age 12), Middletown, Conn.; **Katherine Lemoine Guy** (age 17), St. Louis, Mo.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "C" prize, **Frank W. Wheelock** (age 11), Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Class "D" prizes, **Louise Fundenberg** (age 17), Pasadena, Cal.; **Alice Noonan** (age 14), Minneapolis, Minn.; **Sherman Pratt** (age 12), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Richard P. Dyckman** (age 13), Orange, N. J.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **P. Ernest Isbell** (age 14), New Haven, Conn.; **Malcolm D. Warner** (age 11), New York City.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Claire A. Hepner** (age 12), Helena, Mont.

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THE TOILER'S REWARD

BY RUTH G. MERRITT (AGE 15)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won April, 1913)

BELINDA ANGELINA sat
Without a task in view;,
And Satan (so the proverb says)
Finds work for such to do.

Be that as may, a wond'rous thought
Woke in her fertile brain;
And by the proud gleam in her eye,
That it was good, was plain.

She lightly slipped from off her stool,
And to the bookcase crept;
She just could reach the shelf where all
The choicest books were kept.

In each rare book she slowly drew
A purple horse and calf,
An elephant, a kangaroo,
To make her daddy laugh.

And so all morning long she toiled,
Her fingers ached full sore;
But still she drew, for Daddy's sake,
In many volumes more.

Then Daddy came! A crosser man
I think I ne'er have seen;
And her reward—but let us draw
Round that a kindly screen!

WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER

BY ETHEL WARREN KIDDER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I AM not thinking of the time when I shall put aside school-books forever, and go out and learn of the world, but of the summer vacation. That is sweeter because you know how short it is. You have left the city, noisy, hot, dirty, and after an even hotter, noisier, dirtier ride, you have come to the country. The train puffs away down



"BREAKFAST." BY HAROLD R. WALTERS, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

the curving track, leaving the quiet that only a world of birds and crickets possesses. The grown-ups are going to ride with the luggage, but you are to walk.

Therefore you squeeze between the rails of the fence a few steps down the road, and, leaving the gravelly path for the meadow-grass, you disappear into a little hollow. Farther on, and sight of men, and all but sound of them, is lost, as you enter the opening between the birch-trees. It is cool and shadowy there, and you stand for a moment, your heart so full of happiness that you would sing if that did not seem too great a sacrilege. Only the sound of the little brook that crosses your path and dives into the tangled shadow again, and the low chirp of the catbird hopping from branch to branch behind a climbing wild grape-vine, are met in this woodland chapel.

You wander on along the path, through fence gaps and over stone walls, and come in sight of the gray barn roofs and the locust-trees against a sky of softest pinks. There is the old orchard, the oak corner, the wild cherry-tree, all reminders of secrets they and you alone know, and then you are home with all the dear summer before you.



"BREAKFAST." BY ESTHER HARRINGTON, AGE 13. GOLD BADGE. (SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1912.)

WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER

BY MARTHA C. TUCKER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"ELIZA—"

"Mary-Anne! I thought you were n't going to talk till you 'd finished shelling them peas," Eliza said severely.

"Oh, but this is *very* important. I really ackshooly believe I 'll *expire* if I wait any longer, Eliza. A question has been gnawing at my *innermost vitals* two days. Are people's school-days ever over?"

"Mine are."

"Oh, I don't mean just five-days-in-the-week school-days. I mean—life's. But it 's no use asking you—you 're such a *discouragingly* unimaginative creature.—Oh, Eliza, would n't it be wonderful if I knew *everything* in the world?" Mary-Anne questioned eagerly, uplifting her pale little face, which would have been plain but for her wonderful dark eyes, which now took on a strange, far-away look. "Then I 'd know what people inhabit all the planets of the universe," she continued, clasping her arms about her knees. "And I 'd know why my hair is n't like spun gold, instead of smutty-sooty black. Also, I 'd know better than to try to get my freckles off with a scouring-brick, next time. And—oh, Eliza! I 'd know if I really ackshooly did belong to this horrible orphan-asylum, or was really the daughter of a duke. It 's possible, Eliza. P'r'aps he 's searching for his lost daughter, the wide world over, *this minute*.—Eliza, would it be very hard for you to call me Lady Viola-Claire Vere de Vere? If my father *is n't* a duke, I 'd like to *imagine* I had a royal name, anyway. Could you?" she pleaded, dropping upon her knees and tragically clasping her thin hands.

"Mary-Anne McCarthy! Look, you 've spilled them peas all over the floor!"

"Oh, I forgot they were in my lap! My life is a series of trials and tribulations. Life's school is a hard one. My school-days won't be over till I 'm dead, Eliza."

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"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY AGNES I. PRIZER, AGE 16.

WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER

BY FRANCES M. SWEET (AGE 10)

After school is over, I go with my father and mother to a little lake, about sixteen miles from our home.

A few years ago, when I was spending a couple of weeks there, a rather interesting thing happened. So I think I will tell you about it now.



"A WILLING MODEL." BY JAMES THOMAS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

My father and I were rowing down the lake toward a cove where there was good fishing, when we saw a little furry object playing around on the beach.

We rowed close to shore, and my father, taking the landing net from the boat, sprang out and caught it. The little ball of fur was the dearest baby racoon you ever saw I should have liked to keep it and tame it, but my father put it back on the shore, where the old mother racoon could find it.

A SONG OF JUNE

BY LOUISE REDFIELD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Over in the meadow, there 's a bobolink's nest,
Covered by the grasses, I know where;
I was picking daisy blossoms to make a daisy chain,
When, looking down, I saw it hidden there.

Deep in the forest, there 's a great hollow oak,
And a red squirrel's home is in that tree;
I was passing by this morning, when I heard a scolding sound,
And there he sat, a-chattering at me!

Down by the pond, there 's such a big, green frog,
I played there to-day, and watched him dive;
Oh, the world is full of wonders in the still, warm days of June,
And it makes me happy just to be alive!

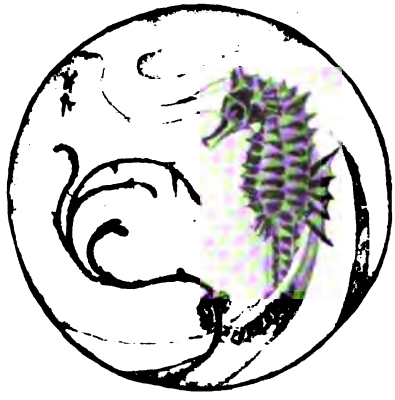
WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER

BY RICHARD K. NOYE, 3d (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

When school-days are over and after having moved to the country, it is a joy to be free, to wake up early on a bright morning and hear the soft summer zephyr rustling the leaves of the giant oak which stands in front of the little weather-beaten cottage. A row on the river before breakfast, and then afterward a stroll up the wooded hillside, gathering flowers by the way. At the top, a forest path is seen winding its way westward. As one walks along this path, squirrels are seen to stop in their incessant chattering to watch with their little bead-like eyes upon the intruders of their domains, and then to scold and throw taunts after them.

Where the trees are thickest, molly cottontail is seen running with great rapidity through the underbrush with a little one at her heels. Now we are nearing the end of the greenwood, and, as the trees thin rapidly, a well is seen in the distance. Upon looking over the edge there is seen at the bottom a quantity of clear spring-water. A pail is lowered, and as the water passes between the lips, it gives a feeling of deep regret that one cannot linger forever in this place.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARGARET L. AYER, AGE 17.

After descending the hill, a pasture is seen with here and there a bossy calf upon it. Thus we wend our way homeward through the grazing-grounds, with the calves following at a respectful distance. After the noonday meal, one climbs to his favorite crotch in the old cherry-tree and eats to his heart's content. Later a swim, and then games and romps on the lawn. Afterward, supper, and then, tired with the varied pleasures we have had, off to bed. So ends a day, and many more will follow in the same way, until school begins again.

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BY ARTHUR OCHTMAN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET GRIFFITH, AGE 15.



BY RAE L. OPPENHEIMER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY THEO. MCCLINTOCK, AGE 9.



BY PRISCILLA DENSMORE, AGE 16.



BY RUSSEL A. REED, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH T. R. BROOKS, AGE 9.



BY CATHERINE HEDRISH, AGE 13.



BY KATHERINE L. GUY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY HOWARD SHERMAN, AGE 12. (HONOR MEMBER.)

"BREAKFAST."

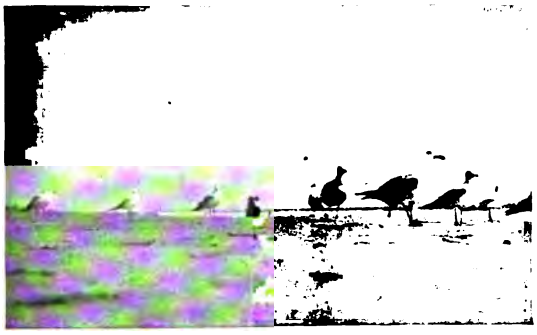
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BUFFALOES. BY FRED SPIEGELBERG, JR., AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



OPOSSUM. BY FRANK W. WHEELOCK, AGE 11. (PRIZE, CLASS C.)



SEA-GULLS. BY LOUISE FUNDENBERG, AGE 17. (PRIZE, CLASS D.)



NIGHT-HERON. BY RICHARD P. DYCKMAN, AGE 13. (PRIZE, CLASS D.)



MOOSE. BY SHERMAN PRATT, AGE 12. (PRIZE, CLASS D.)



JACK-RABBIT. BY ALICK NOONAN, AGE 14. (PRIZE, CLASS D.)

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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A SONG OF JUNE

BY DORIS ROSALIND WILDER (AGE 12)

Gold Badge. (*Silver Badge won March, 1911*)

Oh give me health and freedom
When dawn's rosy light appears,
And the ruddy sun is beaming
On the roses' dewy tears;
For 't is the Blossom Season,
The Ripe Strawberry Moon,
The month of rhymes and roses,
Smiling, sunny June!

Oh give me shade and water
When the glare of noon is bright,
And the buttercups are shining
With the sunbeam's mellow light;
For 't is the Blossom Season,
The Ripe Strawberry Moon,
The month of fruit and flowers,
Balmy, winsome June!

Oh give me rest and quiet
When the shades of night descend,
And the shim'ring moon is shining
O'er the dusky river's bend;
For 't is the Blossom Season,
The Ripe Strawberry Moon,
The month of dreams and lovers,
Drowsy, mystic June!

WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER

BY HÉLÈNE MATHILDE ROESCH (AGE 11)

Gold Badge. (*Silver Badge won September, 1911*)

Looking back through the long vista of time, we see many things that bring tears to our eyes or smiles to our lips, and, among the latter, is our graduation day. With trembling hands we receive the diploma and turn away, tears of joy in our eyes. And our mother meets us at the door. Dear heart! she loves us well, and does not wish one minute, one second, of our life clouded with sorrow, nor one period of time in which we begin to know pain and tears.

Too soon the sand in the hour-glass begins to dwindle, too soon the grains slip away, and with them our youth, our joys, our life. Do we not regret that our school-days are over? No, for work and duties made their pleasures shorter and their cares heavier.

Youth was well; that period of our life devoted to school was the best—innocent childhood, girlhood, maidenhood. But in after years comes womanhood and motherhood, perhaps the sweetest part in our lives. And so it is balanced equally, part of youth absorbed in work, and the graver part of our lives tinged with the rosy tint of new pleasures and new joys. God has made life equal—all things are for the best. Some sorrows, some pain, some tears, and many joys—life is long enough to experience all. School-days may be happy at times, but our hearts give a bound when we are released; a pleasure which no one but a graduate knows.

WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER

(*A dream*)

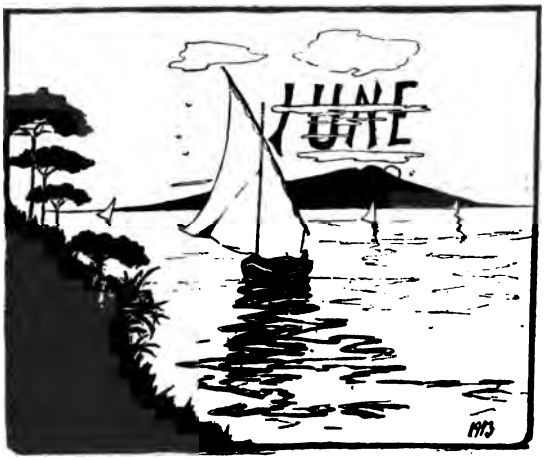
BY HARRIET D. PRICE (AGE 11)

Gold Badge. (*Silver Badge won September, 1911*)

School is over. I am playing on a beach under a bright blue sky. Before me stretches the great ocean, which seems to fade away into space. Behind me lie processions of mountains. Little sandpipers are hopping along the beach, and sea-gulls fly far above me. Now and then, a boat floats by, its white sails looking like a fleecy cloud against a turquoise sky.

Suddenly, I find myself among the mountains (which are no more far away), fishing in one of the many streams which seem to be deftly woven among trees and bushes, the foliage of which gleams and glitters in the sun. Perched on the trees are many birds, giving out their joyous song to make the world more bright and happy. The brook in which I am fishing is so clear, and the little fish that swim by look so very innocent, that I draw up my line and throw it away, resolving not to take the life of a harmless little thing. Then, as I walk back to the camp over mossy paths, I feel glad my line is thrown away, because if I had caught a fish, I would be making the (fish) world unhappy instead of making a world more happy, as the birds do.

Again I am taken away, and find myself on a train, chatting with my friends as we are hurrying by hill and dale, passing through meadows where cows are grazing peacefully, and by cities where people are bustling to and fro. We go over bridges and—I am not on the beach, in the mountains, or on the train, but sitting up in bed, realizing I have been dreaming, and—school-days are *not* over!



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARINELLA COLONNA, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A SORG OF JUDE

BY DOROTHY MC FARLAND (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

Hobe frob school id the afterdood,
Hurrah for the first fide day of Jude!
Four liddle boys are oud for fud,
Gaily playig id Jude's bright sud.
Dow we 're off for a swib id the lake,
Hobe agaid for a slice of cake;
Back wudse bore for a roll in the clover,
Hurrah! the school-days dow are over!

All of us like a boat to row,
Love to clib od trees, I dow.
Ride old Jock to the drigig pool,
Hurrah! id Jude we have do school!

This pobe was writted with a cold id the head,
I 'be goig to stop writig ad go to bed!

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A SONG OF JUNE

BY EMILY S. STAFFORD (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

I

'T is June! and all that lives or grows,
Beneath the sky of blue,
From field and tree, to bird and bee,
Believe that it is true.
All Nature knows when June is here,
Oh, who could help but know!
When far and wide, on every side,
The fields of daisies grow?

II

The sun is bright on meadows green,
The butterflies are gay;
While all day long, the sound of song
Is heard in joyful lay.
The breezes dance with graceful flowers
That fleck the meadows green;
While here and there, and everywhere,
The rose—it reigns as queen!

III

With singing birds and humming bees,
The world is now a-tune.
The earth is glad. Who *could* be sad,
In such a month as June!

THE TOILER'S REWARD

BY ELEANOR HINMAN (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

Great is the city, and wide, and its manifold voices
Break on the ear like a sea;
Break on the heart like the roar of a wild creature, cagèd,—
Like unto me.

Weary I am of the city, and weary of living,
Crushed 'neath its merciless wheels;
Worked till flesh fails, and the senses grow deadened,
And the mind reels.

Naught it avails, save our food and the room that has kept us—
Tiny it is, and bare;
Dark when, as now, the gray shadows of even are falling
Through the foul air.

Yet, the door reached at the top of the darkening stairway,
Life is not quite so hard;
Home here—and heaven! And close in my arms I enfold you—
You, my reward!

A SONG OF JUNE

BY CAROLYN T. LADD (AGE 11)

She was a maiden beautiful,
Gentle, and sweet, and fair;
Her eyes were dancing, sparkling blue;
She had long golden hair.

Her silken mantle was of green,
Soft, and light, and airy,
Spun with the skill of woodland nymphs,
And magic of a fairy.

About her golden hair was twined
A wreath of summer flowers
Made from the filmy gossamer
Found in fairy bowers.

She scattered grasses o'er the hills,
And roses o'er the plains;
Her smiles like sunshine on them fell;
Her tears like summer rains.

She held the world in soft embrace,
Till, on a summer day,
Her roses drooped, and bloomed no more,
And she stole soft away.

THE TOILER'S REWARD (?)

BY MARJORIE M. CARROLL (AGE 15)

I

In February, when the days were drear,
He bought the seeds, in packages so neat.
And on each package, stamped in colors clear,
A picture showed the flower grown. 'T was "sweet"!

II

In March, when longer grew the days, did he
Into the garden go, and, toiling there,
Planted, with ardor great (and dirt), a tree,
Some vegetables, and some flowers fair.

III

In April, month of showers, he did think
To build a lattice—'t was both high and wide,
For, as he said, 't would keep the roses pink
From overflowing to his neighbor's side.

IV

He hied him to the garden, in July.
Nothing had bloomed; but did he shed a tear?
Was he discouraged? Did his ardor die?
Oh, no. He 'll do the very same next year!

A SONG OF JUNE

BY JEAN E. FREEMAN (AGE 14)

I

The white rose smiled from the garden,
The pink rose blushed by the pane;
The red rose danced on the summer-seat,
And the primrose sobbed in the lane.

II

A bee robbed the heart of the sweet, white rose,
And the sun blanched the pink rose's hue;
The heart of the red rose bled in the wind,
And they died ere the day was through.

III

The primrose, which sobbed in the sheltering lane,
Was pulled with a tear and a sigh,
Then carelessly tossed to the runaway road—
When she faded the twilight was nigh.

ENVOI

They were born of the dew and the sunshine,
Those blossoms which faded so soon,
And their fleeting beauty and fragrance,
Was only an idyl of June!

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WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER

BY MARGARET FINCK (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

AN ever-increasing problem in Greater New York is how to provide suitable places where school-children can be safely taken care of during the summer vacation. The children ought to be taken off the traffic-crowded streets.

A number of parks have regular playgrounds in them, with swings, turning-bars, etc., and a competent teacher in charge. This teacher shows the children new games, and frequently teaches them simple dances. Recreation piers have also been built, where the children can safely enjoy all kinds of good times, under the direction of teachers, of course.



"A WILLING MODEL." BY WILHELMINA R. BABCOCK. (SILVER BADGE.)

Another method of interesting older girls and boys in the uptown districts is the making of school gardens. Vacant lots near the school can almost always be secured for this purpose, and at a trifling expense the ground can be broken up. The rest of the work the boys and girls can do. The department of agriculture always stands ready to supply the seeds. I remember in particular one garden, where an enterprising boy tried to grow cotton and peanuts in his little plot. The peanuts grew pretty well, but I can't say as much for the cotton.

While a great number of children are now being taken care of during the summer, much more space is needed, and a great many more teachers. It is hoped that before long the city will supply the necessary equipment, and that all the children may be taken care of.

A SONG OF JUNE

BY ANITA L. GRANNIS (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

O MONTH of June! whose fairest symbols bring
A thought of life and love, of youth and hope,—
For you, birds make the woodland stretches ring
With joy; and music echoes on the slope.

And, warmly sunkiss'd on the verdant hill,
The frail and blushing wild rose, growing fair,
Breathes forth her sweetest fragrances, until
An elfin perfume floats upon the air;

While, hovering o'er the rosebud's petals curl'd,
The honey-bee sings low his drowsy tune.
Peace broods, incarnate, o'er the sunny world
Because of thee, O June!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Claire H. Roesch
Marion M. Casey
Mary Daboll
Margaret Ely
Nancy A. Fleming
Helen Huntington
Edith M. Levy
Esther Whited
Fritz Wegner
Muriel Smith
Pauline Nichthauser
Rose Cushman
Julie Melcher
Fredrica McLean
Elizabeth Macdonald
Bertha F. Zierck
Rose Pierson
Alice Lee Tully
Elmer H. Van Fleet
Margaret M. Benny
Myron Drachman
Velma Truett
Margaret E. Cohen
Hedwig Zorb
Halah Slade
Gertrude Scoles
Harriet A. Wickwire
F. Marie Brown
Ruth E. Prager
Helen A. Dority
William L. Theisen
Elvene A. Winkleman
Mary G. Porritt
Sarah M. Klebs
Eileen A. Hughes
Marjorie E. Moran
Henrietta Shattuck
Thyrza Weston
Esther Mayer
Katharine Le B. Drury
Hannah Sasse
Sarah Roody
Edith G. McLeod
Louise Gorey
Bruce T. Simonds
Elsa A. Synnestvedt
Randolph Goodridge
Thomas Mullaney
Eugènie W. DeKalb
Rose M. Davis
Madeline Daum
Ruth Hoag
Eva R. Mowitz
Mary F. Williams
Rebecca Stecol
Helen Cameron
Hope Satterthwaite
Eunice Eddy
Dorothy De Witt
Bertha Michel
Helen Beeman
Thomas W. Towle
Laura B. Hadley
Esther Baden
Grace Freese
Eleanor Mishnun
Emanuel Farbstein
Arthur H. Nethercot
Edyth Walker
Elizabeth R. Miller
Margaret A. Blair
Helen Goodell
Frances S. Brown
Hazel M. Chapman
Beatrice H. Mackenzie
Dane Vermilion
Elizabeth C. Rood
Elizabeth Stockbridge
Mildred G. Wheeler
Phyllis Brooks
Elizabeth C. Morrison
Irene Charnock
Gertrude Hooper
Eleanor Johnson
Louise S. May
Solomon Ginsberg
Vivienne Witherbee
Margaret Curley
Dora Fogarty
Myrtle Doppmann
Carol Klink
Ruth E. Flinn
Hazel K. Sawyer
Lucy Mackay
Courtenay Halsey
Mary A. Porter
Ruth M. Paine
Dorothy Rivett
Eva Albanesi
Priscilla Taft
Adelaide Noll

PROSE, 2

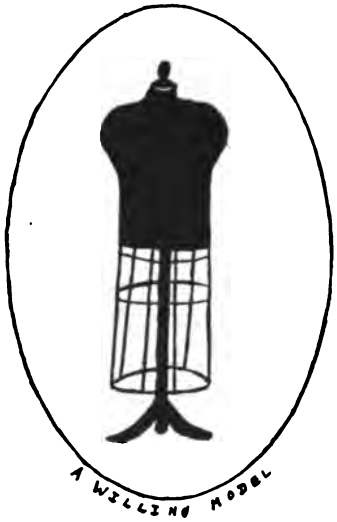
Richard Beem
George P. Ludlam
Joseph Moller
Anton Pfiffner
Elizabeth Bradbury
Nelson C. Munson
Edna Guck
Laura Renouard
Madeleine H. Moller
Margery L. McNall
Rosalie Atkinson
Alice J. Henry
Carlos Drake]
Ruth Strassburger
Gertrude Bendheim
Helen Thane
Mildred White
Eliza A. Peterson
Helen E. Adams
Elizabeth Bade
Marjorie Guthrie
Lydia Godfrey
Mildred Dauber
Helen Curtis

VERSE, 1

Josephine N. Felts
Mary S. Renson
Phyllis Mackay
Vernie Peacock
Flora McD. Cockrell
John C. Farrar
Jessie M. Thompson
Grace N. Sherburne
Adeline R. Eveleth
Renée Geoffrion
Elizabeth M. Duffield
Ruth Livingston
Lucile B. Beauchamp
Lucile E. Fitch
Isabel Waterhouse
Helen Creighton
Gwynne A. Abbott
Irma A. Hoerman
Elsie L. Lustig
Dorothy C. Snyder
Winnifred Comstock
Anna E. Rohe
Jessie McM. Carlin
Margaret Eulass
Martha Rader
Byron Wilson
Elizabeth Elting
Alberta Cheese
Fannie Butterfield
Ferris Neave

VERSE, 2

Corinne L. Lesshafft
Bessie Radlofsky
Mabel P. Dana
Margaret Blake
Hines H. Hall
Iman Sygman
John Perez
Winifred Fletcher
Mary M. Flock
Georgine Layton
Margaret Marshall
Margaret M. Horton
Edward T. Miller
Theresa Guralinck
Louise C. Witherell
Helen J. Barker
Marian Sichel
Flora J. Wachtell
Phillip B. Knight
Margaret F. Proctor
Elizabeth Pratt
W. D. Costigan
Rose Yaffee
Rose Kadishevitz
Mae Gilbert
Lloyd Dinkelspiel
Margaret M. Boelts
Evelyn D. Miller



"A WILLING MODEL." BY W. G. STEWART, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

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Persis Miller
Dorothy Joseph
Marie J. Leary
Edith S. Halihan

DRAWINGS, 1

Clifford Spencer
Alice Dahl
Armstrong Sperry
Alene S. Little
Louise Graham
Marion Monroe
Ainsworth H. Rankin
Theodore L. Schisgall
Frances B. Gardiner
Margaret E. Nicolson
Isabella B. Howland
Lynde Holley
Winifred Bostwick
Minna Schwarz
Lucie C. Holt
Welthea B. Thoday
Florence Sheldon
Maybelle L. Piaget
Leo M. Petersen
Martha H. Cutler
Dorothy Hughes
J. Eleanor Peacock
Alex Lipinsky
Melville P. Cummins

DRAWINGS, 2

Jean Davis
Mary Marshall
Jessica H. Robinson
Edith Derry
Jessie E. Alison
Vera Heaton
Gertrude Parmelee
Charlotte R. Truitt
Julia S. Marsh
Mabel A. Coburn
Horatio Rogers
Julia Van H. Slack
Margery Ragle
Louis Marchiony
Jennie E. Everden
Mary L. Tindolph
Mary L. Thibault
Tevis Stoll
Richard Odlin
Miriam Van Dervort
Kedma Dupont
Casco C. Houghton
Helen Farquharson
Ruth Still
Mildred V. Preston
Elizabeth Martindale
Aroline A. Beecher
Mildred Williams
W. R. Keevers
Cornelius Shell
Maurice Roddy
Louis L. De Hart
George A. Chromey
Marguerite H. Nelson
Illa Williams
Emil Thiemann
Tesie Starrett
Caroline Bailey
Alta Davis
Virginia M. Bliss
Raymond Ray
Ben Stephens
Katharine Spafford
Elsie Goodhue
Mildred Moore
Alice Beghtol
H. R. Hitchcock, Jr.
Thomas H. Lyle
Helen L. Tougas
Elise Strother
Frederick W. Agnew
Janet Lewis
Miriam Newcorn
John Gleason
Joseph Sammons
Harriette Wardell
Clara Holder
Montague G. Ball
Mac Clark
Henrietta H. Henning
Helen P. Miller
Virginia Gould
Thomas Millspaugh
Lousita Moser
Mary Greenough
Cornelia W. Tomlin
Gladys Funck
Vahe Garahedian
Ruth Roche
Gladys E. Livermore
Lois Myers
Gladys H. Meldrum
Philip N. Rawson
Lavinia Riddle
Grace Carlsruh
Jack Field
Mary E. Askew
Marion H. Garland
Louis E. Tilden
Mary D. K. Field
Chrystie Douglas
Elsie Stuart
Vierna Wichern
Beatrice B. Sawyer
Katherine Palmer
Adelyn L. Joseph
Paulyne F. May
Barbara Cheney
Marion S. Bradley
Blanche B. Shaw
Bess Winston
Cyril J. Attwood
Alice M. Hughes
Gladys Zier
Bernice Webb
Rose Zier
Audrey Noxon
Hardy Luther
Kathryn D. Hayward
Catherine D. Root
Beatrice Brown
Christian Burkley
Mary A. Cushman
Henry J. Meloy
Ellen Jay
Mary A. Hail
Elizabeth C. Syphen
Dorothy Belda
L. Helen Nealy
Ruby Boardman
Richard Howard
Ethel W. Pendleton
Donald Howard]
Margaret Watson
Olyve Graef
Willis K. Jones
Gladys Holiday
Marguerite Sisson
Arthur Welin
Armand Donaldson
Louise W. Rogers
Elizabeth Thacher
Frances Koewing
Anne L. Haynes
Genevieve Hecker
S. Dorothy Bell
Esther Hill
Elsie Willheim
Vera Chambers
Ward Cheney
Milton Weinstein

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Elgar Smith
Elsie N. Bernheim
Austin M. Brues
Gerald H. Loomis
Alice B. Young
Easton B. Noble
Jessica B. Noble
Gilbert Wright
James R. Brown
Elsie Wright
Eleanor O. Doremus
Margaret Pfau
Frances Gorman
Helen Gordon
Marguerite S. Harding
Katharine W. Townsend
Leigh Stoek
Clifton D. Geddes
Lucy B. Grey
John W. M. Whiting
Claire H. Phillips
Helen M. Folwell

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Donald Hay
Howard L. Trueman
Muriel Hayden
Katharine Smith
Mary B. McLain
Sanford Larkey
Macy O. Teetor
Eleanor Backes
Isabel Jackson
Donald Hilsee
Longshaw K. Porritt
Eversley S. Ferris
Dorothy E. Fox
Anna G. Tremaine
Olive C. Rogers
Adeline Rotty
Gymaina Hudson
Elvira Patten
Laura M. Wild
Eugene K. Patterson
Hélène Wittenberg
Nancy Williams
Cyril McNear
Nancy V. D. Eggers
Andrew N. Adams
Wilfred G. Humphreys
Mary Corning
Marian L. Jones
Rosanna D. Thorndike
Betty Lowe
Catharine Carpenter
Carl Matthey
Edwin Fleischmann
Elizabeth W. Gates
Estelle Raphael
Marian Watts
Franklin S. Deuel
Kingsley K. Howarth
Marion P. Stacey
Alice G. McKernon
Harry R. McLenegan
Dorothy Peters
Melville W. Otter
Clarissa A. Horton
Ethel M. Smith
Marian Saunders
H. Russell Drowne, Jr.
E. G. Fitch
Howard Fligg
Philip B. Attwood
Virginia T. Drury
Frederic Sanborn
Vivian Sanvage
Alice Rooney
Charles Fligg
Marjorie Dee Marks
Elizabeth Malcolm
Murray Hubbell
Corey H. Ford
Harriette E. Tipton
Martha L. Clark
Gertrude McInnes
John R. Barrows
James H. Douglas, Jr.

PUZZLES, 1

Marion Barnett
Philip Franklin
Walter B. Merriam, Jr.
Harold Sturmdorf
Ethel T. Boas
Miriam Goodspeed
Isidore Helfand
Roger L. Bridgeman
James K. Angell
A. Emelin
Eleanor C. Bates
Gustav Deichmann
Marion T. Griggs
Douglass Robinson
John Focht
Chester M. Way
Katharine K. Spencer
Edith A. Lukens
Ruth Seymour
Margaret Underwood
Josephine E. Stoddard
Jean T. Benswanger
Lillian McCrelis
Harry Kirkland
Henrietta M. Archer
Hilda V. Libby
Anthony Fabbri

PUZZLES, 2

Mary Jessup
Anna Baratofsky
Dorothy Barnard
Helen M. Lancaster
Caroline F. Ware
Arthur Schwarz
Beatrice M. Whyte
Helen Marie Rohe
Dorothy E. Uhrich
Margaret Bliss
Miriam Morrison
Millicent Seymour
James Y. Speed
Robert Woodrow
Frances Coyne
Marion V. Chambers
Orlando Ransom
Fayette L. Bronson
Jean S. Clarke
Albert G. Miner
Marjorie Lindsay
Ethel F. Black
Rosa L. Hill

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 164

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 164 will close **June 10** (for foreign members **June 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "If," or "If I Were You!"

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Reason Why."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Coming!"

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Keeping Cool," or a Heading for **October.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

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THE LETTER-BOX

THE following description of the shipwreck of the *Santa Rosa* on the California coast, in July, 1911, was written by a young reader of ST NICHOLAS, who has here given a vivid account of her experiences as a passenger on the ill-fated vessel.

MY FIRST SEA VOYAGE

WE left Sacramento on a summer evening, July 5, 1911, on a Sacramento River steamer. It was a beautiful evening, and we sat on the deck until nearly ten P.M.,



THE "SANTA ROSA" LYING OFF POINT ARGUELLO, CALIFORNIA.

and then went to bed. Our party consisted of five people: my mother, my father, my sister Doris, aged ten, my brother Warren, aged four, and myself, aged eleven.

We were put to bed in little berths, and I wondered if I could sleep well on a shelf. Often in the night I heard the bells and whistles of the boat as we neared a landing-place to take on or unload cargo. We glided down the river all night, and in the morning we woke up in San Francisco.

At ten o'clock, we boarded the steamer *Santa Rosa*, bound for Santa Barbara. My aunt and uncle stood on the wharf and waved to us as the ship left her moorings. As we sailed out of the bay, we passed Alcatraz Island, on which the Government has recently built a large military prison. We also passed the Presidio on our left, the largest military station on the Pacific coast. We passed through the Golden Gate (the narrow strait only a mile in width) that connects San Francisco Bay with the Pacific Ocean. It was my first sea voyage, and, so far, I had enjoyed it very much. We played tag on the deck, or played cards in the cabin, or sat on the upper deck to enjoy the scenery. Once, in the afternoon, we saw a whale spouting, a mile or two away.

We went to bed at about eight P.M., expecting to arrive at Santa Barbara at seven A.M. I don't know whether I was asleep or awake, but suddenly the boat began to rock, and I was out of bed in an instant and at the window, where I could see several people walking up and down the deck. In a few minutes, half of the people in the boat were up. Mother asked an officer what was the matter, and he told her the ship had run ashore, and advised Mama to dress. Mama and I dressed quietly, as Doris and Warren were still asleep. Papa was in a different room, but he joined us as soon as we got on deck. Everybody put on life-preservers, but after a while, when it became light, we found the ship was not sinking, and we were not in great danger, so we took them off again. We could see now that we were about a block from shore and directly opposite a deep ravine across which was a railroad bridge. Every once in a while a long passenger-train passed by, and the people looked at us curiously from the windows. There were also quite a few people gathered on the beach.

We stuck there all day, from half-past three in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, before they began to take us off. The captain thought that we could be pulled off, and three steamers, that had come to our assistance early in the morning, worked hard all day to help us; but they were not strong enough. About five o'clock, a little rowboat, which had been in the water all day carrying cables to the steamers from the *Santa Rosa*, was picked up by a huge wave and thrown against the side of the ship. People began to realize the power of the surf, and every one put on a life-preserver again. Then the ship began to crack, and every time a wave struck it something went to pieces with a crash. The people all went to the front end of the boat, and the women and children all climbed upon the rigging. The boat was listed so to one side that the rigging was not much steeper than a flight of stairs.



"EVERY TIME A WAVE STRUCK IT SOMETHING WENT TO PIECES."

After a long effort, during which some brave men were nearly drowned, a light line was finally thrown to the people on the shore. By means of this, a heavy cable was pulled ashore and fastened to the railroad bridge on top of the cliffs. The other end was fastened halfway up the foremast. On this cable was fastened a

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pulley to which a cargo net was attached. The cargo net was like a large shopping-bag, made of rope, and would hold three or four persons at a time. Each time a load went over, it seemed as if the ship would surely go to pieces before it came back. Doris and I went over about the sixth load. I got in first, then Doris, and then two little boys. We were all children, so the load was very light, and we did not get very wet. Mama and Warren came over not long afterward, and Papa came over on a raft an hour or so later.

The people on shore had large camp-fires made, and an old darky seventy-five years old carried a great can of coffee five miles for the shipwrecked people.

On the shore, children were anxiously waiting for their mothers, and wives for their husbands. People were stretched out on the sand with doctors taking care of them. Camp-fires were blazing, and men were taking flash-light pictures that made everything turn red for a moment.

A special train was sent from Santa Barbara for the shipwrecked people. We climbed up the bank to this train, where we all got blankets to wrap around us. We arrived in Santa Barbara a little after midnight, and took an auto bus to the hotel. We looked as if we were going to a masquerade ball, as we all walked up the stairs with blankets and flowered comforters wrapped around us. In the morning, the friends whom we were going to visit came after us in an automobile.

It was my first sea voyage, and I think it will be my last one for a while.

MARY L. HUNTER.

THIS exciting "Story of a Porcupine" is sent to ST. NICHOLAS by Robert M. Parkhill, age 8, and a very well-told story it is, considering the age of its writer.

A STORY OF A PORCUPINE

PAPA and I were camping out under a big fir-tree. One night when we were asleep, something jabbed into Papa's hand, and he yelled. We got up, and there were holes in the sheet and blanket. We were going to heat some water, 'cause we thought that would do it some good. When I went to get some wood from the corner of the tent, something jabbed into my hand, and I jerked my hand away quick. But Papa still wanted me to get some wood. I told him that there was something down there! Sure enough, there was a little round ball on top of the pile of wood. I knew there was something down there. It was a porcupine! Then Papa took a big club, hit it on the head, and killed it.

OWINGS MILLS, BALTIMORE, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think your stories are very, very nice. You have always been my favorite magazine, and you have such wonderfully clever drawings and photographs, too

I go to school, and I have had the highest general averages in the school.

Your loving reader,

HELEN W. NORRIS (age 9).

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of writing to you—nearly three whole years.

I am now at boarding-school in White Plains, and a jolly good time I certainly have. We have about fifteen acres, and all last fall, we played field hockey, socker, tennis, and basket ball on our outdoor court. It 's great fun to play out of doors, I think, when you have a crowd of people and large grounds.

In one of my large windows, I have a stand of plants and a glass bowl containing one solitary fish. In October I had six, but one by one they committed suicide, by overeating. Was n't that tragic?

I wish Miss Du Bois would write another story like "The Lass of the Silver Sword." I think it is the best story ST. NICHOLAS has published during the five years I have taken it. My favorite story now is "The Land of Mystery," and as *Arshag* is at present a prisoner, I 'm anxiously awaiting the new number.

Thanking you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for the many happy hours you have afforded me, I am,

Your devoted reader,

ELIZABETH W STEAD (age 13).

BOONTON, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in the country. It is very lovely here at all times of the year. We have a pony and a cart. We can ride and drive him.

We had some goats last year, and kept them a year, but when winter came, they went up and down the street, looking for something green to eat; so then our mother sold them to the man she bought them from.

We are going to move in another month, and I will be rather sorry, because Boonton is such a lovely place, and we have been here four years. This house is 105 years old, and we have thirty acres of land

Your loving reader,

LOUISA WILSON FARRAND (age 10).

N. EASTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you.

I have a few pets, four guinea-pigs—Judy, Impie, Ginger, and Babe are their names. I have a cat, Clubs, and a canary-bird, Dick; I have eight fowls, too. I have one hundred and fifty-two books and sixteen dolls. I like to read very much, and like to draw still more. I have made as many as one hundred and six or seven little books. I print them on the typewriter, and then illustrate them. I am eleven years old.

I have a chum, Mildred, and we have great fun in summer, wading in the brook, and climbing trees and sewing. My little brother Charlie has two little chums, too, Alfred and John. Sometimes we all go together. We go fishing at Horn-Pout Pool in summer; we gave it that name because there are so many little horn-pouts there

Your little reader,

IMELDA WARREN.

HIS AGE

BY GRACE E. FREESE

"ONE hundred and thirty-seven years ago,
This next Fourth of July,
What was it that happened?" the teacher asked,
And waited for John's reply.

He looked at her in blank surprise.
"My age is only ten.
How old did you suppose I was,
To know what happened then?"

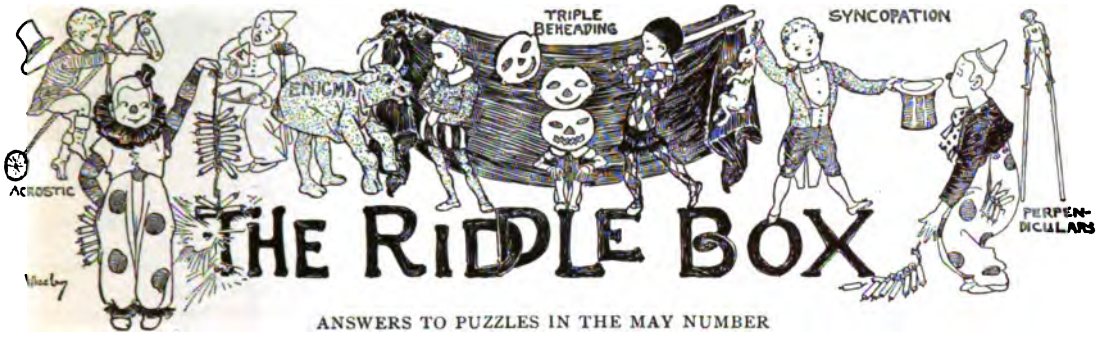
YOUNGSTOWN, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here in Youngstown there is a flood. People were taken out of the second-story windows in boats. We had no school because there is no water and no light.

I am six years old, and I love your stories.

BERTHA HITCHCOCK.

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THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

GEOGRAPHICAL SUBTRACTIONS. 1. Sweden, weed. 2. Siberia, bear. 3. Japan, nap. 4. Turkey, rue. 5. Mexico, come. 6. Guiana, nag. 7. Algeria, rail. 8. Soudan, nod.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Chase. 2. Haven. 3. Avert. 4. Serve. 5. Enter. II. 1. Alive. 2. Linen. 3. Inane. 4. Venom. 5. Enemy.

NOVEL HISTORICAL ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Caesar. 2. Actium. 3. Empire. 4. Scipio. 5. Antony. 6. Romans. 1-7, Crassus. 8-13, Pompey. 14-24 and 7, Commentaries.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Stevenson, Kidnapped. Cross-words: 1. Sheik. 2. Staid. 3. Emend. 4. Event. 5. Extra. 6. Inept. 7. Scrap. 8. Cozen. 9. Naiad.

CONNECTED STARS. I. 1. T. 2. As. 3. Sachems. 4. Scores. 5. Peace. 6. Trails. 7. Sincere. 8. My. 9. K. Diagonals: 1. Scales. 2. Sears. II. 1. K. 2. It. 3. Lucerne. 4. Bureau. 5. Burro. 6. Andrews. 7. Savants. 8. Us. 9. Y. Diagonals: 1. Lures. 2. Earns.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Audubon. Cross-words: 1. Wreaths. 2. Columns. 3. Spiders. 4. Felucca. 5. Carbine. 6. Bayonet. 7. Harness.

DIAMOND. 1. O. 2. Arm. 3. Altar. 4. Ortolan. 5. Malay. 6. Ray. 7. N.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has a good reason for letting it alone.

DIAGONAL. Agamemnon. Cross-words: 1. Phenomena. 2. Sacrilege. 3. Vindicate. 4. Lineament. 5. Tasteless. 6. Whimsical. 7. Continent. 8. Nocturnal. 9. Notorious.

ANAGRAM. Lord Cornwallis.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. Lord Howe. 1-5, Brest. 6-24, "Glorious first of June." Cross-words: 1. Lest. 2. Join. 3. Rust. 4. Odor. 5. Hire. 6. Four. 7. Wolf. 8. Begs.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10 from "Midwood"—Claire A. Hepner.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 10 from Rebecca Vincent, 8—Dorothy Vernon Smith, 8—Janet Brouse, 8—Catharine L. Swing, 8—Theodore Ames, 7—Helen E. Fyke, 7—Helen A. Moulton, 7—Isabel Shaw, 7—"Chums," 6—Elizabeth Botsford, 6—Mary L. Ingles, 6—Gladys S. Conrad, 6—Marion K. Valentine, 5—Lothrop Bartlett, 5—Dorothy Berrall, 5—Max Stolz, 4—Mary Hubbard, 3—Eloise Peckham, 3—Janet B. Fine, 3—Matilda Van Siclen, 3—Josephine Hendy, 2—Sophie Rosenheim, 2—Mary Julia Crocker, 2—Edith B. Hall, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from G. R. B.—L. W.—M. C. G.—E. M. S.—E. H.—D. M. K.—W. B. S.—V. M. A.—J. W.—K. B.—B. W.—M. R.—D. C.—H. P.—H. R.—K. H.—L. G.—M. G.—D. L. T.—"26 E. 37th St."

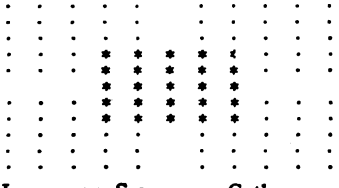
PRIMAL ACROSTIC OF CONCEALED NAMES

IN each of the following sentences a masculine name is concealed; when correctly guessed, the primals, in the order given, will spell the name of a country and its capital.

1. The mended garments were sent to the poor.
2. The new governor managed the affair well.
3. The box contained either rouge or gelatine.
4. I found the brambles terribly scratchy.
5. The grand reward was to be given her.
6. The gnat, hanging in the web, was captured.
7. Adelaide lost her purse yesterday.
8. Please take the apple out of the room.
9. The pianos carried to the hall were injured.
10. The colonel's onset won the day.
11. He bought the land on Alder Creek.
12. The pilot told a harrowing tale.
13. I hope you did not lean a pole on the fresh paint.

MARION J. BENEDICT (age 14), *League Member.*

INTERLOCKING WORD-SQUARES



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Gathers. 2. Applause. 3. A feminine name. 4. A Turkish governor. 5. Place.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A very rich man. 2. A linen cloth worn by priests. 3. A loop of a rope. 4. A kind of earth, used in making paints. 5. An East Indian nut.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Devastation. 2. Sun-dried brick. 3. Declared by general consent. 4. Fleshy. 5. Yielded.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An Indian viceroy. 2. Speedily. 3. A kind of cook. 4. A large body of water. 5. A Swiss canton.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Meaning. 2. Prepares for publication. 3. A nest. 4. A jet of steam issuing from a fissure in the earth. 5. To try.

EUGENE SCOTT (age 15), *Honor Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in scratch, but not in pick;
My *second* in hit, but not in kick;
My *third* is in stream, but not in pool;
My *fourth* is in razor, but not in tool.
My *fifth* is in key, but not in latch.
My *whole* is a fish you 'll seldom catch.

ALFRED CURJEL (age 10), *League Member.*

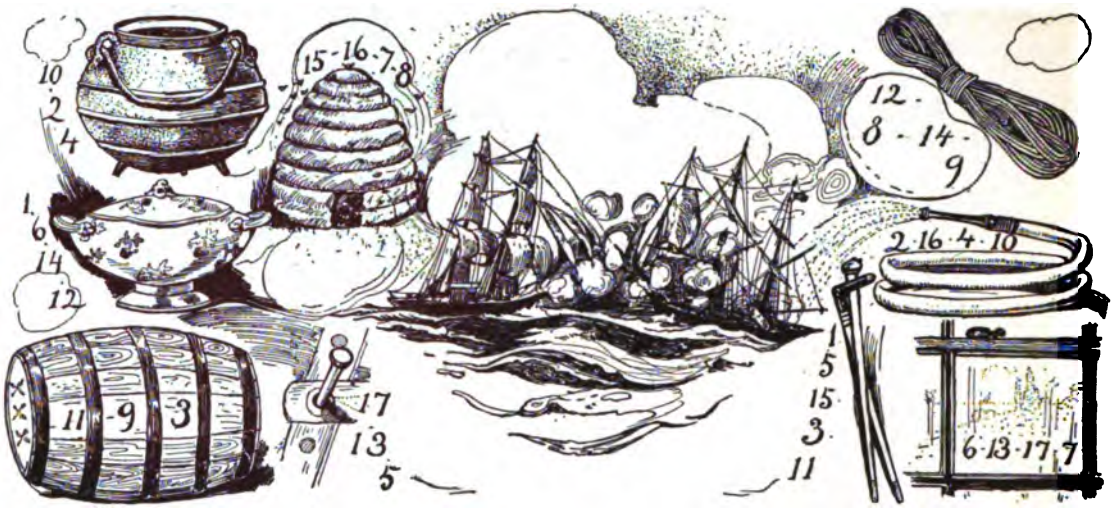
ZIGZAG

THE words described are of equal length, and when correctly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second columns will spell the name of a famous battle fought in June.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To tie together. 2. Destruction. 3. On the hand. 4. A brief satire. 5. To gain by labor. 6. The larva of an insect. 7. A rise of ground. 8. A climbing plant. 9. A flower. 10. Prostrate.

GRACE MELENEY (age 17), *League Member.*

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DOUBLE ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In the above picture appear two illustrated numerical enigmas. When solved in the usual way, the answer to the left-hand puzzle will be a famous exclamation uttered one hundred years ago; the answer to the right-hand puzzle will spell two famous names associated with the exclamation referred to. W. M.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

Each of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters will spell the name of a famous composer.

Cross-words: 1. A small, rude house. 2. Precipitous. 3. To affirm on oath. 4. Used by a conductor. 5. A title of respect, used in India. 6. A household implement. 7. Collapses. 8. Severe. 9. Convenient.

VIRGINIA BLISS (age 12), *League Member*.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD

(*One word is concealed in each couplet*)

He views me with an envious eye,
And begs my fruit with many a sigh.

I have no more than I can use,
And yet I cannot well refuse.

A braver thing of course 't would be
To just ignore his whining plea.

The sinner very soon would learn
That what he wants he 'd better earn.

But munching pears along the way,
He went ere I had said my say.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

ANAGRAM ACROSTIC

Each group of letters, properly rearranged, spells the title of a well-known book, whose primals, in the order given, spell the name of a famous poem.

1. Sahn nrebirk. 2. Ovneahi. 3. Eacli ni oandlwedrn. 4. Dorwen kobo. 5. Uedrnevtas fo a nreboiw. 6. Stauerer dsainl. 7. Soheu fo hte esvne egslab. 8. Revtudsane fo onrib doho.

FLAVIA WATERS (age 10), *League Member*.

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a large body of water.

Cross-words: 1. A western State. 2. An important city of Persia. 3. A group of islands in the Bay of Bengal. 4. A large city of Wisconsin. 5. An island belonging to Great Britain off the eastern coast of Africa. 6. A Siberian river. 7. A mountain of Washington. 8. A city of northern Africa. 9. A mountain of Mexico. 10. The capital of one of the Atlantic States that gave its name to a battle. 11. An Italian city, famous among musicians. 12. A range of mountains in western North America. 13. A city of Virginia, famous for its navy-yard.

MALCOLM D. WARNER (age 11).

KING'S MOVE FRUIT PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1 R	2 Y	3 E	4 B	5 L	6 A	7 O	8 R	9 N
10 C	11 R	12 E	13 P	14 E	15 N	16 E	17 G	18 A
19 R	20 U	21 P	22 S	23 A	24 P	25 Q	26 I	27 N
28 T	29 R	30 A	31 N	32 O	33 E	34 U	35 R	36 C
37 C	38 N	39 A	40 R	41 A	42 O	43 A	44 E	45 G
46 D	47 H	48 I	49 R	50 Y	51 B	52 G	53 R	54 P
55 A	56 G	57 E	58 F	59 L	60 E	61 H	62 A	63 L
64 E	65 T	66 I	67 E	68 N	69 C	70 P	71 M	72 U
73 O	74 L	75 E	76 V	77 M	78 O	79 A	80 E	81 P

Beginning at a certain square, move to an adjoining square until each square has been entered once. If the moves are correctly made, the letters in the succeeding squares will spell the names of fifteen well-known fruits.

P. ERNEST ISBELL (age 14).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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"Now we'll have a feast!"

"Yes. And a feast that is not only tempting but wholesome and nourishing; easy to digest and easy to prepare—a perfect bisque made with

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

The simple directions on the label show exactly how. Put in as much milk or cream as you choose. Serve it with croutons or rice if you like, or grate a little cheese over it. You never tasted anything finer.

Why not write for our little free booklet which describes a dozen other ways to prepare this tasty soup?



"I'm free to state, I lap the plate
When *Campbell's Soup* I get.
Although perhaps this is a lapse
From strictest etiquette."

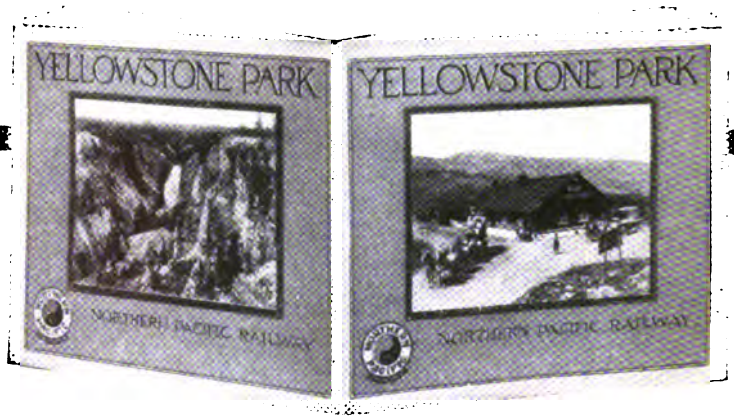
21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

Digitized by Google



Fun For Everybody in Yellowstone National Park

¶The Geysers, Cataracts, Canyons, Mountains, Lakes and Streams are spread in most alluring array around the superb 143-mile coaching trip through America's Only Geyserland. Jaunts of one, two or more days at small cost, or complete tour in 6 days only $55.50. Fishing galore in the flashing trout streams—side trips to the haunts of Bison, Bear, Deer, Elk, Antelope, Beaver and other weird creatures so plentiful in this greatest of Uncle Sam's preserves. Go this summer sure! Season: June 15-Sept. 15.

¶Low fares for the Park trip by itself or in connection with Pacific Coast trips. Through sleeping cars direct to Gardiner Gateway, the original Yellowstone Park entrance from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and from Pacific Coast daily during season. Gardiner is reached only via the Northern Pacific.

☛ Personally Conducted Excursions from Chicago every Sunday June 22 to September 7, to and through the Park and return to Chicago. The no-bother, most-fun way. Make reservations early. Let me tell you about Summer Tourist and Convention Tickets at greatly reduced rates. Say whether you want to make Park trip, or go on to Pacific Coast.

¶Attach 3 two cent stamps to coupon for beautifully executed view album of Yellowstone Park, in colors. This new book is easily worth a dollar. Send quick for your copy.

YELLOWSTONE PARK BOOK COUPON

This coupon and six cents in stamps will bring the book to you. Just fill in name and address plainly.

Check here ☐ if interested in Personally Conducted Through Park Service.
Check here ☐ if interested in Yellowstone Park and Pacific Coast trips.

Name .....

Street and No. .....

Town ..... State .....

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL, MINN.
Offices in Leading Cities

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Northern Pacific Railway

Panama-Pacific Exposition—San Francisco 1915 *Panama-California Exposition—San Diego 1915*

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Do You Know that Heinz Peanut Butter is Good for Children?

Children like it because it tastes so good. And Wise Parents *encourage* them to eat it. Food Scientists will tell you that

Heinz Peanut Butter

peculiarly supplies the solid nutriment that makes thin legs grow plump—that builds firm flesh—gives rosy color. Use it, not as an occasional treat, but as an every day diet. Everyone likes it. Selected fresh peanuts ground and prepared with the care that is given all the famous

Try This Recipe for Heinz Peanut Butter Fudge

2 cups confectioner's Sugar
1-2 cup sweet milk
2 heaping tablespoons of Heinz Peanut Butter.

Boil five (5) minutes exactly; remove from fire and stir until it thickens; pour into buttered platter and cut into required squares.

57 Varieties

In thousands of households it is considered a necessity—and more than replaces high priced creamery butter.



Heinz Spaghetti

Something New and Extra Good

Real Italian Style Spaghetti—a "masterpiece" in fine blending of choice materials. Words can't describe its zest and richness—its delicacy of flavor. Ready to serve. Pure, appetizing, nourishing. Spaghetti at its best. Just the thing to vary the household fare.

Other Heinz Food Products are: **Apple Butter, India Relish, Preserves, Vinegar, Soups—Tomato, Pea, Celery—Olive Oil, Ketchup, Baked Beans, Olives, etc.**

H. J. Heinz Company

HEINZ

Over 50,000 Visitors inspect the Heinz Pure Food Kitchens every year.

Digitized by Google



COMPLETING its ten hour journey, before being cut into the familiar **dainty dominoes.**

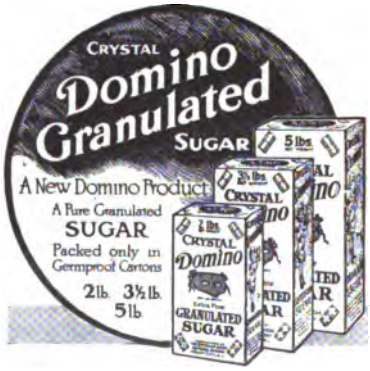
A closing step in the process of manufacture, making CRYSTAL DOMINO the purest, sweetest and most wholesome sugar.

Tested for immaculate whiteness, the cut dominoes are packed in moisture-proof cartons ready for the table of the discriminating housewife where, with cut glass, snowy napery and gleaming silver, CRYSTAL DOMINO adds a final touch of refinement.

One of the Quality Products of

THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING COMPANY

Address **New York**



Full and Half Size Pieces



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NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

enrich the elaborate luncheon, adorn the simplest of "afternoons." Their goodness and attractiveness are pleasing alike to hostess and guests.

Sweetness and flavor are delightfully united in these highly esteemed dessert confections.

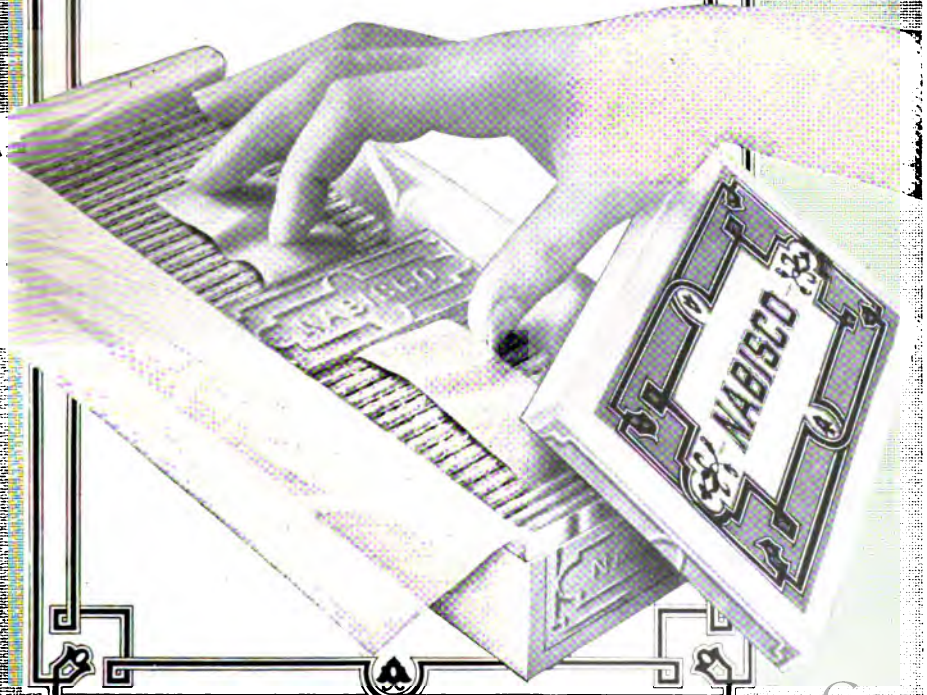
In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

ADORA:—A filled sugar wafer—the newest of dessert sweets.

FESTINO:—A favorite confection in the guise of an almond, with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS:—A dessert confection having a rich chocolate coating.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



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See how easy it is!

KODAK

Nothing whatever to puzzle young heads in the Kodak way of taking pictures, but everything to make it plain and simple as A B C. And it's fun that boys and girls never outgrow.

KODAKS, $5.00 and up. BROWNIES, $1.00 to $12.00.

Catalogue at your dealers or by mail. Free.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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Boys, you can now get the Diamond Safety Automobile Tread on your Bicycle Tires

Here's just what you have always wanted—a bicycle tire that won't skid on wet pavements, oiled roads, or when you turn sharp corners—that is hard to puncture, is oil-proof, wear-proof, and is easy riding.

Diamond

Safety (Squeegee) Tread Tires for Bicycles

This is the same "Won't Slide—Won't Slip—Won't Skid—**They Grip**" Tread that has made Diamond Automobile Tires famous, the tread that has solved the skidding problem for automobilists. Diamond Bicycle Tires are made to wear, honestly built, strong, and will stand hard knocks.

Write to-day for Diamond Bicycle Tire catalog—FREE.

"It's red and oil-resisting"

See that the name "Diamond" is stamped on each bicycle tire you buy—you can get them from

Diamond Dealers Everywhere

If your dealer does not happen to have Diamond Bicycle Tires, we will send them by Parcel Post, prepaid, anywhere in the U. S. (East of Rocky Mountains) for $8 per pair

Digitized by Google



How Does She Jump So High?

This little girl is jumping on New Live Rubber and that New Live Rubber has been made into

O'Sullivan's Heels

Girls and boys who wear O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS are not only quiet but their feet are light and their walk is springy.

Mother never says "Do stop that noise!" when you wear

O'Sullivan's Heels

Digitized by Google



BOYS, a pair of bright Red Tread tires makes a wonderful difference in the appearance of your wheel—and even more in its riding qualities.

PENNSYLVANIA
Red Oilproof Tread
VACUUM CUP TIRES
FOR BICYCLES

have the suction cups which prevent slipping on wet or greasy pavements.

The quality is so high and the construction so good that they show only the most gradual wear under the very hardest use—hardly anything can puncture them.

Oily roads cannot affect the rubber of these tires. They are Oilproof—proof against oil-rot.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct. You just **have** to have them.

Just read the guarantee for **an entire season's** service that goes with every tire.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.

Branches

Pittsburgh, 505 Liberty Avenue — Detroit, 254 Jefferson Avenue — Minneapolis, 34 S. 8th Street
Cleveland, 1837 Euclid Avenue — Chicago, 1004 Michigan Avenue — Kansas City, Mo., 514 E. 15th Street
Omaha, 215 S. 20th Street — Seattle, Armour Building

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY OF NEW YORK

New York City, 1700 Broadway — Boston, 149 Berkeley Street — Dallas, 411 S. Ervay Street

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

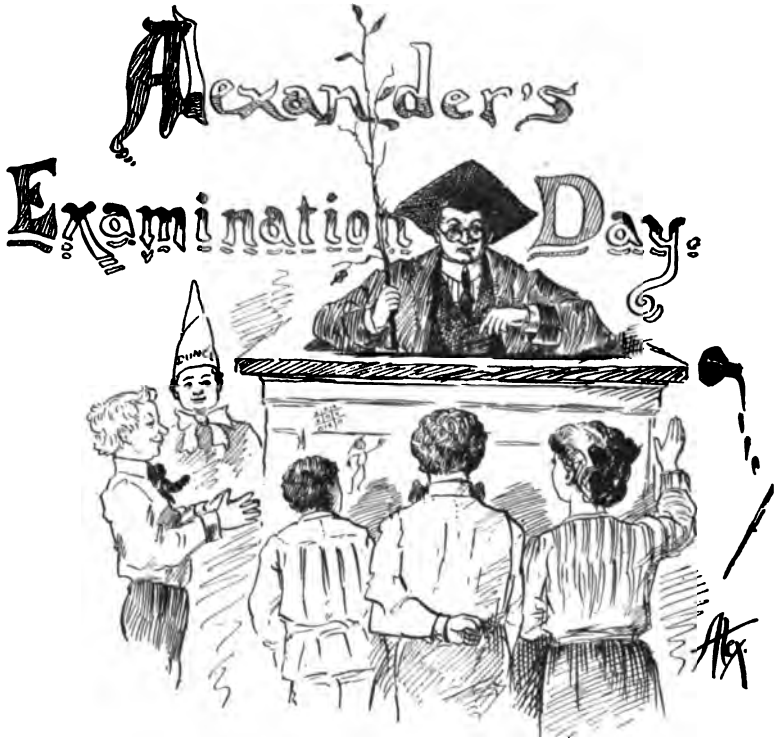
San Francisco, 512-514 Mission Street — Los Angeles, 930 S. Main Street

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy

Digitized by Google

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 138.

Time to hand in answers is up June 10. Prize-winners announced in August number.



"It is certainly remarkable," Alexander the Little observed to us one day, "how much will be seen by a trained observer where ordinary persons see very little."

"Just what do you mean?" we asked.

"Well," he cried, "take the advertising pages of the May ST. NICHOLAS, for example. I suppose I could ask a score or more questions about those pages, referring to things the ordinary reader overlooks."

"Why not make an Advertising Competition on that basis?" we suggested.

"Not a bad idea," was his answer, and so the present competition was made.

When Alexander brought in the drawing, we asked him why the ink-bottle was tipped over, and he replied, "Oh, that was an accident," and he would n't say any more about it. Then we asked him why the boy at the left was smiling, and Alexander said that was the Smarty Boy who thought he had the right answer when he had n't. Next we suggested that the dunce-cap was an anachronism, but Alexander said coolly, "That was what I meant it to be"; and so we let it go and changed the subject by asking him to explain the competition.

"It is very simple," Alexander replied. "I have asked a set of twenty questions, all of which can be answered by carefully examining the advertisements in the May ST. NICHOLAS. After finding all the answers, the girls and boys and other readers of the magazine will have found a number of things that otherwise they might overlook.

"When the answers are found, number them to agree with the questions, but do not copy the questions. Write only the name of the company, as given in the advertisement which you think contains the answer to each of the following questions:"

THE QUESTIONS

1. What gives relief from the costly drop-stitch trouble?
2. What does Brother John bring into the house when the day's fun is over?
3. What is said of the dainty little "disks of delight"?
4. Which advertisements mention Sea Island?
5. What grocer gives you credit for being wise?
6. Who will send you a funny animal rhyme book with colored pictures?
7. What makes all outdoors a playground for grown-ups?
8. What is guaranteed for 5000 miles?
9. Who will send you a Juvenile History of the United States free of charge?
10. What did the foremost Soup-Expert of the world originate?

(See also pages 20 and 24.)

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Toothsome Sweets from Fairyland

TO satisfy the kiddies' natural candy hunger, there's nothing so deliciously good, so pure, wholesome and satisfying as Necco and Hub Wafers. Each dainty "disk of joy" brings "miles of smiles," and will gladden the hearts and tickle the palates of all who relish their delicate sweetness.

Necco Wafers

Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers

Transparent Paper Wrapper

—the tempting confections of "guaranteed quality" are now made in nine exquisite flavors of enticing goodness—each tasty bite is a lasting delight.

Made by America's leading candy makers in a plant of immaculate cleanliness, Necco and Hub Wafers are pure, fresh, clean and unmistakably good. You'll have no cause for worry if you teach *your* children to look for the protecting seal of "Necco Sweets."

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.

Makers of the famous line of "Necco Sweets"

Digitized by Google

11. Where can you get "My Biography," a book for babies?
12. What revives old guns, making them work like new?
13. What Illinois town was founded by a piano-maker?
14. What babies have no cares nor worries?
15. What is sent cavorting on the wing by scissors, paste, and string?
16. What are four of the most famous makers in the country working together to make?
17. Why can the Indian walk so far tirelessly?
18. What has the most exquisite of creamy centers?
19. What food is said to be prepared "in a jiffy"?
20. What new things are on sale at all dealers' on the 28th of each month?

And there is, of course, the usual short letter which must be written to help us decide who of those submitting equally correct lists are entitled to prizes. This month it must be a letter asking more information about something advertised in any recent number of ST. NICHOLAS—something you really want to know.

The prizes and rules are the same as usual.

One First Prize, $5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most interesting letter.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (138).

3. Submit answers by June 10, 1913. Do not send answers in pencil. Do not inclose stamps. Write on one side of your paper only, and when your answer requires two or more sheets of paper, fasten them together.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 138, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 136.

When you finished reading "A Fortune in a Flower" in last month's ST. NICHOLAS, did it occur to you that the same patient persistency and care which Florry learned while growing her flowers is what you are showing by sending in careful answers to our competitions month after month?

It certainly is not wasted time.

Just think, one of the most interesting advertisements in this magazine was written by a St. Nicholas League girl—a prize winner, who took our words literally when we said we wanted our readers to help us. I know many of you helped us also by doing what Florry did—writing letters to business men—write to the advertiser whose announcement in ST. NICHOLAS you like best and give him some ideas for advertising in ST. NICHOLAS.

Now about the mistakes in that automobile trip list. The most common were:

Mentioning advertisements smaller than one-quarter page. Not beginning with New York. Neglecting to state how many advertisers mention New York in any size advertisement. 20 is the right answer. Overlooking The Procter & Gamble Co.'s name at Cincinnati. Writing name of thing advertised instead of company's name. Not writing name as it appeared. Poor spelling.

The letters were interesting and show how much influence you have in the family when anything is to be bought and how loyal you are to your ST. NICHOLAS friends. I believe that the girl who persuaded her father to buy a certain make of car and the family who convinced their neighbors that U. S. Tires were the best because they were advertised in ST. NICHOLAS are duplicated over and over again in many homes.

Here is the list of our young experts:

One First Prize, $5.00:

Archibald DeB. Johnson, age 14, Pennsylvania.

(See also pages 18 and 24.)



Take Finished Pictures in Two Minutes

HERE is the camera you have always wanted—takes pictures and develops them ready to see, **in two minutes!** No dark room, no expensive films or plates.

HOW YOU DO IT

You put a package of sensitized cards in the camera, make the exposure, then drop one card into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. That's all—and in two minutes a permanent picture is ready to look at, and the camera is ready to take another. Everything is so simple that any child can operate it after reading the instructions.

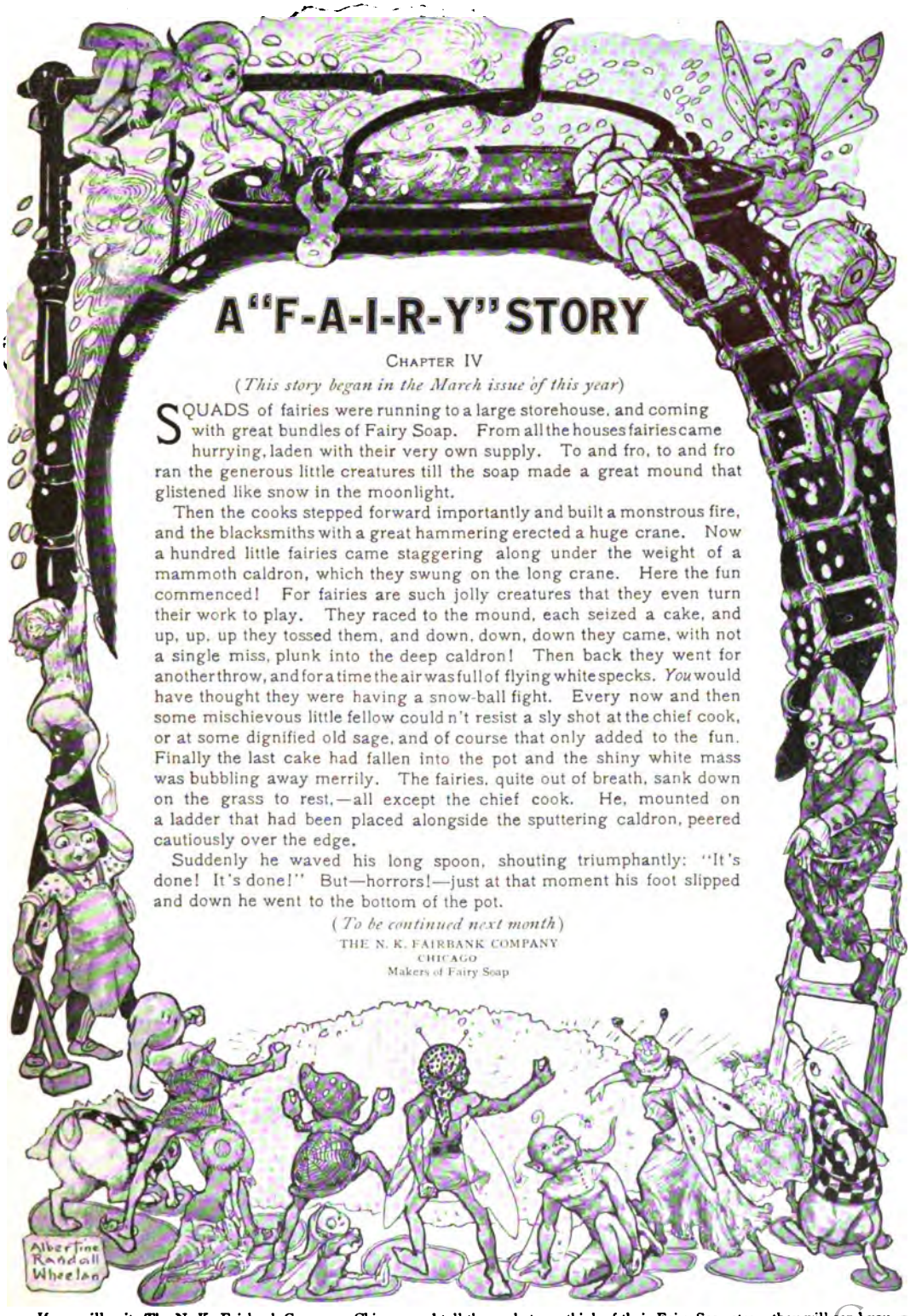
SPECIAL OFFER FOR SHORT TIME ONLY

We want every man, woman, boy and girl in the world to see this wonderful camera as soon as possible, and if you will promise to show yours to your friends you may have it at **half price.** The regular prices are $5.00 (Model A), $10.00 (Model B) and $15.00 (Model C)—prices to you **$2.50, $5.00** or **$7.50.** Model A takes pictures 2½x3½ inches, Model B 3¼x5½ inches, Model C takes both sizes. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover parcel post, extra sensitized cards and developing powders.

Write today, enclosing Express or Postal Money Order, and the camera and supplies will be sent to you promptly. Your money back if not satisfied. Address:

GORDON CAMERA CO.
1594 Stuyvesant Building, New York, N. Y.

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A "F-A-I-R-Y" STORY

CHAPTER IV

(This story began in the March issue of this year)

SQUADS of fairies were running to a large storehouse, and coming with great bundles of Fairy Soap. From all the houses fairies came hurrying, laden with their very own supply. To and fro, to and fro ran the generous little creatures till the soap made a great mound that glistened like snow in the moonlight.

Then the cooks stepped forward importantly and built a monstrous fire, and the blacksmiths with a great hammering erected a huge crane. Now a hundred little fairies came staggering along under the weight of a mammoth caldron, which they swung on the long crane. Here the fun commenced! For fairies are such jolly creatures that they even turn their work to play. They raced to the mound, each seized a cake, and up, up, up they tossed them, and down, down, down they came, with not a single miss, plunk into the deep caldron! Then back they went for another throw, and for a time the air was full of flying white specks. *You* would have thought they were having a snow-ball fight. Every now and then some mischievous little fellow could n't resist a sly shot at the chief cook, or at some dignified old sage, and of course that only added to the fun. Finally the last cake had fallen into the pot and the shiny white mass was bubbling away merrily. The fairies, quite out of breath, sank down on the grass to rest,—all except the chief cook. He, mounted on a ladder that had been placed alongside the sputtering caldron, peered cautiously over the edge.

Suddenly he waved his long spoon, shouting triumphantly: "It's done! It's done!" But—horrors!—just at that moment his foot slipped and down he went to the bottom of the pot.

(To be continued next month)

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO
Makers of Fairy Soap

If you will write The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago, and tell them what you think of their Fairy Soap story, they will send you a copy of their Juvenile History of the United States, free of charge.

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IF baby has to be weaned, he is never too young to be put on

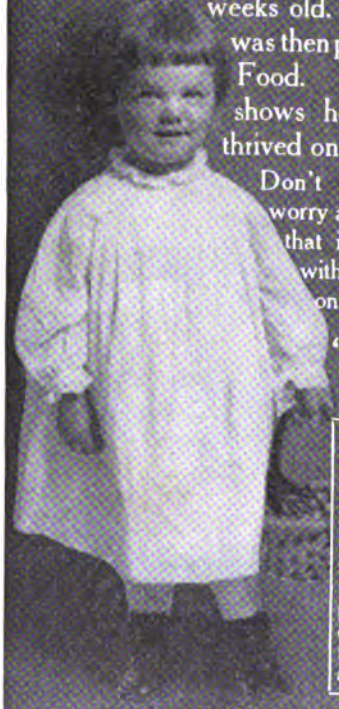
ESKAY'S FOOD

Pure, fresh cow's milk modified with Eskay's contains *everything* to nourish, and in a form so near mother's milk that the youngest baby won't notice the change.

The mother of this fine little girl (Ruth Browell, Palmerton, Pa.) was stricken with typhoid when baby was but two weeks old. Little Ruth was then put on Eskay's Food. Her picture shows how well she thrived on it.

Don't let *your* baby worry along on a food that is not agreeing with him. Start him on Eskay's today.

"Ask Your Doctor."



FOR INVALIDS

or any one with impaired digestion, Eskay's makes a highly-nourishing, palatable and easily-digested food. Literature and sample free.

TEN FEEDINGS FREE

Smith, Kline & French Co., 462 Arch St., Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me free 10 feedings of Eskay's Food and your helpful book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....



Is Your Glove Stiff?

Put a little 3-in-One oil on fingers and palm and the leather becomes soft and pliable at once. The ball will stick better and glove will last twice as long.

3-in-One makes base ball cover and stitches stronger and hold longer. It also prevents rust on mask, fasteners, etc. Not sticky or greasy.

FREE Write today for large free sample bottle and 3-in-One dictionary.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 G. B. B'way, N.Y.C.

DON'T MUFF the ball, put 3-in-One oil on your glove; softens the leather so the ball sticks right in the center; makes your glove look twice as good and wear four times as long. Get a sample bottle *free* from

Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 G. B. Broadway, New York City

BOYS DON'T DROWN

your tools in cheap oil. A few drops of 3-in-One makes brace and bit, plane, saws, all tools work perfectly — keeps them bright and clean, free from rust. Write to **Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 G. B. Broadway, New York City,** for generous sample bottle—FREE.



With a HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND on your lawn you need not worry about the health and amusement of your children. They'll enjoy themselves in the open, at home. Grow strong in mind and body.

The Health Merry-Go-Round is absolutely safe; has no cogs; is strongly built of iron, steel and seasoned wood; repair proof; an ornament to the lawn, or public play grounds. Made with or without canopy. Organ for music.

Every machine Guaranteed. Sent on Free Trial; your money back if not satisfied. Dealers Wanted—attractive proposition. Write for Free Illustrated Catalog.

HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND CO.,
Dept. 317 . . . QUINCY, ILL.



They're going up on the 4th of July

Celebrate in a safe and sane manner. The Brazel's balloons will be in every city. Get yours today. Send for this special trial outfit—

Only $1 and Prepaid

Consists of TEN large (good sailing) balloons. Each 4 1-2 ft. high complete for ascension, including directions, our patent inflators and asbestos chimneys. A day's sport at small cost. Sent anywhere in U. S. upon receipt of $1.00. Illustrated catalog 5c.

THE BRAZEL NOV. MFG. CO.
1720 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

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The Oblong Rubber Button

found **only** on Velvet Grip Hose Supporter, will **not** cause drop-stitches





Velvet Grip

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

also has the **Hump-Loop** and **Cloth-Covered Base** adding greatly to ease and comfort. Made in many styles for

WOMEN and CHILDREN

Ask your Dealer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Child's Sample Pair by mail 16c. (state age).

GEORGE FROST CO.
MAKERS, BOSTON.



MURRAY AND LANMAN'S Florida Water

This fragrant and refreshing toilet perfume, in use for a century, makes the daily bath a luxury and a supreme delight.

Leading Druggists sell it. Accept no Substitute!

Samples sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

Lanman & Kemp
135 Water Street
New York



The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



For Weak Arches and Ankles that "turn-in"

Structural foot-weakness, affecting the arch and ankle, so prevalent among growing boys and girls, is promptly corrected and relieved by wearing

COWARD ARCH SUPPORT SHOES With COWARD EXTENSION Heel

Made on a special Coward last that meets the needs of growing feet. They provide the needed help in a beneficial way, hold the arch in place, and steady the ankles.

These shoes protect and benefit children's feet, and promote their shapely development.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty years.

Mail Orders Filled — Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City

(NEAR WARREN STREET)

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Boys, Here's Glorious Fun!

Can you want any better sport than rifle shooting? The great out-doors, excitement of a closely contested match, gun butt cool against your cheek, lining up the sights—then proving your eye and nerve by scoring bullseye after bullseye!

BOY SCOUT CARTRIDGES

are half the fun because they make your aim confident and your score better. They're so accurate, sure-fire and clean to handle that Boys and Boy Scouts don't want anything else.

Remember, Boy Scout Cartridges are primed with our famous non-mercuric priming that gives quicker ignition and longer life to your gun barrel, and are proved by careful tests to be the most accurate .22 cartridge on the market.

Wouldn't you like to know how Boy Scouts use them? How to shoot and handle a gun with safety? Then sit right down and write your name and address on a postal or letter and say—

Please send me "How to Use Fire Arms"

This fascinating free book for boys will tell you and your parents how the use of Boy Scout Cartridges keeps boys out of mischief. How it builds character and health, develops the Scout spirit of preparedness, gives you manliness, courage, self-reliance, and is endorsed by teachers and physicians. Don't wait to enjoy this bully good sport. It's great. Write today.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Dept. 22, LOWELL, MASS.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each:
Gilbert King, age 14, Washington, D. C.
Longshaw Porritt, age 17, Connecticut.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each:
Bessie H. Rockwood, age 13, New York.
Roger W. Clarke, age 11, Massachusetts.
Carol Crosman, age 13, Michigan.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each:
Elizabeth M. Doane, age 15, Illinois.
Harry Guthmann, age 16, New York.
Laura Hill, age 19, Pennsylvania.
Arthur Schwarz, age 15, New York.
Arthur Newell Moore, age 11, Massachusetts.
Elizabeth Gertsen, age 12, Colorado.
Charlotte H. Skinner, age 15, New York.
Nathan Green 3d, age 12, Tennessee.
Dorothy M. Rogers, age 18, Massachusetts.
Jean Flick, age 12, Germany.

(See also pages 18 and 20.)

NOTE: The Advertising Department is running another competition this month for you boys and girls. See rules on page 7.

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Wag is Bitten by a June-Bug

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS!

What do you s'pose I 've just been doing?
Why bucketfuls of fun are brewing
For you,—and where, you 'll surely guess.
In the Woman's Home Companion?—Yes,—
That 's where I 've been and I declare
The things I saw just made me stare.
Loose in a story,—(I 'm laughing yet)
A HIPPOPOTAMUS, first thing, I met.
But the really best—the greatest fun
You 'll find is on page twenty-one.
When you see the Kutouts, I 've a feeling
There 's going to be all sorts of squealing,
For there, oh there 's a Kewpie Doll!
Think of that girls,—think of that awhile!
A Kewpie Kutout Doll,—why this
Is quite too cute and sweet to miss!
A little girl is with her too,
The *very* little girl for you,—
And next, in verse you 'll read the news,
The latest Kewpish plans and views,
And farther on a tale is told
"The Bells that brought the Fairy Gold."
And though I know your Baby brothers
And sisters outshine all the others
The Home Companion Folks declare
For "BETTER BABIES" everywhere.
"The tempting Ham and Chicken Dishes"
Will bring the coldest chap to wishes.
These, and the clothes for summer days
Will come in for your mother's praise.
But gracious! how the time is flying
I can't tell all, there 's no use trying.
The Kewps send love and bid me say
You must send for the Kutouts right away.
Remember! they 're waiting as sad as can be
For you and the scissors to come and set them free.
Send for them *now*,—that DOLL is a duck!
Here 's a whole heap of love and a parcel of luck.

Yours lovingly, WAG.

P. S.—As I was headed for St. Nick, to tell this news just double quick, the first thing I knew, something hit me and then, and then a June-Bug bit me. That 's the reason 'stead of me, my letter on this page you see.

The Kewpie Kutouts—all in color—appear in every issue of the Woman's Home Companion. And so do Rose O'Neil's Kewpie verses. Get a copy of the June Woman's Home Companion from your newsdealer, or send 15 cents to us and we will send you the June issue postpaid. There are lots of other interesting thing in this magazine for **you** and your mother—in fact, all the family. The Kewpie Kutouts have fronts and backs, and when cut out and pasted together make lovely paper dolls. You can have all sorts of fun with the Kewpies, and you should have the whole collection.



WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THIS month we illustrate first another of the new series of India. This time it is the four-annas value; printed in a soft olive-green, it makes a very





beautiful stamp. Our second illustration pictures the much-heralded new Chinese set. This country gives us two sets, one in commemoration of the revolution, the other celebrating the advent of the republic. Both are issued in a series of the same values, running from one cent to five dollars. The two series are alike in color, and very similar in design. There are, however, two differences; one is the last word in the bottom label, which on one is republic, on the other revolution; and the other is the head in the center. On the series of the revolution is the likeness of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who is the Chinese "Father of his Country"; while on the second set is the portrait of the President of the Republic, President Yuan Shi Kai. These commemorative stamps are not intended as a permanent issue. They are to be withdrawn from circulation in July. We also illustrate the new one-penny stamp of the Australian Commonwealth. After



all the talk of design and color which has been going on for the past few years, collectors are doomed to bitter disappointment. Great things had been expected. We all had looked forward hopefully to a design which, for beauty and excellence, should rival even the early stamps of the confederating colonies. And now comes this which we illustrate. The design is an outline map of the Australias, upon which appears the crudely drawn figure of a kangaroo. The engraving is on a parity with some of the cheap lithographs of South American States. We predict that severe criticism will greet the appearance of this much-heralded stamp.

THE COMING EXHIBITION

THERE is to be held in New York City, from October 27 to November 1, 1913, a competitive stamp exhibition. It is to be under the auspices of a recently formed organization called the "Association for Stamp Exhibitions, Inc." Any one can join the association upon payment of an assessment or dues amounting to one dollar. Practically all the dealers in the country are members, as well as many collectors, representing all grades from the experienced specialist to the beginner with only a few hundred stamps. All are eligible to membership; indeed, Class K is called the "Juvenile Class," and is limited to exhibitors under eighteen years of age. The coming exhibition has been indorsed by the various stamp societies the world over, and it is expected that it will prove to be the largest and most successful of its kind ever held anywhere. Many of the world-famous collections will be represented, either wholly or in part, and probably not in a long while will one have an opportunity to see so many and such famous philatelic gems assembled together and so near home.

The exhibition will be held in the Engineering Societies Building, Nos. 25–33 West Thirty-ninth Street, the building given by Andrew Carnegie to the Engineering Societies. All manner of precautions will be taken to guard the treasures gathered here. Watchmen will be on guard day and night, and insurance taken out covering loss by fire and theft. About four thousand dollars has been raised so far, by dues and voluntary subscriptions, toward the necessary expenses of the show.

Among other contributions was one sent by a well-known bank-note company in New York City. This firm presented to the association thousands of pasters for use in advertising the exhibition. These pasters, unquestionably the most beautiful thing of the kind ever gotten out, bear in the center a copy of Stuart's Washington; above are the words "International Philatelic Exhibition," below, "New York," while at the sides appear the numerals of the date 19–13. This beautiful label, nearly four times as large as an ordinary stamp, was printed in six colors. It was the intention of the management to present a set to each member of the association, and more to the larger contributors. After most of them had been distributed, the attorney-general of the Government astonished every one connected with the issuing of the paster by declaring it to be so close a resemblance to a stamp as to be dangerous, and ordered the plates seized. Arguments availed nothing, and the plates were given up. Many collectors put a specimen in their collections, partly because of the beauty of the paster, and partly because of the notoriety attached to it.

Other donations have been mainly in money or in prizes for competitors. The exhibits have been divided into fourteen classes, and various cups and medals will be awarded in each class. Each visitor will be given a ticket on which to designate the exhibit which to him is most interesting. This ticket he leaves with an attendant, and the exhibit mentioned on the most tickets will receive a special prize, called the "Visitor's Cup." Not only will there be stamps rare enough to repay a visit to the hall, but also it is expected that there will be in operation many machines showing the entire process of making these little bits of paper which are our joy and delight.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶BULGARIA, Scott's Nos. 23 and 25; also 24 and 26. Look at the first word of the inscription below the line. In the one-stotinka there is a difference in the spelling, and in the two-stotinki the third letter of the first word is formed differently.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

THE IMPERIAL STAMP ALBUM published for beginners. The best on the market. Bound in boards, 1,000 illustrations, spaces for 3,500 stamps. Price 25c., postage 10c. extra. 108 all different stamps from Paraguay, Turkey, Venezuela, etc., 10c. Finest approval sheets of 50 per cent discount. Agents wanted. Write to-day.
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

PHILATELISTS

Outfit No. 1 Contains Stamp Tongs, Watermark Detector, Pocket Magnifying Glass, Perforation Gauge, and Mill. Scale, Pocket Stock Book. Price 75 cents post-paid.

Stamp Collectors' outfits from 25 cents to $10.00 in 1913 price list, free. New 20th Century Album just out.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.
43 WASHINGTON BUILDING BOSTON, MASS.



STAMP ALBUM with 105 all different Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 200 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 15c. Agents Wanted. 50%. *Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!* We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

50 VARIETIES STAMPS FROM 50 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

sent with our 60% approval sheets for 5c.

PALM STAMP CO., 249 NO. CARONDELET ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.



RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 30 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount, 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

To All Prize Winners
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

We are going to give you an opportun.ty to begin your business life by competing for the $10 prize offered for the best heading to be used in one of our advertising sections. See page 7 for particulars.

1000 Different STAMPS, Catalogued $30 for $1.75 No Revenues or trash.

500 different	$ .45	Hayti, 1904 Complete	6 Var. $ .15
200 "	.09	Abyssinia, 1895 "	7 " .45
12 " Bermuda	.25	Nyassa, Giraffes, '01 "	13 " .25

Gold California $½, each 35c.; $1, each 65c.; 25 diff. Foreign Coins, 25c. JOS. F. NEGREEN, 8 EAST 23D ST., NEW YORK CITY.

SNAPS 200 ALL DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS for only 10c. 65 All Dif. U. S. including old issues of 1853-1861, etc.; revenue stamps, $1.00 and $2.00 values, etc., for only 11c. With each order we send our 6-page pamphlet, which tells all about "How to make a collection of stamps properly."
QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO.
32 CAMBRIDGE BUILDING CINCINNATI, OHIO

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT
For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT.
Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.
C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLIANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.



DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N. Y.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, BOSTON.

5 VARIETIES PERU FREE.
With trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N.Y.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.
10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 6000 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STAMPS FREE!

No stamp collector can afford to collect without *Mykeel's Weekly Stamp News*. You might just as well go fishing without hook or line. How do you know how to avoid rubbish? How do you know what to pay for stamps? *Mykeel's* gives you all the news about stamps and offers thousands of stamp bargains. Only 50c. per year.

SPECIAL OFFER—25c. for 6 months and Choice of these Premiums:
A packet of 205 all different clean foreign stamps.
A nice collection of 100 all different United States stamps.
A book on United States stamps, fully illustrated.
A nice stamp album that will hold 1200 stamps.

ANOTHER SPECIAL OFFER—10 weeks, 10c. and YOUR CHOICE:
A nice packet, "all over the world" foreign stamps.
A collection of 50 all different U. S. stamps.
A leaflet describing and illustrating U. S. stamps.
MYKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS Boston, Mass.



"RANGER" BICYCLES

Are equipped with puncture-proof tires, imported roller chains, imported English flanged sprockets, English featherweight steel mud guards, imported Brampton pedals, motor style saddles, bars and grips, and other distinctive features possessed by no other bicycle. No effort or expense has been spared to make the 1913 "Ranger" the World's Best Bicycle. Improved factory methods and greatly increased output for 1913 enable us to make a *marvelous new price offer*. Something *very special* to the first purchasers of 1913 Models in each town. Write us about it *today*.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL *without a cent in advance*, to any person, anywhere in the United States, and *prepay the freight*. We only ask you to examine and try the "Ranger" without *a cent of expense to yourself* before you think of buying any other bicycle.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL is allowed on every "Ranger" bicycle. *Not a cent cost* to you if you do not wish to keep it after riding it for 10 days and putting it to every test. Our "Ranger" bicycles are of such high quality, handsome appearance and low price that we are willing to ship to you, *prepaid*, let you examine and try one and leave it entirely to you whether you wish to keep it or not.

LOW FACTORY PRICES Our great output, perfected methods and machinery enable us to offer you direct from the factory the best bicycle ever produced at a price that will be a *revelation to you*. Do not buy a Bicycle or a pair of Tires until you receive our large, complete catalog and learn our direct factory price and *remarkable special offer*. **SECOND-HAND BICYCLES**—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list free.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town and locality to ride and exhibit a sample 1913 "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. In your spare time you can take many orders for our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write at once for our large Catalog and a remarkable *special proposition* we will make you on the first 1913 models going to your town.

TIRES, rear wheels with coaster brake, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. Do not wait—write today for large catalog containing a great fund of interesting, useful bicycle information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-272 CHICAGO

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St. Nicholas Pet Department Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.

Easy to Buy



Easy to Keep

A SHETLAND PONY

is an unceasing source of pleasure. A safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and of robust health. Highest type—complete outfits—here. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Dept. 9 Markham, Va.

SHETLAND PONIES

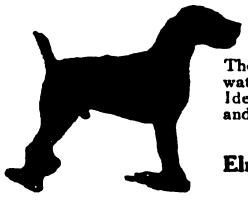
Carefully trained for children's safety. Only gentle, highly-bred registered ponies in our herd. Champion stock, all colors and sizes.

SUNSET HILL FARM
F. E. LATHAM, Mgr. PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Money in Squabs

Learn this immensely rich business we teach you; easy work at home; everybody succeeds. Start with our jumbo Homer Pigeons and your success is assured. **Send for large Illustrated Book.** Providence Squab Company, Providence, Rhode Island.

Best and Cheapest **Bird Houses**
Bird Baths and Feeders
Prices, 50c. to $500
Illustrated Catalogue on request
ARTHUR G. HOWES
91 Hope Street Stamford, Conn.



Airedale Terriers
Most popular dog of the day
The Airedale is the best companion, watch-dog, and all-round hunting-dog Ideal pets for children, faithful, kind, and wonderful intelligence.
Puppies from $25 up.
Beautiful booklet free.
Elmhurst Airedale Kennels
Kansas City, Mo. Sta. E.

JUST OUT
Try SPRATT'S KENNEL MIDGET BISCUITS
If you want to give your dog a treat.
Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."
SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, Newark, N. J.

Hints for Vacation

Rover is waiting for you. His kind brown eyes are asking you to go for a romp with him across the fields of waving daisies. He is wagging his tail now, ready to start at your word. And there is Jyp who plunges boldly into the water to get the stick you threw out. He 'll bring it to you, shake himself, and then scamper madly off down the road. At night how safe you feel with two faithful dogs to watch and guard you. I know several Rovers and Jyps who are all ready to come to you whenever you send for them.

There is a boy lives down the road who built a fine poultry house this year—and built it all himself. His sister helps him feed and care for the pigeons and chickens. They have lots of fun and make a tidy little sum selling eggs and squabs to the neighbors. He 's saved enough to buy a dear little Shetland pony. Next year he is going to keep rabbits—pure white ones, he says, with pretty pink eyes.



Of course he 's a ST. NICHOLAS boy and of course the Pet Department helps him whenever he needs it.

Have you decided what kind of pet *you* are going to have this summer and where to get it? I know where there are several ponies, birds, dogs, and cats waiting for owners.

Write me if you want help of any kind.

MANAGER. PET DEPARTMENT.



Scottish Terriers
Offered as companions. Not given to fighting or roaming. Best for children's pets.
NEWCASTLE KENNELS
Brookline, Mass.

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"Bristol"
Bait Casting Rods



If you've never felt the thrill of pleasure that goes with casting a lure, in a sweeping, graceful curve, straight to its mark —you have missed a piece of keen fun. For pleasure, health and freedom from worry you can't beat it.

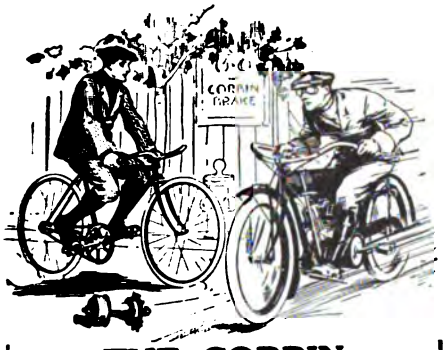
"BRISTOL" No. 28 is the new Light Bait Casting Rod. Weighs about 5 oz., but stands up like a "major," in a hot fight. Nos. 25, 27 and 33 are liked by both "old timers" and beginners because, among other qualities, the large guides and tip insure such a free-running line.

Ask your dealer to show you any of the above rods. If he doesn't happen to have the one you want in stock, we will supply you. Send for

CATALOG—FREE.
(Illustrated below.)

HORTON MFG. CO.
167 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.

Instant Control!



THE CORBIN
Duplex Coaster Brake

Enables bicycle riders to avoid sudden accidents or collisions. Operated instantly by the pedal. The standard of safety, reliability and control. Invaluable for touring. Corbin Two-Speed brake is an immense assistance on steep up-grades or against strong head winds. Greatly appreciated by elderly riders.

Either of these brakes fitted to your wheel at any bicycle repair shop.

Send for 1913 free catalog showing all Corbin Brakes, Hubs and Axles

Corbin Screw Corporation Division
(American Hardware Corporation)
306 High Street New Britain, Conn.
Licensed Coaster Brake Manufacturers



Hundreds of violets have contributed their sweetness

to the purest and safest of infant powders.

We have added to our powder Nature's most dainty and refreshing perfume—the scent of sweet violets. If you pressed the very essence of the flowers themselves over your skin, the effect could not be more delightful.

Mennen's Violet Talcum is borated and properly medicated so that it

soothes and comforts the skin and relieves the irritation and annoyances due to perspiration.

It relieves the rawness and chafing so common in summer and, at the same time, removes the unattractive shine produced by perspiration.

Dust your body all over with it after your bath. Put it on your shields, in your stockings, etc.

For sale everywhere, 25c, or by mail postpaid.

Sample postpaid for 4 cents. Address Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Violet
Talcum Toilet Powder
(Borated)



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Alexander gave me a peek into his letter file

Alexander called me up on the 'phone the other day, and told me he had something he wanted to show me. When I got down to his office, he opened up a big letter file, and said that if I would be real good he would show me something that would please me.

And what I saw certainly made me happy.

There were some of those dandy letters which you boys and girls had written about that Nobby Tread tire advertisement which appeared in the February issue.

You ought to hear all the fine things that were said about that advertisement and that tire.

One young man certainly knew what he was talking about when he wrote this:

"I think that the advertisement of the United States Nobby Tread is the best.

"The Nobby Tread has saved a great many lives, both on autos and bicycles, because they stop autos and bicycles from skidding on wet pavements.

"I think that every person—man, woman, or child—ought to have Nobby Treads on his or her bicycle, auto, or motorcycle, because they insure their safety.

"I think that every Mother and Father will agree with me because they feel their boys or girls are safer with Nobby Treads than with the common smooth tire."

And if you live where the roads are oily, you can sympathize with the boy who wrote this:

"I think that the advertisement about the Nobby Tread bicycle tires in the February issue of ST. NICHOLAS is the most interesting one in that magazine. I ride my bicycle a great deal during the summer months, and as the roads about are well oiled I have great difficulty in not skidding. After a rain it is especially bad going around curves, as the smooth tires invariably skid.

"That was *last* summer. *This* summer I expect to get a pair of Nobby Tread bicycle tires, and thus equipped I don't think I will have any more trouble in the skidding line."

Can you imagine how pleased I was to have this young lady say such fine things about our tires:

"I found the advertisement for Nobby Treads the most interesting, because I have experienced the sensation of finding myself unexpectedly on the ground when my bicycle slipped. I think these tires will be a great improvement. On wet and slippery pavements, unless there is something to prevent it, bicycles very often skid.

"This advertisement ought also to interest Mothers and Fathers, because if their children had Nobby Tread tires on their wheels there would not be any danger of the bicycle slipping under the wheels of any vehicle suddenly."

And this boy came right out and said that next time he would buy Nobby Treads. Of course this pleased me greatly:

"Last summer I learned to ride a bicycle. My father soon got me one, but the tires are not much good, so, of course, I like the United States Nobby Tread Tires best. One thing I like is the ridges and knobs which prevent skidding. The next time I buy tires I will remember the Nobby Tread."

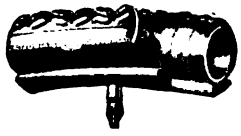
Another letter came from a boy who already knew just what a wonderful tire the Nobby Tread really is. Evidently his father owns an automobile and uses Nobby Treads:

"I think the advertisement of the Nobby Tread is the most interesting. It shows the construction of the tire—a very interesting subject.

"If the new bicycle tire is as good as the Nobby Tread automobile tire it will be a step in the advancement of cycling."

There were a lot more just as good as these. I wish I could take each one of you by the hand and thank you for them. They showed us pretty plainly that we were on the right track when we put that Nobby Tread bicycle tire on the market.

And I can say this frankly to you boys and girls who have written these fine letters, and to all you other ST. NICHOLAS friends, that when you buy a Nobby Tread tire, or in fact any kind of a United States Tire, for your bicycle, or when your father or brother buys a United States Tire for his automobile or motorcycle, you are going to find it just as good as the advertisements say it is.



This is the tire they are talking about.

From

The Man Who Writes
The United States Tire
Company Advertisements

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Why Maroon?

Nearly every milk chocolate for sale in this country has a *maroon* label. There must be some good reason why this color has been adopted by manufacturers. It is

Because

maroon is the *standard* color. It is the standard color because it has been used from the start by the manufacturers of Peter's Milk Chocolate, the standard milk chocolate.

Peter's, the original milk chocolate, is the only one of international reputation, unvarying high quality, and of a flavor which has been generally imitated but never equalled.

Be sure to get Peter's when you ask for milk chocolate.



"High as the Alps in Quality"

Peter's Milk Chocolate

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A Little Story That Could Be True

ONCE upon a time there was a good nymph called "The Spirit of Cleanliness." Her work was to keep the world bright and beautiful. But she was so mild and timid that her enemy, a bold, bad elf called "The Spirit of Dirt" kept her from doing her work.

At last in despair, she decided that the only way to succeed was to conceal herself in such a way that she could work away unrecognized by The Spirit of Dirt. So she vanished into a cake of Ivory Soap.

That is why Ivory Soap is so mild and pure and why it cleanses so beautifully. The Spirit of Cleanliness is in every cake because she can be everywhere at the same time. In this way she does the work she loves.

Of course, you see only the soap and the work which she makes the soap do, but sometimes, when you are not looking, she comes forth to rejoice at her success as you see her in the picture.

IVORY SOAP . . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

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Food Products

Have you ever noticed how much more delicious everything seems to taste at a picnic? There's a tang—a piquancy—a satisfying "smack" that only out-o'-doors seems able to give.

And that's just the taste that has won for *Libby's* Ready-to-Serve Foods the wonderful popularity they have. For *Libby* chefs know just how to get that out-o'-doors spiciness into every food they cook.

Getting ready for picnics or cooking in camp, is no end of fun when you use *Libby's* Foods. And the cooking for the family becomes infinitely easier, too.



For the variety of *Libby's* Foods enables you to have many charming menus. And the convenience of serving them, just as they come from the cans, does away with the long, disagreeable hours in a hot kitchen.

Veal Loaf **Boneless Chicken** **Dried Beef**
Olives **Deviled Meats** **Pickles**

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

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IN 1847 silver plate was an experiment, but the test of time has proved the value of the discovery made by Rogers Bros. The quality of this first and genuine electro-silver plate is still to be found in the original brand

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

The characteristic beauty of this ware is well illustrated in the "Old Colony" and "Cromwell" patterns, which preserve the charm and simplicity of early designs, but are rich and refined in the finish that modern craftsmanship supplies.

Like all 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware, they are made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and are backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue "F-5."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
SUCCESSOR TO MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
MERIDEN, CONN.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.

OLD COLONY

CROMWELL

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HE "OUTDOOR BOYS' CLUB" AND "THE MAJOR'S BOYS"

L. XL, No. 9 JULY, 1913 PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



FREDERICK WARNE & CO • BEDFORD ST • STRAND • LONDON

THE·CENTURY·CO·UNION·SQUARE·NEW·YORK

WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, IRA H. BRAINERD, GEORGE INNESS, JR., TRUSTEES. UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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[Entered at N. Y. Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter]



To gain the votes of Spotless Town, the Mayor beamed at Mrs. Brown.
Her candid way shut off debate: she promptly flashed her candidate.
As he reflects, of course he'll know
She must have used **SAPOLIO**

Three household problems—with one answer

Suppose you must clean grimy floors, or dirty shelves, or a dingy kitchen. How can you freshen them up with a *quick* cleaner that *won't waste?*

Answer—Use **SAPOLIO.** (It *cleans* economically.)

Suppose you have a drawer full of kitchen knives, forks and spoons that demand quick scouring. How can you remove the dullness and rust?

Answer—Use **SAPOLIO.** (It *scours* thoroughly.)

Suppose you wish to polish tins, and thoroughly remove grease from your enamelled utensils and crockery *without marring the smooth surfaces.* What should you do?

Answer—Use **SAPOLIO.** (It *polishes* brilliantly. Its suds thoroughly remove grease.)

You rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp rag. Not a particle scatters or wastes.

Our Spotless Town booklet will be mailed upon request.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company ***Sole Manufacturers*** **New York City**

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On the porch with your friends and a Victor-Victrola



An impromptu dance with a Victor-Victrola

Take a Victrola with you when you go away this summer

Whether you go to the country, mountains, or seashore for the summer, or just camp out for a week or so, you'll be glad of the companionship of the Victrola.

This wonderful instrument enables you to take with you wherever you go the most celebrated bands, the greatest opera artists, the most famous instrumentalists, and the cleverest comedians—to play and sing for you at your leisure, to provide music for your dances, to make your vacation thoroughly enjoyable.

And even if you don't go away, a Victrola will entertain you and give you a delightful "vacation" right at home.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $500.

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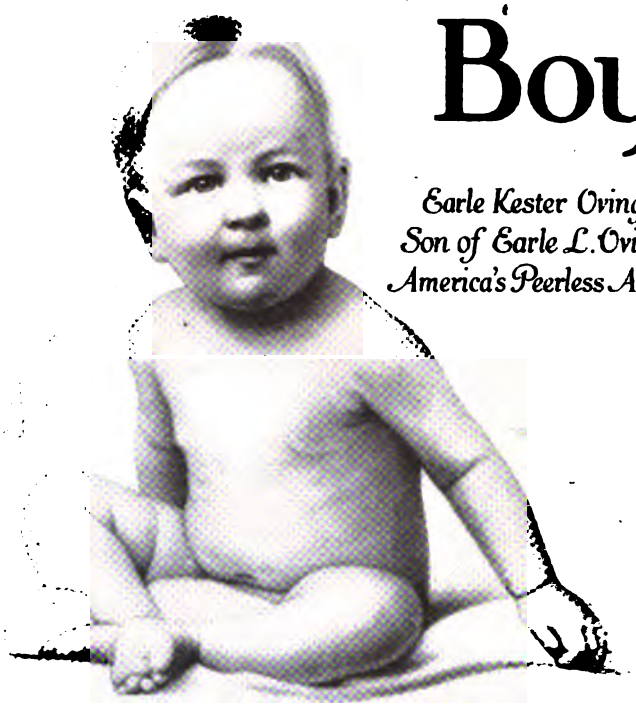
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And if she 's not gone, she lives there still."
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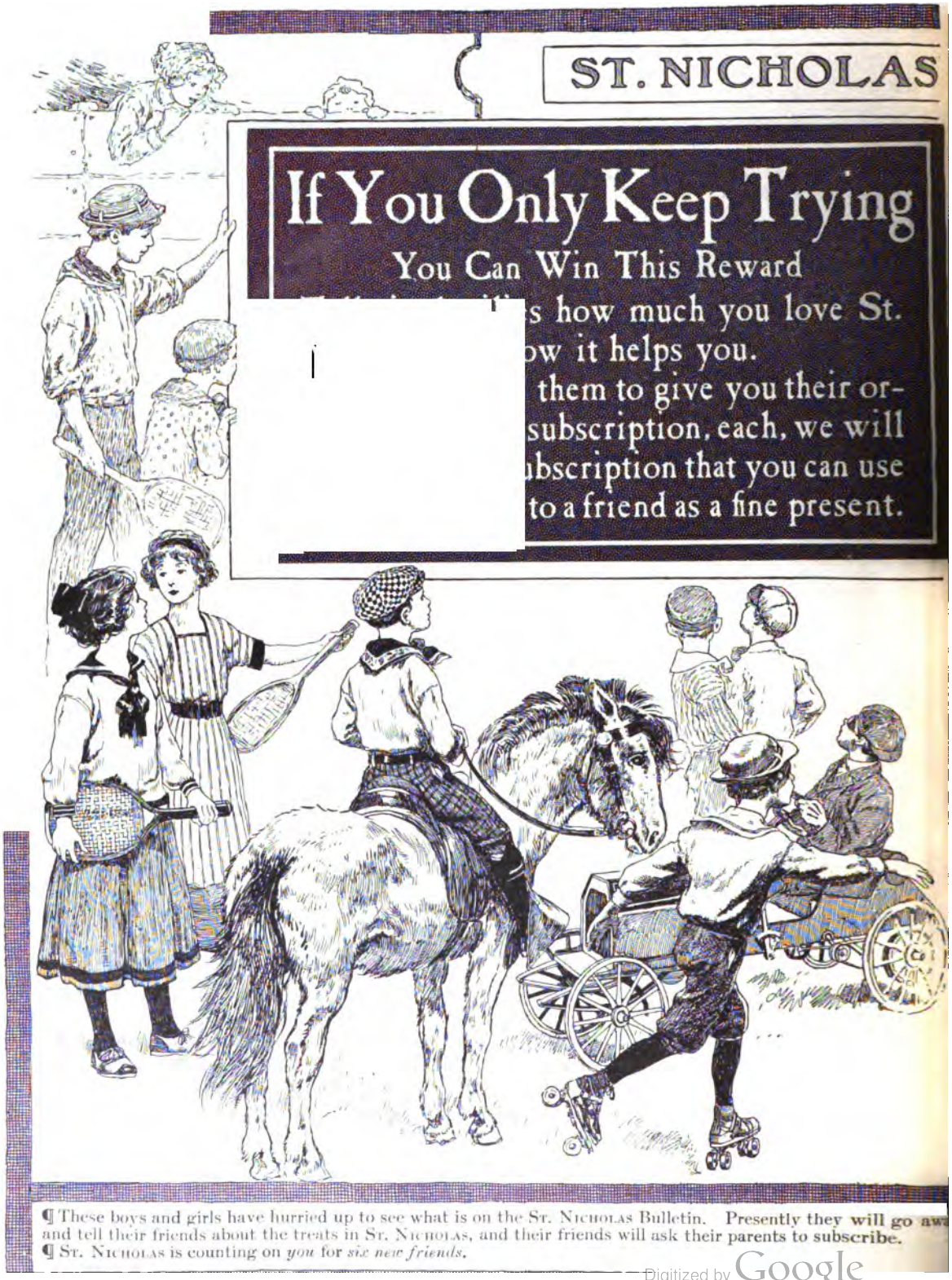
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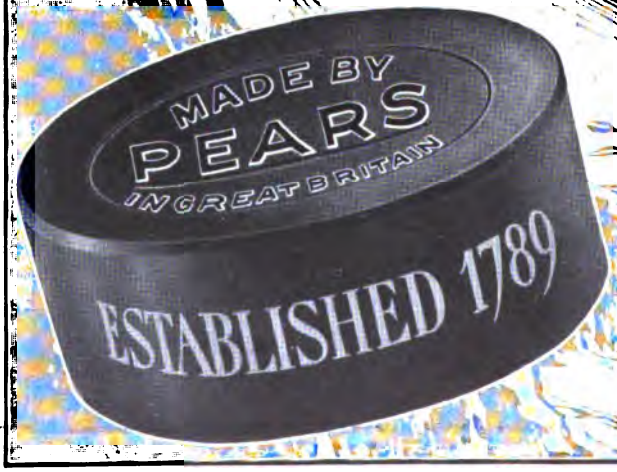
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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL JULY, 1913 No. 9



A Brave Little Maid of New France

by Hannah Bryant

The historical facts for this story are to be found in Parkman's "Frontenac and New France."

IN truth, my Madeleine, it is a temptation, and yet I fear to leave thee and thy brothers, *mignonne.*"

Mother and daughter sat in the low-ceiled, heavy-beamed room of the Manor of Verchères in the year 1692. The hand of Madame de Verchères rested lightly on the dark curls of her fourteen-year-old daughter, seated on a low stool beside her; but her eyes gazed wistfully out of the window where the waters of the St. Lawrence could be seen flowing swiftly by, the clear blue of the Canadian sky above, the glory of late October painting the trees of the forest.

The seigniory of Verchères was between Quebec and Montreal, though nearer the latter place, whither, on the morrow, a boat was to go to bring back supplies against the long, cold winter. The temptation now offered to Madame de Verchères was to go in the boat for a few days' visit with her sister.

"Fear not for us, dear little *Maman.* Are we not well and strong, and am I not old enough to care for my two brothers?"

"'T is not that I doubt the discretion of thy great age, Madeleine," said her mother, with a low laugh; "but with thy father away on his military service at Quebec, it seems not right for me, too, to leave thee, and go in the other direction."

"'T will do thee good, dear little Mother, and soon both thou and Father will return, and we will settle down for our long, cold winter. O-o-h! how the thought of it makes me shiver! I can hear the branches in the forest snapping with the cold, louder than the guns of the Iroquois! Would it not be fine, dear Mother, if, instead of Father's coming home when his military duty is over, the governor should appoint him to be one of the gentlemen of his household, and we should all go to Quebec for the winter? Oh, how thou would'st shine at the balls and routs, my beautiful Mother; and how gaily would I dance with the other maidens at the governor's court, and see almost the glories of the king at Versailles."

"Foolish child, thy wild dreams run away with thee. Now listen, Madeleine. If I go and any illness comes or aught goes amiss, wilt thou send for our neighbor, Madame Fontaine?"

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"Oh, Mother dear! I had rather trust to the simples of the old squaw, Oneonta. Truly, Madame Fontaine is so timid, as are all women just come over from Paris, and old Oneonta is far wiser than she. Thou may'st safely trust us to her, and thou wilt go, wilt thou not?"

"As I said at the first, 't is a temptation to make the journey ere the winter shuts us in. And perchance I can persuade thy Tante Madeleine to return with me for the winter. This is the twentieth of October. Yes, I will go, and stay but for the days of All Saints and All Souls. Yet tell me, Madeleine," Madame said, the mother's anxiety again gaining control, "tell me, if the Iroquois *should* come, what could'st thou do?"

"Why, truly, none knowest better than thou, brave little Mother, that the best way to meet them is with boldness. So, if an Iroquois should come," cried the girl, gaily springing up and seizing a light cane standing in the corner, "I would point my gun at him—so!—and then—*bang!*—I would say, 'Avaunt, Monsieur Iroquois!' and off he would go."

Preparations for a journey in those days were simple, and the next morning Madame de Verchères waved a farewell from the boat, as it slipped away against the current, to her children, who had come down to the landing to see her off. Madeleine stood between her two little brothers, her arms thrown across their shoulders, and close behind them stood an old serving-man, Laviolette, his white hair blowing in the fresh morning breeze.

When the boat had passed from sight, they turned from the landing, and made their way back to where the fort stood, encircled by a high stockade, although a leaning post here and there showed that it was not of recent building. Within the stockade stood a block-house, strongly fortified with bastions at each corner, as there were also at the corners of the fort. The place showed that it had been planned by a military man; its general air of defense showed that it was built with the thought of an ever possible enemy; yet a certain air of relaxed vigilance showed that, at present at least, the possible enemy was not considered a probable one.

Madeleine played merry games of soldiers with the boys, drilling them thoroughly, and planning delightful ambuscades in the odd nooks of the fort and the covered way which connected it with the block-house, until the short autumn day came to an end. Soon after sunset, the gate was closed and barred, and before long, all were asleep; while the pines of the forest whispered their lullaby, the waters of the St. Lawrence plashed and murmured throughout the night, and the hoot of the owls sounded, now on this side, now on that, of the lonely seigniory of Verchères.

When morning dawned, it was another clear October day. The *habitants* were early at work in the fields. Some of the soldiers (there were but a handful at the fort) went into the woods, hunting. Two of their number, La Bonté and Gachet, were left behind, sorely against their will; but the Seignior de Verchères was strict in his military discipline, and even in his absence the soldiers dared not leave the fort wholly unguarded, in spite of the apparent peace. So as the lot fell upon these two men, they stayed, though with an ill grace. Madeleine, leaving her two brothers at play within the fort, went again to the river-landing, attended by Laviolette, hoping that some passing canoe might bring some message from her father in Quebec, or of her mother's safe arrival in Montreal. Laviolette, having provided himself with a pole and line, stood placidly fishing, while Madeleine, seated on the edge of the little wharf, idly watched him. On the side of the river on which they were, the land was cleared for quite a distance in both directions. In the fertile meadows on the river's bank, the settlers could be seen at work, while nearer the fort stretched in a line the cottages of the habitants. On the other side, the forest rose in its primeval beauty, the dark pines mingling with the brilliant red and yellow foliage of the deciduous trees.

Suddenly, from the borders of the fields where the men were working, came the sudden sharp crack of guns; a habitant fell, then another. The quiet air was rent with the shriek of the piercing war-whoop, and from the woods which bordered the clearing burst a troop of Indians, hideous in their war-paint.

"Quick, Mademoiselle,—the Iroquois! they are upon us!" cried Laviolette, and seizing her arm, they fled together for the fort, fortunately for them a straight path, and not a long one. The light feet of the young girl and the long strides of the old man, who had been a famous runner in his youth, covered the ground so rapidly that the Indians soon saw that they could not capture the fugitives alive before the fort was reached, so they stopped in their headlong pursuit, and began firing. To the terrified girl, with the bullets singing around her ears, the way seemed very long, and that her flying feet scarcely moved.

"Father in heaven, save me—save us all!" she prayed, and at last reached the gate of the fort.

Her two brothers, with grave, anxious faces, ran to meet her.

"Oh, Madeleine, thou art safe! We thought thou would'st be killed. Oh, if Father were here! Tell us, Sister, what shall we do?"

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"We will hold the fort for the king as Father would," she said bravely. "Listen well, boys, to what I say. Father says a French fort must never fall into the hands of the Iroquois, for if they capture one, they will think that they can take all; and it will make them more bold, and insolent, and daring. Now you must each take a gun, and I will take one too, and we shall be such brave soldiers that the enemy will think we are many in the garrison, instead of so few."



"TO THE TERRIFIED GIRL, WITH THE BULLETS SINGING AROUND HER EARS, THE WAY SEEMED VERY LONG."

"But, Madeleine, Alexandre cannot have a gun!" Louis exclaimed, all the jealousy of the elder brother aroused. "Father said, when he had La Bonté teach him to shoot, that he was quite too young to be trusted with a gun alone."

"Listen, Louis," Madeleine said, so gravely that the boy's petty resentment died away, "Alexandre may be too young to use a gun for sport, but this is not sport. It is a matter of life and death," and her face paled as she remembered that neither her girlhood, nor the youth of the brave lads facing her, would protect them if they fell into the enemy's hands. "Remember that Father has always taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king."

During this time, the savages had withdrawn. One would almost have thought the sudden, sharp onset had been some evil dream; that the only reality was the clear, crisp morning with its floods of sunshine, and that all danger was over. But none of the Canadian pioneers were to be deceived by such seeming security. Too well they knew the Iroquois habits, and that such retreat was but the lull before a fiercer storm. Child though she was, Madeleine Verchères seized this respite to do what could be done to prepare for a fiercer attack.

Hurrying on with the boys to the block-house, she found women and children who had rushed thither from their cottages for safety, huddled together, some of them rocking to and fro in a silent agony of grief, but most of them crying and screaming at the top of their lungs, in a panic of fear.

"Hush, oh, hush!" she begged; "be still! Your clamor can be heard afar, and if the Iroquois should hear, they would know by your crying how frightened you are, and that would make them more bold. They are always afraid to attack a fort they think well defended, and we must

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make them believe we have a hundred soldiers." Then, flashing upon them a smile, which from her babyhood had won all hearts to do her bidding, she added, more gently, "We must all be brave together. You must pray, and my brothers and I will fight like men, and help will soon come."

Then she left them, and went below to the place where the ammunition was stored. Here she found the two soldiers left behind by the hunting party, one hiding in a corner, the other with a lighted match in his hand, making his way toward where the powder was stored.

"Gachet!" she called so suddenly that he dropped the match, "*what* are you going to do?"

"Light the powder, and blow us all up out of the hands of those heathen," he answered.

"You miserable coward!" she cried, stamping her foot on the match until the spark was quenched. "Are you a fool? Think you that *I*, the daughter of the seignior of Verchères, will give up this fort while one of us remains to defend it? You are cowards, both of you. Come out of here, and help me do what must be done."

Followed by them, she made the rounds of the stockade, finding several places where the ten-foot posts had fallen on the ground, leaving breaches by which the enemy could enter without hindrance.

Tugging at the posts herself, helping to lift them with her brothers' aid, while the men dug new holes, settled the posts, and "tamped" them firmly into place, Madeleine at last felt that all had been done that could be to make the outer defenses secure.

Laviolette, who had mounted the bastion near the gate, and was keeping a close watch on field and river, now reported a canoe coming rapidly toward the landing, containing the Fontaine family, seeking refuge in the fort. Madeleine called the two soldiers, and asked one of them to go to meet the little party of refugees; but both held back, making the excuse that it was their duty to stay within the fort, and not leave it without military protection.

"Cowards again!" flashed forth Madeleine. "Then I shall go myself."

"No, no, M'm'selle," hastily interposed old Laviolette, "let me go. I cannot see my seignior's daughter go unprotected."

"Not so, my good Laviolette," she answered. "We can spare but one from our small force in case anything happens, and you are far more valuable here than I, for you have a cool head to direct them, and have stood a siege before. The others are but frightened sheep."

Then, as her little brothers clung to her, begging her not to go, she said cheerily:

"There is n't as much danger as you think, dear boys. If the savages see the gate of the fort opened, and one from within going calmly to meet the new-comers, they will feel that our numbers are strong, and that it is a ruse to tempt them to come over to attack us, and that while they are rushing upon us, a force from the fort will come out and destroy them."

Laviolette nodded his head gravely.

"M'm'selle has read the mind of the Iroquois. That is what they will think," he agreed, "else would I never suffer her to go alone."

"Stand here at the gate, little brothers, with guns cocked, and Laviolette will keep good watch from the bastion; and when we reach that white stone just there, open the gate, that there may be no delay in our entering. *Au revoir*," and slipping through the gate, she walked down the path and met the refugees near the river-bank, and they walked back to the fort as calmly and boldly as they could, not daring to run. Although no shots were fired at them, they felt that they were watched by far-seeing, cruel, unfriendly eyes, and once again, as Madeleine said in later days, "The time seemed very long." It was with thankful hearts that they passed within the stockade gate and the heavy beams which barred it were swung into place after them.

That afternoon the respite continued, but when the early autumn twilight settled down, the weather changed suddenly; the wind rose, and, mingled with its wailings, came the sound of shots from the forest, while the anxious watchers, peering through the fast-gathering darkness, saw shadowy forms flitting from tree to tree, drawing nearer the fort.

An anxious little group assembled within the block-house for a hurried council of war.

"They are drawing nearer and nearer," Madeleine said. "You think that they plan to attack us to-night, Monsieur Fontaine?"

"I fear so, M'm'selle Madeleine," he answered anxiously, while old Laviolette nodded his head in assent. "It is their way, you know," he continued, "to slip up by degrees, and with shrieks and yells, that help by terrifying the besieged, storm the walls, and capture the stockade, if possible. Then Heaven help those whom they capture, or who surrender."

"I know," Madeleine said gravely, "but they fear to attack a place they think well defended. Our hope lies in making them think we are many. Even if they took the fort, the block-house could be held until help came. Therefore it is there that you strong men are most needed to guard the helpless women and children, whatever befalls us others. Do you, Monsieur Fontaine, with La

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Bonté and Gachet, guard well that place, and oh, do not give it up, even if I am taken before your eyes."

"Heaven forbid, M'm'selle!" cried Fontaine, fervently; but Laviolette nodded gravely.

"M'm'selle has the mind of a general. She has well planned," he said.

They parted, Fontaine and the two soldiers going to the block-house, while the old man, the little maid, and the two lads took their places in the bastions on the stockade; and at frequent and regular intervals the call, "All 's well," sounded from point to point. Pierre Fontaine had a clever trick of throwing his voice from one place to another, and such variety did this lend to their signals that Madeleine joyfully said to herself, "The place seems full of soldiers."

The wind increased in fierceness as night drew on; an icy rain fell, changing later to snow, which soon whitened the ground. This was an advantage, for it made it possible to see, in what would otherwise have been impenetrable darkness, a black mass of moving creatures approaching the fort. Madeleine was straining her eyes to see if this was some new scheme of the Indians to approach the fort unchallenged, when a comfortable, every-day "Moo-o-o" sounding from the mass made her laugh aloud, so great was the relief from the tension.

At the same moment, she heard a low whistle from Laviolette, the signal agreed upon to call the four to any given point. When she reached his bastion, he said in a low tone:

"M'm'selle, here come our poor cattle which escaped from the savages this afternoon. The Iroquois have feasted well on some of the beasts this night. Shall I open the gate, and let our poor creatures in?"

"Oh, I am afraid!" she cried; "the savages may be there."

"Oh, nonsense, Madeleine," interposed her brother Louis, "I know that was our Barbe mooing."

"Even so, Louis," returned Madeleine, fearfully, "but thou knowest not all the tricks of the savages. They may be crowding in among the cattle to slip within our walls."

"I think we may safely venture, M'm'selle," said the cautious Laviolette. "The savages have had a great feast to-night. They have held some kind of a council, too, I think, from the shouts and songs I have heard, and I can still see gleams of their council-fire afar off among those trees. I think, as their wont is at such times, they have gorged until they can eat no more, and must sleep awhile."

So, most cautiously, while the two boys held their guns cocked, Madeleine opened the gate just enough to allow one cow at a time to slip through. When the last of the animals had entered, and the gate was again barred, they went back, each to his bastion, leaving the cows to find such shelter as they could under the rude sheds built here and there within the inclosure.

This incident broke the monotony of the long vigil for the boys, and brought some comfort to Madeleine, for she knew that now there would be plenty of milk for the little children crowded within the block-house, and even fresh meat for the older ones, should the siege be prolonged enough to make it necessary.

When morning dawned, all the terrors of the night seemed to flee away. There are few things in the world that look quite as black in morning sunshine as in midnight gloom. A great sorrow or a great shame may seem perchance to cast a deeper shadow when the sun shines, but not the physical terrors which walk in darkness.

Madeleine sent the two little boys to bed after the weary watch they had kept so faithfully; but she herself, borne up by a nervous excitement, seemed to feel no fatigue, and was here, there, and everywhere, her laugh and smile so contagious that even the sad-faced women took courage, all save Madame Fontaine, who threw herself into her husband's arms, begging him to take her away, back to France, to another fort, *anywhere,* to leave this horrible place.

"Never!" Pierre Fontaine replied. "Never will I desert this fort unless Mademoiselle Madeleine surrenders it."

"That will I never do!" she cried, "for my father says that one French fort surrendered is one broken link in the glorious chain that holds this country for our beloved king."

So the days passed on, no hour without its need for constant watchfulness, no night without its weary vigil; many the alarms and attempted attacks, the scattered shots from fort and forest, yet through it all, this brave little maid of New France bore herself most courageously, and never for one moment did those who seemed dependent upon her and who had learned to lean upon her, see anything but a brave smile, or hear anything but words of cheer. But discouraged moments came to her, nevertheless. A siege of moderate length she knew they were prepared to stand; most of the winter provisions were stored in the block-house, and a fair supply of ammunition, although the boat which had carried her mother to Montreal was expected to bring back more powder, as well as cloth for the winter's use.

But gradually, as day followed day, Madeleine's heart sank within her. Had the hunting party of soldiers been wholly destroyed? Had not even one

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escaped to make his way to Quebec and bring back help? Especially as the days drew nearer to the time her mother had set for her return did a wild terror seize her, lest the beloved mother should return all unknowing, and be slain before her eyes.

She had gone to her father's house, to be alone there for a few minutes, and to wrestle with the terror and discouragement which had laid hold upon her. In the room where she and her mother had talked less than two weeks before, she laid her gun upon the table, and, throwing her arms across it, bowed her head upon them, and gave way to the heavy sobs which shook her from head to foot.

"O dear Father in heaven, if my earthly father knew the danger his little girl was in, he would send help most speedily," she prayed; "hold Thou my dear mother safe; guard her and guide her. Keep her from coming back until all is safe again. Oh, do Thou, Who knowest all and Who lovest more than an earthly father, send deliverance, I pray Thee, for we are sore beset."

There came upon the tired child suddenly a great calm; a wave of peace seemed to pass over her, and she was not afraid nor anxious any more; and the heavy burdens she had been carrying seemed to roll away.

For the first time in days, she slept a deep, quiet sleep, whether for moments or hours she could not tell. Suddenly, as often happens when some slight *unusual* noise occurs, she roused, conscious that the sentinels' regular, "All 's well," had changed to the quick *"Qui vive?"* of challenge.

A moment later, Louis de Verchères, whom Madeleine had charged to summon her if the slightest change occurred, came to her, calling, "Madeleine, Madeleine, come quickly! Help has come at last!"

Even in this supreme moment, her girlish love of fun showed itself, for she snatched an old military hat of her father's, and placed it on her dark, curling hair. Then she ran lightly across the inclosure and up into the bastion, where faithful old Laviolette stood shaking and trembling with eagerness.

"We must make quite sure, Laviolette, that this is no ruse. It would not do to make a mistake now. Whence did the sound come?"

"From the river, M'm'selle."

Then she sent her clear young voice ringing out into the night, just merging into the dim light of dawn:

"Qui vive? qui vive?"

And in answer came the call:

"It is La Monnerie, come to bring you aid."

Oh, the welcome sound of the French tongue and the well-known name!

Posting Laviolette as sentinel at the gate, she herself went down to meet the lieutenant with his company of forty men. A brave, quaint little figure she was, walking with stately step, her girlish face half hidden by the military chapeau. Removing the hat with a stately, sweeping bow, she said, as she met them:

"Verchères welcomes you and your men, Monsieur de La Monnerie."

"What mummery is this?" cried the officer. "I expect to see the commander of the fort, and there comes to meet me a *girl*, pranked out as for a masquerade!"

"Even so, Monsieur," she said, with quiet dignity. "'The commander of the fort,' it is I! Will you come with me?"

Recalling with a thrill of gratitude the different circumstances under which she had traversed this path within ten days, she walked confidently over it now, by the side of Monsieur de La Monnerie, the tramp of soldiers' feet surrounding them on all sides.

As they reached the white stone in the path, the gate of the fort swung open, showing old Laviolette and little ten-year-old Alexandre standing as sentinels on either side.

"Our oldest soldier and our youngest one, Monsieur," said Madeleine, as they presented arms. "Will it please you to inspect the fort?"

Making the rounds with her, La Monnerie found all in due military order, despite the pitifully small garrison. As they ended their rounds in the great-room of the block-house, where the children crowded eagerly around to see the gold lace and brave uniforms, La Monnerie burst out enthusiastically:

"It is wonderful, M'm'selle, wonderful! Tell me now, how can we help you most?"

"Post new sentinels at once, Monsieur," she replied. "We have been on duty day and night for a week."

"It shall be done immediately, but first—"

He gave a low-toned order to his men, at which they formed in ranks; then, with his hand upon his heart, he bowed low before Madeleine, saying:

"Great thanks and great glory are due to you, Mademoiselle de Verchères, for this most gallant defense."

Then turning to his men, he cried, in ringing tones:

"Present arms!"

The sensitive color rushed over the girl's face at this tribute, but she answered simply, raising her large dark eyes to La Monnerie's face:

"'T is naught, Monsieur. I only did my duty. All thanks are due to *le bon Dieu*, and the glory is our king's."

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"HE CRIED IN RINGING TONES: 'PRESENT ARMS!'"

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DINNER PARADE AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA.



DINING-ROOM OF THE SUMMER CAMP.

CALIFORNIA'S OUTDOOR BOYS' CLUB

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY

THE thought that the great outdoors of our country really belongs to the American boy and girl, even for those who live in towns and cities, has caused a movement to enable the younger Americans to realize what nature really is.

This is why we hear of such organizations as the Boy Scouts, the Boy Pioneers, and the Camp-Fire Girls. Already this movement has spread throughout the country.

In the far West, a retired officer of the army service one day began thinking about the city boy—not so much the home boy, but the "newsy," the boot-black, the idle boy of the street,—what could be done for them? Major Peixotto had led a vigorous life in the army, and knew what pure air, sunshine, and muscle-stretching would do in uplifting these youngsters. It is easy to get acquainted with the "boy 'round town," and he asked a dozen or so if they wished to form a club.

The word was "catchy." They all agreed to join. Thus was formed the Columbia Park Boys' Club, named after a suburb in the outskirts of San Francisco. That was fifteen years ago, and was one of the first manifestations of the outdoor spirit that is now felt so deeply and broadly by the youth of our country.

To show these boys of the streets what nature could do for them was the main object, but, as the work progressed, other ideas were added, with the result that the Columbia Park Boys' Club not only includes outdoor life, but many special features that make it different from any other devoted to recreation in the open. The idea which Major Peixotto worked out, in the hope of helping the boys, was based on this saying: "Make the days of boys one unending joy, and you rear a race of right-thinking, clean men, with love in their hearts, and a deep regard for their fellow-men."

While street boys were especially welcomed to the club, the school-boy, idle in vacation days, was also admitted, so that the "slum" boys were thrown with better associates; but such is the routine of the club work and play that, while the companionship has improved the street boy, it has not injured his fellow, and the friendship has been only of advantage to both.

During the summer days, the boys live under canvas in the open when they are not "hiking"—making long marches. The camp life they lead, however, has plenty of action in it, as shown by a day at "Camp Columbia." The reveille sounded by the bugler is blown at 6:15 o'clock, and the campers are required to rise, dress, and wash. At 6:45, comes the next bugle-call, and the assembly two minutes later, calling the citizens, except those excused for the kitchen work, into line in companies for the flag-raising exercises and for the physical drill.

At this call, they are required to take their places where the companies are to be formed. At "assembly," the first sergeants fall in with their companies, call the roll, and turn over their commands to the captains. The adjutant then brings the battalion to the right-hand salute, and turns it over to the major. It is next brought to parade-rest, and the chief bugler sounds the colors call, and the flags are raised, the two color-sergeants raising the "stars and stripes," while the first sergeants of the companies and their color-corporals raise the two club flags. The battalion is then ordered to "attention," and turned over to the physical director. He places them in

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THE COLUMBIA PARK CLUB DRUM-CORPS.

a single line, counts them off, and places them in open order for the setting-up exercises. After fifteen minutes of this drill, the mess call is blown, and the boys are reassembled and marched to the dining-room.

Major Peixotto has made a study of his juvenile club, to learn what each member can do that is worth while. He has found that many of them are talented. The club band is composed of boys easily taught to become skilful players on the brass and wind instruments. Others are pianists, while many of the boys have good voices for concert singing, and among the members are youngsters who can act as comedians, dancers, jugglers, and the like, and take part in entertainments varying from a minstrel-show or a vaudeville entertainment to a gymnastic display.

The Columbia Park Boys' Club makes walking trips as long as 300 miles or more. Where there is a railroad, they ride in "tourist cars," or if in day coaches, spend the night comfortably in their sleeping-bags. But many of the marches are not along the steel highways, and here they must "hike," as they call it. On their backs are the rolled blanket and the knapsack with rations of bacon, hardtack, and other food for the noon lunch, and knife, fork, and spoon. In suits of khaki, with broad-brimmed sombrero hats—like those that our regular soldiers wear—their feet shod in heavy-soled shoes, these sturdy young Americans, with bronzed faces and muscles hardened by exercise, march up and down the hillsides or through plain and valley.

They swing ahead with the long springy step



A TEAM OF TUMBLERS, READY FOR THEIR TURN.

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of the soldier, and are so toughened physically that a tramp of many miles in a day does not exhaust them. A shady grove, a wayside brook, a cool crevice in the cliff rising above the path, are resting-places where they may lounge and eat the noon lunch, with peaches or other fruit from some near-by orchard for dessert. The pools which may be on the route cool off the travelers as they strip and take a swim, to continue the journey with renewed vigor. When night comes, if the Columbias have no other shelter, they get into their thick, warm sleeping-bags, and stretch out on the grass or pine-needles of the woodland, or in the field, and, with the sky for a roof, sleep soundly, inhaling the pure dry air of the outdoor night.



A PAIR OF ACROBATS.

The California people always open their homes to the Columbia boys, and, in the towns and cities which the club has visited, as the dust-covered figures in khaki parade through the streets to the stirring march played by the band, they are warmly welcomed. In the places large enough to give an entertainment, the minister may open his church, the mayor may invite them to use the town hall or the school; and when, before the performance, the band begins to play in front of the doors, everybody, from grandfather to liftle sister, crowds into the building.

It may be a minstrel-show, a clog-dance, a concert, with the band for orchestra—no matter how these boys show their talent, the audience displays its enjoyment by its vigorous hand-clapping; and the boy in khaki at the door usually has to hold the collection bag with both hands as he carries it to the treasurer. Thus the Columbia Park Boys' Club pays much of its expenses while on a tour, and by its skill it also attracts crowds of people to the entertainments given in its home city.

One trip, made by these hardy young fellows led by Major Peixotto, actually covered 400 miles. They were "on the road" fifty-one days, and in that time gave thirty-four evening performances in the theaters and halls along the line of the route, receiving from admissions a total sum of twenty-two hundred dollars. The boys also played twelve base-ball games at different points along the route, and spent a summer full of inspiration and of much practical value as a geography lesson.



OUTDOOR PRACTICE IN PYRAMID WORK.



"WHERE THERE IS A RAILROAD, THEY RIDE IN 'TOURIST CARS' OR DAY COACHES."

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THE BAND OF THE COLUMBIA PARK BOYS' CLUB.

THE MAJOR'S BOYS

BY ELOISE ROORBACH

"Oh, say! I 'd like to be in that band!" "See that third feller? He goes to my school. If he kin blow a horn, believe me, I kin do as well as he could!" "If I could only play, I bet I could beat that feller to a frazzle." Whenever the boys of the Columbia Park Club Band blow and beat their measured, silver-tongued, euphonious way down the streets of San Francisco, a veritable wake of such remarks bubbles in a jolly, frothy way, from the heart of every boy on the street. It also plows and cuts deep, as an ocean liner the sea, into the sleeping, ambitious depths of every boy, spurring him on to the desire for great things. Healthy emulation is a powerful educative factor in a boy's life. No wise council from man or woman can work as certain a change. No appeal to reason will inspire as effectively as the ridicule or praise of another boy. The boys of this band put forth their best efforts before an audience of boys. For them they stand their straightest, march with their noblest stride, blow their truest note with their fullest power.

This is truly the day of the boy, and many original and inspiring experiments in education are being tried for his benefit, notably along the Pacific coast. Noble-hearted men and women are putting their shoulders to the wheel with such wise energy that unconsciously they are making educational history.

One brilliant experiment in particular deserves



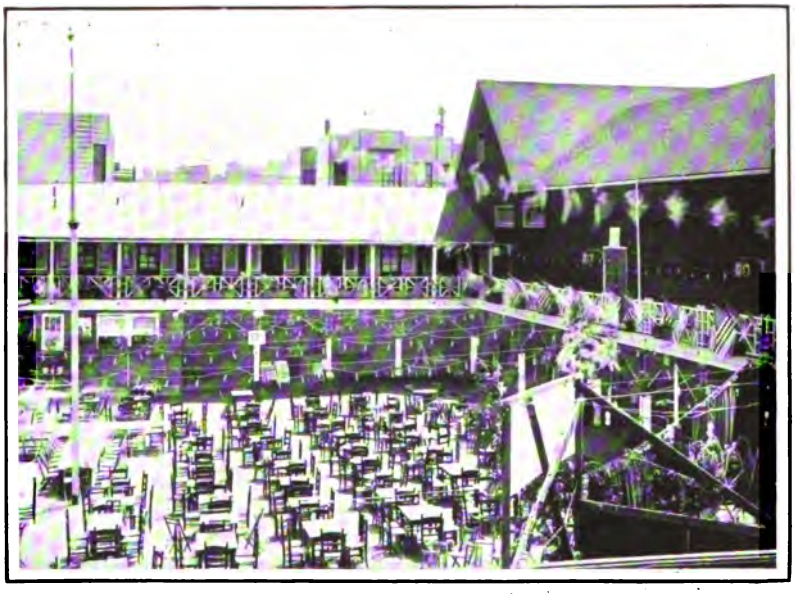
ON THE WAY TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.



AN EXPLORING PARTY IN THE VALLEY.

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the notice of every father, mother, educator, and settlement worker in America. It attracted my interest in a novel way. While walking in the Yosemite Valley last summer in company with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kellogg (the California naturalists), we noticed the dust of the road beaten into a fine pattern, as if an army had just passed by. We examined the marks. They were undoubtedly footsteps, but too small for the soldiers stationed in the valley to have made. They were not just the right shape for the Sierra Club—two hundred strong—to have made. Besides, we knew these famous walkers to be on the Kings River. We quickened our pace in order to try and solve the mystery. A turn in the road showed us a wonderful thing—a school of boys on foot—a school offering a curriculum of self-reliance and sturdy manhood! A school educating the whole boy—his hands, feet, body, and mind. Lessons were conned from the living book of nature. Thirty-three boys were being given an education by travel, observation, and contact with people.



COURT OF THE COLUMBIA PARK BOYS' CLUB-HOUSE.

This band of boys was but one division of the Columbia Park Club of San Francisco—three hundred in all—who by reason of the broad mind and sane vision of one man, Major Sidney S. Peixotto, are being given this splendid opportunity for self-development. This group of boys was one of three which were then enjoying the most wholesome and beneficial vacation possible to give a boy—a walking, camping trip through the forests and fertile valleys of California. One division of the club, under the care of Major Peixotto's brother, Eustace M. Peixotto, was on its way to Eureka, walking the whole four hundred and eighty miles there and back. Another band of the "kiddies," numbering one hundred and twelve, were in a permanent camp at Inverness-by-the-Sea.

Mr. Peixotto believes that the imagination of a boy is a very precious thing. He believes it should be guarded, trained, and developed, and that the best place in which to let it grow is in the country. There they can experience the joys of adventure and struggle, feel the thrill of achievement that molded our pioneers into so noble a race. To see the major walking along the dusty road with those boys, trailing side by side with them along the ridge of mountains, showing them how to gather wood, build a fire, cook their own meals, spread their own camp-beds, and then gather them around the fire at night while he talks to them of all that a boy ought to hear, loves to hear, is to see one of the finest things in the world. One is reminded of the sages of old who gathered their pupils around their feet while they discoursed. Yet what a wide difference between the tenth century, which concerned itself with the mind only, and this of the twentieth century, which is concerned with the whole boy—which educates him into a perfect mastery of both body and mind.

Major Peixotto has gathered these boys around him with the purpose of giving them all that they would otherwise be without. For some of them are orphans, some from homes where there is little or no opportunity for improvement, some from the ranks of the wealthy who are not awake to a boy's need; some are sent to him by parents wise enough to appreciate what association with such a man means to their questioning, observing sons just forming ideals of life. Four thousand and more boys have been enrolled as members of this club, started in San Francisco in 1890 and then called the San Francisco Boys' Club. And, later on, it moved into a home of its own, becoming, in 1897, an independent institution. The club-house was destroyed by the historic fire of 1906, but has been splendidly rebuilt at 458 Guer-

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OUTDOOR DRAMATICS.



A COMEDIAN.



POSING AS SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS.



A QUARTETTE.



A MINSTREL SHOW.

SOME OF THE COLUMBIA PARK BOYS AS THEY APPEAR TO THEIR AUDIENCES.

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rero Street. No dues are charged. Any boy under twelve years of age may become a member who is willing to give the personal service demanded. Major Peixotto wants the boy when he is young, under twelve years of age, for then the boy thinks he can do anything, is afraid of nothing, and is in process of forming his life's standards. Whatever he sees another boy do, he thinks without doubt that he can do also. A boy of fifteen is afraid to try, afraid of ridicule, afraid of failure.

In this boys' club (said to be the best boys' club in America by no less an authority upon the subject than Jane Addams), the boys are early taught the value of physical perfection. Major Peixotto says that buoyant boys make buoyant men, sour boys make sour men. So the aim and object of the club is happiness. The boys are not only encouraged to play, but made to play. The more heartily they play, the less they think about themselves. There is no priggishness about them. They are not braggarts. They never boast and blow vaingloriously of victories, but rush into the game with the whole-souled delight in play that nine times out of ten wins them the game. There is a trophy room at the club full of the cups, pennants, flags, and medals won by these boys, from their various opponents. They are taught clean thinking, clean living, clean sport. They have dancing feet, working hands, thinking minds. They can illumine a page, sew on buttons, cook a meal, make a willow basket; can give a college yell fitted to raise any roof, tumble about like eels; of their lithe young bodies they can build pyramids that strike fear to the hearts of all beholders who know nothing of such control of muscle. No boy is allowed to do only one thing, but must learn to do all things.

The object of this club is to prove that dormant in every boy lies some special talent. Here he can play and experiment in the idle hours after school and in the evenings, until he, as it were, finds himself. Instruction is given him in the line in which he is most interested, and when the time comes for him to venture forth into the world of men, employment is found for him in the vocation for which he is best fitted. The boys who have been members of this club have been so well trained in all-round knowledge that they are well able to fill the splendid positions many of them now hold. This all-round training includes work in the gymnasium, military drill, and outdoor athletics of every description. They are taught to dance, to sing, to take a place in the band. Self-expression is developed in the self-governed parliamentary meetings, impromptu dramatics, and in the numerous chances to appear in public performances under right influences.

But the best part of all their training is the month or more of travel they are given each summer. One year, forty-one boys went with Major Peixotto to Australia and the South Sea Isles. Another year, forty-three went with him to New York and all through the East. Every year, they are taken on some walking trip. They have been to Yosemite Valley, Big Tree Grove, Eureka, Los Angeles, and numerous other places of interest in California. Each trip is made under the personal care of Major Peixotto or his brother, who is hand in hand with him in this work for boys. The fine part of these trips is that the boys are not humiliated by the acceptance of charity. Far from it. They pay their own way by entertainments and band concerts given along the way. And any one who thinks that the evening of fun and music that they give their audiences belongs to the second or third class, is very much mistaken. Their band holds the proud and well-earned title of "The Champion Amateur Band of California." They have a crack tumbling team, and pyramid builders of spirit, daring, and grace. They give a dramatic turn or so that never fails to win thunders of applause and roars of mirth. To my mind, the most remarkable part of their whole entertainment is the way that brass band can subdue itself when required to play an accompaniment. Whoever has tried to play a soft and sympathetic accompaniment (or listened to some band's attempt to do it) well knows what a difficult thing this is to do. Yet these boys artistically accompany the song of a little boy ten years of age, giving him the necessary support, but keeping themselves well to the second place.

"Boys need a large social life under the guidance of men," says John D. Barry, in writing of these boys. "One cause of the trouble is the remoteness of the average American man from the American boy. Another is the lack of men teachers." The Columbia Park Club boys certainly do not lack the stimulus of man's companionship, for the major, on these walking trips, and in the club-rooms as well, lives as one of them, walks with them, eats the same "Billy" dishes, spreads his sleeping-bag under the same tree, wears the same brown khaki, carries the same rations in his shoulder kit. This company of man and boys creates instantaneous interest and admiration wherever they go. Every one seems to rejoice in adding a bit of "extension course" to their already full plan of study. Luther Burbank took them over his experimental gardens, showed them

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the processes of his work, and patiently answered about seven thousand of their eager questions. Lumber men have taken them through their forests and mills, shown them the whole system of lumbering from the standing tree to the piled lumber. Farmers have taken them over their ranches, illustrating at first hand the principles of various methods of farming. They have been shown the operations of hydraulic mining, been down in coal-mines, through hop fields, vineyards, and salt works, guided by owners who not only take time to personally conduct the boys, but often invite them to a spread. "Feed with us tonight, boys," is the offhand way of putting the boys at ease. Or "Fill up here in the morning before you hike out, boys." And the boys pass on such courtesies with a will. Many an automobile have they rescued from a watery grave at a river's ford. Many a lumber wagon have they helped pry out of a mud hole. If it had not been for the well-directed activities of these boys last summer, Camp Curry, in the Yosemite Valley, might have burned to the ground. We who watched them carry water, beat out flames, take down tents, pull and tug with trunks, bags, dressers, and bedsteads, can testify to the efficiency of their service. And when every one was tired out and the fire apparently under control, it was the Columbia boys who stood watch all night, patrolling the grounds and stamping out many a flame waiting to start a fresh conflagration.



MAJOR SIDNEY S. PEIXOTTO AND SOME OF HIS "BOYS."

This wonderfully successful educational experiment is not as well known as it deserves to be, for the reason that its full worth could not be proven until some of the boys had reached man's estate and tried their powers in the world. It is fifteen years since Major Peixotto began this good work. His boys, that he took at the age of ten years, are now filling responsible positions all through the city and State. There is no longer any possibility of doubt as to the excellence of his method. He has battled single-handed against great odds from the beginning, for he had to deal with the class of folk who say, "I never had any such schooling, why should my boy have it?" To prove to the parent or the neighborhood the value of a better education, he would take a boy into his own home, feed, clothe, educate him, even pay to his parents the sum he would have been turning in if he were working in the factory where they preferred him to be. The friends of the boy's family would say sneeringly, "You are only making a regular dude of that boy!" But as each boy that he took charge of came to the earning age and brought home more money than all the rest of the family put together, the sneers ceased, and dozens of boys were brought to him for education and training.

When one of the first boys became a city architect, and took home a salary (instead of a wage) of $200 a month, the whole neighborhood grew proud of that boy, and eager to have their sons go and do likewise.

Major Peixotto has practically attended to the whole very heavy financial side of this work, un-

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til now it has grown to such proportions that even his energy, large as it is, is not sufficient. There are band instruments, uniforms, music, tools, chairs, clothes, food, lights, and a thousand other things to be supplied to these boys that he has undertaken to benefit. He has been the entire support and educator of twenty boys who are now filling splendid positions. Nearly four thousand others have received substantial help in physical training, education, and in finding their niche in the world.

It were well for the world if there were many more such clubs, filled with such boys, loved and cared for by such a man.

ROADS

MANY, many roads there are, warm and dusty brown,
Some go running to the hills, some turn into town;
Some lead far and far away,—where nobody knows;
How I 'd like to follow them, finding where each goes!

Once I found a pretty road, leading up a hill,
It ran beside a daisy field, and on it wandered still;
And down it went across a bridge, all tumbled and forlorn,
Then straight behind a farmer's barn, where ducks were eating corn!

Many, many roads there are, warm and dusty brown,
Some go running to the hills, some turn into town;
Each and every one of them, I choose it as my friend,
For sure surprise is waiting me, if I could find the end!

Miriam Clark Potter.

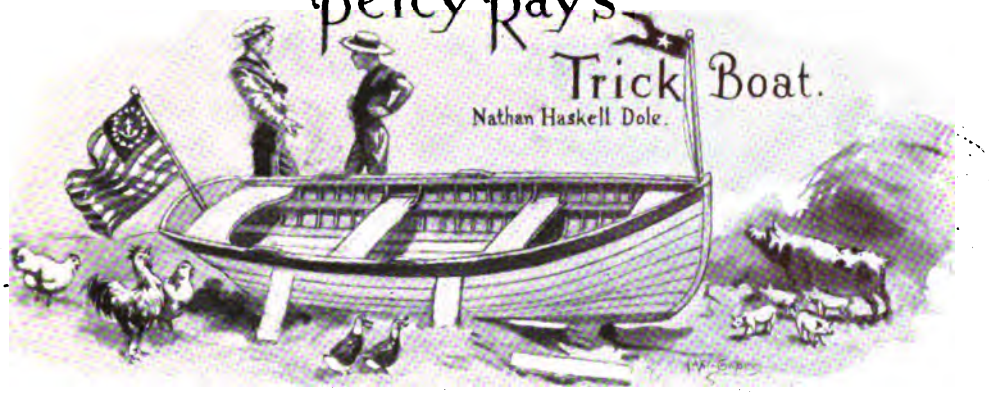


THE DAISY FIELD. PAINTED BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.

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Percy Ray's Trick Boat.

Nathan Haskell Dole.



"FATHER, I 'm going to build a boat."

"Build a boat! You could n't build a boat!"

There was no conviction in the father's tone. Alexander Ray, who was satisfied with himself, with all his possessions, and, above all, with his only son, in his heart believed that his son could do anything, just as he believed that he himself could do anything. Percy looked like his father. He had the same bright blue eyes, the same aquiline nose, the same determined mouth. His hair stood up on his head with the same aggressive fierceness. They both had a quick, eager way of speaking.

"What is your plan?" asked Percy's father.

"Well, I 'm going to build it in the barn. I 'll get some wood over at the sawmill. I saw some over there which looked just right."

"What kind of a boat?"

"No flat-bottomed punt, I tell you! I want one that will sail. I 'll build her with a keel and a rudder."

"Have you made a sketch of it?"

"No; only in my own mind."

"You want a carefully drawn sketch of it. I 'll help you."

Mr. Ray got some large sheets of brown paper, and he and Percy were soon deeply engrossed in making measurements to scale. Both had considerable skill in drawing, and the boat as it took shape gave promise of being a joy forever. They reckoned about how much lumber would be necessary, and Percy borrowed a team of a neighbor and went to the mill to make his purchase.

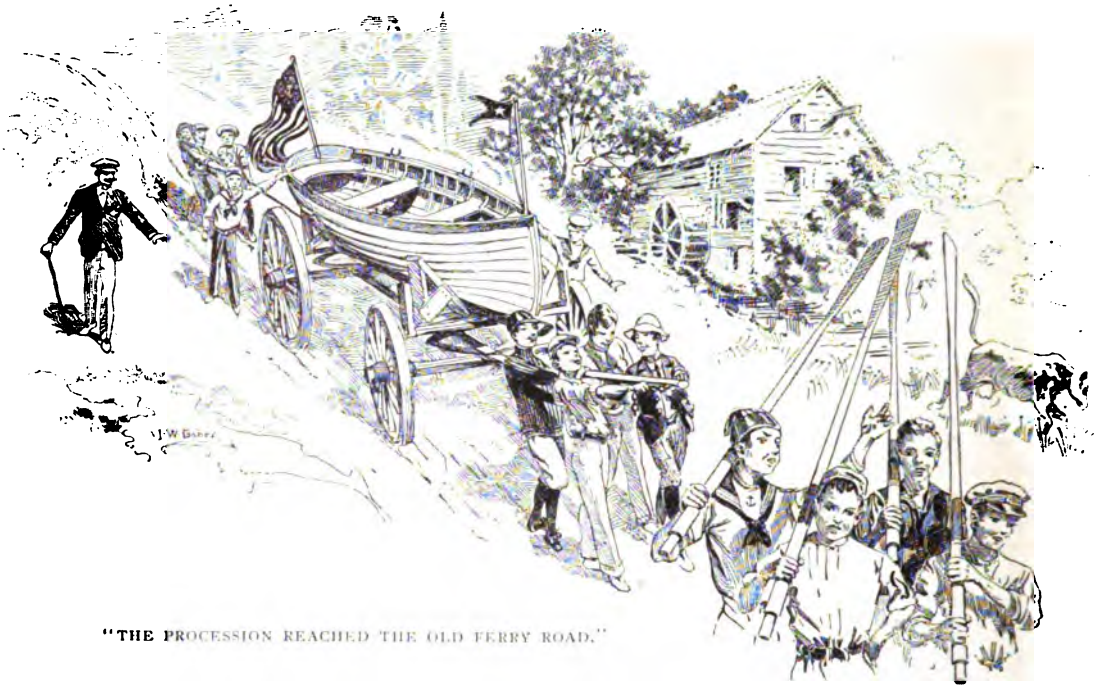
The old harness-room in the barn had been converted into a carpenter's shop; it contained a solid bench, and a fairly complete assortment of tools. The main body of the barn afforded ample room for the boat-building. The big folding doors could be flung wide open, and the view, as one looked out, comprised a small grove of maple-trees with one big oak and one tall pine, and, far beyond, the main village and the slope of a high hill covered with old apple-trees. Out of sight lay the wide river into which the boat would be launched. The barn stood lower than the house, which was of brick, with huge chimneys. One could stand on the front door-step and fling a stone into the water.

Percy went to school in the morning; he had, therefore, only three or four afternoon hours and his Saturdays in which to work on the boat. If he had not been eager to have it finished by the beginning of the summer vacation, he would have been rather jealous, and have objected to his father's pushing it forward while he himself was engaged in reading how Cæsar constructed the bridge or Odysseus made his raft. Mr. Ray puttered more or less, but Percy did the larger part of the work. It was wonderful to see the boat grow. The keel was laid with great care, and the ribs, skilfully shaped, took their proper places. One thing Percy's father could do, and that was to make shavings. He handled the plane like a master, and he did yeoman's work in smoothing the boards. It was to be a lapstreak.

The pounding and general clatter could not fail to attract attention, and there was always a little crowd of critics who watched the operations with the keenest interest. When the work began, the ice was still in the river. It went out as usual on Sunday, and there was even a first-class freshet. Another barn, standing a little lower, was inundated, and Caleb Loring had to take a flat-bottomed punt and rescue the Widow Jones's cow. Percy was sorry that his craft was not in readiness to engage in such a deed of mercy.

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At last, the school examinations were finished, and the boat was ready to be launched. All the boys of the village, and not a few men, gathered to watch and assist. In the olden days, before the bridge was built, long before the war, there had been a ferry, and the road leading diagonally down the rather steep bank still existed. Indeed, it was always used in winter when there was teaming on the ice. Percy arranged two pairs of wheels taken from a hay-cart, and, with the assistance of willing hands, got the boat safely and steadily established between solid crutches. Strong ropes were attached to the forward axle. Ropes were also fastened to the rear axle, so as to hold back when going down the incline. A team of shouting boys were waiting the word of command to march forward with the glittering equipage. Glittering? It was painted white, with two parallel green lines. The name, *Speranza,* was delicately lettered on the stern. Two pairs of brass rowlocks were in place. Four small boys disputed the honor of carrying the four oars.



"THE PROCESSION REACHED THE OLD FERRY ROAD."

The procession started. An excited crowd was on hand to witness the launching. Percy had in some way procured a small yacht-cannon. It was all ready to fire a salute to the young queen of the river. Everything went like clockwork. The lads at the ropes walked in step. A couple of the taller ones moved at each side to give a steadying hand if it were necessary. Under the tall hackmatack-trees that lined the street, the sunlight pouring down from a cloudless sky, went the boat. It soon reached the old ferry road. The team changed places, taking hold of the rear ropes. It was all admirably managed. Percy's heart swelled with pride. He realized that he occupied a commanding position among his fellows. Every one in town had been praising his enterprise and ingenuity. This was his day of triumph.

The river flowed by in a calm and sedate manner. There was not a breeze. Every bush and tree was reflected in its soft brown water. Occasionally, a little fountain of bubbles would mount to the surface—gas from some decaying log buried in the muddy bottom. Now and then a fish would leap and cause a spreading circle to mar the images depicted on the mirror. There was a beach of clean white sand; the bottom sloped gradually for perhaps ten feet, and then went down suddenly. It was an ideal place to launch the bonny craft. It did not take much imagination to see that the *Speranza* was quivering with anticipation. It seemed to be actually alive. Very carefully she was pushed out into the stream until she floated. Then Percy, taking the end of the painter, towed her round to his float. This was constructed of large logs fastened together with parallel planks and securely anchored. All the boys would have piled in at once, but he kept them off. "No," said he, "I 'll try it myself first. You shall have your show after-

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ward." He took one pair of the oars, and carefully, so as not to scratch the paint, stepped in. He was just inserting one oar into the rowlock, having drifted away a few feet from the float, when suddenly, without the least warning, the boat rolled over, tipping the proud owner into the river. A shout went up from the crowd on the bank; but they all knew Percy could swim like a duck. He came up sputtering, but a few strokes brought him and the boat to shallow water.

Here Mr. Ray asserted himself.

"You were careless," he said; "there 's no sense in managing a boat like that! I thought you knew how to handle oars. Here, give it to me. I will show you how!"

It was hot in the sun, so there was no danger of Percy's getting cold, though the water was streaming from his clothes and from his thick hair.

Mr. Ray, assisted by several of the boys, brought the boat to the float again.

He took the oars, and crept cautiously over the bow and seated himself on the middle thwart. He then tried to insert both oars simultaneously, saying rather boastfully, "I was brought up in a boat. I know all about them—" The next instant, he was floundering in the water. When the crowd saw the expression of his face, a mighty howl of unholy joy went up which might have been heard a mile. It was too bad, but Mr. Ray, in spite of many admirable qualities, enjoyed among his fellow-townsmen the reputation of being a little too boastful. He was so often justified in his pretensions that, to see him for once humiliated, relieved the disappointment which all felt at the failure of the *Speranza* as a passenger-carrying craft. Both oars and Mr. Ray's new hat went sailing down the current together. Percy had to swim after them and bring them back.

As poor Mr. Ray waded ruefully ashore, he was overwhelmed with suggestions as to what should be done. One thought that the keel should have a lead shoe; another proposed to get some bricks for ballast.

"She sets just like a swan," said Harry Manning. "She does n't look as if she 'd be so cranky. Here comes Caleb Loring; perhaps he 'll try her."



"'I WAS BROUGHT UP IN A BOAT. I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM—'"

Caleb Loring was a half-witted fellow who got his living from the river. He had a flat-bottomed punt which he navigated backward or forward with a paddle. With it he collected cords of driftwood; from it he fished near the sunken piers of the old bridge that had been carried away during a January thaw, many years before. Caleb Loring was always the first to cross the river on the ice after it had closed over.

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"What 's the trouble?" he asked as he came lumbering down over the bank. He wore a ragged straw hat, a blue flannel shirt, and trousers hitched to his shoulders by pieces of hemp rope. He was barefooted. "Oh, I see," he continued, "boat too high-studded. Wait, I 'll get a stun'." He went a few rods up the bank, and soon returned, bringing a water-worn boulder which he had used for an anchor. "There!" he exclaimed,



"COMPANIES OF TWOS, THREES, AND FOURS EXPERIMENTED."

"this 'll make her set deeper. Now she 'll be all right."

"You try her, Caleb," shouted several.

"I 'd ruther paddle her," said Caleb; "I 'll use the oar f'r a paddle."

With perfect confidence he stepped into the *Speranza,* but he had not taken two strokes before the mischievous craft, with all the agility of a bucking bronco at a circus, flopped on her side, spilling Caleb Loring, just as she had spilled Percy and his father, into the smiling river.

Loring came up puffing like a grampus—a most ludicrous object. His straw hat and one oar went sailing down the current. The boat righted herself and floated gracefully, looking as innocent as she was beautiful.

"There 's something wrong with her," said Mr. Ray, with the water still dripping from all his garments; "I can't imagine what it is. She was built on measurements. We 've got to take her up to the barn again."

This time it was more like a funeral than like a wedding procession. The boys hauled her out of the stream and lifted her on the wheels. Then they all took hold and rushed her up the bank, and back to the place of her nativity. Nothing was talked about in the village during the next few days except Percy Ray's "bucking boat," and those who missed the great spectacle of Alexander Ray following Percy over her side, had no difficulty in imagining the scene, so vividly was it narrated by the various eye-witnesses.

Percy and his father were sitting, a few days later,—in dry clothes, of course, and with a somewhat chastened spirit—talking about the still unsolved problem of the bucking boat, as it was universally called. The door-bell rang. The visitor was the proprietor of a little hotel at "the Pond." This was a resort about six miles from the village. Picnic parties frequently went there for sailing, swimming, rowing, and fishing. Ebenezer Junkins had originally been a farmer, and his acres skirted the Pond. He had found it more profitable to rent his grove, to take boarders, and gradually to enlarge his fleet of boats, than to practise farming. He was a character. He had very blue eyes, sandy hair, and a straggly beard under his chin. His clothes consisted of a pair of very baggy pantaloons, a rusty black coat, and cowhide boots. He was regarded as extremely shrewd. He took a seat, and, twisting his broad-brimmed rusty black hat in his big, hairy hands, which carried around with them a goodly share of the rich soil of his farm, he hemmed and hawed for a while, and then burst out suddenly:

"I hearn tell about that there boat o' yourn. That was plum funny—the way she upsot ye. I 'd 'a' giv' a dime to 'a' seen that circus-show. What I come f'r is to find out if ye 'd sell her."

"I don't think it would be fair to palm her off on any one," said Mr. Ray; "do you, Percy?"

"Why, no; it would n't be safe for any one to try to go out in her," said the boy.

"Well, I 'd take the resk o' that," eagerly urged Mr. Junkins. "I 've got quite a stack o' boats, and I 'm mighty keerful how I let 'em. What will ye take f'r her?"

"Let me see," mused Mr. Ray. "It cost us about twenty dollars, did n't it, Percy?"

"I kept the accounts very carefully," replied Percy. "Not reckoning our time, the bare ma-

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terials stood us about twelve dollars. That does n't include the oars. One of them went down the river."

"I 'll give ye six dollars f'r her. She ain't no good to you nohow."

"I don't think I want to sell her," decided Percy. "I 'm bound to discover what was the trouble with her, and if I can't make her carry me, I 'll take the material and build another. What do *you* want of her, anyway?"

Ebenezer Junkins's desire to get the boat was so evident that the boy's bright mind was filled with all sorts of conjectures.

"Ef ye don't want to sell her, will ye rent her to me?"

"Tell us what you want to do with her," insisted Mr. Ray.

"If ye 'll either sell her or rent her, I 'll tell ye what my scheme is," replied Ebenezer, after a little consideration, during which he scratched his sandy hair vigorously.

"I 'd just as lief rent it," said Percy. "Now tell us what you propose to do."

"Wall, I went to the circus onc't, and I see a bucking mule named Maud. Ther' was a standin' offer of five dollars to any one who 'd stay three minutes on her back, an' I never see no one git it. When I heerd about your 'buckin' *boat*,' 't occurred to me that I might try the same scheme with *her*. I 'll offer a dollar to the boy or man who will row or paddle her acrost fr'm the float over to the p'int 'thout gittin' tipped over—'t 's about as fur 's fr'm here up to the corner yonder. I 'll charge ten cents a try at it. There 's hunderds o' boys an' men come every season an' go in swimmin'. 'T will be a grand card."

"What would you be willing to pay for it for the summer?"

At first he offered a lump sum, but, after some bargaining, it was decided that Percy should have twenty-five per cent. of all the profits.

"I come down in my hay-cart," said Ebenezer, "an' I s'pose I may 's well take her now 's any time. That 's all right, ain't it?"

A little later, the village was astonished to see Ebenezer Junkins, whom every one knew, deliberately driving through the streets and across the bridge with the *Speranza*, apparently enjoying the sensation she was creating.

A week later, the Sunday-school which Percy was regularly attending held its annual picnic at the Pond. Every one was going. It was known that Percy's trick boat would be going through her paces. All the boys and a good many of the girls carried their bathing-suits, and an extra dime and the resolution to conquer the mischievous little craft. It was a perfect summer day, not even the prospect or threat of a shower to mar its festivity. There was the usual motley array of equipages—wagons which looked as if they had been made before the flood, old-fashioned chaises, barges, and carts piled high with sweet-scented new hay. Baskets filled with home-made goodies were not lacking, and the train started off promptly, with shouts and songs.

Percy, though he was going to play on the side of the Academy boys against the outsiders in a game of base-ball, managed, first of all, to steal away and get a look at his masterpiece—the bonny *Speranza*. Yes, there she floated, demure and graceful! He could not help feeling proud of her nice lines—a pride tempered, indeed, by the consciousness that she had played him false. Ebenezer saw him as he stood contemplating her.

"She 's a swan!" exclaimed Percy, with a burst of enthusiasm he could not repress.



"THE THOUGHT WAS FINISHED IN THE COOLING, GURGLING WATERS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

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"I sh'd call her a duck!" chuckled Ebenezer. "Nobody ain't tamed her yit. More 'n forty 's tried her so fur. That gives ye a dollar. Guess we 'll make ye another to-day."

There was a hurry call for Percy, whose heart, it must be confessed, was not in the game. At least he did not play so well as usual. Nevertheless, the Academy boys came out ahead: the score stood five to four. When the nine innings were finished, there was a rush for the water. Three or four boys piled into each of the bath-houses, and, in an incredibly short time, the pond was alive with heads of every color—black, yellow, brown, red. Some dived from the float; others jumped; many raced in, leaving a foamy wake and making a prodigious splash. Several tried to see how far they could swim under water. But after the first general cooling off, there was a simultaneous convention gathered to tame Percy's trick boat. Ebenezer supervised the trials. A painted sign announced the terms: each competitor was to pay ten cents; any number might try at once. Whoever succeeded in propelling the *Speranza* from the float to the point without overturning should receive a dollar.

Percy himself was the first to try the game. He had an inward lurking hope that his first experience with his beautiful boat might have been only a dream—a dreadful nightmare. But the trick boat was true to her principles. She seemed to be actually alive. She took a mischievous delight in deceiving, for a moment, the careful venturer, and then, with a little shake, flinging him into the shining waters of the pond, the next moment riding calm and serene, as if no such impulse had ever entered her perverse feminine heart.

Half a dozen of the larger boys in succession tried to tame her; they all floundered, one after the other. Then companies of twos, threes, and fours, and, finally, half a dozen at once, experimented. The *Speranza* stood nobly to her reputation. She was no Atalanta: she would not be bribed by a golden apple; she was as tameless as Pegasus. She and her antics made the event of the picnic. Even the girls—a few of them, at least—with no little self-confidence, thought they might have better success; but the *Speranza* was proof against even this appeal to the sex pride—she refused to be wheedled.

Ebenezer pocketed the dimes.

It chanced that a sailor on shore leave arrived at the Pond. He heard of the unruly lady of the waters. He knew he could conquer her. He scorned to take off his watch. "I never saw a boat yet that I could n't manage," he boasted. The *Speranza* heard him; she played with him after the manner of her kind. She let him row away ten or a dozen strokes from the dock. "This is an easy one!" he was saying to himself; but—the thought was finished in the cooling, gurgling waters. From the shore it could be seen how the tameless one exulted in her pride. The sailor knew not how to swim, but half a dozen of the boys bore down to his aid, and got him ashore, where he stood for a rueful moment, his wide trousers clinging limply to his legs, and streams of water like tears running from his head; then he disappeared, all his boastfulness melted within him.

All that summer, Percy Ray's trick boat was the drawing attraction of Ebenezer Junkins's picnic grounds. Her fame traveled far and wide; men came from distant places to discover the cause of such a freak. As the *Speranza* sat on the water, she looked as innocent and harmless as a dove. Yet ever there lurked that tricksy spirit of mischief, ready to spill the would-be conqueror.

Percy's receipts for the season amounted to about fifty dollars. When the autumn came, it was the time for fairs; in such places as had streams or ponds easily accessible, there Ebenezer exhibited the *Speranza*, offering a prize of ten dollars for the successful mastery of the boat, and charging a quarter for the privilege. As the price went up, the boat's pride increased. She bridled with the witchery of her unconquerable nature. One would have thought that a more docile spirit might have come to her in time—that she would have tired of exhibiting what has been called "the total depravity of inanimate things." Inanimate? If ever a boat was animate, she was! She exerted an irresistible fascination. Men could not seem to help making the futile attempt to manage the fickle creature. But never once did the ten-dollar gold piece change hands.

When the weather became too cold, the *Speranza* was stored in a shed on Ebenezer Junkins's farm. One October morning, the shed was burned to the ground. It was supposed that some tramp who had slept in it had smoked his pipe and thrown a match into rubbish. The *Speranza* perished in the conflagration, with several more innocent boats. Ebenezer was inconsolable. She was the only boat of her class. Percy, with a part of the money which he received as his share of the season's proceeds, bought a second-hand motor-boat at a great bargain. It was an innovation on the river, and he soon covered the cost of it in taking excursion parties to the Glen and the Old Indian village, and other points of interest on the river.

But he will wonder to his dying day what caused the *Speranza* to deceive the promise of its beautiful lines.

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BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE



"I TALKED MUCH TO THE CAPTAIN ABOUT JOHN'S DISAPPEARANCE." (SEE PAGE 794.)

CHAPTER XVII

MUMMER BRINGS BAD NEWS

As Perkins, the footman, spoke the name "Mummer," my heart gave a great bound of apprehension, and I must have gone white, for Granny, following me on Marlett's arm, looked at me for a moment, and then cried out in alarm:

"What is it, child? You look as if you 'd seen a ghost."

That brought me to my senses, and I tried to rid my mind of the sudden fear that had entered it.

"'T is Mummer, the steward of Denewood," I explained to Granny, and without another word I ran to find him.

The moment I saw his long, solemn face, I knew that he brought ill news.

"What is it, Mummer?" I cried, giving him my hand. "Is there aught wrong with Mr. Travers?"

"Oh, Miss Bee!" he murmured, "I know not how to tell you."

He stopped, looking about him as if he sought a means of escape from doing what he knew he must.

"What is it?" I cried in anguish. "Has Master John been wounded?"

"Aye, Miss Bee—and worse," he answered.

"Worse?" I exclaimed; "what could be worse?" and then I understood what he feared to tell me.

"Is he dead, Mummer?" I questioned, in a hushed voice.

"Aye, I 'm afeared so, miss," he answered, and I saw the tears gather and roll slowly down his seamed face.

For a moment I was as one stunned. I had been the happiest girl in the world, thinking of the pleasure John would have out of the portrait, and so pleased that it was like me; and while my

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heart still sang with joy came this word of his death. It was impossible to believe.

"Why did you say you were *afraid* he was dead, Mummer?" I demanded somewhat harshly, for I was not myself.

"I 'll tell you all we know, miss," he answered, visibly trying to keep his feelings under control. "He went with his troop to the campaign in the South, and fought in Virginia under Major McLane."

"Yes," I answered, "I knew that he hoped to go south."

"Well, miss," Mummer went on, "after the campaign there, he volunteered to go with Morgan's men, so we learned from Major McLane, and there was a battle, a bloody battle, miss, at a place called the Cowpens, in South Carolina. Well, Master John was in that battle, and since then we 've heard naught of him, though Major McLane has hunted for him, high and low."

He stopped as his voice choked, and hung his head dejectedly.

"And you do not know for certain that he is dead?" I cried, hope springing up in my breast.

"Nay, miss, not what you 'd call certain," he admitted, "but even Mrs. Mummer has given over all hope, and 't was Major McLane bade us send for you. Here 's a letter will explain the reason for that."

He handed me an envelop, and I almost cried out as I recognized John's handwriting upon it. I crushed the seals, and, unfolding the paper, read as follows, as well as I could, with trembling hands:

Dear Beatrice:

If aught goes wrong with me, all I have is yours. The papers are all in the hands of Mr. Chew, the attorney in Philadelphia, with the exception of one document which he will need, and that is in the place you have the secret of.

Faithfully,
JOHN TRAVERS.

It was dated in the previous autumn, and I looked to Mummer for further enlightenment.

"He gave it to me, miss, telling me I must put it into your hands if aught befell him, and so Major McLane sent me off to you. I 've come to take you home, Miss Bee. You 're the head of the family now, and—and—" he stopped, turning his face away from me.

"Has aught been heard of Mark Powell or Bill Schmuck?" I asked.

"Nay, not a word," he answered. "But so many were lost or wounded in that battle that there 's no comfort to be got in that thought. In-



"'LISTEN TO THIS!' AND I READ TO HER A PART OF THE LETTER."
(SEE PAGE 796.)

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deed, 't is said that Morgan was forced to leave his wounded with the people living about there. They call it a great victory for us, Miss Bee, and that 's something, though not much."

"And every one has given up?" I asked.

"Aye, even Mrs. Mummer, who was the last," he answered sorrowfully.

Then, hesitating, he drew forth another letter. "Nay, there 's one other, but this will tell you," and he handed it to me.

I opened it hastily, and read, in Peg's straggling hand:

Dearest Bee
Don't you believe what Mummer thinks is so. it is n't so.
Your loving little PEGGY.

"Bless the child!" I cried, "'t is the first good word I 've had. Mummer," I went on, near beside myself, "I don't believe it! It can't be true that John is dead. It just can't!"

"I 'm glad to hear you say so, miss," he answered drearily, "but you 'll come back with me? You 're the head of the family now."

'T was plain that Mummer had given up all hope of finding John, and was anxious that I should assume the ownership of Denewood; but never before did heiress hear of her accession to fortune with so sad a heart; nor could I persuade myself, in spite of all that I had been told, that John was no longer alive.

"I 'll go home with you, Mummer," I answered stoutly, "though 't will not be as mistress of Denewood, but to search for Master John. I believe he is alive, and I mean to find him."

"I hope you may be right, miss," he said, with a sorrowful shake of his head.

"But I 'm sure of it!" I went on. "He was so big and strong. You remember when we found him wounded after the battle of Germantown? He was sore hurt then, but think how quickly he recovered."

"Aye, but a small stone can break a great jar," Mummer answered sadly, "and a little bullet hole can let out a strong man's life. Master John has not recovered quickly this time, or he would have let us know. He would understand how anxious we would be, and 't would not be like him to leave us in doubt."

That last struck me as the hardest argument to answer, but I put it from me. I did not mean to let myself believe for an instant that John was dead, and I repeated what little Peg, bless her! had written to me, "It is n't so! It is n't so!"

"How soon can we start for home?" I asked, ignoring Mummer's croakings.

"As soon as we can get to Holland and join Captain Timmons," he answered. "He bade me say he would have come himself had I not been here to take his place. He thought it was better that he should stay by the vessel, and so have all in readiness."

Good Captain Timmons had kept his promise to come for me, and was waiting to do his share in helping me home to the place I wished I had never left.

"'T was kind in Captain Timmons to come," I said, half to myself.

"And why should he not?" asked Mummer. "'T is your own ship, and he your servant, as am I."

"Nay, now, I shall not have it!" I cried, stung by the way he accepted the situation. There was no honester nor more devoted man than Mummer was to John Travers, and the fact that he could talk as if Denewood had already passed into other hands showed how certain he felt.

"Let us have no more talk like that," I went on, "and, until I am ready to call myself mistress of Denewood, let matters rest as they have hitherto."

"When will you be going, miss?" he asked, not at all put out by my vehemence.

"I shall make ready to start to-morrow," I answered. "But first you must see Granny," and I led him to the library, where we found her waiting for me to bring the news.

"What is it, Bee?" she demanded, giving Mummer a curt nod, "has Mr. Travers sent you more money?"

"You can tell Madam what you have come for," I said, addressing Mummer.

"'T is told in a word," he answered, with a stiff bow to Granny. "Miss Beatrice inherits Denewood and all else under the master's will."

"I am grieved to hear that your master is dead," Granny began, but I interrupted.

"'T is not at all certain, Granny," I protested. "It is only known that Cousin John has not been heard of for some time," and I told her of the circumstances.

"And when was this battle?" she asked Mummer.

"In January, madam," he answered.

"And this is late June"—she pursed up her lips significantly. "It is too bad," she ended.

"But, Granny," I broke in, seeing that she believed the worst. "I don't care what any one says, I 'm going to see for myself, and search America till I find him, for I know that he is alive."

"That does your heart credit, Bee," she answered coolly, "but it is hardly practical, is it? The estates are all left to Miss Beatrice?" she went on, addressing Mummer.

"Granny, don't you understand that I am going to-morrow?" I burst in.

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She looked at me a moment as if she could not believe her ears.

"My child, you are talking nonsense!" she said, in an even voice. "'T is not to be thought of! You speak as if this was an age of miracles, and you could ship back and forth to America in a week or less. Your sensibility is vastly becoming, but I doubt not that a search has been made already."

"Granny," I insisted, and I think I must have looked as earnest as I felt, for she opened her eyes wide in surprise, "Granny, I am going! Let it be understood now. I 've crossed the ocean twice before without hurt, and now I must go. Please say I may."

"I say you shall not!" she retorted, angry with me for the first time in her life that I remember. "What? Have you no love for your home? nor for your brothers, to say nothing of me, that you are so ready to leave us on a wild-goose chase?"

"Nay, I love you, and I love the boys," I pleaded, "but this is not my home. I know you love me, but I am not necessary to your pleasure nor your comfort; and so it is with Hal and Horrie. I am not part of their lives, and I 'm tired of being naught but the sister of Sir Horace. My home is in America, where there are those who need me, where I have duties to perform, where —where I find myself of some use in the world. If I had never gone there, perhaps I would know nothing different from the life I have led here for almost a year; but I have seen that a maid can be more than an ornament, and, although Denewood is not so splendid as the Towers, and Philadelphia is nothing to this great London, yet my heart's home is there, and I must go. Please! Please!" I ended, and threw myself at her feet, the salt tears flowing down my cheeks as I gave tongue to all the pent-up longing for America that I had kept under for so many weeks.

I know not what effect my plea would have had upon Granny if it had n't been seconded by Mummer, who at this point brought out a powerful argument in favor of my design.

"I beg your pardon, Madam Travers, ma'am," he said suddenly, "'t is not such a useless journey, as you seem to think. I beg you to believe that it is highly necessary that Miss Beatrice take immediate steps to enter upon her inheritance, or at least put herself upon American soil without delay. If she is out of the country and does not press her claims in person, the entire estate will be given to the next of kin, or else taken over by the State."

"Nonsense!" cried Granny. "The man 's a fool! Do you think we have no law-courts here?"

"Aye, madam," returned Mummer, in the same even voice. "But you forget that we in America are no longer colonies, and our courts would hardly recognize the jurisdiction of the English."

"You 're naught but a rebel," retorted Granny, though there was less anger and opposition in her voice, for she began to understand that what Mummer said was true.

"So you see, ma'am," Mummer went on, as if she had n't spoken, "'t is most important that Miss Travers return as soon as maybe. One of her own ships awaits her orders in Holland, and, although 't is not likely, still a claim might be set up—"

"Enough!" cried Granny. "I see, Bee, you must have your way. Marlett, take the man and make him comfortable until to-morrow, and after that go and help Clarinda pack Miss Bee's apparel. Tell Perkins I am not at home to any one. These last few hours, Bee, my dear, we 'll spend together."

CHAPTER XVIII

BACK AT DENEWOOD

THERE were further protests against my going from both Hal and Horrie. Sir Horace in particular blustered about, to which I paid but scant attention, for to neither of the boys did I feel any obligation of obedience, and Granny had given her consent. Then, too, the estates of Denewood were a powerful argument in my favor, for though I think they were not influenced unduly by this, neither were they indifferent to the wealth; and already Horrie said he would settle upon Hal the jointure he had proposed for me, which was generous but premature, as I took pains to tell him.

It was with very mixed feelings that I finally said good-by to them all, for while I was grieved to leave Granny and the boys, my heart longed for America, and I was fair mad to be on my way to look for John. So, although there were tears at parting, I confess that I left England gladly.

Mummer, in his silent way, took me in charge, and brought me safe to Holland without adventure, whereupon Captain Timmons, having all things ready, made sail ere we had been an hour aboard the *Alert*.

On the voyage across the Atlantic, I talked much to the captain about John's disappearance, for I refused to speak of him as dead, and, although he would nod his head and seem to agree with me in all the arguments I put forth, I saw, nevertheless, that he but humored me, and that he was as sure as was Mummer that we would see Mr. Travers no more in this world.

Mummer, of course, now that his mission was accomplished and there was no further need of

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words, relapsed into his usual silent self, and would sit by the hour in the forepeak of the vessel, wondering, I doubt not, how matters fared at Denewood since he had left it. He was a queer and silent man, but his devotion to the estate in Germantown was whole-hearted and sincere, and, though he showed little of his feelings at any time, I knew he grieved sorely for the master he thought was dead.

As for me, I never once let myself admit that it could be possible, though I could not help but realize that I was almost alone in that belief. There was only little Peg, and oh! how many times did that letter of hers brace my faith and give me courage. "It is n't so!" I would quote again and again, and, if I had loved the stuttering little maid before, I loved her doubly now.

The voyage was a prosperous one, and we came into Delaware Bay on a fair wind that had helped us all the way. The heat of midsummer lay over the land, and as we sailed up the river I thought no country in all the world so beautiful as this.

Arriving at Philadelphia, Mummer went at once to the City Tavern, and there was the chariot, and a cart for my luggage, which had been waiting only two days, so nicely had Mrs. Mummer timed our coming.

We delayed not, but were on our way to Denewood at once; and, as we passed the familiar roads lined with butternuts and willows, I felt almost happy.

On entering the long drive, the chariot stopped, and Mummer got down to open the door, and, a moment later, little Peg scrambled into my lap.

"Oh, B-B-Bee!" she sobbed, and, as I put my arms around her, I realized how much I had missed that valiant little creature.

"Y-y-you don't b-b-believe it?" she whispered between sobs.

"Nay, Peggy darling," I answered, scarce less upset than she; "but is there no news?"

"Not y-yet," she said, shaking her head sorrowfully; "but he 's s-s-somewhere, B-Bee, and w-we 'll find him, n-n-now you 're here."

I let the tears flow as they pleased, and they started afresh as we drew up to the door and Mrs. Mummer ran with her arms outstretched to receive me. I went to her with a cry of mingled pain and joy upon my lips.

"Deary! deary!" she whispered in my ear, as she patted me and tried with all the love she bore me to ease my well-nigh bursting heart. "Deary, I knew you 'd come! I knew you 'd come!" she murmured; "the luck of the house has returned to it, never to go again."

She led me through the rows of bobbing servants up into my own room, and she and I and little Peg shut the door on all the world, and did our best to comfort one another, as we wept in each other's arms.

" 'T is a sad home-coming, my deary," said Mrs. Mummer, when we had composed ourselves a little. "How often I have wished that you had never gone, taking your lucky sixpence with you."

"But I only took half of it, Mrs. Mummer," I said hesitatingly.

She looked at me in wide-eyed surprise.

"Did Master John have the other half?" she fair screamed. "Did he have it?"

"Aye," I answered, "and the Gipsy said 'the half would be luckier than the whole.' "

"If I had known that I should not have despaired," she declared eagerly. "Tell me, is your half of the sixpence bright?" and she caught at her throat as if she could scarce frame the question, so great was her anxiety.

"Of course it is," I answered, not catching the drift of her meaning; and I pulled out my bit of the broken coin, strung from a ribbon about my neck.

She scanned it carefully, and then burst into cries of joy.

"Now heaven be praised for all its mercies," she murmured prayerfully, "I hope again."

"But what is the meaning?" I asked, quite mystified.

" 'T would be as black as coal were anything fatal come to Master John. Didst never know that? He 's well, somewhere, if he still has his bit of the sixpence."

"I have always felt sure he would come back," I answered, "not because of the sixpence, but—but—because my heart told me it must be."

"Aye! aye!" she answered. "You had faith, as little Peg has it. But they all talked to me and said this and that, showing me how he must be gone, till I could not but believe them, for it is not in reason that he could be alive and stay hidden all this while. But I 'm done with reason, Miss Bee. Now that you 're back, you bring the luck of the house with you. We 'll live to see Master John walk in the front door, and I 'll take joy in watching him eat many another good dinner."

Now while I suppose Mrs. Mummer's talk about the lucky sixpence was but a superstition, I must confess that, from that day on, I took many a furtive look at it, and rubbed my piece until it shone nigh as brightly as a mirror.

But though Mrs. Mummer and little Peg and I kept our faith in John's being still alive, there were those who thought otherwise, and there was scarce an hour in the day that I was not reminded of it. It was plain that Mummer looked upon me as the permanent mistress of Denewood, and, al-

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though he never referred directly to the subject, matters that heretofore he would have decided himself in John's absence, were brought to me. Even Mrs. Mummer, though she protested mightily that she was firm in her belief that John was alive, nevertheless put responsibilities upon me that showed a different view.

At Mummer's persistent solicitation I went to see Mr. Chew, as John's letter had instructed, and though I refused absolutely to have the estate settled upon me, I believe he took measures to establish my claims in the event of John's never returning. He, too, shared the general belief that Mr. Travers was dead, but he put nothing in the way of my prosecuting the search, and commended my determination not to leave any stone unturned to find him.

But this matter proved not so easy, now that I was in America, as it had seemed when I was in England. Many months had passed since the battle of the Cowpens, and where was I to begin? I had sent word to Major McLane of my arrival, and knew I could depend upon his forwarding any effort on my part, but at the same time I saw only too clearly that he himself had neglected nothing that was likely to bring the slightest news of him we sought. Realizing that, I could not but wonder what I could do that had not already been accomplished.

I was relieved to find that Polly and Betty had gone to their home in Haddonfield. It would have been more than I could bear just then to listen to their petty gossip of balls and fashions, and to answer their questions about London. But I was glad that Peg had stayed at Denewood. That small and independent person had declared flatly that she would not return until her father came back from the war, and Mrs. Mummer was rejoiced to keep her.

And so time passed while I did nothing but polish my bit of sixpence, and though my heart longed for news of John, I was glad to be at Denewood, so busy the livelong day that I had little time to mope, and almost happy because I was back in the country I loved.

At length came a letter from Major McLane, and I opened it eagerly. Inclosed with it was something wrapped in thin paper, which I held while I read.

My Dear Miss Bee:

I scarce know what interpretation to put upon this which I am sending you. It came into my hands from an old backwoodsman, who says he 's had it for some months, not being able to reach me sooner—which may well be the truth, for I have not been very accessible. His story as to how he came by it is not quite so credible. However, this is what he says. One day last winter, an American officer rushed into his cabin, hotly pursued by a detachment of British horse. The American handed the inclosed to the man with the words, "For Major McLane. Pennsylvania Light Horse," ran on through the house and out at the back, in an effort to escape. Whether he was captured or not, this man could not say. He heard shots fired a few minutes later in the woods bordering his clearing, but he does not know the outcome.

That 's the whole of his story, and when I pressed him for a description of the officer, he could give none, saying that it all happened so suddenly that he had no real sight of him. I scarce know whether to credit this or not, but I could get naught else out of him.

This seems to show that John was not killed at Cowpens, for it happened some weeks later. On the other hand, if it really were he—of which, of course, there is doubt—it seems all the more certain that he was killed in his effort to escape. The shots the backwoodsman heard may well have been the fatal ones.

I wish I could hold out some hope to you from this incident, but I cannot with conscience, and though I have not ceased looking for John, I confess I have little expectation of finding him.

Pray command me for any service that may occur to you, and believe me, with affection,

Your obed. humble servant,

ALLAN MCLANE.

I opened the paper, and drew forth a broken gold chain, from which still hung the other half of my lucky sixpence.

I know not how long I gazed at that tiny piece of broken silver in my palm. It seemed a long time, but I was numb, and could not make myself think. I stared at the bit of silver as if I had never seen such a thing before, as if it were a curiosity from a strange land, a something to be wondered at, but without any special significance for me.

But at length my senses came back to me, and, like a flash, I knew what it all meant. John had sent the bit of sixpence to show that he wanted me, that he needed me, that he was somewhere in the world! Having no other means of communication, he had forwarded the bit of sixpence, and I cared not what Allan McLane might think, nor how irrational this belief was when fitted with the facts as they were known, I was sure of what it meant, and I would lose no time in going to him. My heart was almost light as I flew to tell Mrs. Mummer.

"Look! Look!" I cried, pushing the chain into her hand, "know you what that is?"

She took it, and I expected her face to light up with joy; instead, I saw tears filling her eyes.

"Know you not what it is?" I cried anxiously, for her sad face put a doubt in my mind.

"Aye, that I do," she answered; "'t is Master John's bit of the lucky sixpence," and a tear rolled down her cheek.

"But know you not what it *means?*" I asked breathlessly; "he sends it to me as a summons. "Listen to this!" and I read to her a part of the

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letter. "He wants me tc go to him. Is n't it plain, Mrs. Mummer?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Nay, deary, that is not the meaning," she said. "I wish I could think it, but this takes the last hope from any heart."

"What mean you?" I cried.

"'T is clear," she answered, her voice breaking as she spoke; "think you Master John would part from this if he were alive? Nay, he would never let it out of his possession, and—"

But at that I broke in upon her speech, resolved that I would not have my faith shaken.

"That 's true, unless he wanted me," I insisted. "He does want me, and I mean to go to him."

"Nay, child," said Mrs. Mummer, "'t is beyond belief, though I wish I could think as you do. And do you not see that Major McLane would have taken your meaning if it were possible?"

"But how could John have sent it if he were dead?" I demanded.

"He did not send it," she answered; "that 's just it. While he was alive he would n't have parted with it. That I know! After—who can tell what happened? Perhaps Mark Powell found it upon him, or Bill Schmuck, and sent it on to let us know the worst, they being, at best, prisoners themselves. Who knows what has taken place? But 't will help not at all to hold out false hopes."

I gave her Major McLane's letter to read; but it only served to strengthen her view. Now not only reason but superstition jumped her way, and she was certain John was dead.

I coaxed her in vain, but, truth to tell, I cared not so much what she thought as I did to preserve my own belief that the bit of coin had been sent me as a summons. What arguments I put forth were to bolster my own convictions, and when Mrs. Mummer met them all with a sad shake of her head, I determined to put an end to controversy and to act. I had been at Denewood a full month, and had accomplished nothing.

"Mrs. Mummer," I began, "all you say may be true, but I cannot believe it. I think John is a prisoner somewhere, and has taken this means of letting us know. I am going to try and find him."

"'T would be but a useless quest, my dear," she answered.

"Nevertheless, I mean to take it up," I said, and at that she shook her head sadly, and went out of the room to resume her duties.

But when I thought about the matter, I found it was not so easy. Between me and the place where John had vanished were two armies, one of friends and one of foes. Major McLane was with Colonel Lee in Virginia, or somewhere thereabouts, and so were Bart and his father. The only one whose help would avail, and with whom I might come into touch, was His Excellency, General Washington, and though I was not inclined to bother him with my private affairs, knowing how busily he was engaged, nevertheless I would have set him, and Congress, and all the army, on a search for John an it were possible. So I determined to see General Washington, to lay the matter before him, and abide by his decision.

I had supposed that I would be obliged to seek His Excellency near New York, but word was brought to me that he had been in Philadelphia for several days.

At this I resolved to get all things ready for my journey south, stopping in Philadelphia to consult the general; but here I met unexpected opposition.

Mummer and Mrs. Mummer had evidently talked the matter over between themselves, and concluded that so long as there was no immediate prospect of my going, there was no need to oppose my wishes; but the moment I gave orders for the carriage to be prepared, and told Mrs. Mummer to get ready to accompany me, they both began to grumble.

"'T is something of a sudden, Miss Beatrice," said Mummer, with an impassive face. "The animals are needed to gather the crops, and—"

"Surely there are enough horses," I interrupted.

"But you see, miss," he went on, "there 's Lightfoot 's lost a shoe, and the chestnut mare has a strained shoulder—and if you could wait ten days or even a week, miss, 't would be better."

"Nay, I go early to-morrow morning," I answered.

"Oh, but Miss Bee!" exclaimed Mrs. Mummer. "'T is impossible with all the things I have to get ready. Deary, do not think of it. Give us a little time."

I knew that these objections were all on my account, and that their own comfort weighed no whit with them; that they believed I was starting on a hopeless journey and would have spared me the pain of disappointment. But I was in no humor to brook interference, and had no mind to stay longer at Denewood, doing nothing.

"Mummer," I said, "I care not if no crops are garnered. I start for Philadelphia in the traveling carriage with two of the best horses on the place. And Mrs. Mummer," I went on, turning to her, "I 'm sorry to have to take you away, but I cannot go alone, so you must come."

"'T is impossible!" declared Mummer, and I saw by the set of his face that it would take much to move him. "I 'm sure Master John would not approve," he added.

"Would it not do a week hence?" pleaded Mrs.

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Mummer, knowing that with some delay they might work upon me to give up what they thought was a foolish undertaking.

"Enough!" I cried. "You force me to give orders where I would rather make requests, but go I shall. As you insist that I am the mistress of Denewood, see to it that she is obeyed!"

They took my meaning, and without further argument went to do my bidding.

Of course little Peg was for going too, but Mrs. Mummer, who, once she saw that it was useless to try to dissuade me, was the same devoted woman she always had been, comforted Peg, who was on the verge of tears, by handing her the great bunch of keys she carried.

"You 'll stay here, my pet, and keep the house till we return," and to this arrangement, as suited to her dignity, the young lady agreed.

There was considerable preparation to be made, for we knew we should be gone a long time and would have only ourselves to depend upon, and Mrs. Mummer, though she still insisted that our journey could not bring the joyful termination I predicted, nevertheless took a good stock of things needful for an invalid—"in case," as she put it. There was no hanging back now, all was ready betimes, and the coach, with black Peter for driver, and two stout horses which could be ridden to saddle, was at the door.

Mummer was left in charge of Denewood, and there were several good women who could be depended upon, so that I was not worried on that account. Indeed, I was glad to be gone, for in my heart I was sure we should find him we sought.

"I wish you a successful journey, Miss Beatrice," said Mummer, as we were about to start. "I only hope and pray you will not be disappointed."

"Nay, Mummer," I cried confidently, "when I return, I shall bring the master of Denewood with me!"

(To be continued.)



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MANAGERS AND THEIR WORK

BY C. H. CLAUDY

Author of "The Battle of Base-Ball," "Playing the Game," etc.

THIRD PAPER OF THE SERIES—THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

It is more difficult to draw a parallel between the manager of a Big League team and the manager of a boys' team, than between players on leagues' and lads' teams. The player on the league team and the player on the boys' team both try to do the same thing, play according to the same rules, make hits, runs, steals, all in the same way. What the Big League player does through skill and long practice, the young player tries to do, and, in imitating, improves himself and his game.

But the Big League managerial work differs greatly from the managing a boy is called upon to do. The lad who manages his team of schoolmates need, as a general rule, concern himself only with business details, the securing of uniforms, making dates for games, attending to what correspondence may be necessary, and so on. The manager of a Big League team has but little to do with such things—a business management does it all for him. His duty is that of a general, marshaling and leading his forces, and his is the responsibility for failure, even if but seldom is his the glory of success. A Big League manager must be a base-ball general, a leader of men, able to plan either a play, a campaign, or a settlement of personal differences on his team, and combine with the wisdom of a Solon, the tact of a Talleyrand, the organizing genius of a Marshall Field or a John Wanamaker, the strategy of a Napoleon, and the base-ball ability which his own team will learn to respect.

It is for this last reason that the great base-ball manager is almost invariably either himself a great player while he is managing, or has been, in his playing days, a famous performer in some base-ball post. But make no mistake—the great player is not necessarily the great manager. Hal Chase is generally conceded to be the greatest of all the first basemen of history—yet he failed as a manager. Lajoie, one of the very greatest second basemen who ever played the game, and a batter of note, never won a pennant as a manager. Neither of these men lacks anything as a player, but both lack something as managers of teams—that indefinable something which differentiates the man who can do from him who can both do and inspire others to do.

It matters not whether a man be manager on the bench, or whether he both play and manage—to be successful, he must either be or have been a great player. The managers of all the Major League teams command the respect of their players, either for what they are, or for what they have been, as players. Fred Clarke, of Pittsburgh, and Frank Chance, late of the Chicago Cubs and now the leader of the "Yankees," are examples of playing managers who can do those things they demand of their men. Hugh Jennings, one of the greatest short-stops who ever dove after a ball, Connie Mack, of Philadelphia, a great player in his day, Clarke Griffith, whose crafty pitching earned him the title of "Old Fox," are all examples of great players who have become great bench managers. Mentioned last here because so commonly mentioned first, but never to be mentioned as least, is John McGraw, whose brains as well as brawn made him a star on the old Baltimore "Orioles," and who has earned, as general-in-chief of the New York Giants, the title of the "Little Napoleon" of base-ball, because of the high quality of the generalship he displays in managing his men, planning campaigns, winning games, and, finally,—supreme test,—capturing pennants!

But let no one think the list is ended here! There never was a great team of ball-players that did not have a great manager. And no team, without a capable manager, either on the bench or in the field, ever made its mark in the game. More often than not, the credit of success is given the players, the blame comes to the manager, yet, in a majority of cases, the game is won by the brains in the coacher's box or on the bench, or lost through the stupidity of some player or his mechanical failure to perform that which it was expected he would perform.

The last World's Series is a case in point. Coming from behind, after being outplayed at the start, McGraw marshaled his forces, outgeneraled the Sox, and tied them at the finish. The series was already won by McGraw, when a mechanical failure—Snodgrass's muff and Merkle's failure to start after a foul in time—made possible the final win by Boston.

It should be noted by all who lead others to any achievement that McGraw has yet to say the first word of blame to his men who failed in the critical moment. It was not their fault—it was the

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luck of the game breaking against them. But neither was the loss of that series to be laid at McGraw's door!

There are three systems of managing a baseball team in the field. One is for the playing manager to direct his men, another for a bench manager to direct his men, the third for the manager to leave his men alone, depending on their individual judgment for decisions in critical moments. All three systems have their exponents—all three have their drawbacks.

John McGraw is an example of a bench manager who decides what his team is to do, and when it is to do it. Connie Mack, of Philadelphia, is an example of the great manager who counsels and advises rather than orders—whose players are given a liberty of judgment to do what they think best in the circumstances without looking for orders. Frank Chance is an example of the playing manager who leads his team in person and dictates their play while taking part in it.

The Chance system has the great advantage of not needing a field captain—the field captain and the manager are one. The McGraw system has the great advantage of putting all the responsibility in one man's hands, and getting the most uniform results from the team because the thinking is done by one head instead of nine, and not handicapping that head by compelling it to direct an individual's play as well as team play. The Mack system has the great advantage of letting heady players take instant advantage of opportunities which would be lost had the player to "take the old look around," as the players call it, for an order before going ahead.

Now all three of these men have won pennants. All three have demonstrated that their systems are good. All three have shown results in favor of their own ideas of running a ball team. It is not for you or me to decide which system is best; we can but note that there are ways and ways of doing the same thing.

But what has been demonstrated is that a manager accustomed to one system, and with a team accustomed to that system, must not make a change. All three of these managers have had this brought home to them. McGraw lost a pennant when he developed his team to the point where he thought he could let it, to some extent, run itself. Chance lost out with the Cubs when he retired from first base and had to go to the bench. It is noteworthy that he starts the year 1913 at first base again, the position from which he led successfully the four times victorious Cubs, even though he moves over to second base the finest first baseman in the game!

Connie Mack lost his great captains, Harry Davis and Murphy, the one through managerial ambition, the other through injuries—and lost a pennant because he had no experienced field captain to lead his men when they needed leading, and because they had thought for themselves so successfully, they grew careless in their third championship season. Harry Davis is back with the Athletics this season, it will be noted. McGraw gives the orders this year as he did last year—Chance again leads his men!

Planning the game beforehand is a vital part of any manager's work. He must consider who the probable opposing pitcher and catcher are to be, and take advantage of any weakness there, that he may play a running, a waiting, a bunting, or a hitting game, as conditions may indicate. He must note any substitutions on the opposing team to find a weak spot. He must be on the alert to take advantage of any sudden turn in the game. He must have certain pitchers in reserve and ready to rescue his first selection, if necessary. He must decide and instantly when to substitute a new player for one already in the game. All these things, and a hundred besides, are in the hands of any manager, whether he plays or whether he manages from the bench.

In no other department of the game does the manager, whether he plays or whether he directs from the bench, show the quality of his leadership to greater advantage or disadvantage than in his choice of pitchers. To be sure, when everything is going smoothly and all the pitchers are in form, they may take their regular turns in the box, to give each man the much-needed rest with which to build up his tired arm. But with an important, critical series to be played, rotation in the box is never considered. Picking the pitchers then is an art, a matter of strategy and long, long thought.

The history of the game fairly bristles with examples. The well-informed fan can look back to the campaign of 1908—the "whirlwind race" it is often called—and find several. But one will suffice. That was the year when the White Sox and the "Tigers" settled the pennant race with one game, with Cleveland hanging on to the end, and the St. Louis "Browns" out of the race but a week. That was the year when Pittsburgh lost the chance to win by one game, when New York lost and made the race a tie because Merkle did not touch second, and when the Chicago Cubs won the play-off game! Seldom, if ever, has there been so much excitement at a finish.

Fielder Jones was managing the White Sox. He has always been looked upon as a past-master of the art of "jockeying" pitchers. After the Sox lost the race in one game, he was criticized

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by the same fans who exalted his season's work; but time has shown that Jones made no error—simply that their "hindsight" was better than his foresight!

This is what happened. Leaving Boston for home after their last trip east, the Sox were out of the race. Other teams had proved too strong



JOHN MCGRAW, MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK "GIANTS."

for them. But in New York they won four games out of five, and broke even in St. Louis, while Detroit and Cleveland were tearing each other to pieces in another "even break." Once at home, the Sox, back in the running, played like fiends—"hitless wonders," the fans called them, for they won whether they hit or whether they struck out! Let a man get on, and he 'd score, recklessly, daringly, foolishly; but he would score!

On October 1, there were five games remaining to be played, and four must be won to beat out Detroit, unless St. Louis should beat the Tigers, which they were not likely to do. After a wonderful spurt, St. Louis had slumped, and was out of it.

Now here was Jones's first problem. Should he try for two from Cleveland and two from Detroit, or one from Cleveland and three from Detroit? He decided to try to win one game in Cleveland, and, to make sure of it, selected Walsh to pitch. But Walsh was opposed by the late Addie Joss, one of the greatest and cleanest and most-beloved of pitchers. Walsh lost his game—1 to 0. For Joss pitched a no-hit game, and thus put himself forever in the hall of fame! Then Jones started Pitcher Frank Smith against Liebhart. But Walsh had to be called in to save Smith, and the game, which he did, despite the fact that he had pitched the day before, fanning the great Lajoie with two on bases and the White Sox but one run ahead!

There remained three games to play. White, the great left-hander, won one from Detroit. Walsh won the next one. Then came Jones's greatest problem—and the answer meant either the pennant and his slice of the World's Series, or—defeat! It was all up to the manager, remember—not the team, nor the owner, nor any



FRANK L. CHANCE, FORMERLY MANAGER OF THE CHICAGO "CUBS," NOW OF THE NEW YORK "YANKEES."

one else—all up to the one man who had led the team all season—and on his decision not only the honor, but thousands and thousands of dollars, rested! Whom should he pitch? Could "Doc" White, great but erratic, stand the strain

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again, so soon? Had Walsh, "Iron Man" though he was, had enough rest? Should he try Frank



FRED CLARKE, MANAGER OF THE PITTSBURGH "PIRATES."

Smith, crafty and bold, but who had faltered and been rescued by Walsh but a day before?

Summers and Killian, of Detroit, were out of the way. Jones knew that Donovan—"Wild Bill" Donovan—a master, would pitch on the morrow. It took Jones all night to worry out the problem. Finally, he decided to start White. Walsh was to be ready at an instant's notice. This was nothing new to Walsh, for Jones had spread Walsh, like butter, thinly over his whole campaign. "Walsh now pitching for the Sox" became a newspaper byword in 1908.

But alas for judgment! The Tigers, starved of base-hits for two days, were "due," as the players say. White was batted from the box from the start. Walsh, who had pitched seven times in nine days, was called in. But Walsh could n't check the Tigers. Either too tired, or because they had started a batting rally from which nothing could stop them, they hit him. The game was lost in the first two innings. In desperation, Frank Smith was sent in. It is said that he had wept because Jones would n't start him. The Tigers could n't hit him with shovels or tennis rackets! He had them absolutely helpless. But the damage was done, for if the Tigers could n't hit Smith, neither could the Sox hit Donovan, and the runs gained at the start won the game and the pennant, and downed as clever, gritty, and knowing a general as ever stood in uniform. *If* he had *only* started Frank Smith—but there can be no "ifs" in a ball game.

The stories told of McGraw are as the sands of the sea. One of the most picturesque, successful, remarkable base-ball generals the world has ever seen, McGraw combines in a rare degree the ability to plan, to direct, to take advantage of an opportunity, to see into the future, and to plan for what may happen as well as for what is happening. McGraw is stern and harsh at times. But his players know him to be fair and just. He will condemn in no half-hearted manner a failure to obey orders, even if it brings a run across the plate. He has nothing to say in blame for the player who does as he is told, but who fails in the play.

"Obey orders. I 'll take the blame if you don't succeed!" he says, and means it. If he told a man to "wait him out," and that man knocked a



FIELDER JONES, FORMER MANAGER OF THE CHICAGO "WHITE SOX."

home run on the first ball pitched with the bases full, there would be many more comfortable places than that player's shoes! Let him tell the player to hit, with the bases full, and let the player strike out or hit into a double play—there is

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nothing said save, perhaps, "Better luck next time." The fans looked to see Merkle given his release after he failed to touch second in the historic game. Merkle was never even blamed by McGraw. "I 've not touched it myself, scores of times!" said McGraw. He did n't say anything to Snodgrass when he muffed that costly fly last October. "It could happen to any one," said McGraw. "If it had n't been for a lot that Snodgrass did, we would n't have been playing in that game at all!"

McGraw coaches when things are going well. When things go against him, he retires to the bench, not, as some ignorant fans imagine, to escape abuse from the crowd, but the better to see the whole field at once. No one knows better than McGraw that a game is often won from seeing some tiny detail overlooked by the other side.



"CONNIE" MACK, MANAGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA "ATHLETICS."

An instance is a game played between the Giants and the Pittsburgh "Pirates." It had been a great "see-saw" game, and, although Pittsburgh was ahead in the sixth inning, it was still "anybody's game." Then two Giants made hits in succession, and McGraw tightened his lips and felt hopeful. But Clarke, in left field, snatched his glasses from his face and stooped to tie his shoe, and Adams hustled out to warm up! In spite of McGraw's protests, Clarke took his time tieing his shoe, and then Wagner "stalled" a bit with *his* shoe, and finally, just as the umpire's watch came out, Clarke came *walking* in, removed Leifield from the pitcher's box, and sent in Adams to pitch. Adams struck out the next two men, and the Pirates were safe for the time being.

Twice in that game McGraw had saved it, by running out from the bench and giving orders in person. Once he drew in a fielder for a batter, seeming to sense the coming hit, and turned it into a shoe-top circus catch. Again he motioned his second baseman over where a second baseman should n't be, and turned a scorcher into a double play.

But the game was not won by *preventing* the score from increasing. McGraw wanted that



CLARKE GRIFFITH, MANAGER OF THE WASHINGTON "SENATORS."

game. He knew Adams was young and tender to Big League work. "Wait him out," said McGraw. "Take all he 'll give you." So they waited. "One ball, one strike, two balls, foul, foul, foul,



JAKE STAHL, MANAGER OF THE BOSTON "RED SOX."

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ball—" to every batter. In the ninth, two men got to first free of charge, and a hit made the game even again. McGraw untied his folded arms, and waved to silence those players who were imploring him to let them "hit it out."

"Wait," he said.

Ten innings, eleven innings, twelve innings, thirteen innings. Wiltse, for the Giants, was pitching flawlessly, Adams, for the Pirates, was an inhuman piece of mechanism.

Then came the little thing which no one but McGraw saw, and the reason for this story. McGraw was on the bench, but his mind was in the field. Player after player he thought about, analyzed, criticized, failing to find any weakness. But he kept one eye on Adams. In the thirteenth inning, he saw the lad drop his arm to his side—just a little motion. He was ready to pitch again in an instant.

"He 's tired!" said McGraw to himself, triumphantly. "He 's all in!" But to his team he said merely, "Hit it, now!"

So instead of waiting, waiting, waiting, they made the famous Giant shift. Adams, lulled into the belief that they were going to keep on waiting to tire him out, had been putting the first ball over. But now, tired, he was putting it over *fast,* not with a breaking curve. Bing, bing, bing—three hits followed in quick succession, and the game was won.

Who won it—the men who made the hits, who ran the bases and slid over the plate, or the little stocky general with folded arms and half-closed eyes, who had seen a tired boy drop his arm for half an instant?

Few managers are keener in the watch they keep upon their men and their opponents than Connie Mack, of Philadelphia. No one ever sees Mack at his ball games—a pair of field-glasses may discern the lank figure under the roof of the "dugout," but that is all. And no one ever sees him excited or nervous. But no one ever saw him asleep. Few managers rank higher than Mack in selecting his pitchers to pitch against certain clubs. It is well known that many pitchers can almost always beat certain clubs, and seldom can beat others. Connie Mack does n't guess, or try to remember. He keeps a list of games, and knows just how effective is Coombs, Plank, Bender, against each and every team.

"Let me pitch against them to-day, please do," some pitcher may ask him, hoping for a chance to show that the Tigers, or "Naps," or Highlanders have n't really "got on to his curves," after all.

"Oh, I don't believe that will be best!" Connie Mack will answer, with his slow smile. "You know, you *always* tear those Red Sox wide open. They 'll be here day after to-morrow—I think I 'll pitch you twice then, and let Coombs rest. But to-day *he 'd* better pitch!"

And to-day Coombs does pitch, probably, or Bender, or whoever it is, and, more likely than not, wins his game because Mack had consulted some cards and found out that this particular pitcher had the greatest winning percentage of all on his staff over the club then playing.

The manager must keep his scouts busy looking up new material. He must decide whether he wants Pitcher Jones or Short-stop Brown for five thousand dollars or not. He must himself be a fine judge of men, so as to know whether his money is wasted, or whether he must hold on and develop. Mack paid a fabulous price for "Lefty" Russell, and let him go shortly afterward—he was n't going to waste time with a player he found he could n't make a winner. McGraw paid $11,000 for Marquard, and spent three years teaching him to be a winner!

The manager must settle disputes among his men, keep them contented, attend to discipline, see that his players keep in condition, that they don't make mistakes in taking care of themselves, grow stale from lack of work, or get overworked, carry the whole team on his shoulders, and plan each game as he plans the whole campaign. If he wins, the team gets the credit; if he loses, the fans demand his scalp! There are, as a result, more Big League jobs than there are competent men to fill them; and the men who do fill the Big League managerial berths satisfactorily, command almost anything in the way of salary they choose to ask.

The fans marvel at the work of Mathewson, cheer Wagner, and root loyally for Johnson. They madly throw hats in the air when Ty Cobb steals home, and clap wildly when Lajoie hits a home run with the bases full, or Jackson reaches after a bad one and lifts it over the fence. But the manager gets little of all this applause. Those who play get their share, as players. The manager, as a manager, gets little credit from the fan at the game, even though it is his brains, rather than his players' brawn, which results in the satisfaction of the rooters.

Least spectacular, most productive of all players on the team, the manager carries a heavy responsibility. Let that fan who would be fair, as well as loyal, give an extra cheer for John McGraw or Frank Chance when a brilliant game is won, nor leave out Clarke Griffith or Jake Stahl when speaking of the mighty prowess of Walter Johnson or Joe Wood. It is the man behind the club, as well as the men behind the bats, who wins games—more, who makes modern base-ball, in all its keen-witted strategy and its athletic wonder, a daily possibility.

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SHOOT-'EM-ON-A-ROCK

(A true story)

BY IZOLA FORRESTER



"EVERY WEEK, SOMETIMES ON HER PONY, SHE WATCHED FOR LITTLE CLOUD."

He lived in a southwestern State, up near the corner they called the Panhandle. And that 's telling, is n't it? He was almost six years old, and his really truly name was Moving Cloud. Up at the post, they called him Little Cloud, because there were so many other clouds tagging along after his mother, when she came after supplies; but, saving the papoose on her back, he was the littlest.

Mildred had never heard him speak, and she did want to so much. Every week she watched for Little Cloud, sometimes from the Colonel's veranda, sometimes on her pony, when she rode with her mother down the long, smooth road toward the reservation.

"He 's so funny, Mama," she would say. "His hair is so thick and straight, and it 's cut like a Japanese doll's, off short just below his ears; and he never smiles a bit, but stares and stares, and he 's always got that funny, long-eared puppy under one arm."

So you can see why no one ever thought of

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blaming Little Cloud for the trouble that almost started bullets flying that early spring at the post. Mildred had lived there for two years. Sometimes she would hear some of the ladies talking with her mother of the Indians, and how well-behaved they were nowadays, and how there was no danger any more.

But one day the Colonel, who was also Mildred's father, seemed unexpectedly very busy. He was at breakfast when one of his aides came, and they talked alone in the study; Mildred noticed that her mother did not finish breakfast, but went out on the veranda, and watched preparations going on across the parade-grounds for something.

After the Colonel had hurried away, Mildred went out too, but she hunted up "Charlie Boy" Brookes, who was a well-known authority on events at the post. She found the Boy perched on a fence-post, highly interested and excited, and bubbling over with news.

"There 's a whole case of cartridges lost from the wagon," he told her. "And some of the Indians were seen around it, and now the boys think they stole it. The wagon came in last night, and it got stuck in the mud crossing a creek bed; Jimmie Bolivar says he knows sure there 's going to be war unless that box shows up."

"Maybe it 's down in the creek bed," Mildred suggested happily. "'The shadow of war has passed.'" She quoted Mrs. Captain Sewall's placid assurance confidently, but the Boy only grinned.

"Well, anyway; I know just what 's going to happen now, and don't I wish I could go along. They 're hustling out a special detachment, and my father 's going to lead them right down to the reservation, and get back that box of cartridges, or there 's going to be smoke."

Mildred saw the detachment ride down the post-road and head south in the bright, morning sunlight. It was the middle of April, and the prairies were already covered with frail flowers, pink anemones, hepaticas, and tall, swaying dandelions.

"Mil-dred!" called her mother, anxiously, from the veranda, and, reluctantly, Mildred left the Boy, and went back to headquarters for orders.

"Father thinks we had best keep in the post limits until he finds out whether there is any danger of an uprising," she said.

"Must n't we ride, even, Mother dear?" Mildred's face was very wistful. Dearly did she love her morning canter on Dandylegs, her pony, and the Boy would surely be out riding.

Just then, Mrs. Moving Cloud, and all her little Clouds, came in slow, stolid, single file along the road. They were tired after their long trip, and looked straight before them as they passed the Colonel's veranda. But Mildred suddenly noticed that Little Cloud was missing.

It was news for the Boy. They both loved to watch for the little Indian. Down the road she ran, the bow on her bobbed brown curls the most agitated part of her. The Boy had vanished from the post, and she saw two figures straying in friendly fashion away in the distance beyond the limits of the post.

"Oh, Boy! Boy Brookes!" she called eagerly, but the boy heard not. He was far too busy getting acquainted with Little Cloud and finding out why the little Indian had quietly dropped out of the family procession, and approached him.

"What is it, Cloud?" he asked over and over again. "What do you want?"

"Shoot-'em-on-a-rock," replied Little Cloud, gravely, staring before him at the gay, sunlit prairie.

"The soldiers? They won't shoot you. Anyhow, they 've gone down to the reservation. Let 's go back."

"Shoot-'em-on-a-rock," was Little Cloud's only reply, and Boy Brookes decided to plod ahead. He could not go as fast as the Indian, in his boots, so he took them off, and tucked his stockings in them neatly, and ran on. They were found just where the Boy had left them by the Colonel and his men on their return from the reservation, and Mildred told how she had seen the Boy and Little Cloud running away together. Mrs. Cloud had flatly refused to move without the runaway, and the whole family of Clouds occupied the ground in front of the Colonel's house, to Mildred's delight.

"It 's very peculiar," said the Colonel. He did not get off Rex, his big, gray horse, but handed down the shoes and stockings to the Boy's mother, and looked grave. "We searched the whole village, and there are no signs of the cartridges. Shamosa swears he knows nothing, and that all is peace. The medicine-men are quiet. There are no fires, no dancing, nothing. But the cartridges are gone."

And just here one of the little Clouds spoke. He was a boy, about a year and a half older than the real Little Cloud. He had listened to the Colonel with round, expressionless eyes, standing shyly behind his mother's blanketed shoulders; but now he said the same words as Little Cloud:

"Shoot-'em-on-a-rock."

"Do what?" asked the Colonel, catching the words. "Come here to me, boy. Do what?"

"Shoot-'em-on-a-rock," repeated the little fellow, stolidly. He squatted in the road beside

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Rex, and made believe pound something with his hand.

"Where?" asked the Colonel again, bending forward.

"By rock, by water."

"Can he ride?" The Colonel turned to the old squaw, and she nodded, her eyes watching each face in turn. And they sent for Mildred's pony, and set the little Indian on it, and rode away in a hurry, in the direction he pointed out.

So of course Mildred missed seeing the fun, as the Boy said afterward, but she heard all about it from him, and it happened this way: he followed Little Cloud clear down to the creek bed. They could still see the deep ruts where the heavy wheels of the supply wagon had stuck there the night before. The water was still low, for there had been little rain so far. Little Cloud ran down and waded over. Then he climbed like a goat up the steep bank until he came to the top. And there the Boy found, when he came up, panting a little from the climb, the lost box of ammunition.

Little Cloud pointed at it proudly.

"Shoot-'em-on-a-rock," he exclaimed. "You show how. You make big noise, big smoke, like one day."

He picked up a big rock, and proceeded to hammer vigorously at the case fastenings; but Boy Brookes stopped him.

"Here! See here! Wait a minute!" he gasped. "You don't do it that way. Why, these are cartridges. For guns, don't you know? What did you think they were?"

"Sizz—boom—c-r-r-ack!" explained Little Cloud, soberly. "You do one day. You do."

Then a light broke on the Boy, and he grinned.

"Oh, you mean fire-crackers! Jimineddy, if you are n't funny! You thought those cartridges were fire-crackers!"

"Shoot-'em-on-a-rock!" repeated Little Cloud, thoroughly satisfied at making himself understood. And Boy Brookes laughed, for now he did remember how, nearly a year before, he had been shooting off fire-crackers when Little Cloud came by, and stared at him longingly. And here he had found the box of cartridges where it had been lost off the wagon, and had lugged it into a good hiding-place until he could get the boy who knew how to "shoot-'em-on-a-rock."

So that is why they still call Little Cloud "Shoot-'em-on-a-rock," although he is nearly twelve now. The Colonel and his men met the two trudging wearily back toward the fort, that day, and they were taken up in front of two of the soldiers.

"But how did you ever keep him from really exploding the cartridges, Boy dear?" asked his mother, when she had him safe beside her, and Mrs. Cloud had started placidly back home with all her little Cloudlets tagging behind. They were on the veranda at the Colonel's house, and Mildred sat on a cushion, listening with all her ears. She felt almost as if the Boy had averted war.

"I just took him prisoner," answered the Boy, comfortably. "First he did n't want me to, but I promised him I 'd shoot off some of my real fireworks for him this Fourth, and he let me arrest him then. Was n't that right?"

"Right or not, Boy, you found the cartridges," laughed the Colonel. "And when you grow up, and go into the service, you may say your first prisoner of war was 'Shoot-'em-on-a-rock.' "



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ALFRED NOBEL.

THE NOBEL PRIZES FOR THE PROMOTION OF PEACE

BY DOROTHY DUDLEY LEAL

It seems strange that the man who invented and made it his life-work to manufacture that great instrument of destruction, dynamite, should leave his vast wealth to the cause of bringing about universal peace. Yet Alfred Nobel did just this thing.

The great problem of making war against war with a few peace prizes has been likened to fighting a city fire with a bottle of rose-water.

There are to-day sixteen million armed men in Europe, and great fleets of fighting ships upon the seas, while billions in money are spent each year to maintain them; as against all this, there are a dozen or so Swedish gentlemen, gathered together to divide annually two hundred thousand dollars among five men who have earned recognition in one of five ways. There seems to be a hopeless inequality between the two forces; but time must prove whether these efforts, instituted by Alfred Nobel, shall be successful.

Alfred Bernhard Nobel was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1833. Emmanuel Nobel, his father, was an architect, of an inventive turn of mind. While Alfred was still very young, the family removed to St. Petersburg, where his father established torpedo-works, and, in the service of the Russian Government, at the time of the Crimean War, placed submarine mines in the harbor of Kronstadt, with the assistance of one of his sons, Robert. Three years after peace was made, in 1859, Emmanuel Nobel returned to Sweden, with his family, leaving his second son, Ludwig, in charge of the St. Petersburg factory.

Several years before this, however, Alfred, leaving his family in St. Petersburg, had come to the United States, where, from 1850 to 1854, he studied mechanical engineering with his famous fellow-countryman, John Ericsson, the inventor of the *Monitor*.

For two years following the return of the family to Sweden, Alfred studied explosives with his father, and, in 1862, was the first manufacturer to produce nitroglycerin in large quantities. Two years later, his factory was destroyed by an explosion. The following year, however, he built another at Krümmel, on the Elbe, which is now the largest manufactory of explosives on the Continent.

In the factory which he built in Hamburg, he discovered, by accident, a new compound, which he called dynamite. It could not be exploded, like nitroglycerin, by shock, but only with a powerful detonator fixed in it with a fuse. This discovery revolutionized mining and engineering methods, and made possible the construction of our own Panama Canal and other important works of our time; while the manufacture of nitroglycerin in its various forms became a great industry. From this point his business prospered. In a comparatively short time, he formed one company in Sweden, two in Belgium, three in France, and three in the United States, and a factory was started in Scotland, which is now the largest of its kind in the world.

He generally chose his own countrymen for responsible positions, and among the vast army of workmen whom he employed, and with whom he was very generous, it is reported that he never had a strike. He was often spoken of as "Nobel by name; noble by nature."

To know Nobel and to talk with him was intense enjoyment, as his conversational powers were remarkable. But distrusting himself, he was bashful to the point of timidity, and held himself aloof from social life. No one ever knew what he spent on charities, since he gave in secrecy.

What excitement there must have been when Alfred Nobel's will was made public, in 1896!

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It declared that a portion of the estate, a sum about $7,500,000, should constitute a fund, the interest of which should be divided annually into five prizes of $40,000 each, to be given to those persons who, during the preceding year, had done most for humanity. These prizes should be as follows: First, to the person who made the most important discovery in the department of physics; second, to the person who made the most important discovery in chemistry; third, to the person who caused the greatest advance in medicine; fourth, to the person who produced the most excellent work of an idealistic tendency; last, to the person who had accomplished most in the abolition of armies and the promotion of peace.

Three corporations were chosen to award the Nobel prizes and appoint the Electoral Committee. The Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm should give the chemistry prize; the Swedish Academy, Stockholm, the literary reward; and the Caroline Institute of Medicine and Surgery, Stockholm, the prizes for physics and medicine. To the Norwegian Storthing, or Parliament, was given the right to appoint the Peace Committee.

For admission to the competition, the candidate must be proposed by qualified members. This right to present such persons belongs to members of the Swedish Academy, the French Academy, the Spanish Academy, to members of literary departments of other academies, to professors of literature and history in universities, and to such learned men as the committee may invite.

In place of one person, the honor may be bestowed upon a society; or it may be kept back entirely, but each prize must be given once in every five years. Besides the cash prize, each winner receives a diploma and a gold medal bearing a portrait of Alfred Nobel.

The prizes are a real factor in increasing the dignity of a scientific career, and in encouraging such work. The money value is large, but the fame attached to the honor is all but priceless.

In spite of Swedish proclivities, it seems that Nobel bestowed a special honor on the Parliament at Christiania because it was the first official body to attempt an international peace union. The peace prize has most attracted the attention of the world.

There is a Board of Administration composed of five Swedish members, the president of which is named by the king. These men are elected for the term of two years, commencing May 1. This committee manages the fund, pays the prizes and all expenses attending their distribution. The final votes for each award are taken by these men in secret.

On December 10, 1901, the fifth anniversary of the donor's death, the names of those first honored were made known. The king delivered the awards at an impressive ceremony.

Of the sixty-five prizes that have been given so far, only two have been awarded to Americans. In 1906, Theodore Roosevelt won the peace prize for his services in bringing about peace between Japan and Russia. Professor Michelson, of Chicago, received the other prize, for finding the wave-length of light. Three women have been honored by a Nobel prize, Mme. Curie, Baroness von Suttner, and Selma Lagerlof.

What Mr. Carnegie called the "two foulest blots" on our nineteenth century were slavery and war. Slavery has been abolished; war remains. It is a significant fact that the two greatest books written on these subjects were novels by two women—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and "Lay down your Arms," by Baroness Bertha von Suttner.

Only the mere outline of her life can be given here. Bertha Kinsky was born at Prague in 1843, and is a descendant of a long and distinguished Austrian military family. As a young woman, she resolved to support herself, and obtained a position as instructor to four daughters in the home of Baron von Suttner, in Vienna. She held the position of secretary to Alfred Nobel shortly after this, and helped him in his work until her marriage to Arthur von Suttner. "Lay down your Arms" had already made the baroness known throughout Europe. She organized, nearly twenty years ago, the first Austrian peace society, and she became one of the editors of the leading Austrian peace organ; this brought her into contact with the greatest writers and peace advocates of the world. During this period, she had continued her correspondence with Alfred Nobel. It was she who suggested to him the founding of the great yearly prizes which bear his name. Later she, herself, was crowned with the Nobel peace prize. As yet, she is the only woman who has received it. Since the death of her husband, she is still carrying on the great work to which they were devoted.

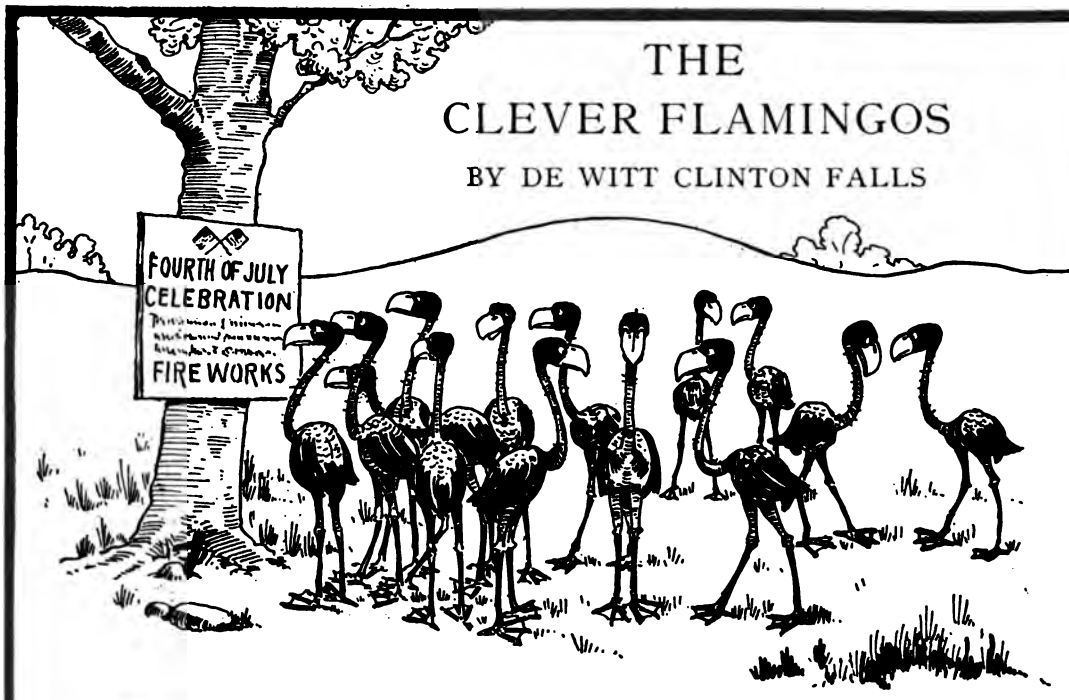
We have stated that the clauses in Alfred Nobel's will are not really opposed to the work that he carried on during his lifetime. Men were but too ready to buy his death-dealing explosives; they thought only to hold their own, thereby, against their enemies. Nations wasted millions of dollars in this way. Alfred Nobel used the money so gained as a rebuke to their distrust of each other, and to establish the truthfulness of Milton's line:

Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war.

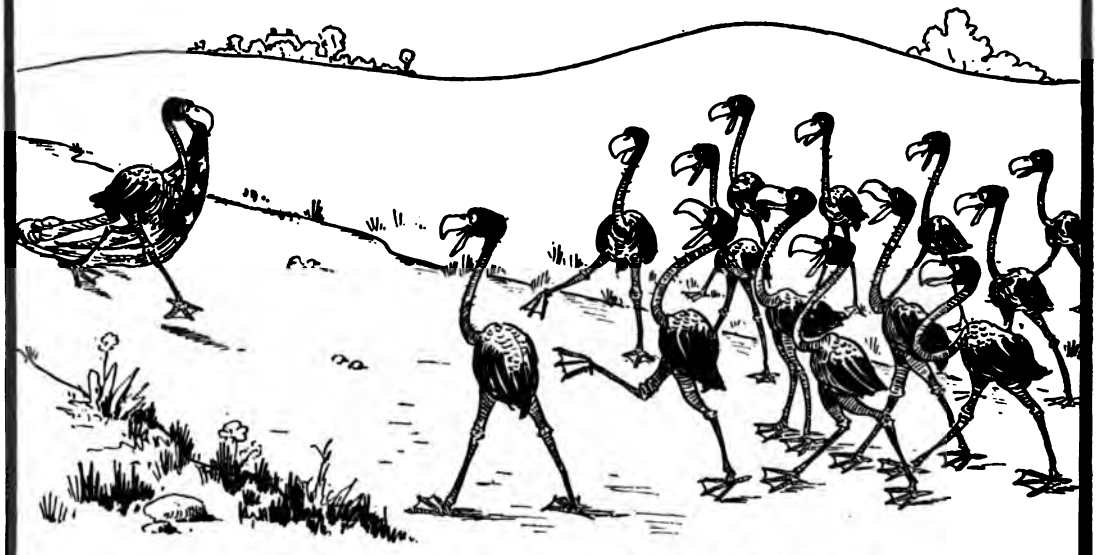
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THE CLEVER FLAMINGOS

BY DE WITT CLINTON FALLS



THE FLAMINGOS WERE VERY PATRIOTIC BIRDS, AND WISHED TO HAVE A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION OF THEIR OWN, BUT THEY DID NOT KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO DO IT



UNTIL ONE DAY FATHER FLAMINGO FOUND A FLAG THAT SOME ONE HAD DROPPED IN THE ROAD.

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SO THEY ORGANIZED A GRAND PARADE ON FOURTH OF JULY MORNING.



AND AT TWELVE O'CLOCK RAISED THE FLAG WITH APPROPRIATE CEREMONIES AND A GRAND SALUTE.

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THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER XXII

RUNAWAY KITES

THE next week saw a remarkable change in the ordinary activities of the Bedouin camp. These rough men seemed suddenly to lose all interest in their plunder and marauding; they became absolutely absorbed in the doings of two American boys who had taken to making kites. A kite, apparently, was something that had not been seen in the Jordan valley within the memory of the oldest robber.

The first kite was a failure, to Harold's deep chagrin, for he made it himself, the day after their return from Mar Saba. He wanted particularly to have it a success, so that Jack would look more favorably upon his rescue idea. But the kite behaved badly; it darted from side to side in a most discouraging way, and then, after diving madly, it smashed itself to pieces on the rocks.

Jack was coldly sympathetic. "What can you expect?" he said. "We have n't got the stuff to make kites with, we have n't got the right kind of paper, or the right kind of sticks, or—"

"We 've got bamboo. It grows all around here," interrupted Harold. "You can't beat bamboo for kite-sticks."

McGreggor shook his head. "I don't use bamboo in my kites."

"Your kites? Do you know how to make kites?"

"*Do* I?" Jack's smile was distinctly patronizing. "I not only know how to make 'em, but *after* I 've made 'em, they go up."

"Huh!" retorted Sandy. "The next one I make will go up, all right. I 'll take more pains with the measurements. Say, what kind of sticks do you use in your kites?"

"Ash or hickory, if I can get 'em. Bamboo is too bulky, and you can't bend it right for the crosspiece."

"Crosspiece? What do you want a crosspiece for?"

"What for? Why, the crosspiece is the whole thing. I 'm not talking about a box-kite." He glanced contemptuously at the wreck of Harold's effort. "I 'm talking about a scientific kite, a tailless kite. They 're the only kind, with the crosspiece bowed forward against the wind—you bend it about four per cent. of the length."

"Say, you do know a lot about kites!" admitted Harold. "Just the same, I can make a string of box-kites that will carry that rope. Tell you what, you make one your way and I 'll make one mine, and we 'll see which flies the best. Will you do it, Jack?"

McGreggor was somewhat mollified by his friend's request, but he still insisted that they lacked the proper materials.

"We can send to Jerusalem for anything we want," urged Harold; "Gabriel is here to do what we tell him, those are Basil's orders."

Finally, Jack allowed himself to be persuaded, and three days later, after Gabriel had procured what was necessary, he sent up a tailless, diamond-shaped kite that rose to the height of half a mile, and floated proudly over the mountains of Judah.

"There!" said Jack. "That 's what I call flying a kite!"

The Bedouins watched every detail of this operation with the eagerness of children, and were impressed with superstitious awe when a huge, silver-tipped eagle swooped down out of the sky and circled around and around the kite, as if challenging this strange new-comer to aërial combat.

The next day, McGreggor sent up a string of tailless kites, three of them hitched tandem to a strong, main line. This gave Harold a new idea.

"Say, Jack, what if we hitched all our kites to one line?"

"You mean box-kites and tailless kites?"

"Yes. Would the cord hold?"

McGreggor nodded. "It would hold, all right—it 's tested up to a hundred and fifty pounds—but—we 'd have to have a reel—with a leather brake. You never could hold that line with your hands. I 've got six four-footers and you 've got—how many box-kites?"

"Three, but they 're big ones."

"Nine kites on a single line. By Jove! I should say you could n't hold 'em!"

Sandy Evans sat silent for several minutes, then he came to the great question of rescuing Dr. Evans.

"Jack, that line of kites would carry up the silk rope all right, would n't it?"

"Sure. The silk rope does n't weigh over ten pounds. Those nine kites would carry a hundred and twenty—easy."

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"Jack, you did n't believe much in my idea when I first sprung it, but—you know what this means to me. Maybe you think I ought to have done what Father said, and gone right on to Damascus without fooling around with these kites, but—" Harold's voice broke here, although he tried to hide his feelings—"I could n't do it, old boy; I just could n't leave Father."

Jack was generous now in his sympathy, and, to Harold's surprise, took a new attitude in regard to the kite plan.

"I don't know whether we can get away with it, Sandy; it 's a long shot, but—I begin to feel that you 're working under—higher orders, that 's a fact, and—maybe there 's some reason why it 's better we should n't go to Damascus."

This was the second time Jack had revealed an unsuspected side to his nature, and Sandy felt drawn to his friend more strongly than ever.

"It 's wonderful, old boy, that you know so much about kites," he said simply. "I could never have done this thing alone."

McGreggor laughed. "Wait till I get that silk rope up to your father before you hand me any more bouquets."

The boys retired presently, but were awakened a few hours later by Khalil, who entered their tent with important news. One of his men, prowling about near Mar Saba, had passed a company of Turkish soldiers, and learned that they had been sent to remove an American from the convent. The American was evidently Dr. Evans.

Jack sat up in astonishment. "Turkish soldiers! Say, that shows there *is* a big man back of all this!"

"There 's only one thing to do, and we 've got to do it quick," declared Evans, with a funny, little sidewise jerk of the head. Then he took the Bedouin aside and talked to him earnestly in Arabic. And he gave him a handful of liras, whereupon Khalil saluted most respectfully, and hurried off.

"Anyhow, we 've got these Bedouins on our side," said Harold. "It 's partly the kites—they think we 're a couple of magicians—and it 's partly Basil's money, and—besides, they naturally hate Turkish soldiers."

"What are we going to do, Sandy?"

"We 're going to get that rope up to Father. We 've got two days. This is Thursday. Tomorrow is Friday and a Turkish holiday. So the soldiers won't take Father away until Saturday. Khalil is sure he can fix that—with the money I gave him."

"Two days!" reflected Jack. "Say, it 'll keep us hustling."

"We 'll hustle!" said Sandy, with grim decision, "as soon as morning comes!"

The boys were up soon after daybreak, and worked faithfully through the morning, McGreggor constructing a reel to resist the heavy pull of the kite-cord, while Harold experimented with the kites themselves.

And now there came a strange happening that nearly upset all their plans of rescue. There was a strong wind blowing from the west, and when Harold had hitched five kites to the main line, he found the pull so strong (sixty or seventy pounds, McGreggor estimated) that he felt it would not be safe to add any more kites until the reel was ready. He was just easing the strain by hitching the cord around a venerable fig-tree, when there came a cry of surprise from the group of Bedouins, and, looking up, Harold discovered that one of the kites had changed its color. It was the leader, a tailless kite covered with cherry-red paper, but now, as it swung impressively against the clear blue sky, Harold saw that its red surface was surrounded by a border of bright green.

It did not occur to him to explain this, as he might have done, by what he had learned in his text-book on physics, and he stared in astonishment. He was wearing his glasses, as usual, and, thinking they might be blurred, he tucked the kite-stick under his arm and tried to clear them, but, at this moment, there came a fierce, treacherous gust, and, before Harold realized the danger, the whole string of kites, on which everything depended, was sailing away down the valley and headed straight for the Dead Sea.

"What are you thinking of!" shouted Jack, as he rushed out of the tent and witnessed the disaster. "Have n't you got any sense? Did n't I tell you we could n't fly these kites without a reel?" Then he stopped short in his outburst at the sight of Harold's grief-stricken face.

"You 're right, Jack," said Evans, in dull despair. "I—I am a chump!"

The boys stood helpless, with eyes fixed on the runaway kites as they swept on, dropping lower and growing smaller, until finally they almost vanished in the east.

"I 'm afraid that ends our program, old boy," said McGreggor, kindly. "It 's hard luck."

"Wait!" cried Harold, who had been shading his eyes and staring toward the horizon. "I may be crazy, but—Jack! It seems to me I see those kites still. It 's true! The string has caught on something and—quick! the horses!" he called in great excitement.

"By George! I believe you 're right!" exclaimed Jack. "I see 'em, too."

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Five minutes later, in spite of the blistering heat that sizzled over the Jordan valley during these midday hours, the boys, accompanied by Deeny and Gabriel and one of the Bedouins, set out on a gallop in the direction of the Dead Sea. And half an hour later, they reached a pile of rocks, where it was found that the stick at the end of the kite-cord, as it whirled along, had managed somehow to entangle itself in a mound of black basalt boulders heaped up here ages before, for no other purpose, perhaps, than to bring to rest these five wayward kites.

It was the work of only a few moments to secure the runaways, and then the boys threw themselves on the ground and rested after their efforts and emotions.

The heat now increased until it became almost unbearable, and McGreggor pointed longingly to the line of blue water that showed across the barren plain.

"That 's the Dead Sea," said Evans.

"It may be dead, but it 's wet, and—I 'd give anything I 've got for a swim in it."

"A swim in the Dead Sea," reflected Harold. Then he spoke to the Bedouin, who said that it would take them hardly more than ten minutes to reach this strange body of water.

"Never mind," urged Jack. "We can't start back anyway until it 's cooler, and we 've earned a little sport. We 'll take the kites with us."

So, with light hearts, they turned their horses into that strange arid region that lies to the north of the Dead Sea. What fantastic shapes of the salted sand are here! Great, white fortresses, one would say, that dot the gleaming plain like chessmen on a board, weird creations of spongy white mud, and, beyond these, the sinister lake beneath whose flood the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are believed by some to rest.

For half an hour the boys swam in the Dead Sea, or, rather, lay on it and floated. Any one can float in the Dead Sea, by reason of its extraordinary buoyancy. You stretch yourself out as you please, legs up, legs down, on your back, on your side, and, whatever you do, you lie there, and float. It is impossible to sink in the Dead Sea.

This buoyancy of the water suggested to the boys a new and amusing sport with the kites. The wind was blowing straight across a rounded cove where they were bathing, and they discovered that they could lie on the water, first one at a time and then both together, and let the kites tow them across this cove. Then they would run back around the bank, leading the kite-string, and do it over again.

"Talk about your motor-boats," laughed McGreggor. "Why, these kites would tow us clear across the Dead Sea, if the wind held right."

If the wind held right! At these words the boys suddenly became serious.

"I say, Sandy," said Jack, "do you remember how that Mar Saba cave faces?"

"It faces east," answered Evans. "Don't you remember how the sun was full on it that morning?"

"That 's so. Then—if this wind keeps blowing from the west, it won't do. We 've got to have a wind from the east to get that rope up to your father."

"Yes," nodded Harold. "We 've got to have a wind from the east. We 're going to have a wind from the east."

"By to-morrow night? That 's our last chance."

"I know. The wind will change by to-morrow night."

"But—suppose it does n't change?"

"It will change," insisted Harold, and his face shone with such an inspired light that McGreggor received his words as a prophecy.

"Yes," he said simply. "I guess the wind will change."

Chapter XXIII

THE ESCAPE

The wind did change. After blowing steadily from the west for twenty-four hours, it swung around to north at about sundown of the next day, and an hour later, it veered suddenly to the east and came strongly, with a storm of rain.

"If we 'd only had paraffined paper," lamented Jack, "we could have sent these kites up in the wet! They 'll fly in anything short of a hurricane, but if we send 'em up now, the paper will soak off the sticks."

"We 've got to send 'em up," decided Harold. "It will take some time for the paper to soak off." Then he glanced at his Waterbury. "Nine o'clock. We need n't start until ten. Maybe it will stop raining."

For half an hour, they worked like beavers on the kite-cord, waxing it carefully; then they waxed the surfaces of the kites as well as they could, but they knew this precaution would not avail against a hard rain.

At a quarter to ten, the horses and men were ready, and a few minutes later, the resolute little company, with a full escort of Bedouins, set out once more for Mar Saba. When they reached the top of the mountain facing the convent, the rain had ceased and the wind was blowing a half-gale from the east.

"It beats all how things are coming our way," marveled McGreggor.

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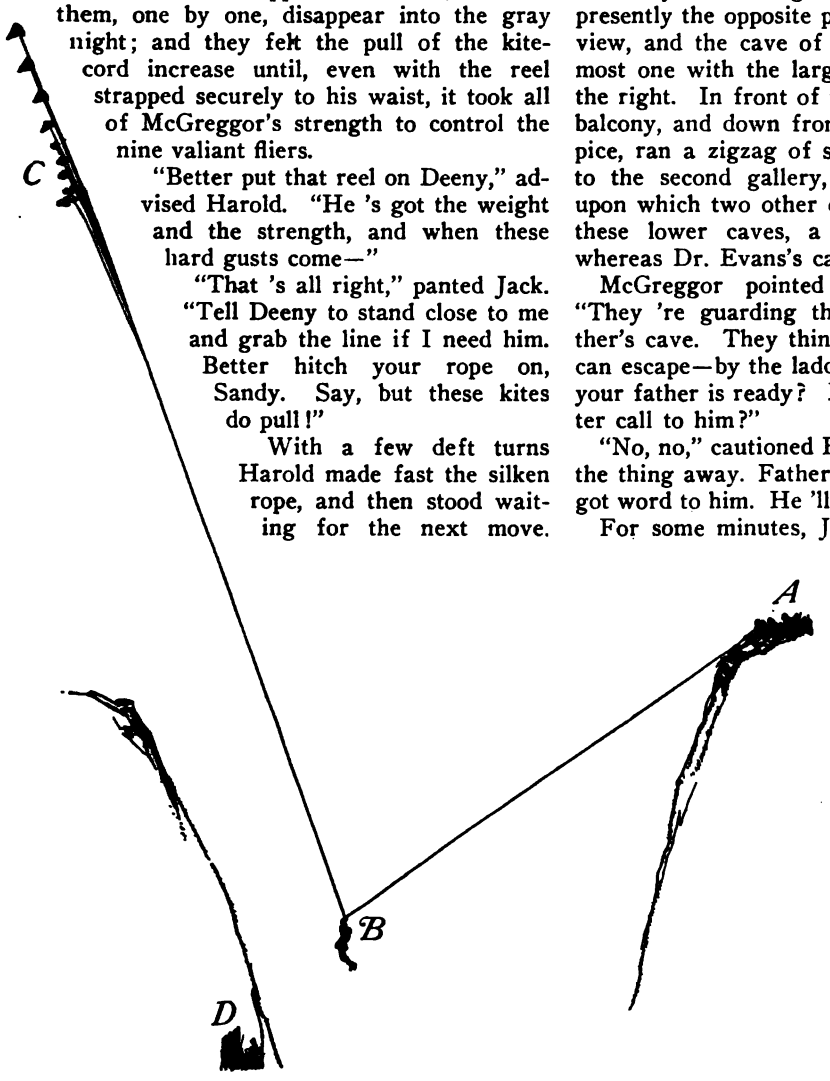
Evans looked up earnestly. "You can *make* things come your way, Jack, if you believe in 'em hard enough. Now let 's hustle!"

They sent the kites up without difficulty from the side of the cañon opposite the cave, and saw them, one by one, disappear into the gray night; and they felt the pull of the kite-cord increase until, even with the reel strapped securely to his waist, it took all of McGreggor's strength to control the nine valiant fliers.

"Better put that reel on Deeny," advised Harold. "He 's got the weight and the strength, and when these hard gusts come—"

"That 's all right," panted Jack. "Tell Deeny to stand close to me and grab the line if I need him. Better hitch your rope on, Sandy. Say, but these kites do pull!"

With a few deft turns Harold made fast the silken rope, and then stood waiting for the next move.



HOW HAROLD'S LEAP WORKED OUT. (SEE PAGE 817.)
A. The kite-fliers. *B*. Harold. *C*. Kites. *D*. Balcony.

McGreggor was the general here, and he evidently felt the weight of his responsibility.

"Now what?" asked Sandy, holding ready the coiled-up eighty yards that was to save his father. "Shall we feed her out?"

Jack shook his head and silently studied the up-slanting kite-line and the sky above it, across which were hurrying masses of thinning clouds.

"Wait! We 'll see better in a minute. It 's clearing, Sandy. There 's a moon in there somewhere behind those clouds."

Even as he spoke, a small cloud-area brightened with a diffused radiance that showed where the Lady of the Night was hiding herself. And presently the opposite precipice came into clearer view, and the cave of Wicklow Evans, the topmost one with the large opening, the second on the right. In front of this cave was the ten-foot balcony, and down from this, hugging the precipice, ran a zigzag of steep ladders that reached to the second gallery, some thirty feet below, upon which two other caves opened. In each of these lower caves, a dim light was burning, whereas Dr. Evans's cave was dark.

McGreggor pointed to these lower lights. "They 're guarding the ladders from your father's cave. They think that 's the only way he can escape—by the ladders. Sandy, are you sure your father is ready? Don't you think we 'd better call to him?"

"No, no," cautioned Harold. "That would give the thing away. Father 's ready, all right. Khalil got word to him. He 'll be watching for the rope."

For some minutes, Jack manœuvered skilfully with the kite-cord, reeling it in or out, and walking back and forth along the edge of the cañon, like a sportsman playing some huge fish.

"I want to get the kite into the best position I can," he explained. "Now then! Feed out your rope. Not too fast! That 's right! See how they lift it! Fine!"

As he spoke, Jack reeled out the kite-cord steadily. The ascending line carried the silk rope with it, and when the whole eighty yards were suspended, the boys were delighted to see that the lower end of this pendant rope hung well below Dr Evans's balcony.

"He 's only got to reach out and grab it when we steer it across to him," said Jack, and again he manœuvered with the kite-line. "There! That 's aimed about right."

Now he let the reel run out freely, and Harold thrilled as each turn of the handle swung the dangling rope nearer to the cave.

As he watched anxiously, young Evans reflected that these two grim precipices, facing

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each other across the cañon, were like two thirty-story buildings on a wide city street. He and Jack, from the roof of one building, were trying to get a rope across to a man in a window on the fifteenth story of the opposite building. Only this man, Wicklow Evans, had no fire-escapes, or marble stairs, or electric elevators to help him. He had fifteen stories of sheer rock above him, and fifteen stories of sheer rock beneath him.

Suddenly, the moon, emerging from behind her thin covering, silvered the mountains with peaceful splendor, and, at this moment, there sounded from the convent, hidden around the angle of the precipice, a muffled chanting. Harold closed his eyes in a swift, silent prayer that he and Jack and Deeny might be guided and blessed this night in the effort they were making.

Meantime, McGreggor had made out a dark figure moving along the balcony opposite, a figure that seemed to be leaning forward.

"Sandy! It 's your father!" he whispered. "Look! He 's reaching for it! He 's got it! He 's got the rope!"

Harold opened his eyes and saw that the great moment had come. The man on the fifteenth story of the sky-scraper was about to descend. There was nothing the boys could do now except to watch breathlessly.

"I don't like this moonlight," muttered Sandy. "I wish he would hurry."

"He is hurrying. See? He 's hauling down the silk rope and the kite-line with it. There! He 's got it. He 's untying it. Catch hold of the reel with me, Sandy. This kite-cord 's going to snap up like a whip when he lets it go. Ah! I told you."

As Dr. Evans loosed the rope from the straining kite-cord, the latter sprang up so suddenly and violently that it hissed through the air and dragged the boys forward, although they were braced against it.

"Whoa, there!" puffed McGreggor. "They don't pull at all, do they, our little hustlers! I 've got a blister on my thumb from this reel. Whoa, there! Say, it 's lucky I fixed this leather brake."

"Jack! Look!" Harold touched his friend's arm and pointed across the gulf.

"Oh!" murmured Jack, and straightway forgot his kites.

Dr. Evans's descent had begun, and, in the clear moonlight, the boys could follow every detail of it as distinctly as if they were seated in a theater following some sensational act of a melodrama. There was the silken rope hanging down from the little balcony where the escaping prisoner had lashed it, straight down into the void, and swaying gently as the night wind caught it.

"He 's swinging off," whispered McGreggor. "He 's got something white in each hand, a handkerchief probably, so the rope won't burn him. Hello! What 's that?"

Just as Dr. Evans began to slide down the rope, there came a sound of excited voices, and two Turkish soldiers rushed out upon the lower balcony and pointed, with shouts and gesticulations, to the descending missionary, hanging on the rope not twenty feet away from them. It was too late for Dr. Evans to draw back.

"Oh, save my father!" prayed Harold. Then he turned away in sickening suspense, as one of the Turks leveled his weapon at the descending figure.

"Vurma!" ("Don't shoot!") said the other soldier, sharply.

Sandy faced about with a gasp of joy. Dr. Evans was swinging well below his enemies, and descending rapidly. It seemed as if the soldiers would let him escape without interference, but now one of them darted into the cave and appeared again with something that flashed in the moonlight.

"A hatchet," frowned Jack. "What does he want with a hatchet?"

Now the two soldiers sprang up the zigzag ladders that led to the upper balcony where the fugitive's rope was attached. They paused long enough to stand their guns against the rock, then the hatchet man bent eagerly over the knotted line, while his companion peered down into the depths where Wicklow Evans was hanging a hundred feet above-ground, with one leg braced against the precipice. He seemed to be resting.

"Hazir ol!" ("Ready!") called the soldier in authority. *"Kesmeh, emri vereneh kadar bekleh!"* ("Don't cut until I give the word!")

The hatchet man lifted his weapon and stood waiting. Then Sandy Evans had his great inspiration.

"I 've got to get over there, Jack," he said quickly. "It 's our only chance. I 'm going to swing across on this kite-line. It will hold me all right. It 's *got* to hold me."

"But you can't—"

"Yes I can. I can hold on by my hands. I 've *got* to. It is n't over a hundred and fifty feet across. Steer me for those soldiers. They won't know I 'm coming. Now then!"

Before McGreggor could make further protest, Harold, with a smothered, "Good-by, old boy! Good-by, Deeny!" had seized the kite-cord, and, with a splendid spring, had hurled himself forward into the gulf!

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Chapter XXIV

OVER THE GULF

So startled was John McGreggor by this sudden happening that he quite forgot all management of the kites, and let the cord spin out furiously from the reel, a hundred feet or so, before he recovered his self-possession sufficiently to press down the leather brake. It was perhaps as well that he did this, for the impact of Harold's weight in that reckless leap might have snapped the kite-cord if the strain had not been eased. As it was, it held firm, and Jack found himself braced against the pull by the clasp of Deeny's mighty arms.



"A HUGE, SILVER-TIPPED EAGLE CIRCLED AROUND THE KITE."

Sandy Evans, meantime, was clinging for his life to the descending line. At first, he dropped so rapidly that he thought the cord must have broken or the kites collapsed—it was worse than the fastest elevator he had ever ridden in, and—that was funny—even now, as he fell, he could hear an elevator man he had known in America, a colored man, saying very distinctly: "*Going* down. Call your floors, please."

Presently, Harold's speed diminished, as the kites took up the slackened cord, and he felt himself borne along gently, as if on a wonderful springy cushion. He decided not to look down—yet. There was no use getting dizzy. He would keep his eyes level, fixed on the precipice ahead where the cave was. Hello! Where *was* the precipice? Why could n't his brain stop spinning around like a top? And—oh, dear! if he only had something to keep this kite-cord from cutting into his hands!

Such were Sandy's thoughts during the space of half a minute or less (it seemed an hour to him) while he swung across the cañon in a swift downward-slanting line; a moment more, and he bumped against the rocky wall. One glance downward showed him how very brief had been the period of his aërial flight, for, as he looked, there on the balcony about fifteen feet beneath him, were the two Turkish soldiers, still watching the descending figure of Wicklow Evans, far below. And the hatchet man was still waiting the word to cut.

Harold suddenly realized that he was getting very tired. He had been hanging by his hands for a long time—thirty seconds—and his arms ached abominably. Why did n't Jack let out more kite-cord and lower him down? What was the matter with Jack, anyway? How long did he think a fellow could hang by his hands from a cord that cut like a knife?

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Suddenly, the soldier who was watching called out: *"Hazir ol!"* ("Ready!")

The hatchet bearer lifted his blade and, at that instant, Harold, with his last flicker of strength, leaped full at the man, striking him a terrific blow with his feet, and hurling him back, completely stunned, upon the balcony. At the same time, the boy caught up the hatchet dropped by the soldier, and turned to face his other adversary. This man, however, overcome by terror, fell on his knees and begged for mercy. For he could not undertake to fight fierce spirits of the air that descended upon people out of the night.



"HAROLD, WITH HIS LAST FLICKER OF STRENGTH, LEAPED FULL AT THE MAN."

With this great advantage, it was easy enough for Evans to tie securely the hands of the two Turks, using for this a length of kite-cord that he had in his pocket. Then, turning quickly to the edge of the balcony, he discovered, to his relief, that the silk rope still offered its shining way of escape. His father had evidently reached the ground.

Pausing only long enough to bind up his chafed hands with strips of linen torn from his handkerchief, Harold grasped the rope, and came down its eighty yards without any mishap except a tear in his trousers and a bruise on his leg from bumping into a projection of the precipice.

As the young climber approached the depths of the cañon, he found himself greeted by a murmur of astonished voices, and, glancing down, he met the upturned faces of a group of Bedouins, among whom he saw the stately figure of Khalil.

"Where is my father?" was Harold's first question, as he sprang to the ground.

The Arab explained that Dr. Evans was safe, but he had suffered an injury to his leg, and two of his men had carried him to a point a little farther down, where, by an easy ascent, he could reach the horses that were waiting.

Without losing an instant, Harold hastened to follow him, under the guidance of Khalil, and on the way explained briefly to the Bedouin the miracle of his own crossing over the chasm on the kite-cord.

A little later, Harold entered a miserable, mud-walled stable, where he found his father seated on a wooden bench with his right leg bared to the knee, and Gabriel rubbing it by the light of a smoky lantern.

"Father!" cried the boy as he pushed forward eagerly.

The doctor started to his feet in joyful surprise.

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"Harold! My son! My boy!"

For some moments, they stood clasped in each other's arms, their hearts full of silent happiness. Then, at the doctor's insistence, the lad related, as simply as he could, what had happened, and how he had got there. And the father's eyes, as he listened, shone with gratitude and love, while he murmured again and again, proudly and thankfully, "My boy! My boy!"

After this, it was Harold's turn, and he asked with concern about his father's injury. The doctor said he had given one of his knee-tendons a bad wrench, and it was paining him. No, this had not happened in sliding down the rope, although the spinning around had made things worse by striking his knee against a rock—that was why he had descended slowly.

"And now about your mother?" exclaimed Wicklow Evans, suddenly. "You have n't said a word about your mother. Is she with you? Is she well?" he asked eagerly.

Harold hesitated. He did not know how to break the bad news. "I—I think Mother is well, but—no, she is n't with me."

"I suppose you left her in Jerusalem?"

"No," said Harold, "I—I left her in Egypt."

"Egypt?" repeated the doctor in astonishment, and he was about to seek further enlightenment when a rider was heard approaching at a furious pace, and a few moments later, Khalil burst in to say that they must get into their saddles instantly. The alarm had been given in the convent, and a company of Turkish soldiers were galloping toward them in hot pursuit. There was not a second to lose. The party hastily mounted and a minute later were gone into the night.

(To be continued.)



"WHY DOES MARY, THE COOK, ALWAYS GET INTO DIFFICULTIES AS SOON AS MOTHER GOES OUT?"

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THE OTHER CHERRY-PIE

BY ANNA MAY COOPER



THIS morning Grandma scolded me
For a thing she thought I 'd done.
She says she baked two cherry-pies,
And only could find one.
So she said of course I took it;
I must say I don't see
Why, when anything is missing,
They should *always* pick on me!

It 's: "Tommy, where 's my razor?"
"Tom, you naughty child,
Where *did* you put my scissors?
You 're enough to drive one wild!"
It 's only me that tracks in mud,
And scatters things about;
If I speak above a whisper,
They all say, "Tom, don't shout!"

Well, I 've run away and left them—
And I won't go back no more;
And then they 'll find that things get lost
Just as they did before.
And I guess that they 'll feel pretty mean,
And maybe Mother 'll cry;
And I think—perhaps—if I went home—
I 'd get that other pie!

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"SEEING THE WORLD."—DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY.

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WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER VIII

CARS THAT TRAVEL SKYWARD

WILL and I were sauntering down Broadway one day, when a man suddenly grabbed me by the arm. "Hello!" he cried, "are n't you the boys that blew in from the clouds up at the top of the Manhattan Syndicate Building?"

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Hotchkiss," we both exclaimed.

"I 'm well, thanks. But where have you been all this time? Why have n't you been around to see me?"

"We have really intended to," apologized Will, "but you know there is such a lot of interesting work going on in New York, and we have had so much to see—"

"So much to see? So you are still at it, are you? Mr. Squires told me about the narrow escape in the caisson, and I had about concluded that your experience there had cured you of some of your inquisitiveness."

"We have had a worse experience than that. We were in a pretty bad blow-out in one of the tunnels under the river."

"You don't mean the time the fellow was blown through the river-bed?"

"Yes, we were right alongside of him when it happened; and then we were on the new bridge when it took fire."

"What!"

"Yes, we had quite a time of it, dodging embers and red-hot bolts all the way down the tower."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Hotchkiss, "if I had known what 'hoodoos' you were, I would have 'shoo-ed' you right out of my building! Why, you are positively dangerous to have around! Come in here quick, before a cyclone strikes us, or a safe falls on our heads!" Mr. Hotchkiss hustled us into a restaurant. "I want you to lunch with me, and tell me the whole story of your experiences. Three narrow escapes in succession! and here I was just going to send you over to another job. Now, I don't believe I dare assume the responsibility."

"We have had some rather exciting times," I admitted, "but I thought that they were very common in big engineering jobs."

"There is real danger in all big work, but such a run of accidents as you have had is decidedly out of the ordinary; and if you keep on, you will get so bad a reputation that no one will want you around."

"But how can we help it?"

"I don't suppose you can. It is about time your luck turned, though. I 'll try you on this next thing, anyway, and see whether you can't come off without an accident. As a matter of fact, I can't imagine what *could* happen this time."

"What is the job?" asked Will, eagerly.

"There are all sorts of transportation systems in this town," began Mr. Hotchkiss, "to bring New York's teeming population to and from work every day. The trolleys, or surface lines, carry something like two million passengers per day, and the elevated railways nearly a million and a half, while the subways take in just about a million fares. But there is a transportation system here in this city that carries more than all the rest put together—eight million passengers per day."

"Eight millions! What, here in New York?"

"Yes, in Manhattan alone."

"Why, I thought there were only five million people all told in Greater New York."

"People, yes, but I said passengers. One man could be a dozen passengers if he took a dozen trips in a day. Yes, sir, it is the greatest and busiest transportation system in the world, yet it does n't take in a single fare. What 's more, it is one of the safest forms of transportation. Have you guessed what I am talking about?"

"It 's too much for me," I confessed.

"You don't mean the elevators, do you?" queried Will. "They are not any too safe, from what I hear."

"That is exactly what I do mean, and I will prove to you that you are safer riding on an elevator than walking the street. On the average, there are no less than three hundred killed and many thousands injured on the streets of New York every year. In ten years, there have been only thirty-eight killed and two hundred and seventy injured in elevators in Manhattan, and when you consider that there are nine thousand passenger-elevators and sixteen thousand freight-elevators in the borough, running up and down all day, the wonder is that the accidents are so few. Why, if you put all those elevator-shafts together, one on top of the other, they would reach five hundred miles in the air. That would give you a pretty good start toward the moon. And eight

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million passengers! That is more than all the railroads of the country carry in a week; and railroad injuries run up into the thousands every year. In the Manhattan Syndicate Building, we are going to have the finest system of elevators in the world, all driven by electricity, a regular railroad system, with "locals" and "expresses"—some of them running up to the twenty-eighth floor without a stop."

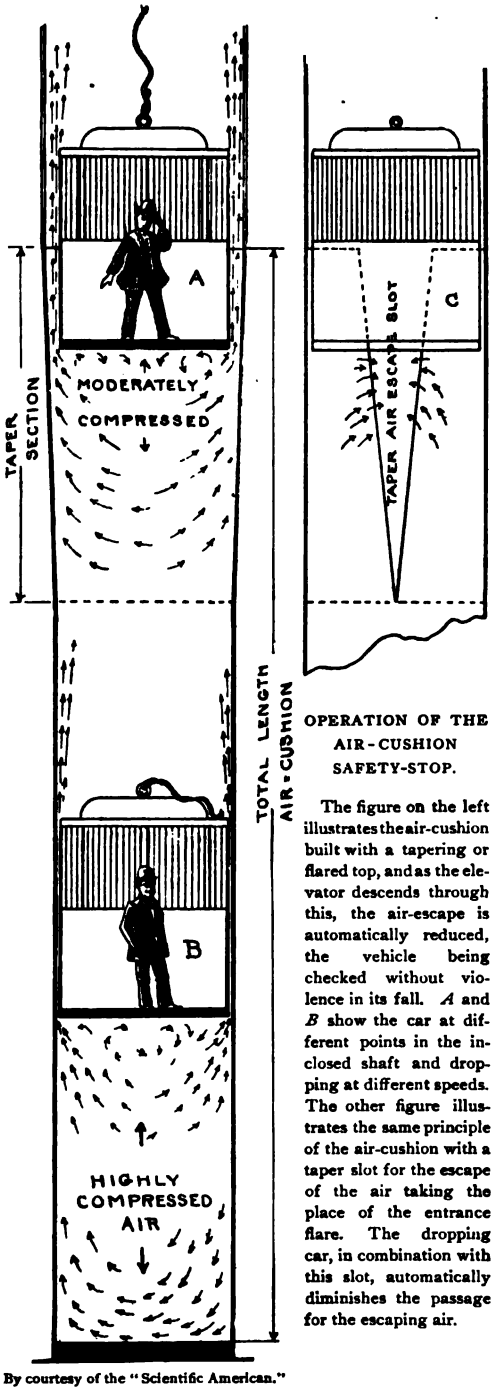
"It must take an awful lot of power to lift an elevator," I remarked.

"Not as much as you think. In fact, it often takes more power to run an empty car down than a partly loaded one up."

"Why, how can that be!" we both exclaimed in astonishment.

"It is like this. A car is always balanced with a counterweight. The cables that run up from the top of the car pass over a set of sheaves or pulleys at the top of the shaft, and at their other ends they are attached to the counterweight. Usually the counterweight is made heavy enough to balance the weight of the car with half a load of passengers. Now, if the brakes should give way on the winding-drum at the top of the shaft while a car is standing empty half-way up the shaft, it would actually fall *up* instead of down, because it would be so greatly overweighted by the counterbalance. You see, all the motor has to do is to move the difference in weight between the car with its passengers and the counterweight; and this can never equal more than half the weight of the passengers. But I don't suppose you would find our elevator system half so interesting as the one I am going to send you to. The only uncommon thing we have is an 'air-cushion,' but that is not very unusual any more.

"By an air-cushion, I mean," he continued in answer to our question, "a scheme for retarding the car in case it should fall by any mischance. The bottom of each shaft is sealed in with air-tight steel doors, so as to make a rectangular pocket in which the car fits like a plunger in a cylinder. Now, if the car should drop into that pocket at high speed, it would compress the air under it to such an extent as to form a pneumatic cushion that would check its fall. Our highest elevator-shaft will be six hundred and eighty feet high, the highest continuous elevator-shaft in the world, and, as you can imagine, a car would be traveling if it fell that far! We don't dare to make the stop too abrupt, for it would hurt the passengers, and then, too, it would be liable to burst out the doors, so we don't make too close a fit of the car floor in the shaft. But that means that we have to extend the air pocket to a considerable height. On those high shafts, the air pocket extends up one hundred and thirty-seven feet, or ten stories. You could cut the cables with the car at the top of the shaft and let it fall. It would be making something like one hundred and thirty-two miles per hour when it



By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

OPERATION OF THE AIR-CUSHION SAFETY-STOP.

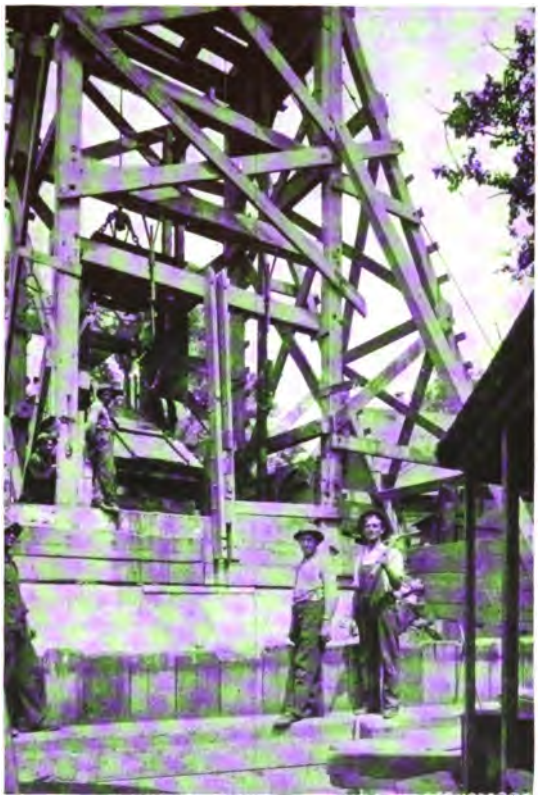
The figure on the left illustrates the air-cushion built with a tapering or flared top, and as the elevator descends through this, the air-escape is automatically reduced, the vehicle being checked without violence in its fall. *A* and *B* show the car at different points in the inclosed shaft and dropping at different speeds. The other figure illustrates the same principle of the air-cushion with a taper slot for the escape of the air taking the place of the entrance flare. The dropping car, in combination with this slot, automatically diminishes the passage for the escaping air.

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splashed into the air pocket, but when the air was compressed under it, and squeezed up between the car floor and the walls of the pocket, it would retard the car to such an extent that it would settle down to the ground floor without a serious jar."

"Has any one ever tried it?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, it has been tried often enough. The



THE HEAD-FRAME OF AN AQUEDUCT SHAFT IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

designer of our elevators is going to make the trip himself to prove that everything is all right."

"Oh, say! could we go with him?" put in Will, excitedly.

"What! with your reputation! Well I should say not!"

"But there is n't any danger, is there?"

"No, no danger whatever," said Mr. Hotchkiss. "Yet you never can tell. A man was fatally injured in a test like that once, and you could n't guess why."

We shook our heads.

"Because, instead of standing, he sat in a chair! You think I am joking, don't you? but I am perfectly serious, I assure you. I 'll tell you how it was. If you should drop freely for a hundred feet, and then take twenty-five feet in which to come to a stop, you would have to lose speed four times as fast as you gained it; and so, while you were losing speed, you would be adding four pounds to every pound you weigh. If you weighed one hundred and fifty pounds normally, you would suddenly find yourself weighing six hundred pounds more, or seven hundred and fifty pounds altogether. The weight would be so well distributed that you could stand it if you kept your legs firmly braced, but it would be more than a frail chair could endure. That is how it was in the case I spoke of. The chair was smashed by the suddenly increased load, and the man was fatally injured by one of the splinters."

"But if that is the only danger," persisted Will, "I don't see why we could n't take the trip. We would n't think of sitting down. I 'd like to see how it feels to fall five hundred feet in an elevator."

"You would n't enjoy it. I dropped twenty feet once in an ordinary elevator before the safety-catches stopped the car, and I don't care to do it again. Why, do you know, that car fell so fast I could n't catch up to it! I must have given a sort of involuntary spring when the car first started, because my feet were a foot off the floor all the way down. Of course I was falling all the time, but the car kept ahead of me until it stopped. Then down I went in a heap on the floor. It was all over in an instant, but I lived a lifetime in that instant, wondering whether the safety-catches were going to save me. The elevator man, who was the only other one in the car, had evidently jumped too, because his head was up against the roof all the way down. No, I don't believe you would enjoy the experience, and I assure you that I won't let such unlucky scamps as you two try it. Something would surely happen!"

"What is that other elevator you were going to tell us about?"

"I am not going to tell you about it. I am going to let you see it for yourselves."

He took out his card, wrote an address on the back of it, and a word of introduction to a "Mr. Williams." "Now show that to Mr. Williams, and he will let you see something that will interest you, I think. Don't forget to come back and report any adventures you may experience."

When we reached the address to which Mr. Hotchkiss sent us, we were surprised to find, instead of a finished building, a fenced-in lot in which they were still at work upon the foundations.

"This can't be the place," said Will. "They

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would hardly be putting in the elevators before the building was started."

"Maybe he meant next door, in that sky-scraper," I suggested.

Fortunately, the elevator starter of the next building happened to know the Mr. Williams for whom we were looking, and sent us back to the adjacent lot. "You will find Williams on the job over there. He is superintending the driving of the deepest bore on record."

That puzzled us all the more, as we could n't see, for the life of us, what that had to do with the construction of an elevator. Sure enough, when we got there inside the fence and were directed to Mr. Williams, we found that he was overseeing the sinking of some sort of a shaft. A jolly individual he was, exceedingly fat, and well bespattered with mud. He waddled over to us, looked at our card of introduction, then shook us heartily by the hand.

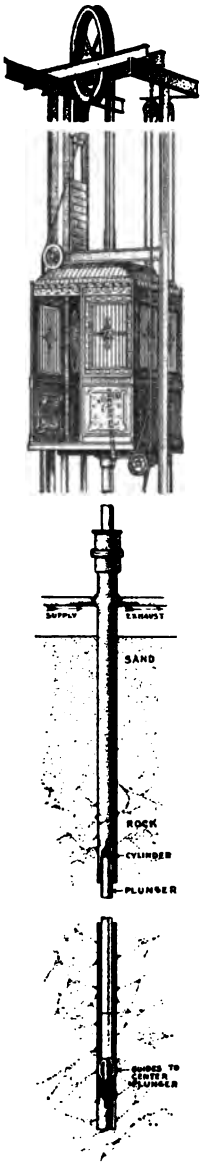
"So you 've come over to see how we dig a hole, have you? We are down two hundred and sixty feet in one shaft, and we still have to go one hundred and five feet more; three hundred and sixty-five feet, think of it! How is that for a hole, and only twelve inches in diameter, too?"

"But what has that to do with elevators?" we asked.

"Why, this is to be a plunger-elevator. Did n't Mr. Hotchkiss tell you?" Then Mr. Williams explained to us how the thing worked.

Probably most of the boys who read this story know what a plunger-elevator is, but we were rather green, and had to be told. "In each of these deep holes," explained Mr. Williams, "we are going to fit a steel cylinder, nine inches in diameter inside, and closed at the bottom. Within the cylinder there is to be a plunger six and one half inches in diameter. The plunger is going to pass through the stuffing-box at the top of the cylinder, just like the stuffing-box of a steam-cylinder where the piston comes out. The plunger is fully as long as the cylinder, and upon it the elevator car is mounted. Now, when water is let into the cylinder under pressure, it forces out the plunger, raising the car. What surprises most people is that the plunger does not have a piston-head on its lower end, but is merely a straight piece of steel tubing down to the very bottom, where it is closed with a cap, and has two or three guides on it to keep it centered in the cylinder. When the water is forced in, it exerts a pressure in all directions on the cylinder as well as on the plunger, but nothing can yield to that pressure except the bottom of the plunger, which is raised, and so pushes the elevator car up. I will take you over to the next building and show you the whole thing in a minute, as soon as you have seen how we sink the shafts."

They were hauling up one of the boring tools just then. It was on the end of a cable attached to a "jumping" machine. Slowly the cable was wound up, and the length of time it took to raise the tool gave us some idea of the enormous depth to which the shaft had already been sunk. When the tool finally came up, we found that it was flat, with a cutting edge something like a chisel. It was pretty badly worn, and a newly sharpened one was put in its place; then down went the tool into the long, deep bore. When it reached the bottom, the line was pulled up until the tool scarcely touched, after which the machine was started, and drilling was resumed. Mr. Williams told us that the tool would not be allowed to hit the rock with hammer-blows like a pile-driver, for it would be sure to turn off sidewise and follow a seam or a fault, making a crooked hole. Instead, the tool was dangled so that it just barely touched, then, as it was jumped by the machine, the stretch of the cable at each yank would let it strike the rock with a light, springy blow that could not turn out of line; at each blow of the tool it was turned around slowly, so that it would pound out a circular hole. The rock dust was carried to the surface by forcing water into the bore, so that it was a rather mussy job.



HOW A PLUNGER-ELEVATOR IS BUILT.

"Before we came to solid rock," explained Mr. Williams, "we had to go through about eighty feet of sand, and the boring was then done with a water jet. This steel tubing," he said, pointing to the lining of the hole, "was sunk into the sand by forcing water at high pressure against the sand through a jet placed in the

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bottom of the tubing. The water loosened the sand, and it was carried up and out of the hole with the overflow."

After we had seen our fill of the shaft-sinking, Mr. Williams took us over to the next building, and showed us how plunger-elevators are operated.

"These elevator-shafts are not nearly as long as the ones we are building next door. They are only two hundred feet high."

We watched one of the elevators go up, pushed by the light plunger of hollow steel only six inches in diameter. Beads of water trickled down the black, oily surface. As the car went up higher and higher, the slender plunger began to sway as if it were a flexible rope. The car was carrying a heavy load of passengers, and I supposed that that was the reason for the unsteadiness of the plunger.

"It does not seem to be standing the weight very well," I said. "It looks almost as though it would buckle."

"'Weight!'" he quoted. "Why, that plunger is not doing much more than to carry the passengers. The counterweight balances about eighty per cent. of the weight of the car and the plunger. I don't know exactly what these plungers weigh, but in our elevators next door they will weigh close to five and one half tons. If you loaded one of them on a truck, it would take four horses to draw it. But if the cables to the counterweight should break, the car would buckle and crumple up that tube as if it were made of rubber."

"That would break the force of the fall, at any rate," remarked Will.

"Yes, if the tube did n't snap in two, and a jagged piece of it pierce the floor of the car, and injure one or two of the passengers."

"But suppose the plunger broke off and the counterweight cables did n't?" I suggested.

"Why, the car would be relieved of the weight of the plunger, and it would shoot up to the top of the shaft like a rocket. But an accident like that is next to impossible. Yet I did once hear of a case when a car was undergoing repairs. In overhauling the car, the plunger connection had been carelessly loosened without fastening the car down, when suddenly, without any warning, the strain of the counterweight wrenched the car free from the plunger, and up it shot, smashing itself free at the top of the shaft, and then falling down to the bottom again. But such a combination of carelessness would probably never happen again, and the plunger-elevator can be regarded as a pretty safe kind."

Mr. Williams then showed us through the power plant, and explained how the pumps kept the pressure tank up to the proper pressure, and that each tank had some air trapped in it which acted as a sort of spring, so that, when the elevator man turned the valve lever and the water rushed into the plunger cylinder, it was forced out at a constant pressure by the air; and when he turned the valve the other way, the water poured out of the cylinder into a reservoir, being squeezed out by the weight of the car and the unbalanced weight of the plunger. When the pressure in the tank fell too low, a pump would start up automatically and pump water out of the reservoir into the pressure tank until the desired pressure was restored.

Fortunately no accident befell us on this occasion, and we had a very tame story to report to Mr. Hotchkiss. But although there was nothing very thrilling and deliciously exciting about elevators and "jump" drilling, we felt that we had learned something worth while; also it made an interesting page in the diary that Uncle Edward had asked us to keep. I had taken over the task of writing the diary, because it seemed to me that, in this way, I might repay in a small measure my obligations for the fine vacation I was having at Uncle Edward's expense.

CHAPTER IX

QUENCHING A CITY'S THIRST

WHEN a country boy visits New York, about the last place he wants to see is the park, and then all he cares about in the park is the "Zoo." Thus, Will and I took in nearly all the other sights before we went up to see the little patch of make-believe country in the center of the big city. What struck us as of particular interest was, not the rolling lawns, nor the lake, nor the winding paths through the woods, but something that had no business in the park at all. It was right alongside one of the sunken "transverse" streets that run across the park. There was a high, board fence inclosing a yard with several sheds, and a wooden tower that was very evidently the head-frame of a shaft.

We ran to the bridge across the "transverse" to see what was going on. As we watched, a cage rose quickly to the top of the head-frame, a car tilted forward, its end gate swung open, and out poured a load of broken rock into a large hopper beneath. Then the cage started down again, dragging the car back with it into the shaft. It was a rather deep shaft, too, judging by the length of time that the cable was unreeling. Down in the "transverse" below the hopper was a cart taking on a load of rock.

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"I wonder what it can be?" queried Will, excitedly.

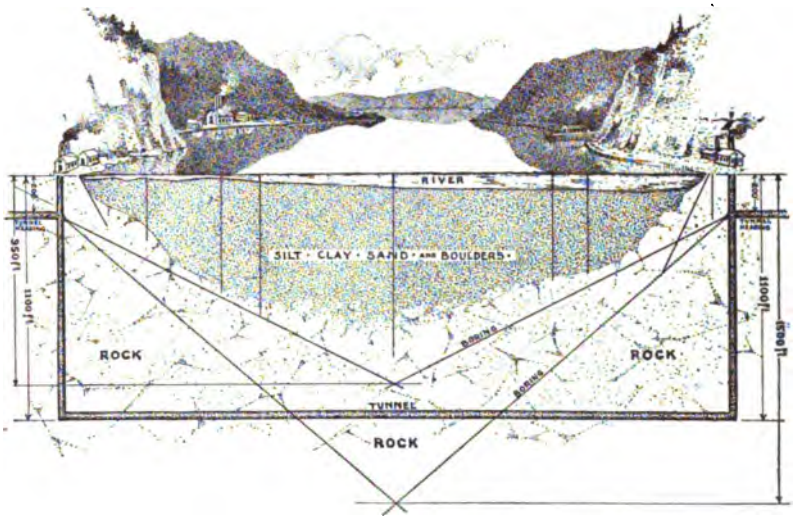
"A new subway, maybe," I responded. "They have been talking about one lately." But a man who was leaning over the rail beside us broke in with the information that it was the new aqueduct.

"Oh, yes," I chimed in, "Mr. Price told us we must surely see it. Don't you remember, Will?"

"It 's a whale of a job, too," said the stranger. "The biggest thing of the kind ever undertaken. There never was anything to compare with it."

"How about the Roman aqueducts?" I put in.

"A mere trickle of water," he said contemptuously. "Why, this aqueduct is going to be fourteen feet in diameter. Yes, seventeen feet in some places; and when it is entirely completed and worked to its fullest capacity, it can furnish us every day with five hundred million gallons of water, brought here all the way from the Catskill Mountains. It is one hundred and twenty-seven miles from the proposed upper lake down to the reservoir in Staten Island. That 's quite a river, now, is n't it? While with the five hundred million gallons that we get now from the present systems, there will be enough to supply every man, woman, and child in Greater New York with two hundred gallons per day."



THE AQUEDUCT TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON 1100 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE. IN SEARCH FOR GOOD ROCK, INCLINED TEST-BORINGS WERE MADE FROM EACH SIDE OF THE RIVER, MEETING AT A DEPTH OF 950 AND 1500 FEET.

"How much is two hundred gallons?" I inquired.

"About three bath-tubfuls, all good, clear, clean water."

"But what in the world do they expect to do with all that water?"

"At present, they are not going to complete much more than half the work in the mountains. They are merely making provision for the future. I suppose, in fifty years' time, New York will be so large that even this supply of water will not be enough, and then people will have to tap Lake Champlain, or Niagara, or something. You young fellows ought to go up to Ashokan, and see the work they are doing there. They are building a dam a mile long and two hundred and twenty feet high, and then there will be dikes, and embankments, and weirs, making, altogether, about five and one half miles of masonry and earthworks that will turn a whole valley into a lake. Why, they have had to move seven villages and thirty-five cemeteries to make room for that lake. On the other side of the mountain, they have planned for another large lake, and the two lakes are to be connected by a tunnel. From the Ashokan reservoir, they are going to convey the water by means of pipe-lines and tunnels down to the Hudson River at Breakneck Mountain, and there, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of the whole system. They are going to dip under the Hudson River with a tunnel eleven hundred feet below the surface."

I had been suspecting that the man was exaggerating a good deal, and now I was sure of it. "Come off," I interrupted, rather impertinently. "You can't 'put that over' on us. We know something about tunneling and excavating in this neighborhood, and we know that the deepest hole ever dug in New York did n't go one hundred and ten feet below water-level; and then the air-pressure in the caisson was so heavy that the men could only put in two hours of work a day."

"But," explained the man, "this is not caisson work. The 'siphon' under the river is being put through solid rock, where they do not have to bother with pneumatic pressure. Why, it is just because they wanted solid rock that they had to go so deep. This tunnel is being built to last forever. Nothing short of an earthquake can hurt it, and the chances of an earthquake in New York are pretty slim, according to what geologists tell us."

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"It seems to me it is pretty dangerous work," put in Will. "Suppose they should strike a break in the rock. Just think with what pressure the water would pour in, and drown them!"

"You may be sure they thought of that before they started excavating. Borings were made to find out what sort of rock they had to go through. First they started boring from a scow anchored in the middle of the river. They had all sorts of trouble, too. Once a string of canal-boats banged up against the scow and broke it from its moorings, smashing the drill. Then, another time, the ice carried the scow off. Finally, they gave it up after drilling down seven or eight hundred feet without coming across anything but an occasional boulder. It seemed as if that river had no bottom at all. At any rate, it was not worth while trying to reach it from so unsteady a base as a scow; so, instead, they began drilling on a slant from each side of the river, at such an angle that the drill holes would meet at a depth of about fifteen hundred feet below the middle of the river. The drills went through rock all the way, and no water was struck. So then they bored another pair of test holes that met at a depth of nine hundred and fifty feet, going through solid rock all the way. That decided them that it would be perfectly safe to run the siphon through at the eleven-hundred-foot level."

"How do you happen to know so much about the matter?" we inquired.

"Oh, I am just a taxpayer, but I like to know what I am paying for with my taxes; besides, I 'm proud of New York's big undertakings."

"Jim, we 've got to go up and see that work," said Will. "My, but it would be interesting!"

"There is a good deal to interest you right here, too," continued the stranger. "Do you know the tunnel at this shaft is two hundred and fifty feet below the surface? And it goes right down the island of Manhattan at about that same depth, and then it goes under the East River, dipping down to a depth of over seven hundred and fifty feet, so as to keep in solid rock all the way."

"But why don't they put pipes down?"

"There are lots of reasons. They would cost more. Two or three pipes would be necessary because a single pipe to carry all that water would be out of the question, and then there would be the expense of flexible joints, which would have to be strong enough to carry the pressure, and to keep the pipes from breaking under the drag of the tide. Oh, yes, pipes would involve constant care to keep them from breaking or rusting through. I don't believe you realize what an enormous pressure of water there will be in this rock tunnel. Why, in the down-town section, the pressure will be enough to send the water up to the top of a twenty-five-story building without pumping. In fact, most of the pumping stations around the city now will no longer be necessary."

We must have spent an hour or more with this chance acquaintance, discussing the wonderful work on this tremendous engineering undertaking. We got so excited over the matter that we started down-town at once to visit Mr. Price, and get a letter of introduction to the chief engineer of the aqueduct. We were eager to go up the Hudson and see for ourselves the work on the great siphon. We thought it would be quite a stunt to go down a thousand feet under ground.

(To be continued)

A GAY VACATION SONG

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

(To be sung with a hop, skip, and jump)

Oh, *I* know what I 'll do, I 'll do,
As soon as school is through, is through!
I 'll shout and play
The whole long day,
And never once be blue, be blue!

And *I* know where I 'll be, I 'll be,
As soon as I am free, so free!
With daisies white
In green fields bright,
And very near the sea, the sea!

And when I hear the rain, the rain,
Go "plop" against the window-pane,
I 'll find such books
And cozy nooks,
I 'll hate to stir again, again!

And then when summer 's done, all done,
And we are brown with sun, with sun,
And days are cool,
We 'll go to school,
And, after all, that 's fun, that 's fun!

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"SO MANY RELATIVES"



With all Our English Cousins
And my own dear Uncle Sam,
I've got so many relatives
I scarce know who I am;

Maybe these children on the screen,
Beside the mantel-piece,
Are my little Japanephew
And my little Japaniece.

C. BUTLER.

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III. THE STORY OF THE REBELS WHO ARE NEVER TAMED AND THE KEEPERS OF THE PEACE

BY GRACE TABOR

HAVE you ever gone to the Zoo, or to the circus, and looked at the animals in their cages, and then thought what would happen if all the bars were suddenly to fall down and let them out? The lions, and tigers, and bears, and wolves, and leopards, the hippopotami and the elephants, all the snakes, and every other kind of thing that is there, carefully kept in restraint so that we may safely and pleasantly go and look at them! What would happen to them? And what would happen to *us!* It is not exactly pleasant to consider, is it?

Yet, quite the same sort of thing is, perhaps, happening, this very minute, right out there under the windows!—summer brings so many, many things that are so much pleasanter than being a kind of special policeman. There is base-ball, and all kinds of games, with and without names, and picnics, and expeditions, and what-not; really, I should not be in the least surprised if just such a desperate state of affairs existed, all unsuspected. It did, at least, in the garden which we have been hearing about—the garden of the little sage. He had been busy at ever so many of these other things that come along in summer to take up the time; and possibly he was just a little bit tired of grubbing, too. That sometimes happens, you know, and then one is apt to forget that it is necessary.

So he was very much surprised—and disappointed, if the truth were known—when he made the discovery. For, by the time he found out, every living inhabitant of that garden was behaving in the most dreadful manner—trampling, fighting, and struggling for first place! Truly it was shocking; and he felt quite sure, after looking on at the riot for a while, that it was only the dullness of his ears that saved him from hearing the most horrifying language. To think that his lovely flowers *could* behave so!

"They 're all just perfectly wild," he reflected, as he looked about in aggrieved amazement; "and I do believe they can't be trusted a minute!"

He began to feel quite indignant at them when the first surprise was over, for it seemed as if they must know better than to act like this. But that, of course, is just the point; they do not know any better, any more than the animals at the Zoo, who would fall upon each other, and bite, and claw, and throttle, and kill, if they were not watched and carefully restrained. Not a one of the lovely garden folk ever properly behaves himself or herself from choice; and even the most exquisite and dainty flower, that has never known any conditions but those of a well-kept garden—the flower or plant that has descended from ages and ages of "tame" ancestors—is at heart as wild as any dweller in the wilderness, and as ready to fight, in its own way. All the unruly spirit that pushes, and crowds, and kills, for the sake of its own desires and needs, without regard for anything else in all creation, is as strong in it as it is in the great tigers and lions that are only safe for us to visit because their cages are good and stout, and well guarded.

So we who would make gardens, and have them, must do very much what the animal trainers and keepers do: we must keep our gentle little charges with constant watchfulness, lest this innate wildness which they never lose break into rebellion and destroy them and their neighbors. Remember they are gentle only to *us;* to each other they are fierce as savages.

All tending of the garden, therefore, is a kind of flower taming and a flower policing combined; and thus we, as gardeners, become to the flowers officers of law, and order, and justice, as well as trainers very like the trainers of animals. And we must work with them in a way that combines these two parts that we play toward them. We must compel obedience to our wishes, and to the law which the best interests of all the garden

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inhabitants has formulated; but we must never break the spirit of a plant, and so spoil it, in the process of enforcing this obedience. We must know something about them, and understand all their little natural ways first, before undertaking to do anything with them—to guide and direct them.

Pruning, tying up, and tilling the soil are all methods of "taming"; we already know something about the last of these, and tying up or staking is almost sure to come instinctively when we see a plant that needs it; but pruning, which is cutting away parts of a plant, must be investigated to a considerable degree. This is not the time of year for pruning in general; but the "pinching back," which we hear and read so much about at this season, in connection with growing flowers particularly, is really a kind of pruning. So I want you to know, right away, some of the things which every one ought to know before they venture to cut off or pinch back a single bud or branch.

There is first of all something which we must *never forget* about plants. Here it is: all plants, whatever they may be, grow *at their tips*. That is, they grow by lengthening at the *ends* of the branches. Of course branches themselves grow larger around from one end to the other, during each season; but they do not grow *longer* anywhere but at their ends. It is to the end of the branch that there is the strongest rush of sap, hence the leading or end bud, called the terminal bud, or "leader," is best nourished—indeed, it is fairly pushed right out by the great steady pressure behind it, so that every day it reaches farther and farther up toward the sky. Please remember this about growth, and how it is carried on—always!

Next, there is the most important thing of all to remember about pruning; and this is, that pruning the *tips* of the branches always causes growth *lower down* on the tree, or shrub, or plant thus treated, while pruning off *entire branches* at the point where they rise along a stalk or trunk, causes heavier growth at the *top* of the tree, shrub, or plant, but makes its general form more slender and open. To make a tree, or a shrub, or a vine, or a flowering plant, or any kind of vegetable grow more branches, therefore, and thus become thicker and denser, cut off the ends or tips of its branches. But!—to make a tree, or a shrub, or a vine, or a flowering plant, or any kind of vegetable grow less dense, and taller, or longer—to thin it, as the gardeners say—cut off entire branches right down close to the main stalk where they rise, or at the ground, if they start there. Let us have this illustrated right here and now, so we shall not forget.

All kinds of hedges that are sheared evenly once or twice a year grow very thick and stiff, you know, until they become almost like a solid wall. But if bushes just like those that stand close together to form a hedge are left unpruned, they grow up tall and spreading, and not in the least like a wall. This is the best example I know of what cutting away the *tips* of any plant constantly will do. It simply forces the growth of more branches, every time it is done, just below where the cuts are made.

How does it force the growth of more branches, you say? By taking away the growing tip from the branch cut (a growing tip or bud it simply *must* have, you know), and then, when the sap rushes up just the same into the end of the branch, running strong and rich right to the *very* tip, it finds there no bud to receive it. So it has to work its way back until it does find a bud; the first it comes to is usually where it stops, and into this it goes, feeding it until this just leaps into strong growth, hurrying to take the place of the leader that is lost. There is always so much more sap than just one small side bud can possibly "eat," however, that more often than not two or even three of these will start into growth. And, of course, wherever a bud starts to growing, there, in time, is a branch.

Now for the other extreme. Here are the tomato-plants in the garden, standing like small trees, only with their tops supported by a frame that carries the weight which their long, juicy stems or trunks are not able to lift unaided. On these stems no branches have been allowed to grow (if the very best method of training tomatoes has been followed), and, as a consequence, all the strength of the plant has gone to developing the few branches left at the top, and the fruits which these branches bear—and wonderful fruits are the result.

Of course, it would not do to let the tomato-plants *develop* all their side shoots, and then cut them off. Mercy, no! This is what I meant by not breaking the spirit of the plant in training it. Such pruning would likely kill it; certainly it would weaken it beyond all hope of restoration to any real vigor. These side branches or shoots must be "nipped in the bud"; that is, they must be just rubbed off gently, the moment they lift their heads out of the main stem. Thus the plant never has to use up one bit of strength in feeding or pushing them—and it does not suffer a wound where they are removed, for they are so tiny, they hardly leave a mark. This kind of pruning, you see, helps the plant by lessening its work; and this is done, therefore, to secure fine fruits or flowers, as the case may be. Where there are

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less branches to feed, the ones remaining are better fed; and rich nourishment results in great big tomatoes, or fine roses, or whatever it may be.

Sometimes we wish to train a vine over an arch or arbor without having it in the way where it rises. This is the method to follow. Keep the "trunk lines" which go up, clean and free of branches; then, when they reach the point where you wish the foliage to begin, permit the side shoots to grow as freely as they please. But with asters or marigolds, or any of the bushy garden flowers, tall and "spindling" is just the thing we do not want. So these things we "pinch back"—that is, we take their terminal buds right out of their tops, so that side branches shall form.

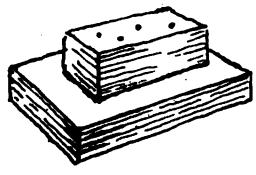
Besides pruning and tilling the soil, there is the staking. Many kinds of flowers are much better for having a firm stake to lean on, instead of being allowed to whip about in the wind and droop of their own weight; but I shall not try to name them all here. You will learn from your seed packets, or from watching the growth. If there is anything in your garden that needs this help, be sure you furnish it *in time*. Do not wait until it is half grown, but give it something to guide it as soon as you see the need, so it may grow straight, and tall, and strong; and tie it to its support with raffia, firmly, but not so tight that the circulation of the sap will be hindered.

Now is the time to make a seed-bed, and to start in it perennials for your garden next summer. If you do this now, you will be able to set them out where they are to stay this fall—and when spring comes, the garden will be all made, ready and waiting to grow. Perennials, you know, are plants which come up every spring even though they have died down to the ground and disappeared in the fall. Once get them started, therefore, and they are there for all time, barring bad luck of some kind, and the natural loss that must be expected in everything from season to season.

Choose an open place for the seed-bed, and do not have it very large. Two and a half feet wide by four feet long will be large enough to raise hundreds of little plants; but if you can only get to it along one side, make it not more than eighteen inches wide, so that you may reach to the back of it without trouble. Take the sod off the entire space and put it to one side, first. Then spade up the ground lightly, to a depth of five or six inches is enough. Cover this surface four to five inches deep with a fine, soft, mellow soil, made very light, unless it is already sandy, by mixing into it one quarter to one third its own quantity of sand. This ought to be sifted, all of it together, through an ash-sifter; then spread it evenly over the ground, and tamp it down gently by patting it with the back of the spade. When it is finally in place and packed, the surface of the bed should be from three to four inches above the surface of the ground around. Face the ends and sides of this little elevation with the sod to hold it in place—and this much of the work is done.

Now you must make a screen to put over the bed, for seedlings cannot stand the full heat of the sun during midsummer. The best kind of a screen is of lath, nailed to a frame the size of the bed, with legs at the corners about ten or twelve inches long, to stand on. Put the strips of lath about a half inch apart so the sun may shine through a little. It moves around so rapidly that no plant will receive its direct rays long enough to be harmed.

When the bed and the screen are both ready, take off two or three quarts of the fine soil from the surface of the former, and put this away in a bucket or basket, where it will not be wet in case of rain. Sprinkle the bed thoroughly, put the screen over it so the sun may not bake the surface, and wait until the next day to plant the seeds. These should go in in little rows, about three to four inches apart, the seeds in each row being separated from each other by at least half an inch, if you can possibly make them fall this way. Sometimes they *will* pile up, two or three together; but try and have them evenly distributed along the row. Do not cover them too deep. Remember that it is hot weather, and that they will probably germinate quickly, so all they need is to be dropped into the little drill marked by a sharp-pointed dibble drawn along a straight edge, pressed lightly into the earth with a block of wood called a "float" (this should have a smaller piece nailed to it for a handle, so it may be used very much as a flat-iron is), then sprinkled with a very fine sprayer, and, last, dusted with a thin sprinkling of the dry soil which you saved from the top of the bed, this to be sifted on with the sieve. Put the screen over the bed, but take it off at night, unless it is raining or seems likely to do so. Water every day, just enough to keep the earth as moist as it was when the seeds were put in.



THE "FLOAT."

If you want to have a lovely garden next year, get one packet of each of these, and plant the seed as I have just told you, after the middle of July, or by the end of the month: *Aquilegia Cana-*

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densis, which is our native columbine; *Chrysanthemums,* the hardy pompon varieties, *Dianthus barbatus,* the dear sweet-william, lovely pinks, and reds, and whites, striped, and variegated, and spicy; *Digitalis grandiflora,* or foxgloves, flowers that suggest their name, of pale creamy yellow along a great tall spike; *Gaillardia grandiflora,* or blanket flower; *Althæa rosca,* which is hollyhock—this you can have in almost any color you like best, or in mixed colors, if you cannot make a choice; *Iberis sempervirens,* a perennial candytuft which is lovely for edging borders or beds of other flowers; *Eupatorium Cœlestinum,* which is familiarly called thoroughwort; *Primula veris,* the cowslip; and *Achillea Ptarmica,* in the variety called "the Pearl," which is milfoil or yarrow. With these ten seed packets you can raise, oh, I do not know how many plants! Enough to fill a large garden at least, with a great many left to give your friends and neighbors; and by the time the seedlings are large enough to transplant into their permanent places, I will tell you something about planning and making such a garden, and where to put these plants in it, and how to combine them, to make it most effective and beautiful.



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THE "MICHIGAN" BEARING DOWN, COMING AT FULL SPEED.

RISKS OF PHOTOGRAPHING BATTLE-SHIPS IN ACTION

BY E. MÜLLER, JR.

Formerly Official Photographer, United States Navy

PHOTOGRAPHING a battle-ship at full speed is fully as exciting and dangerous a feat as encountering a charging rhinoceros in the jungle. It 's a case of a hasty shot and a quick "get-away."

Of all the marine pictures that have ever been taken, this picture of the U. S. S. *Michigan,* flag-ship of the Atlantic fleet, is considered the most remarkable. When I took it, the experience was one in which I nearly lost my life.

It was just before sundown when, in a small motor-boat, I arrived in the direct course of the *Michigan,* several miles out in the open sea off the coast of Maine. Once there, I did n't have to wait long before the ship's smoke on the horizon warned me of her approach. I was eager to get a picture full of life and dramatic action,—of the ship under full speed, taken from directly in front, something never before accomplished,—so I ordered the engineer to gage the distance and allow me to stand in her course until the last possible moment before making our escape. She was nearing us now, and bearing down at the speed of twenty-two miles an hour—a great, overawing monster! The vibration from our engine was bothering me, so I decided to take a chance, and ordered the engine stopped. On came the ship, her bow-spray looming up before us like two green, foaming, white-crested wings. The moments were precious now, so I shot the camera, and shouted for full speed ahead. The engine gasped, made a struggle to work, but gave up immediately. I was frightened; even the engine seemed to foresee its fate! In the delay, I had but one idea: a chance for another snap-shot. Now the ship was within thirty yards of us, cruelly pointing her bow directly toward our little boat. I snapped again, and almost as if the little engine had been waiting for this to happen, it answered immediately with a chug, and we swerved across the dreadnought's bow. There

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were yells from the ship to get out of the way, then came a crash! Her bow wave had caught us, and, the next thing that I knew, with plate-holder in one hand, I was struggling with the other to reach the surface of the sea, in which I had been buried fathoms deep. Succeeding in this, I was soon dragged aboard a near-by ship that had seen the accident, and, after congratulating myself for having escaped being cut in two by the bow and sent to the bottom, as were the camera and most of my plates, I began planning how I could save the one plate that I had so jealously clung to when thrown into the water, and which had been the cause of the whole excitement. I was pretty blue and disgusted, for it seemed impossible that the picture could be good; but I rushed immediately to wash the plate in fresh water, in order to prevent the brine from affecting it. On developing it, I drew a deep gasp of relief—the plate had been saved! The picture was a success!

A naval photographer gets many duckings, and, after a time, takes them as a matter of course. Being thrown into the sea is n't considered by him at all a serious event. It is during battle-ship practice that he encounters grave dangers, for much of the work done at this time is from the tops of the fighting masts, which are at an elevation of one hundred and twenty feet above the sea.



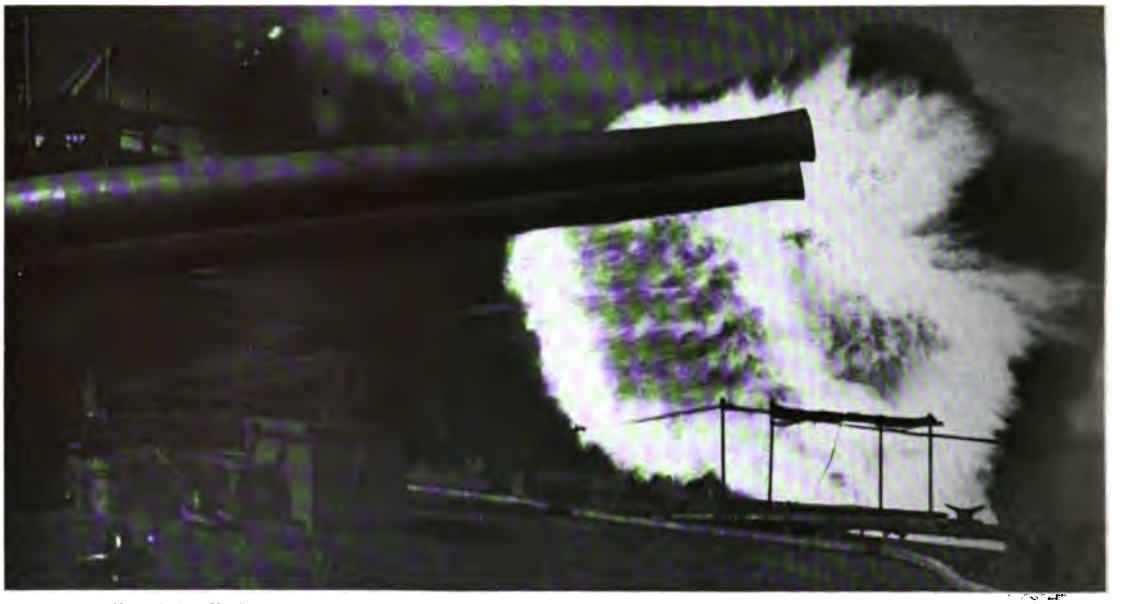
TWELVE-INCH GUN-FIRE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE MAINTOP.

During different practices, I have taken my position in these masts, in order to get detailed pictures. Once in these basket-like tops, the question is how to "stick." The gun-fire photographs itself. I suppose you wonder what I mean, but it is just this: every time the big twelve-inch guns fire, the awful concussion they cause invariably gives the snap to the shutter of the camera, and the exposure is made. If this were not a successful method—one discovered by



FIRING SALVOS OF TWELVE-INCH GUNS.

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NIGHT FIRE PHOTOGRAPHING ITSELF—THE PLATE IS EXPOSED BY THE CONCUSSION OF THE GUNS.

chance—taking photographs of gun-fire would be an impossibility, for, at the instant when the guns are fired and the exposure of the plate should be made, the thundering noise and the oscillating motion, combined with the terrific shock, seem completely to stun and paralyze one—it is all that one can do to hang on and brace himself safely, in order to avoid being dashed to pieces on the decks far below. Once, while standing unguardedly, camera in one hand and my gripsack in the other, in the basket at the top of the mast of the battle-ship *Michigan,* the salvo came, and I was thrown forward with such force that my camera and grip were torn out of my hands and went flying into the ocean; and it was luck only that prevented me from going with them!



ENRIQUE MÜLLER, JR.

The "whip" of the mast, during fire, is due to the recoil of the guns. On the dreadnought *North Dakota,* when a salvo from the ten-inch guns is fired, the aggregate energy of the ten shells amounts to 500,000 foot-tons—sufficient power to lift a 20,000-ton ship twenty-five feet in the air. The recoil of these heavy guns, which in combination weigh 500 tons, is communicated to the ship with such force as to cause it to heel, in the opposite direction from the target, to the extent of from four to five degrees. The shock is gigantic, no part of the dreadnought escapes its force, and the masts are whipped back and forth like slender reeds blown by the breeze.

The crashing noise, combined with the air current, strikes one so stinging a blow when the first "whip" comes, that he feels as though he had been boxed by the hand of an unseen giant, and, unless the ears are protected by special ear mufflers, total deafness will result.

Many of the pictures of battle practice here published have been taken with great risk and under fully as dangerous conditions as could be met while hunting wild animals in Africa.

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THE NEW STYLE OF MAST, KNOWN AS THE CAGE-MAST.

(The fire-control officers are in the top. The targets—eight or nine miles away—can be seen from these tops but not from the main deck.)

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BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

RED AND WHITE ROSES

DURING the fifteenth century, England continued to fight about everything in sight, including herself. Under Henry IV, the Welsh rebellions waged fiercely; the French wars became acute again under Henry V, and Scotland had her own little wars to bring against England. But the great civil warfare that has come to be known as the Wars of the Roses is the distinguishing mark of the century. Under the red rose, the House of Lancaster fought to be head of the country, while the white rose drew all the York faction. Henry IV belonged to the former, which remained in power until Edward IV deposed the half-crazy Henry VI, and brought York to the throne.

It was a remarkable century, this fighting fifteenth. It saw the discovery of printing by Gutenberg, for one thing. This occurred about 1450, but it was not until 1474 that the first book was printed in England, by Caxton. You can find a short story about this Caxton in a volume called "Little Stories of England," by Maude Barrows Dutton (American Book Co.), very agreeably told. The book contains other stories of this same period, all worth reading.

Another thing that happened during this century was the final overthrow of feudalism with the fall of the great Earl of Warwick, called "the King-Maker." The superb and mighty earl was one of the most picturesque and arresting figures in English history. He kept a more than kingly state, and is said to have fed thirty thousand people at his table, his boast being that no one ever came hungry to his house without going away satisfied. He belonged to the York party, but deserted to the Lancastrians after a bitter quarrel with Edward IV, fought under Henry VI, who had been dethroned, and brought him back—only to die himself on the field before the victorious Edward.

This, too, was the time of Joan of Arc, who freed France from the English—one of the most wonderful women who ever lived. You will find Mark Twain's life of this young heroine interesting to read in connection with the English happenings, since England had to yield to her, though later, deserted by the king she had helped to become the real master of his country, the weak Charles VII of France, the English burned her at Rouen; and then, at the very end of the century, came the discovery of America!

In one of Henty's books, "Both Sides the Border" (Scribner's), you will find a spirited account of the Welsh rebellions under the fourth Henry. Mortimer, Owen Glendower, and others of the famous Welsh leaders appear in the course of the story, which covers the reigns of both Henry IV and Henry V, for the Welsh trouble kept on for many years. Another book, written from the Welsh point of view and very anti-English, is by E. Everett Green, "Cambria's Chieftain," and is excellent reading, though a bit declamatory. It gives a good notion of the passionate feeling of the times, and many portraits of the famous men who lived in them.

Scott has written one of his best stories in the time of this reign of the fourth Henry, only his scene is Scotland. "The Fair Maid of Perth" tells of the feud between two great Highland clans, and of the struggles of the kind but ineffective Robert III of Scotland to rule his turbulent people. There is a clear picture of the conditions that prevailed over Scotland, and the story is an absorbing one, with its plots and counterplots, the murder of the heir-apparent by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, the menace of England, and the efforts of the common people to make a living and keep from getting killed. Robert's second son, James, is finally captured by the English, after the abdication of the old king. Another splendid story, this time by Charlotte Yonge, tells us all about this captivity, with the prince's final escape to his own country, where he was crowned James I of Scotland. The book is called "The Caged Lion," and you must surely get it.

A vivid picture of the reign of Henry IV is given in the two plays of Shakspere, with their constant changes of scene, their battles and commotions. But these may, perhaps, not appeal to you yet, though I 'm sure you cannot help being interested in the play that tells the short and glorious story of Henry V, whom we have seen as the wild prince with his harum-scarum crowd of followers in the preceding plays, and now find a noble monarch, the last of the great race of knights, and the greatest English hero since the death of the Black Prince. Like this prince, Henry also won immense success in France, particularly in the battle of Agincourt, with which

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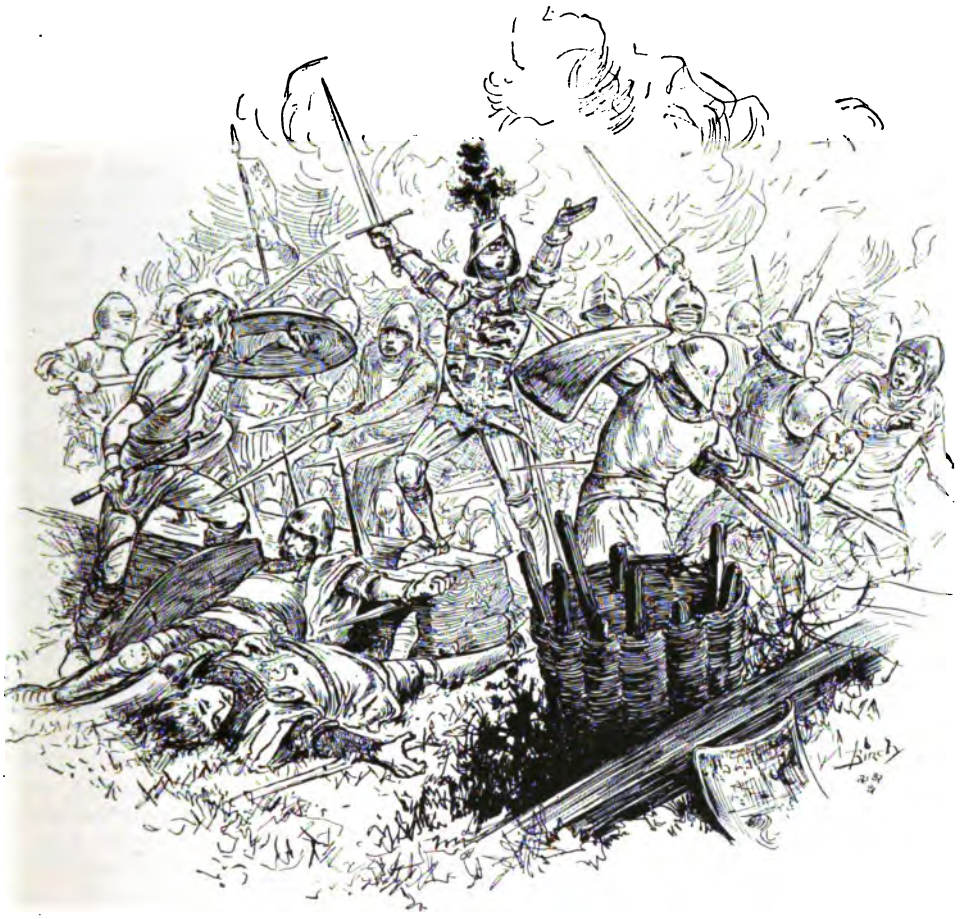
his name is always associated. And he married a French princess, with the promise that France should be his after the French king's death. But Henry soon died, and so that was ended.

He was, so contemporary chronicles tell us, a handsome, vigorous man, with ruddy complexion and gentle, brown eyes, eyes capable of flaring into flame on occasion, however. He loved all manly exercises, and excelled in them, report saying that he was so fleet of foot as to be able to run down and capture a stag in the open.

There are several good stories about this gallant young king. One of these is by G. P. R. James, beginning with Henry's coronation and ending with the triumph of Agincourt, by which name the book is called. It is a true romance, and is deeply colored with the atmosphere of its period. You get the pageants and feasts, the gay adventurous spirit, the danger and sudden death, the sharp contrasts between the different ranks of society. The study of Henry is interesting, and altogether the book, which is not a long one, gives a lively effect of English life in the early years of the fifteenth century.

Henty has another book that deals with this same time, "At Agincourt," where a boy of the period goes through a series of thrilling adventures. And it is here that Miss Yonge's "Caged Lion" belongs.

One of the most exciting stories that have to do with this king and his England is Russell M. Garnier's "When Spurs Were Gold." It can often be found in the circulating libraries, but otherwise it is hard to get, which is a pity, for it is very good.



YOUNG HENRY V LEADING THE ENGLISH FORCES AGAINST THE WELSH AT SHREWSBURY.

It was under Henry VI that the Wars of the Roses began. He was a young boy when he began to reign, and the barons tussled fiercely to control him and his kingdom. Now one faction and now another led, until England was torn to shreds. The French lands won by preceding kings were lost, and other misfortunes befell.

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Four really splendid books tell of this period. One of them is by S. R. Crockett, "Black Douglas." If you have read any of this writer's stories, you will know there is a treat before you with this one, and you won't be disappointed. It is set in a stirring time, and it makes the most of it.

Then there is Robert Louis Stevenson's "Black Arrow." It is a book that takes you right into the England of Henry VI and Edward IV, and leads on from one adventure to the other. You can hardly set it down once you 've begun it. Its hero is as fine a young fellow as ever drew bow, and bears himself well, both in joy and trouble. The language has a quaint flavor of the ancient time, without being in the least difficult to understand, and we are taken all through England, with her lovely country, and old towns, and all her varied population. In the regular histories, these warring roses may seem tiresome, with now one ahead and now the other, and nothing much mattering with either. But in these two adventurous books that take you straight into the thick of affairs, it is all real and alive, and you won't find a dull second, between your sympathy for your hero and your hatred of the villains whom he is fighting—in fact, you will just become one of the roses yourself.

Miss Yonge has two books that cover this same troublous time. One is called "Grisly Grissell," the other, "Two Penniless Princesses." The latter is especially interested in Scotland, though it takes its readers to France and Burgundy, and England, too, and it is a lovely tale which you will enjoy.

After Henry is deposed, the house of York, at whose head stands the huge figure of Warwick, comes to the top. Warwick dominates England at this time, and in Bulwer Lytton's splendid story, "The Last of the Barons," you are given a full-length portrait of this man that is unforgetable.

Bulwer is thoroughly in sympathy with his great hero, and has closely studied the entire period of which he writes. He gives a most careful, but not for that reason a tiring picture of English society in all its degrees, with all its pomp and glory, all its misery and suffering. He shows us, too, the beginnings of the new England that is to rise with the coming of the seventh Henry, and that will take another step toward the freeing of the individual, be he poor or rich, noble or simple.

He draws King Edward to the life, with all his virtues, all his faults. He shows how it came about that the King-Maker finally quarreled with his liege, and he brings upon his stage a whole host of important and interesting personages, among them the dark and already dangerous Richard of Gloucester, first as a lad, later as a man of growing power and ambition. And he never loses your interest. This book is one of the real stories of the world, one you should in no case miss reading, and which is indispensable in the chain of our historic novels.

A very gentle, delightful story is one written by A. J. Church, many of whose books you have surely read. It is called "The Chantry Priest of Barnet," and is supposed to be the personal account, written by a monk, of such things as came under his own observation during a long stretch of time, for the narrative begins as early as 1450, about the middle of Henry VI's reign, and continues to 1516, with a description of the battle of Flodden Field, told to the monk by one of the men who fought through it. It was in this battle that England conquered James I, whom you read of in "The Caged Lion," killing him and the flower of the Scottish nobility, and taking the country back under the crown of England.

The writer is attached to Edward IV, and goes to London with him, where he sees many interesting things. He also has something to say of Caxton and his work. And he is on the field of Barnet, where the great Earl of Warwick is killed, and Henry defeated, to die or be murdered soon after, no one knows surely which. This story does not aim at being so historically accurate as Bulwer's book, but it succeeds in giving a good idea of what England was like then, and shows the other side of the conflict between Edward and the rebellious baron.

Scott's "Quentin Durward," which, with "Ivanhoe," is one of the most exciting stories he ever wrote, treats of these years, though much of the action is in France. And an excellent story, thrilling and true to fact, is Eleanor C. Price's "The Queen's Man," but it is hard to find, worse luck!

Richard was the next king on England's throne, and I have not been able to get hold of many books about him. There is the play of Shakspere, which is one of the most powerful of his historic plays. And there is a story by G. P. R. James, called "The Woodman." This is an exciting romance, and contains a fine description of the bad king, with whom we are made closely acquainted, and of whose softer side we catch glimpses. It ends with the battle of Bosworth, in 1485, where Richard, after but two troubled years on the English throne, is killed by Richmond, who becomes Henry VII.

Herewith the houses of Lancaster and York cease to be the rulers of England. They made a lot of racket, and touched some glorious heights. And now England begins to move swiftly onward to its most splendid period.

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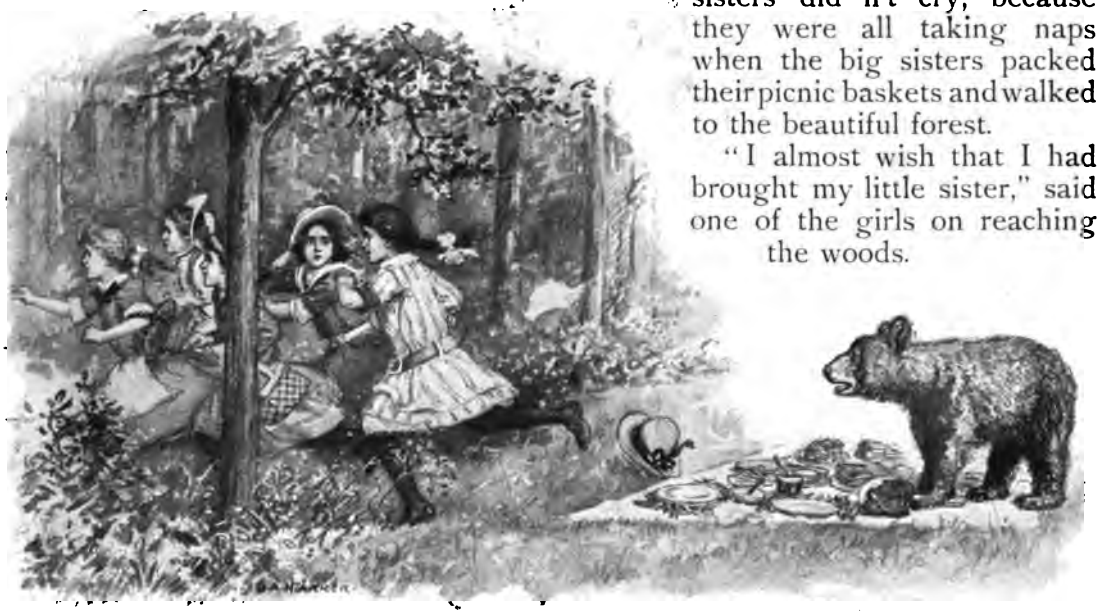
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

HOW LITTLE BEAR WENT TO A PICNIC

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

ONE time, Little Bear went to a picnic to which he was not invited. It happened this way. On a lovely summer morning, five big girls had a picnic, and left their baby brothers and their baby sisters at home. The baby brothers and the baby sisters did n't cry, because they were all taking naps when the big sisters packed their picnic baskets and walked to the beautiful forest.

"I almost wish that I had brought my little sister," said one of the girls on reaching the woods.



"LITTLE BEAR WAS SO SURPRISED THAT HE STOOD STILL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"So do I," said another. "I feel lonesome without our little, laughing sister."

"And my baby brother," added another girl. "I thought he would be too much bother, but if he were only here, how happy he would be! I am lonely, too!"

"If we had brought our little brothers and sisters," said the fourth big girl, "we would have our picnic in the edge of the woods without going a step farther!"

"They might have taken naps under the trees after dinner," agreed the fifth big sister.

Then, instead of spreading their table-cloth on the green grass on the edge of the forest, the five big girls walked on and on until they reached a beautiful clearing where sunshine streamed in and drove the shadows back among the trees. The girls did n't know that the beautiful clearing was Little Bear's favorite playground. They did n't know that a vine-covered path led from the clearing straight to the home of the three bears.

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Quickly, the big girls unpacked their picnic baskets. They spread a white table-cloth on the pine-needles. While one girl ran to the brook and filled a pail with clear, cold water, others prepared the feast. They filled a wooden plate with



"'DID THEY THINK I WOULD EAT THEM UP?' ASKED LITTLE BEAR."

sandwiches, and placed it on the table—ham sandwiches, jelly sandwiches, and peanut-butter sandwiches. On other wooden plates were cookies, doughnuts, and pieces of cake—chocolate cake, cream cake, and maple-sugar cake. One girl had brought a dish of honey, another a can of jelly, while the biggest girl untied a box of chocolates and put it on the table beside a saucer of fudge.

When the feast was ready, the girls gathered bunches of blue flowers to decorate the white cloth. The flowers were fringed gentians. Birds were singing and butterflies were flitting through the beautiful clearing when the five big girls sat in a circle around their picnic dinner.

But before a girl had taken a bite of anything, somebody came to the picnic who had n't been invited! That somebody was Little Bear. He walked across the clearing slowly and politely. Little Bear was n't a bit afraid of five pretty girls sitting in a circle on his own playground; he knew they would n't do *him* any harm!

But when the girls saw Little Bear, they jumped up, snatched their baskets, and ran away, screaming, "A bear! A bear! A bear!"

Little Bear was so surprised at first that he stood still and watched the five

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girls run until the last pink ribbon and blue ribbon had disappeared. Then he doubled up, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until Father Bear came and Mother Bear came. They laughed, too, when Baby Bear explained the fun.

"Did they think I would eat them up?" asked Little Bear, in a shrill little voice; and then how he laughed again!

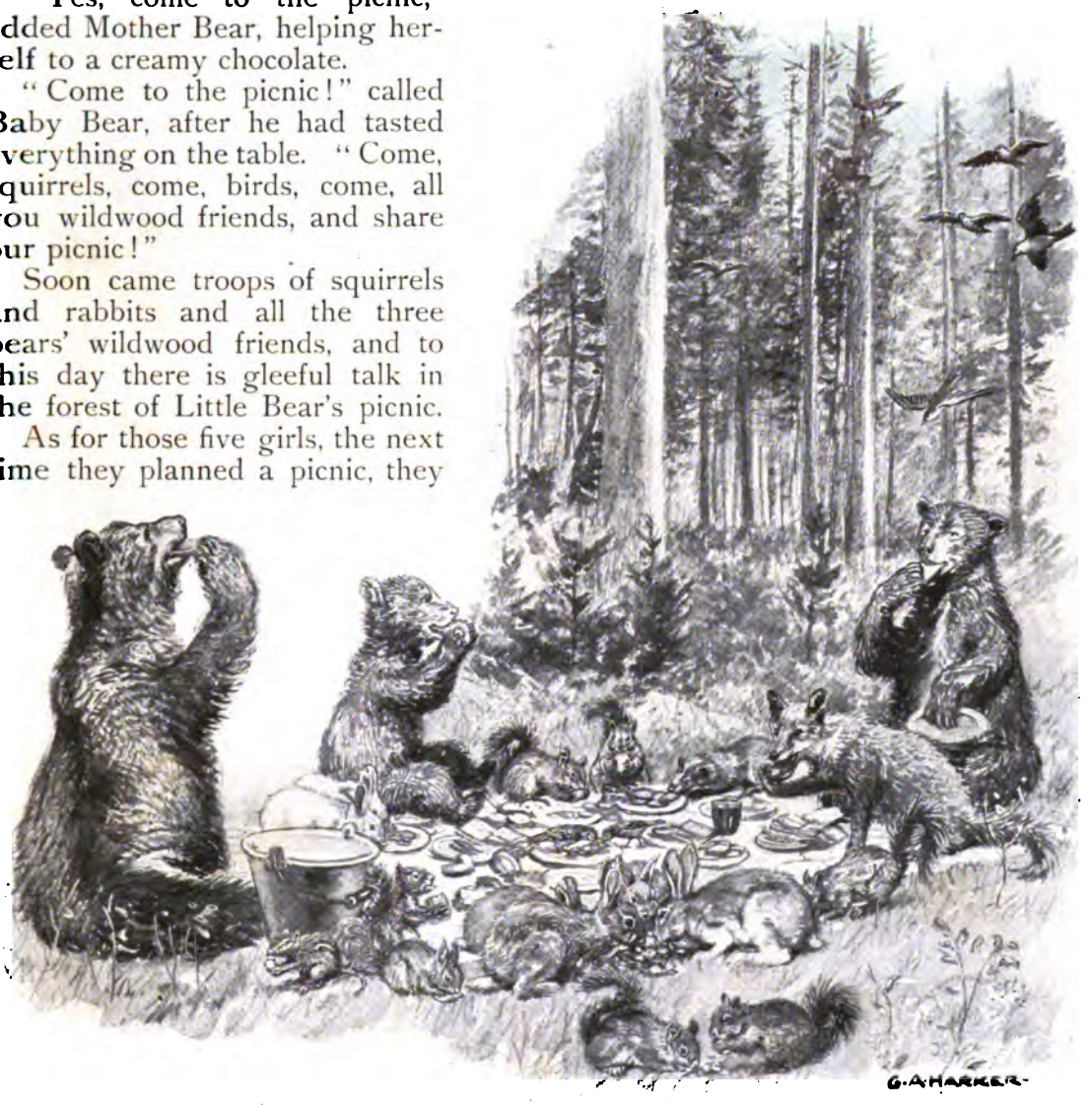
"Too bad you scared the girls away from their dinner," said Father Bear, in his big, gruff voice; "but come to the picnic, sonny, come to the picnic!"

"Yes, come to the picnic," added Mother Bear, helping herself to a creamy chocolate.

"Come to the picnic!" called Baby Bear, after he had tasted everything on the table. "Come, squirrels, come, birds, come, all you wildwood friends, and share our picnic!"

Soon came troops of squirrels and rabbits and all the three bears' wildwood friends, and to this day there is gleeful talk in the forest of Little Bear's picnic.

As for those five girls, the next time they planned a picnic, they



THE THREE BEARS' WILDWOOD FRIENDS COME TO LITTLE BEAR'S PICNIC.

took their baby brothers and sisters, and had a jolly time under the trees near the edge of the forest, and Baby Bear never heard a word about it.

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THE WOODS IN THE LAST OF JUNE AND ALL OF JULY ARE AT THE HEIGHT OF THEIR BEAUTY AND INTEREST.

HOW PICTURES ARE PRINTED IN A MAGAZINE

How are pictures printed in a magazine has been frequently asked by young people, as well as by older ones. To understand the simplest principles of the process, look at the little ovals and curved lines on the under side of any one of your fingers near the end.

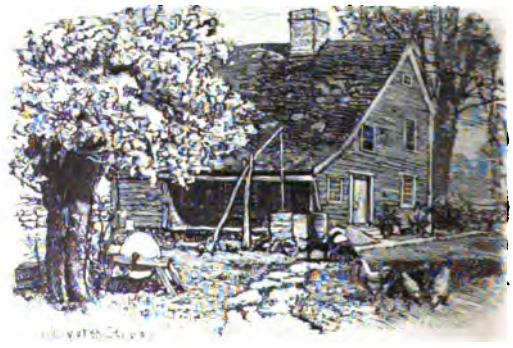
We can print these lines on paper. Take an ordinary pad as used for inking rubber stamps, press your finger firmly upon it, and then upon a piece of paper with a very smooth surface. If you will try different kinds of paper of different degrees of smoothness, ranging from the soft, rough kind used for newspapers, to the finest with the glossy surface used in the best books, you will see that the smoother the paper the better will be the impression. If you had a pad with a smoother surface, such as is used in the printing-offices for inking printing surfaces, you would secure even better results. If you will visit the press-room of a printing-office, you will there find that the spongy inking material used by the printer is not flat and rough like the cloth on the pad, but is smooth and elastic. This is made of a mixture of molasses, glue, and some other ingredients.



AN INKED IMPRESSION ON PAPER OF THE CURVED LINES AND OVALS ON THE UNDER SIDE OF A THUMB.

There are, therefore, three essentials: first, little elevations forming a picture on the surface of the plate or wood-block to be printed; second, a smooth, elastic inking material; and, third, very smooth paper. We now want to know how these elevations making the picture are produced on the wood or metal.

The old-time method was to draw or photograph the picture to be reproduced on a smooth, wooden surface, and with small, sharp-pointed knives so cut away the wood as to leave the lines necessary to produce the picture standing up in relief. The printing was then done directly from this wood-block, and the result was known as a woodcut. If so large a number of impressions was to be taken that the surface of the wood would become worn, and the picture thus be lost, it was the custom to make a metal cast, known as an electrotype, of the block, and to print from that.

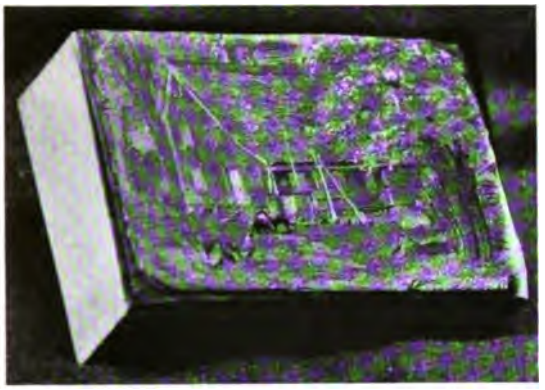


A WOODCUT ILLUSTRATION OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
Note the chickens and the grindstone.
Engraved and lent to ST. NICHOLAS by Walworth Stilson, Shelton, Connecticut.

To cut out these tiny portions of wood was

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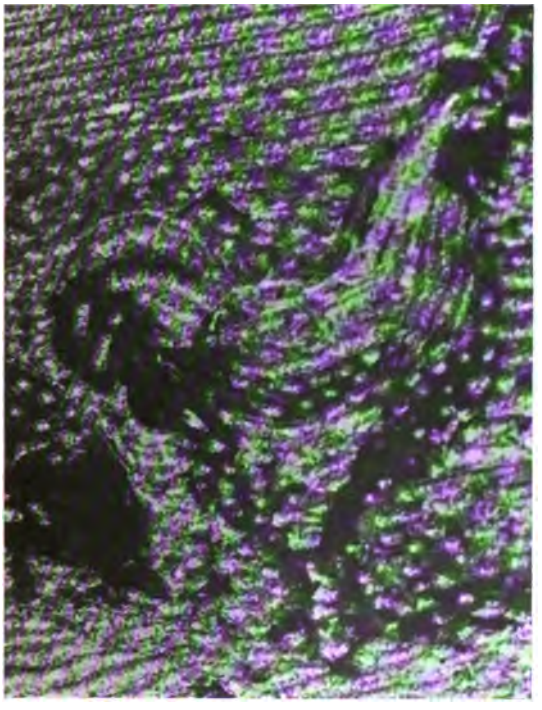
laborious, and made this an expensive process. And even when skilfully done, the result was



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ENGRAVED WOOD-BLOCK THAT PRINTED THE OLD HOMESTEAD ILLUSTRATION.

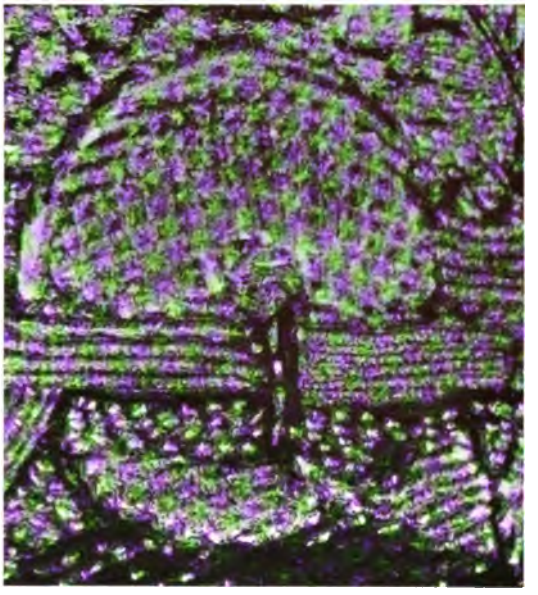
often unsatisfactory. So a method was devised of photographing the picture and printing it on smooth metal, and then, by means of acid, eating, or etching, away between the lines, instead of cutting it away by hand, as the wood-engraver did.

If the picture to be reproduced is a pen- or



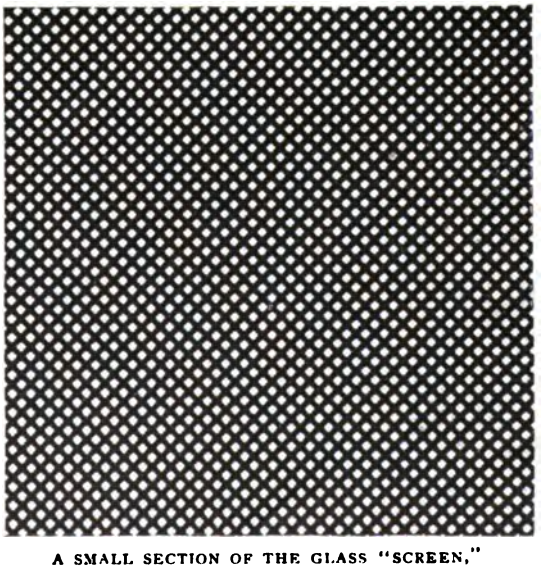
MAGNIFIED VIEW SHOWING HOW THE WOOD WAS CUT OUT IN THE WOODCUT TO SHOW THE CHICKEN.

pencil-drawing made up wholly of lines, then all that is necessary is to photograph the drawing



HOW THE WOOD WAS "CHIPPED" OUT TO SHOW THE GRINDSTONE.

on metal, and etch out the spaces between the lines, leaving them in relief, or elevated above the surface of the plate. The darker parts of such a picture are made up of heavier lines; the lighter parts, of fine lines. The method of printing it is the same as when you take an inked impression on paper of the end of your finger.



A SMALL SECTION OF THE GLASS "SCREEN," GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

If, however, the picture to be printed is not made up of lines, but of gradations of light and

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shade, as in a photograph, a wash-drawing, or an oil-painting, then the whole picture, in being photographed, is "cut up" into tiny squares, which,



A LINE-ENGRAVING OF A BIRD.
The Blackburnian warbler.

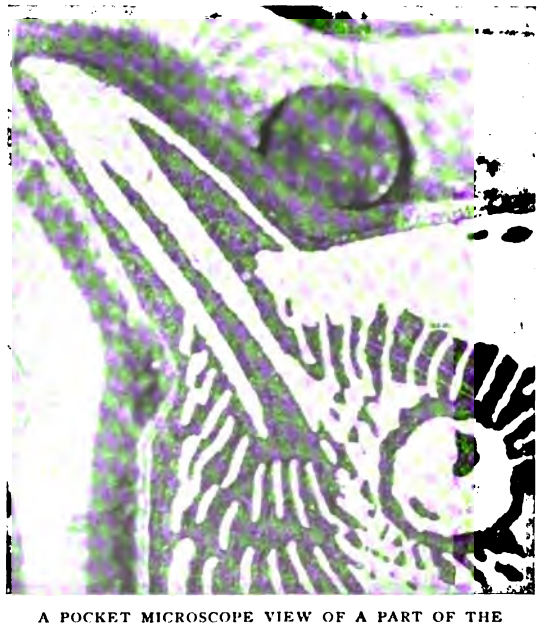
under a strong microscope, appear much like those of a checker-board.

These microscopic squares are made by photographing the picture through two glasses cemented together. Across these glasses are cut very fine, parallel lines, and the two are so arranged that the lines on one cross those on the other at right angles, the result being a large



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A BOY THROUGH WIRE NETTING.

number of tiny squares which, when magnified, resemble ordinary mosquito-netting. To photograph a picture through these lines produces about the same effect as photographing a boy with a wire netting in front of him. You readily see that such a photograph would show not only the



A POCKET MICROSCOPE VIEW OF A PART OF THE PLATE THAT PRINTED THE BIRD ILLUSTRATION.
This shows the "bill" and "eye." At the upper right is the brad or nail that fastens the plate to the wood-block.



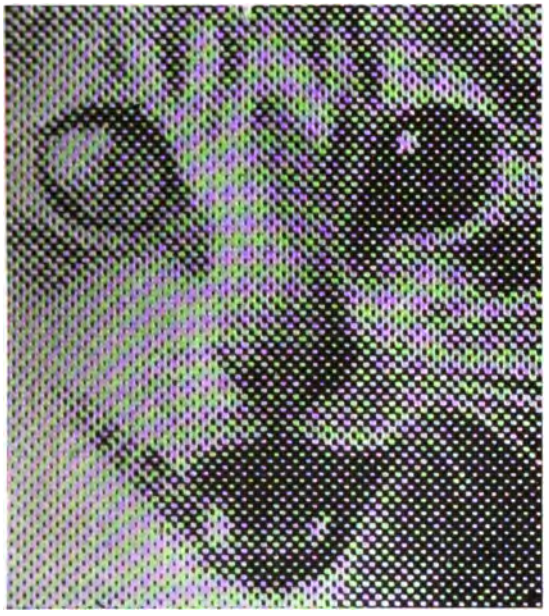
EXAMINE THE FACE OF THIS CAT WITH A SMALL POCKET MICROSCOPE TO SEE HOW THE TEETH, THE GLISTENING SPOTS IN THE EYES, AND THE FEELERS, ARE PRODUCED.

boy, but the wire netting as well. So it is with the picture on the smooth surface of the metal. There appears not only the picture, but the horizontal and perpendicular lines of the ruled glasses, through which the light passes in making the photograph on the metal plate. The engraver

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then etches this metal plate, so that the numerous small squares made by these fine lines stand out from the plate and produce the picture in relief, making what is called a half-tone engraving.

If the printer does not wish to use this original plate, for fear of wearing it out, he can make an electrotype of this also.



THE CAT'S FACE IN THE PREVIOUS PHOTOGRAPH VIEWED BY THE AID OF A POCKET MICROSCOPE.

You may readily see the fine lines in any half-tone illustration, if you will examine it with a magnifying-glass. Note the half-tone illustration of the cat's face. Observe particularly the whiskers, or "feelers," the tiny glistening spot in one eye, and the larger spot in the other. Note also the two rather conspicuous teeth. If you will examine the face with a reading-glass or other lens, you will see that the whole effect depends upon the dullness of your sight. Under the lens, the teeth, the feelers, and the glistening spots in the eyes disappear, and in their places are what seem to be defects in the little squares. Upon this optical illusion depends the beautiful effect of a half-tone engraving.

The pattern in a rug or figured cloth depends upon a similar optical illusion. When we hold the pattern near our eyes, we see only the warp and the woof, the horizontal and vertical threads that form the substance of the rug. We get the effect of the pattern only by viewing it from a distance. If our eyes were as strong as even a low-power lens, many of man's works would appear extremely defective, and the higher the power the greater the defect. But it is not so in the realms of nature. When we add to the power of our eyes, either by the aid of a telescope or of a microscope, we discover undreamed-of perfection and beauty.

To understand why the plate that does the printing is reversed from the picture, as it appears on the page, take a very soft lead-pencil and make any kind of a drawing on paper. Then take another piece of paper and place it on this, and rub over the back with your finger-nail or an eraser. When you lift the second piece of paper, you will see that a print of your drawing appears on it, but that it is reversed from the original. This process really contains all the principles of printing pictures in a book or magazine. A wood-block or metal plate takes the place of your original drawing. Printer's ink is used instead of your pencil marks. A press is used in place of your finger-nail or the eraser.

TREE CUT DOWN BY BULLETS

In the rear of one of the target ranges at Fort Worden, at the entrance to Puget Sound, stands a grove of trees. A number of them became rid-



THE STUMP OF A TREE CUT DOWN BY BULLETS.

dled with bullets, and finally several came crashing to the ground, having been literally shot down by the leaden missiles. One of the trees so shot down was eighteen inches in diameter.

James G. McCurdy.

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A VERY SMALL CHESTNUT-TREE THAT BEARS CHESTNUTS

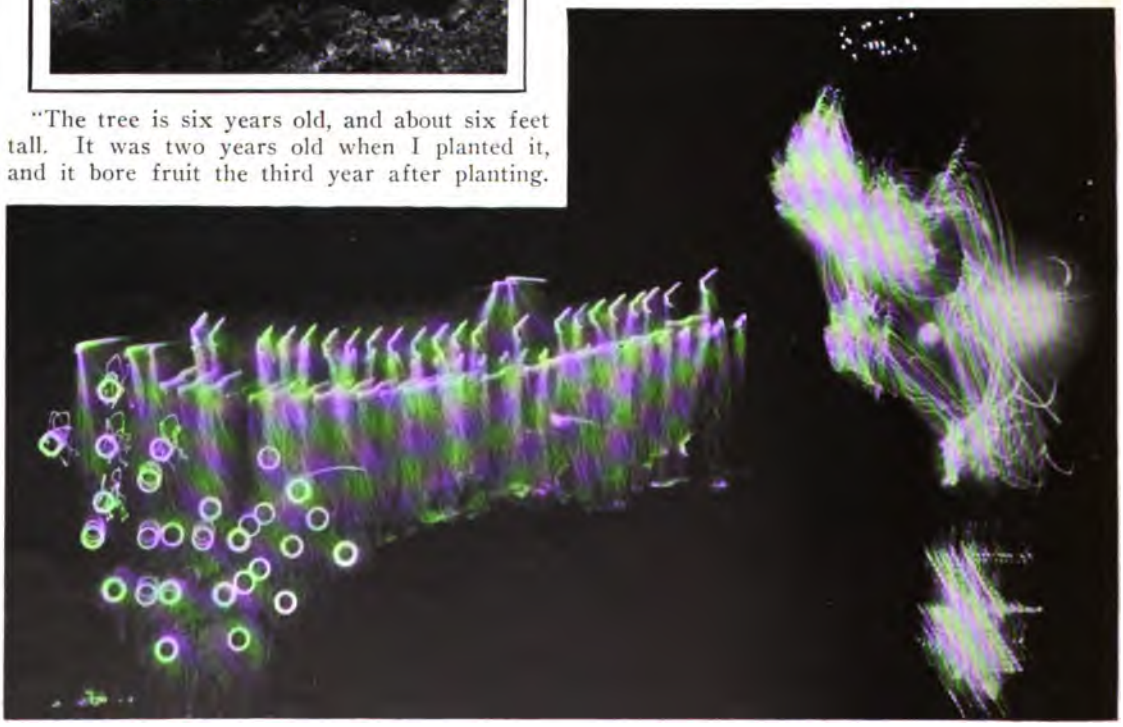
MR. TALLI P. HUGHES, of Youngstown, Ohio, sends us a photograph of his daughter, a neighbor's daughter, and a small chestnut-tree, in regard to which he writes as follows:



"The tree is six years old, and about six feet tall. It was two years old when I planted it, and it bore fruit the third year after planting. At the first bearing, I took three nuts from one bur that weighed one and one half ounces. Last year, 1912, it had about fifty burs, but all did not develop fruit. The reason, I believe, was that fifty burs were too many for its age, as it had not sufficient strength to develop them. But this year, if it bears, I will pluck off all the clusters of four burs in a cluster, of which there were several last year, and will leave only the single burs, believing by doing so that its strength will not be improperly taxed. I have not given this tree any extra care. I planted it as carefully as I could, and depended upon nature to do the rest. Of course I have not allowed it to be abused. It is planted on the north side of a small hill, the soil of which is sand and gravel, which seem to be favorable to its growth. The flavor of the paragon chestnut is not quite so rich as that of the smaller native nut of this section, but in that respect is far superior to the imported Spanish and Italian chestnuts."

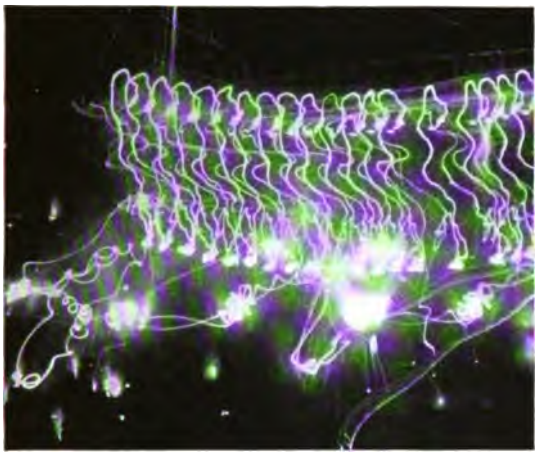
HOW TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF FIREWORKS

EITHER a hand camera or one mounted on a tripod may be used. Focus definitely on some bright object, as, for example, a lantern where



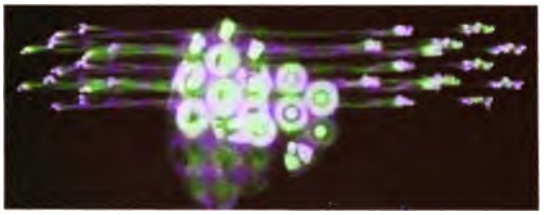
INTERESTING RESULTS OF SEVERAL EXPOSURES OF FIREWORKS ON ONE PLATE.

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the fireworks are to be set off, or by using the distance scale. If the fireworks are to be displayed in the twilight, open the shutter just before they are set off, and close it immediately afterward. If in the dark, the shutter may be kept open as long as you please, and as many subjects put on one plate as may be desired. Curious combination effects are secured by having several exposures on one plate or film.

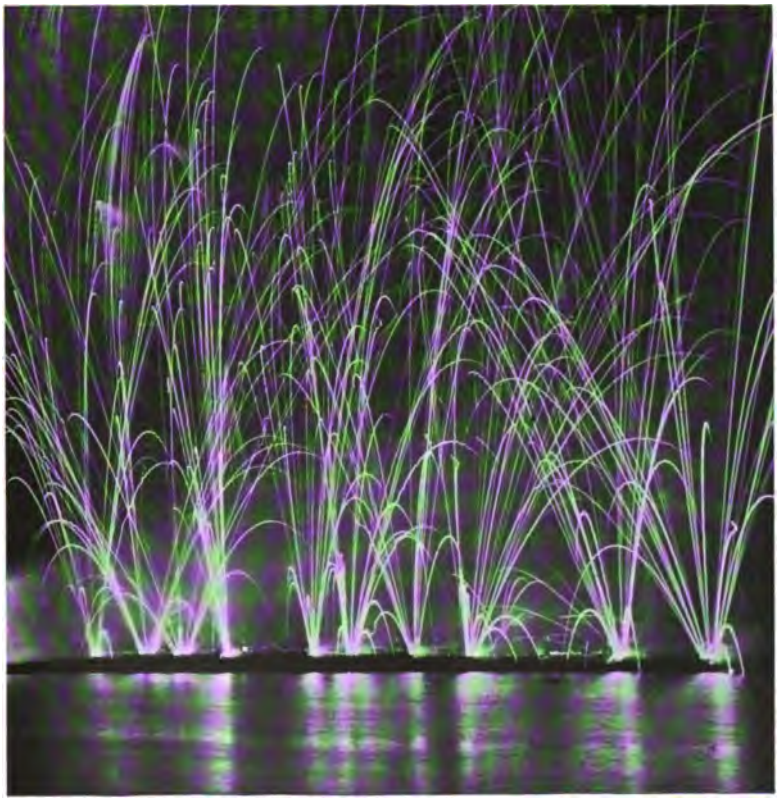
The same method is successful in photographing lightning. Use weak developer and plenty of



time. The tank method of development brings out the finer details most effectively.

A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF FIREWORKS

THIS rather remarkable photograph of fireworks was taken by Mr. John Kabel, of Dayton, Ohio, during the celebration that welcomed the return of the famous aviators, Orville and Wilbur Wright. The display was made on the bank of the Miami River, and about 2000 rockets were fired, of which a goodly number are shown in action by the photograph. The negative was made by having the shutter of the camera open for a few minutes while the rockets were doing their active work.



FIREWORKS ON THE MIAMI RIVER, NEAR DAYTON, OHIO.

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A NOVEL PAPER-WEIGHT

ON the margin of a lake in the Michigan woods, last summer, I found many deer tracks, and decided to try the experiment of making a cast of one of them, to take back to the city with me as a reminder of the great forest. The result is



A BRONZE CAST OF DEER TRACKS AS A PAPER-WEIGHT.

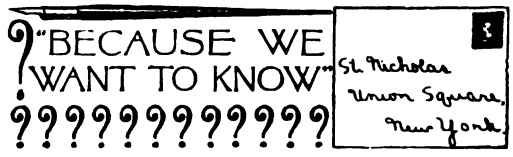
shown in the picture herewith. The operation proved to be a simple one, and, by following the directions, any one can obtain as satisfactory results.

The track of which a cast is to be taken should have sharp and symmetrical outlines, and be newly made in sand moist enough to hold a clear impression. Take a small, shallow, wooden box, about six by eight inches, from which the top and bottom have been removed, leaving only the sides, and press it gently down into the sand so that the footprint is in the middle of the space thus inclosed.

Put a pint of dry plaster of Paris into a bowl, and add water, stirring it all the time, until the mixture is about as thick as a thick soup or gruel. Pour a few spoonsful of the liquid plaster into the tracks, running it first into the deepest parts of the prints, and being careful not to disturb the sharp edges of the sand. Then, when the tracks are completely filled, the rest of the plaster may be poured in from the bowl, and should form a block on top at least half an inch thick. After fifteen or twenty minutes, the plaster will have set, or become hard, and may then be lifted. It will bring a good deal of sand with it, but this should not be disturbed for several hours, when it will have become dry and the plaster thoroughly hardened. Most of the sand will then crumble and fall away, and the remainder will come off if lightly scraped. Any pebbles should be carefully pried out.

The plaster impression thus made is called the matrix. From this a molder could make a cast in plaster or bronze. But one may readily make his own plaster cast if he so desires, first working out all small *overhanging* irregularities of surface in the matrix by rubbing them away with a blunt steel instrument. Then paint the surface thoroughly with linseed-oil, and, making around it a low wall of wood or sand to prevent the plaster from flowing off, pour over it the liquid plaster of Paris, as was done in the making of the matrix. When it has hardened, it can be lifted from the matrix and will show the impression of the track as the deer made it in the sand.

BAYARD H. CHRISTY.



THE MOON AND THE WEATHER

LINGLEY, WESTFIELD, N. B., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When in the country in the summer, I often hear, when it has been raining, the farmers say that the weather will change with the moon. Would you please tell me if the moon really does influence the weather, and, if so, how?

Your constant reader,

BERNARD F. HALEY.

Professor William H. Pickering, a recognized authority, in his book, "The Moon," devotes nearly all of one chapter to the mythical claims regarding predicting the changes in the weather by the "changes" in the moon and sums up as follows:

We thus see that, notwithstanding the number of years that the subject has been studied and the number of different minds that have been at work upon it, in only one case, that of thunder-storms, have we found any satisfactory evidence that the weather is influenced by the moon. In this case the effect is so slight that it has only a theo-

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retical interest, and we may, therefore, repeat what has been said by so many others before us, that, for all practical purposes, the moon has no influence upon the weather.

Another prominent astronomer in reply to a letter of inquiry expresses his private opinion as follows:

Astronomers, I think, do not find any direct effect on the weather that could be attributed to the position of the moon. My own impression is that the moon does have some effect on the weather, but this effect is not of a nature that would allow of any prediction—that is, its effect one time would be wholly different from that of a similar phase and position at another time, or, in other words, the position of the moon might cause a disturbance in the equilibrium of the weather that might one time produce clouds and rain, and at another (under exactly similar conditions) a clearing away of the clouds. Therefore, no prediction could be made that would come true.

The position of "the moon's horns" respecting the weather is all nonsense, of course.

HEAT ON MOUNTAIN TOPS

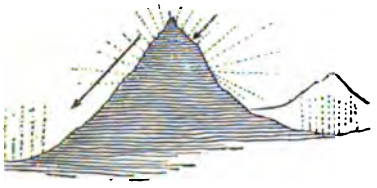
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly explain the reason for the following? A mountain top is in closer proximity to the sun than the valley that lies below. Such being the case, why is it that the sun, being nearer the top, is not strong enough to melt the snow on the mountain, while in the valley plants die from being burned by the sun?

Your inquisitive reader,
MARY EUSTACE.

The height of the mountain is so extremely small in comparison with the inconceivably great distance of the sun—many millions of miles—that there is practically no difference in the amount of heat so far as distance is concerned. Even in midwinter, when the sun is much nearer the earth than it is in our midsummer, we are not hotter.

Our atmosphere receives its heat primarily from the sun, but much is absorbed by the air before the sun's rays reach the earth's surface.



THE SUN'S RAYS AND THE MOUNTAIN.

The sun's rays strike the mountain as shown by the arrow at the right. The heat "slides" down the mountain, as shown by the arrow at the left.

These rays are spread over the ground least when the sun is in the zenith, and most when the sun is near the horizon; in the latter case, a square yard of ground receives the least amount of *heat per minute*, while in the former case it receives the greatest amount per minute. Now this heat is carried away from the ground, and from the air just above it, by the wind, and also by radiation to all the surroundings, just as a cup of tea loses its heat both by blowing upon it and by radiation to the walls of the room if it is indoors, and to the ground and sky if it is outdoors. If the warm soil cannot radiate freely, or if the wind cannot act freely on that warm ground, the ground will retain some of its heat and become



A SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN PEAK.

warmer. Thus we see that the action of our atmosphere is like a blanket, or like the glass of a greenhouse. During sunshiny days, the mountain top is cooler than the adjacent valley because the heat received at its top from the sun no sooner begins to warm the ground and the near-by air, than it is at once radiated off in all directions, both upward, and horizontally, and downward to the valleys; so that the radiation outward cools the mountain top. At night, this radiation from the mountain top is not counterbalanced by the heat that comes directly from the sun, and, therefore, the top grows steadily colder until sunrise, when the inflow of heat begins again.

The air is warm enough in a valley even to burn some varieties of plants because, in such locations, the radiation outward and the consequent cooling are greatly diminished by the near-by hills, and if these hillsides are warm in the sunshine, then they themselves radiate some of their own heat toward the valley. Moreover, there are usually strong winds blowing on top of the mountains, while there is little stirring in the valleys.—C. A.

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THAT just and jolly rotation in leading off, which we mentioned in the April number, is evident again this month. How delightful it is that the principal battalions of the League seem almost to take turns in forging to the front in the friendly race for honors and awards! In February, the young poets led the march; in April, it was the wielders of the camera. By this time, the young prose-writers were "due to arrive," as the saying is, and arrive they did, with a vengeance! Each of the two subjects, "A Fourth of July Hero" and "A Narrow Escape," brought us an overflowing harvest of good things. Rarely, indeed, in the whole history of the League, has there been a finer showing; and besides adding an entire page, we were compelled to preface the "Roll of Honor No. 1" with a "Special Mention" list of stories (and a few poems) that were literally crowded out. All of these it was a grief to lose, and several of them were by honor members, who had to give way, this time, to the rush of aspirants for the gold and silver badges.

And if the writers of prose and verse seemed bent upon showing Young America at its best, you may be sure that the artists and photographers did not lag far behind. However excellent the text, the pictorial setting is quite worthy of it! Moreover, those remarkably clever young folk, the puzzle-makers, have excelled even their high average of ingenuity, this time, with an unusual array of challenging "posers" that will test the wits and win the admiration of even grown-up solvers.

All together, the League pages of this number form a Fourth-of-July exhibit of which ST. NICHOLAS, and America itself, may well be proud.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 161

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Elmer H. Van Fleet** (age 16), Macon, Mo.; **Anita L. Grannis** (age 12), Lagrangeville, N. Y. Silver badges, **Dorothy Davie** (age 13), Anna, Ill.; **Hope Satterthwaite** (age 13), New York City; **Rhoda Elizabeth Forbes** (age 13), Katonah, N. Y.; **Eleanor P. Babbitt** (age 14), New York City; **Elizabeth Macdonald** (age 12), Frogmore, S. C.; **Richard de La Chapelle** (age 13), Highwood, N. J.; **Charles B. Hale** (age 14), Herkimer, N. Y.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Eleanor Hinman** (age 13), Lincoln, Neb.
Silver badge, **Caroline F. Ware** (age 13), Brookline, Mass.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Audrey Cooper** (age 17), York, England; **Marion Monroe** (age 15), Muskogee, Okla.
Silver badges, **Anne Garrett** (age 15), Wilmington, Del.; **Alene Seymour Little** (age 13), Columbus, O.; **Miriam Newcorn** (age 12), New York City; **Mary Lyon** (age 15), Brookline, Mass.; **Lougham K. Porritt** (age 17), Hartford, Conn.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **June Wellman** (age 9), Nutley, N. J.; **Walter Hochschild** (age 12), New York City; **Viola Nordin** (age 11), Chazy, N. Y.; **Olive Seward** (age 13), Newtonville, Mass.; **Olive C. Rogers** (age 10), Waterbury, Conn.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Edith Mabel Smith** (age 16), Elthan Park, Kent, England.
Silver badges, **Mary G. Porritt** (age 15), Hartford, Conn.; **Douglass Marbaker** (age 16), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Miriam Goodspeed** (age 14), Wollaston, Mass.



"FORSAKEN." BY JUNE WELLMAN, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)



"FORSAKEN." BY WALTER HOCHSCHILD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

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A NARROW ESCAPE

BY ELMER H. VAN FLEET (AGE 16)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won March, 1913)

It was the morning of the glorious Fourth of July. Cannon crackers, middle-sized crackers, and baby crackers had roared, banged, or popped since daybreak. But the lure of breakfast had called the boys from their celebration for a short time.

As we boys were rather small to be trusted with big fire-crackers (it being several years ago), we stayed on the porch and were willing enough to let Father be master of ceremonies. Laddie, a fine, young water-spaniel about a year old, had been greatly interested in the occasion. When Father lighted a great red giant



"VISITORS." BY ANNE GARRETT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

and threw it, Laddie ran to the cracker and seized it, the fuse smoking. Of course, we expected that Laddie, who was happily wagging his tail, would be instantly blown to atoms. So we commanded him to drop it, but he only wagged his tail the more. Second after second passed, however, and nothing happened.

Finally, when all danger was ended, Father walked over to Laddie and took the cracker from his mouth. Fortunately, the fuse was defective, or the fire had been extinguished by the grass, which was wet with dew, so Laddie's narrow escape was over, and he is still wagging his tail and loving us as only a dog knows how.

WANDERING

BY LUCILE E. FITCH (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

When the zephyrs, slow ascending over Nippon 'cross the sea,
Set each little reed a-bending on the shores of Omayi,
Would that it to me were given to relive those happy hours
Spent with her who went to heaven with the passing of the flowers,
Spent in wandering together 'mong the blossoms of Japan,
Ere the goddess, sad Kwannon, took my loved Miyoko San.

Now I roam the world half-hearted. All my dreams have taken flight.
With the wanderlust departed, can one feel the old delight?
Always are the restless rivers seeking oceans on their way,
And the things of night are waiting the companionship of day.
When the flowers long for sunshine, they are bathed in tears of dew,
So, like them, I, too, am lonely, very lonely, Love, for you.

When, into the clear horizon, sinks the sun-god's setting flame,
Giving back its stolen splendor to the east, from whence it came,
Would that I, no more a wanderer in the teeming world of men,
Through the twilight, and the starlight, and the moonlight once again,
Might return to Nippon's gardens, by the violet flecked sea,
For an hour of meditation, and the sweets of memory.

MY JULY HERO

BY DOROTHY DAVIE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

Of all my July heroes, I like Thomas Jefferson, "the Pen of the Revolution," best. He was the third President of the United States. It was he who, in 1803, added that vast territory of Louisiana to the then small United States. He proposed our present decimal system of coinage, and secured its acceptance. Think of the work and diligence required to draw up that marvelous piece of work, the Declaration of Independence. He used wisdom and justice during his administration as President of our country. Although he did not rise from poverty to President, as did Lincoln and some others, he won admiration and love throughout the country, which is more than worldly honors. Though born and educated in the first rank of colonial life, he was a Democrat in theory and practice. He reduced the Government to Republican simplicity, made few removals, and refused to appoint any of his own relations to office, saying that he "could find better men for every place than his own connections." Though a large slaveholder, he labored for the prohibition of the slave trade, and advocated emancipation in Virginia.



"FORSAKEN." BY VIOLA NORDIN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

His writings consist mostly of State papers and letters. His only literary work was his "Notes on Virginia," published in 1782. He retired after serving two

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terms to his home at Monticello, but he did not retire to a repose of idleness. He had one child, a daughter, and numerous descendants. His death was a very remarkable one. It occurred on the fourth of July, 1826, while



"VISITORS." BY AUDREY COOPER, AGE 17. GOLD BADGE (SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1910.)

the nation was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence which he had composed.

The reason for choosing Jefferson for my "July hero" is because of the good he did for your country and mine.

A HERO OF JULY

BY HOPE SATTERTHWAITE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was a warm July morning, and Jack and Mary were on the beach, ready for their morning bath. Their nurse sat on a log and talked with the other nurses.

At that moment, one of those noble dogs known as mongrels came along. Jack and Mary, who, though their nurse taught them to fear dogs, still loved them as good nursery-book friends, petted and cuddled this poor outcast. When Kate, the nurse, looked up and saw the children with the dog, she screamed:

"For mercy's sake, don't touch that dog! He 'll bite you! Maybe he 's mad!"

The children, frightened, tried to chase him away, but he retreated to a safe distance only, and there lay down.

A few minutes later, Mary ran out in the water. She did n't see the huge breaker rolling nearer like a green mountain. Before she knew it, a cloud of spray surrounded her, and then the foaming wave struck her, rolling her under, to meet the next one.

Jack and the frightened nurses shrieked for help, but it was coming from another direction than they expected.

The children's despised playmate had seen all. He knew something was the matter, so he rushed to the spot, and when he saw the curly head come above the surface, he jumped in, and, somehow, pulled Mary out.

When the children's father arrived, it was decided that the dog should be kept.

"We shall call him Hero, for he is a true one," he said.

Hero he became, and in the family photograph album is a picture under which is written, "A Hero of July."

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY RHODA ELIZABETH FORBES (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

MOTHER, Father, and I were coming home from Europe on one of the large ocean steamers. It was after dinner, and we were on the deck.

A low-hanging fog enveloped the ship.

Suddenly, the ship stopped. Because of the fog, the sudden stillness made us listen involuntarily for a crash. Every one rushed on deck, the sailors went to their danger posts, the water-tight compartments were closed, the life-boats were made ready, and the fog-horn blew incessantly. Then all was still, and we could see the faint red glimmer of a light passing very near us.

After a time, the engines once more began to throb.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY ALENE SEYMOUR LITTLE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

We were told that another ship had nearly struck us, that everything had been made ready for what had seemed to be a collision, and that only the quick reversal of the engines had saved us.

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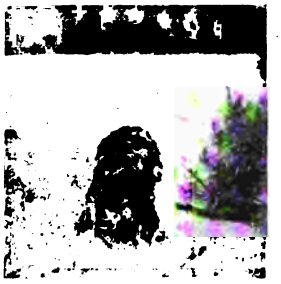
BY OLIVE SEWARD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY OLIVE C. ROGERS, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GERALD H. LOOMIS, AGE 14.



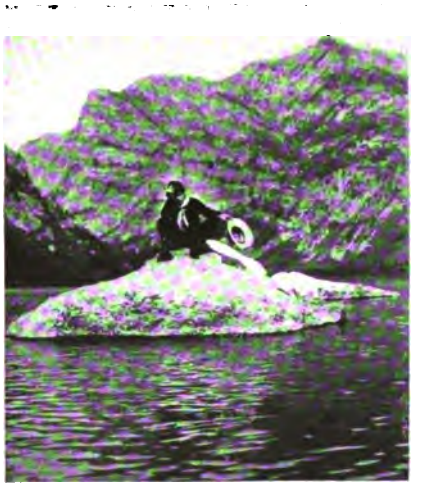
BY ELIZABETH K. COMSTOCK, AGE 15.



BY JAMES W. FROST, AGE 14.



BY LAURA HADLEY, AGE 13.



BY MARY CORNING, AGE 14.



BY ELEANOR O. DOREMUS, AGE 13.

"FORSAKEN"

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY ELEANOR P. BABBITT (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was very calm on the water one afternoon in July. We were paddling quietly up the canal that runs from Shinnecock into Great South Bay.

Many speed-boats had passed us, and we had taken their swells sometimes bow on, sometimes stern on, and sometimes, when the boat had crept up behind us silently, we had shipped a little water So at every sound that was in the least like a motor, we glanced about apprehensively.

We had been left in peace for a few minutes, and were discussing the bathing that morning, when, suddenly, around a curve of the canal, came a boat with terrific speed. As soon as the captain saw us, he began shouting wildly and waving his arms. My mother gave one despairing look, and paddled for shore with all her might. I was in the stern, so I was able to keep her off for a time. But, meanwhile, the crew had joined the captain in shouting, and all we could hear was, "Our

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swells!" and "Look out for our swells." I was going to turn around and take their gigantic swells bow first, but we were near shore now, and my sister grabbed some bushes on the bank, and pulled us ashore. My mother jumped out and began beaching the canoe.

When the boat came past, we looked expectantly for the swells; but saw not even a ripple.

The crew, captain, and all burst into shouts of laughter at the look of amazement on our faces.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARION MONROE, AGE 15. GOLD BADGE. (SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1912.)

I do not believe that any one of us ever felt smaller or more insignificant. We pushed in the canoe, and started off with burning faces.

I think it was a very mean joke, but the rest of the family think it was a very good one.

A NARROW ESCAPE

(*An incident in the career of Joan of Arc*)

BY ELIZABETH MACDONALD (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE cannon had been pounding, pounding, through the long, weary hours of the forenoon. The French army was hard at work, trying to take a supporting work of the Bastille tourelles.

The men were waiting eagerly for the bugles to sound the charge, and when it came, they rushed on the boulevard with an impetuosity that boded ill for the stalwart English soldiers so calmly awaiting them.

Joan of Arc was in the lead, of course; she started to climb a scaling-ladder, when a shaft from an arbalist struck her in the shoulder, and knocked her into the ditch. Then the English, with a cry of delight, rushed down to take her. And there ensued a battle for the life or death of France.

Without Joan, she was little more than an English province; with her, she was a nation, rising from a hundred years of devastating war, yet hurrying fast along the road to freedom.

The French fought with the despair of a drowning man when he sees the last log floating out of reach; the English with the delight of the man who sees it floating his way.

It only took ten minutes, this fight for the life of a nation, over the slender body of a girl who stood for France.

And when she was snatched out of the very clutches of the enemy, what a glad shout must have arisen, and how every thoughtful French heart must have swelled with thanksgiving over this narrow escape of their country and its savior.

A NARROW ESCAPE

(*A true story*)

BY RICHARD DE LA CHAPELLE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

ONE day in August, my mother, then a girl of twelve, was invited to the Wild West Show managed by the well-known soldier Colonel Cody, or Buffalo Bill, as he is called by the cow-boys. My mother's father was also invited, as were her brothers.

The performance took place at the old Madison Square Garden. At the time agreed, all met at the entrance. As the box-seats afforded a good view and were on the arena, one had been secured.

Soon the show began. Cow-boys and Indians raced around the ring, performing feats which astounded many people. To the great delight of the boys and the terror of the girls, shots were fired so many times that it seemed as if a miniature battle was being fought.

At last, a bull was let loose in the arena to be lassoed by the cow-boys The lasso was thrown, and it landed on the bull's horns.

The animal, enraged, gave a mighty toss of his head, which pulled the lasso out of the cow-boy's hands and swung it around the pillar in the box-seat where my mother sat with her friends.



"FORSAKEN." BY KATHERINE PARSONS, AGE 15.

My mother, at that time, was sitting close to the pillar. As the rope coiled around the pillar it also encircled my mother's head three or four times. The bull pulled at the rope so hard, it would have strangled my mother, had it not been for her father, whose quick presence of mind saved her from death. He sprang to the pillar, and untwined the rope while the cow-boys checked the bull from pulling. My mother was taken to the nearest drug-store, where the wound was dressed. Happily, as it was not a serious one, she was able to see the rest of the performance.

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WANDERING

BY ELEANOR HINMAN (AGE 13)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won June, 1913)

I MUST out upon the hillside, for the day is growing old,
For the splendor of the sunlight falls like burnished beams of gold,
And it lights the ancient arches of the murm'ring woods of pine,
And calls me toward the sunset glow, O little heart of mine!



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY BERYL H. MARGETSON, AGE 14.

The hills are blue with lupine, and the rocks yield treasured store—
Geranium, and buttercup, and a thousand blossoms more;
And clematis, and juniper, and barberry, and all,
Weave wild and graceful chaplets for the hillside tall.

The sunset light comes flooding in from far beyond the west,
It lifts the soul above itself to seek for what is best;
The mountains lie beneath it like the souls that watch and wait
And labor for the opening of heaven's own gate.

There is balm upon the hilltop, and the peace of angels' wings
Folds the weary heart of mortal, till the very silence sings;
There is strength within the stretches of the solemn aisles of wood,
And assurance in the sunset that the Lord is good.

I return to you at twilight, for my soul has wandered far,
Through a universe of beauty with full many a sun and star;
I am strong to face life's battles now, though evil powers combine—
I have roamed to God's own loving breast, O little heart of mine!

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY CHARLES B. HALE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

FOURTH of July dawned bright and clear, with that indefinable sweetness characteristic of a midsummer morning.

In the ant-hill down the lane, Mr. Ant stirred sleepily in bed, and then suddenly sat up very straight and rubbed his eyes. "Ah, my dear," he called to his wife, "what a beautiful day it is! We must be up and out before those men-creatures are stirring. *Oh!* what a day!" and Mr. Ant took a long, deep breath of enjoyment.

So Mrs. Ant climbed out of bed and dressed herself and the children, and off they started to the clover fields, stopping on their way to feed their cows (Mr. Ant had a breed of aphid cows, of which he was very proud).

But on this day, for some reason, the men-creatures, mostly the smaller ones, had risen early.

Suddenly, near the clover patch, a great red stick, cylindrical in shape, dropped in front of them, and a strange, hissing noise filled the air.

The Ant family, with one accord, started to run toward home. But before they had gone very far, there was a great explosion, and the air was filled with fragments of the red monster. When the shower of red pieces, hot and smoking, had stopped, a loud, roaring voice exclaimed: "That *was* a great one! Here goes another!"

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Ant, "it 's those horrible men-creatures!" Then Mr. Ant said, in a voice meant to be dignified but which was very shaky, "My dear, I think we had better return home. Not that *I* am afraid, not *I*," and he puffed his chest out proudly, "but I am certain that I—I—ah—left the door unlocked."

A NARROW ESCAPE

(A true story)

BY ANITA L. GRANNIS (AGE 12)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won June, 1913)

ONE hot afternoon last fall, while reading "Oliver Twist" for excitement, I heard a frenzied barking.

Now, as our dogs are fond of trying to catch some of the squirrels who live around our house, I knew what it meant. So I called, to my "very own" puppy, "Lassie, come here!"



"VISITORS." BY MIRIAM NEWCORN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

No attention. So, leaving poor *Oliver* to the tender (?) mercies of the police-magistrate, I turned out of my hammock to enforce obedience.

In a corner of our yard is a lilac bush, and to its topmost branches clung a very terrified "Reddy" squirrel. How he got there I don't know, but there he was, and the dogs had surrounded the bush, so that escape

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was impossible. Altogether, Sir Reddy was trapped, and was a pretty miserable squirrel just then.

"Lassie!" I called sternly; "come here!"

Now, to a healthy young dog, squirrel-hunting is very engrossing. Lassie thought so. (Did n't you, Lass?" You should see her wink!) Nevertheless, she obediently came—part-way.

"Reddy" Squirrel, for whom skies had cleared wonderfully in a moment, immediately made a jump for the nearest locust-tree, six feet away. He was so frightened, however, that he miscalculated, and fell to the ground. And at *that* moment, Lassie turned her head and saw it all!



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARY LYON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Prince Charlie" was busy after Reddy at once, but Reddy was busier still, after freedom. And so, in less than three seconds, he was scrambling wildly up the tree to safety.

Not approving of squirrel-killing, I scolded both dogs, and then returned to my book, where, in no time, I 'd forgotten the very existence of a Reddy squirrel.

But to judge from the outraged chattering heard in the treetops, that small animal had by no means overlooked his narrow escape.

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY DOROTHY MAY RUSSELL (AGE 16)

We were camping at Lake Caroga, in the Adirondack Mountains.

One beautiful morning in summer, I stood looking out over the huge mirror; all nature seemed full of life and animation, even the water seemed to laugh and murmur songs as it played with the pebbles at my feet. In the distance, I saw my father coming in a rowboat. He had been trolling for pickerel. As he neared the shore, I anxiously called out, "Did you catch anything?"

"No, they are not biting this morning," Father replied, in a discouraged manner.

"Please let me row awhile; I 'm sure I can catch one!"

So Father tied the trolling line around my arm, and then I started to try my luck.

"Don't let him pull you overboard," Father laughingly called after me.

When I was a short way from the shore, I felt a jerk on my arm. I dropped the oars, stood up, and excitedly began pulling in the line. I heard Father shouting, and thought he said to hold on; then I distinctly heard, "Sit down!"

But it was too late! Over went the boat. I tried to catch hold of its sides, but I felt myself going down, down. What beautiful music I heard! It seemed as if St. Peter's chimes were ringing, and the choir-boys were singing. I knew nothing more until I found myself lying on the bank in front of our cottage, with Father and Mother bending anxiously over me. My first words were, "Did I get him?"

"I should say you did!" Father replied, as he saw a tug on the line still tied to my arm. Father began to pull in the line, and landed the largest pickerel—he weighed—I won't tell you how much, for fear you 'll think this is only a fish story!

WANDERING

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

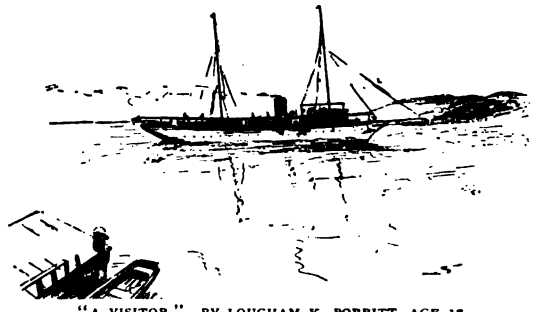
When winter winds blow wild without,
I hide my crutch behind my chair,
Forget I cannot run and shout,
And drift to dreams of everywhere.

Sometimes my wheeled chair is a ship;
Sometimes it is a touring car;
Sometimes away from it I slip,
To tramp about in lands afar.

But best of all I love to stray
Into a valley green and fair
Where wild flowers grow beside the way,
And Sabbath calmness fills the air.

There, on the grass beneath the trees
I wander, while my woodland nook
Is vibrant with the crickets' glees,
And tinklings of the neighboring brook.

But all these things must fade, alas!
The crutch is still behind my chair;
The glowing visions slip and pass,—
And I have not been anywhere!



"A VISITOR." BY LOUGHAM K. PORRITT, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY ELIZABETH MORRISON DUFFIELD (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

"This is the last time I shall speak on this subject," said Mr. Wales, addressing his son. "But unless your marks are up to grade for the rest of the year, you don't go to college," and he left the room abruptly.

Jack knew that his father meant what he said, so for the next month he studied his hardest. He had brains, but it was hard work making a month of concentration atone for years of idleness. The last day of the month, he wandered over to school to get a book, and, while

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passing the teacher's desk, noticed the open "record book." His eye caught his own name, and it was no more than natural to look at his mark. He read with dismay—John Wales, 74. One mark was to keep him from college! As he looked, a thought entered his head. The four was badly made. A single pen stroke would make it a five. No one would know, and he certainly would work for the rest of the term. He had taken the pen, when he heard voices, and started guiltily.

"Oh, you must know Jack Wales!" he heard a voice say. "He 's captain of the nine, and the squarest fellow in school."

"I 'd rather live up to that reputation than go to college," thought Jack, and, dropping the pen, he left the school.

The next evening, his father sent for him. "Now I 'm in for it!" thought Jack, gloomily.

But, contrary to his expectations, his father greeted him smilingly. "I see you followed my advice, son," he said.

"But my marks are n't up to grade," said Jack, honestly.

"Well, they 're so near that I guess we 'll call it square about college," replied Mr. Wales.

"Thanks, Dad," said his son, quietly.

WANDERING

BY CAROLINE F. WARE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

FARE thou well, O crowded city,
May'st thou ever live to be
Great throughout the coming ages.
But—the wilderness for me!

Give me leave to roam and wander
Far from all the haunts of men,
Far from every care and trouble,
Never to return again.

Oh, the cool and peaceful forest!
Let me there my footsteps wend,
Where, in every tree and hollow,
Lurks a hidden, feathered friend.

Let me wander there forever,
Day by day, from glade to glade;
Sleeping 'neath the moon's soft splendor,
Playing 'neath the oak's cool shade.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

SPECIAL MENTION

PROSE

Betty Humphreys
Meribah Bennett
Virginia Wilder
Frances E. Sutter
Anne K. Warren
Catherine Horner
Jean Palmer
Standish Bourne
Alice Lindley
John K. Stafford
Henry D. Costigan
Claire H. Roesch
Ruth Gates Merritt
Mary Mason
Dorothea Haupt
Ethel M. Feuerlicht
Fritz Wegner
Martha E. Whittemore
Charlotte Louise Adams
William W. Ladd
Clayton B. Seagears
Edith M. Levy
Mary Dixon Welch
Richard M. Gudeman
Isadore Cooper
Duncan Scarborough

PROSE, 1

Caroline Tyson
Virginia Tooker
Vivian E. Hall
Helen G. Rankin
Bessie T. Keene
Elizabeth Finley
Dorothea De Muth
Alice Henry
Mab Barber
Mabel Harrington
Marion Shedd
Helen F. Thomas
Rachel Souhami
Adelaide Harrisson
J. Norman Klein
Evelyn G. Pullen
Madge McCord
Kathryn B. Fowler
Martha Johnson
Edward J. Butler
Esther Bader
Nathaniel Dorfman
Helen A. Dority
Cornelia Sage
Ruth S. Abbott
Dorothy E. Sutherland
Lillian K. Ely
Hope Fullerton
Dorothy Waite
Katherine Rockwell
Helen C. Smith
Margaret Ely
Joseph V. Wells
Elizabeth Horner
James Jacobson
Sarah C. Davison
Edna Walls
Paul Lunt
Charles Marcus
Agnes D. Hale
Asa S. Bushnell
Irving A. Leonard
Eunice Eddy
Frances Records
Christine Young
Henrietta Shattuck
Myrtis Watkins
Milton Bransby
Lillia Lyman
Effie C. Ross
Kathryn Baker
Nell Upshaw
Frances D. Pennypacker
Hilda Lord
Germain Townsend
Ethel W. Kidder
Vernie Peacock
Edna Guck
Jerauld L. Olmsted
Caroline Newson
Gratia H. Ketchum
Marion Hunt
Laura Morris
Helen McNary
Mary Estill
Marjorie Bruce
Vera McQueen
Helen Gould
Raymond Jackson
Edith N. Coit
Quinta Cattell
Rossabel Dodge
Melville Otter
Cornelia Tucker
Elsket Bejach
Virginia Horner
Philip D. Orcutt
Hélène M. Roesch

PROSE, 2

Ford E. Lange
Mary E. Ford
Mendel Jacobi
Jean B. Rogers
Horace Woodmansee
Mary E. Covitt
Alfred Valentine
Elizabeth Lerch
Nina L. Kintner
Dorothy Reynolds
Marian Frankenfield
Alice M. Towsley
Edith McEwen
Mary Campbell
Halah Slade
Muriel Young
Eleanor Lee
Gertrude Shipp
Kathleen Miner
Peggy Gantt
Elizabeth M. Whinney
Marjorie Thirer
Gertrude Hirschmann
Michael Glassman
Jack Forbes
Elizabeth Pratt
Gertrude A. Graham
Ruth D. Saunders
Helen Crawford
Marie Moeller
Dorothy R. Hart
Gerrit Henry
Eleanor N. Mann
Marion K. Brown
Mead Treadwell
Mary E. Arostegin
Margaret Stevens
Robert Eberle
Grace S. Pope
Lois Graut
Page Williams
William Schusterson
Rose Cushman
Margaret Blake
Beulah Lloyd
Louise Benjamin
Julie R. Melcher
Eleanor Magee
Haven Perkins
Adele Chapin
Jane E. Doolittle
Mildred Dauber
Matilda Tash
Lola M. Plott

SPECIAL MENTION

VERSE

Mary R. Steichen
Elsie L. Lustig
Florence W. Towle
John C. Farrar
Elsie L. Richter
Grace Noerr Sherburne
Eugene W. DeKalb

VERSE, 1

Edith Brill
Ferris Neave
Leisa Wilson
Arthur H. Nethercot
Winifred Fletcher
Dorothy A. Fessenden
Norma L. Pasquay
Eleanor Johnson
Bruce T. Simonds
Constance Quinby
Ruth Heiman
Isabel W. Fithian
Janet Hepburn
Dorothy C. Snyder
Emanuel Farbstein
Jessie M. Thompson
Elizabeth Crawford
Cora L. Butterfield
Helen Huntington
Fannie W. Butterfield
Emily S. Stafford
Marcella H. Foster
Betty Kennedy
John Cregan
Alice Borncamp
Esther Norton
Nora Lee Williams
Edwina R. Pomeroy
Hazel K. Sawyer
Frances B. Ward
Pauline Lambert
Marian Thanhouser
Dorothy H. Mack

VERSE, 2

Harriet Wickwire
Virginia Sledge
Elizabeth Elting
Corrinne C. Beldan
Leo M. Petersen
Lloyd W. Dinkelspiel
Helen J. Barker
Dorothy Joseph
Randolph Goodridge
Mary E. Wells
Sarah M. Bradley
Marie Louise Muriedas
Bertha Pitcairn
Alberta Cheese
Nelson C. Munson
Emily Simon
Mary S. Benson
Beatrice Traub
Eleanor Dyer
Mary Marquand
Evangeline Lueth

DRAWINGS, 1

Frances M. E. Patten
Gladys E. Livermore
Malcolm McGhie
Hertha Fink
Morris Ress
Ruth Foster
Dorothy Hughes
Cleo Damianakes
Dorothy E. Handsaker
Emma Stuyvesant
Louise Graham
Dorothy Walter
James M. Leopold, Jr.
Margaret E. Nicolson
Welthea B. Thoday
Olga Tough
Leontine R. Northrop
Harlan Hubbard
Janet Taylor
Elsie Belknap Driggs
Wilson C. Leithead
A. Burroughs
Caroline Bancroft
Marise Blair
Reamer Bohn
Katherine D. Stewart
Gertrude F. Tiemer
Margaret Bailey
Louise S. May
Mae Bradford
George A. Chromey
Frederick W. Agnew
Stella Evelyn Grier
Dorothy P. Grover
Lucie C. Holt
Ethelwynne Weaver
E. Lucile Noble
Alex Lipinsky
Vahe Garabedian

DRAWINGS, 2

Evelyn Rosenthal
Charlotte W. Gilman
Roy Crane
Howard L. Haines, Jr.
Dorothy M. Brown
Katharine Tilton
Frances Eliot
Kate Morse
Margaret M. Thomas
Adelaide White
Katharine Bliss
Elise Strother
Donald Minore
Lloyd Billingsley
Robert C. Mare
Nanette Church
John Ruggles
Ethel Teft
Arthur Wehin
Louise D. Patterson
Mollie Stiber
Martha Keller
Dorris E. Perkins
Doris Riker
Elizabeth Thacher
Esther A. Keane
Sarnia Marquand
Jack Field
Phyllis Brackett
Owen Tifer, Jr.
Margaret Dunham
Alice Beghtol
Gabriella Cameron
Henrietta H. Henning
Margaret Hamilton
Henry E. Scott, Jr.
Harry G. Zelle
Addie R. Dorsey
Josephine Hayes
Allan Clarkson
Philip Bray
Hilda Rubenstein
Elizabeth Tredway
Ruth White
Dorothy Cole
Jennie E. Everden
Mildred V. Preston
Beryl Siegbert
Ida O. Jackson
Ellsworth Jaeger
Mary M. Barrett
Frances Palmer
Tesie Starrett
Beatrice B. Sawyer
Edith L. Pitcher
Willis Davis
Nathan Hale
Martha C. Tucker
Anne W. Johnston
John T. Woodmansee

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PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Katherine D. Fowler
Thomas R. Redwood
Marion Correll
Isabel Armstrong
Chesley N. Wood
Vincino Carrara
Isabel Shelpman
Helen C. Halbrook
Dorothy V. Tyson
Donald McCann
Robert L. Parkinson, Jr.
Winifred H. Jelliffe
Helen Lewengood
Douglas C. Abbott
J. Sherwin Murphy
Margaret C. Barber
Harriette F. Wardell
Pearl I. Henderson
Grace C. Freese
Vivian Sauvage
Violet W. Hoff
L. Margaret Pfau
Juliet Peddle
Helen Douglass
Marjory Woods
Mary Farnam
Mary B. Brooks
Louise Lusk
Ruth E. Prager
Edwin Fleischmann
Mary O. Sleeper
Elise N. Stein
Marguerite Daniell
Margaret P. Spaulding
Margaret Horton
Anne Burrow

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Robert D. Clark
Elizabeth P. Phillips
Margaret Bliss
James Kinnucan
Emilie Pleydell
Eugene K. Patterson
Arthur Gatewood
Harold K. Taylor
Louis L. De Hart
Thyrza Weston
Maybelle L. Piaget
Margaret Leathes
Willis K. Jones
Dorothy von Olker
Anna Rosenberg
Hazel M. Spaulding
Irvin Eppstein
Caroline Clark
Alexander M. Greene
Sanford Larkey
Helen L. Pendergast
Helen Leach
Helen Curtis
Janet W. Victorius
W. R. Spiller

PUZZLES, 1

Eugene Scott
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Margaret M. Benney
Charles Chatterton, Jr.
Ruth Browne
Elizabeth Wood
Charles Scribner
Evelyn Cohen
Cecily J. Bovaird
Charles Pearson, Jr.
Frances Dudley
Kathryn Slayback
Donald Hurlburt
Robert Fleming
Margaret Anderson
Marion Z. Warmington
Hilda Libby
Henry Greenbaum
Sherman Pratt
Alfred Curjel
Elizabeth P. Robinson
Bliss Seymour
Elizabeth Land
Raymond Swanson
Emery Mallett
Elwyn B. White
Julian Ross
Helen M. Durham
Isabel Conklin
Katherine Hardwick
Pauline Coburn
Helen L. Wheeler
Helen Vincent
Florence Patton
Marguerite A. Harris
Margaret Loeb
John H. Focht
Sarah Roody
Grace E. Lustig
Almeda Becker
G. Gilbert Templeton
Jean H. Crepin
Arthur Schwartz
Lucia Hazzard
Henry S. Johnson
Philo Hall Higley
Myron Drackman
Theresa Winsor
Margaretta VanDyke
Madeleine Ida Strauss
Dorothy C. Hess

PUZZLES, 2

Margaret Mathews
E. P. Pond
Pearl E. Travis
Ruth K. Gaylord
Doris Libby
Marshall Best
Leonora Andrews
Philip N. Rawson
Jean M. Clarke
John Moscrip
Marion Roper
Mildred Voorhees
Harriet E. Schick
Bradford G. Warner

SPECIAL NOTICE

MUCH to our regret, we are forced to chronicle an incident which, despite our best endeavors, seems destined to befall the League competitions at rare—and fortunately only *very* rare—intervals. The May number had been issued but three or four days, when letters arrived from many League members, informing us that the "Heading for May," on page 665, to which was awarded a silver badge, was copied from an illustration in the Rand-McNally edition of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." Badges awarded are not mailed until ten days after the issue of the magazine, and this one was withheld.

It is, of course, impossible to prevent the copying of a picture or a bit of verse, and equally impossible for any one person to know everything that is printed, and therefore to recognize in advance every deception of this sort. But in the case of the League, any boy or girl who might even be tempted to appropriate something not his or her own, should remember that detection is absolutely certain, for the moment it is printed thousands upon thousands of alert young eyes will be quick to perceive and report it.

We have no wish to add to the sorrow and humiliation of any one who thoughtlessly yields to such a temptation—for, indeed, we are sure that it can be due to nothing worse than thoughtlessness. No member of the League who is old enough to think would deliberately commit an act so unfair to all his fellow-competitors, and so unjust to his own better nature. We are thankful to say that there have been only a very few such instances in all the years of the League's history, and nearly all of them have been due, we verily believe, to a misunderstanding by the young contributor of just what the word "original" means. Our readers will testify, however, that we strive to make this very plain, besides the strict stipulation—to which we here call special attention—that every contribution *must* be indorsed as original by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.*

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 165

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 165 will close **July 10** (for foreign members **July 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **November.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of the Hills," or "A Song of the Sea."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "What Happened Next."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "During Vacation."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Welcome Guest," or a Heading for **November.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-Box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

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THE LETTER-BOX

KATALLA, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and I have never written you before. I am always interested in the letters published in ST. NICHOLAS, especially the ones from Alaska, so I thought I would write to you, too.

We came to Alaska in the summer of 1908, and have been here ever since, with the exception of a few months. Katalla is just a small town, with a public school which the native children attend as well as the white.

We have long, cold winters and short, warm summers. We have several kinds of berries. Salmon-berries, blueberries, cranberries, wild currants, and dewberries. The salmon-berries look like large raspberries, and grow on tall bushes. The cranberries are hard and bitter. There are two kinds of high-bush and low-bush cranberries.

We also have several kinds of wild game. Ducks, geese, snipe, ptarmigan, and swan, the mallard, and teal-duck. The snipe are very small birds with long bills. The ptarmigan are pure white in winter and dark brown in summer.

We have skeeing and a great deal of tobogganing here in the winter-time. My brother and I have our dog team, and Yukon sled. Some people here have a fox farm, and they trap not only foxes, but other animals, alive. It is very interesting to see them. They had cub bears here for a while, which would drink out of the can by standing on their haunches.

Your interested reader,

HELEN M. SMITH (age 13).

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: During the short time of four months which I have taken you, I have enjoyed you beyond your imagination. You are my companion, friend, and best entertainer, and a billion other things which I will not mention.

You cannot imagine how eagerly I await your arrival every month. I do love all your stories *so* much, especially "The Land of Mystery."

I read the stories to my little sister, and she enjoys them extremely; soon she will be able to read them for herself.

Wishing you the greatest success, I am,

Your devoted reader,

ESTELLE A. HAGEDORN (age 12).

DULCE, N. MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you.

I am ten years old. I live in Dulce, New Mexico. I am very lonesome, as I am the only little white girl here. There are many Indian girls here. My mama is a teacher of the older children. My papa is the principal of the school. There is a boy who lives down at the Agency. He is ten years old, too. Like me, he has no one to play with. And so we are both very lonesome.

I have many pets. I have seventeen chickens, two white rabbits, and one dog. I just got my rabbits last Thursday. They have pink eyes. Their names are Benny and Bunny. My chickens have no names. There is one young rooster who fights me every time I go out in the yard. I have to carry a stick, or something like that to use when he comes after me. My dog's name is Duke. He is a black cocker spaniel with long curly ears. He has a stubby little short tail, too. He is just like a brother to me.

The Indian men have long hair. They wear it in two long braids down their backs. The ladies dress very funny, too.

I know how to write on the type-writer pretty well. But Mama hardly ever lets me. I would have written this on the type-writer, but Papa was using it.

Could n't you tell some reader to write to me? I would be very glad to receive one from some of them.

I think I will have to close, as I have nothing more to say.

Your affectionate reader,

FRANCES WALTER.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you how I enjoy you. You were given to me for a birthday present last year. This year, although I still take you, it is not by subscription.

I enjoy "The Land of Mystery" so much that I can hardly wait for you to come so that I may read it.

I am thirteen years old, and I am in the ninth grade. I have gone to school since I was five. I will soon be fourteen, and expect to receive a tennis racket for my birthday. Last year, Lola, my sister, was the girl champion tennis player of our school tennis club.

Your friend,

ANNIE CUNNINGHAM.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy you very much. And my favorite author is Ralph Henry Barbour.

I am half American. My mother is American, and I am ten years old. I speak German and English, and am learning French. From my home I can see the Jura Mountains on one side, and on the other I can see Mont Blanc.

Yours truly,

ILSE BACKER.

HYATTSVILLE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We put a box upon our front porch in 1909, and the wrens have come back every year, and they are still coming. Sometimes we find rusty hair-pins and nails and sticks, a lot of paper, and horsehairs.

They sit in our peach-tree and sing.

One time, when I was in the hammock, a little wren sat on the ropes and sang.

Sincerely,

FRANK CHESNUT.

CLEBURNE, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Through the kindness of my uncle in Indian Gap, Texas, I have been a reader of your magazine ST. NICHOLAS. I find many interesting things in it, especially one from Nome, Alaska, which was beneficial to me.

A few days ago, our lesson in geography was on the products of Alaska. My teacher asked the class to tell all we knew about Alaska. Of course, I had just read the letter from Carl L. Lokke, and I raised my hand to tell the teacher what I had read in your magazine. The teacher laughed at me for saying that berries grew in Alaska. The next day, I took the magazine to her,

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and she read it to the class, and she said that was something new to her!

The products of Texas, where I live, are hay, cotton, corn, potatoes, and different kinds of fruits. Where I live are mostly truck-farmers.

Your interested reader,
W. J. DOSS RICHERSON.

SALAMANCA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you very long, but I have much pleasure in reading you. I am especially interested in "The Land of Mystery."

We are having a flood here now, and our bridge has gone down. We have to go around West Salamanca now. We can look out of the parlor window and see how high the river is.

I like to read the letters.

I am lonely this afternoon because my great friend has gone to West Salamanca, and another has gone to the matinée, and still another has gone away.

It seems funny to say I am going to the city of Salamanca, when you are on the other side of it yourself.

Your loving reader,
IRENE COLE (age 9).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl over here in Paris studying French, which is very hard.

I look forward to your coming every month very anxiously, for I always enjoy you so much.

I believe I like the story "The Land of Mystery" the best, as I have been to Jerusalem and Egypt, so the places are familiar to me.

My home is in Denver, Colorado, and I like it better than France. I remain

Your loving reader,
FRANCES TRUMBULL VAN MATER (age 12).

WARWICK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you, but I have seen so many little letters in the letter-box, I thought I would write.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS almost two years, and I enjoy it very much. I thought that "Pennybright's Circus" was a very nice little story. I was also interested in "The Lady of the Lane."

I have no brothers or sisters, but we have a couple of cats and chickens.

I must close now.

Your most interested reader,
CATHERINE SHINER.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you all the years that I have taken you. But I must write you and tell you how much I like "The Land of Mystery" and "Beatrice of Denewood." I have a little friend who likes "The Land of Mystery" very much, too. I have a little dog. I will take a picture of him and send it to you. His name is Christie, named for Christmas, but Christie sounds better, so we call him by it.

Your interested reader,
AUGUSTA HAZARD.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

PRIMAL ACROSTIC OF CONCEALED NAMES. England, London. 1. Edgar. 2. Norman. 3. George. 4. Lester. 5. Andrew. 6. Nathan. 7. Delos. 8. Leo. 9. Oscar. 10. Nelson. 11. Donald. 12. Otto. 13. Napoleon.

INTERLOCKING WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Reaps. 2. Eclat. 3. Alice. 4. Pasha. 5. Stead. II. 1. Nabob. 2. Amice. 3. Bight. 4. Ochre. 5. Betel. III. 1. Havoc. 2. Adobe. 3. Voted. 4. Obese. 5. Ceded. IV. 1. Nabob. 2. Apace. 3. Baker. 4. Ocean. 5. Berne. V. 1. Sense. 2. Edits. 3. Nidus. 4. Stufa. 5. Essay.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Shark.

ZIGZAG. Bunker Hill. Cross-words: 1. Bind. 2. Ruin. 3. Nail. 4. Skit. 5. Earn. 6. Grub. 7. Hill. 8. Vine. 9. Lily. 10. Flat.

DOUBLE ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Left-hand puzzle: "Don't give up the ship!" Right-hand puzzle: Chesapeake, Shannon.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Beethoven. Cross-words: 1. Cabin. 2. Steep. 3. Swear. 4. Baton. 5. Sahib. 6. Broom. 7. Caves. 8. Stern. 9. Handy.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD. 1. Thane. 2. Haven. 3. Avert. 4. Nerve. 5. Enter.

ANAGRAM ACROSTIC. Hiawatha. 1. Hans Brinker. 2. Ivanhoe. 3. Alice in Wonderland. 4. Wonder Book. 5. Adventures of a Brownie. 6. Treasure Island. 7. House of the Seven Gables. 8. Adventures of Robin Hood.

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG. Mediterranean. Cross-words: 1. Montana. 2. Teheran. 3. Andaman. 4. Madison. 5. Sokotra. 6. Yenesei. 7. Rainier. 8. Algiers. 9. Orizaba. 10. Trenton. 11. Cremona. 12. Cascade. 13. Norfolk.

KING'S MOVE FRUIT PUZZLE. Begin at 30. 1. Apple. 2. Pear. 3. Grape. 4. Banana. 5. Orange. 6. Quince. 7. Plum. 8. Peach. 9. Gooseberry. 10. Currant. 11. Cherry. 12. Lemon. 13. Fig. 14. Date. 15. Olive.

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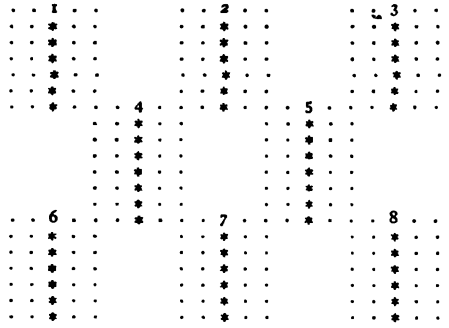
To our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the April Number were received before April 10 from Theodore H. Ames.

Answers to Puzzles in the April Number were received before April 10 from Thankful Bickmore, 10—"Chums," 10—Isabel Shaw, 10—Alfred Hand, 3d, 10—R. Kenneth Everson, 10—Claire A. Hepner, 10—Mary L. Ingles, 9—Max Stolz, 9—Lothrop Bartlett, 8—Dorothy Berrall, 8—Eloise Peckham, 6—Sophie Rosenheim, 3—Adele Mowton, 3—Elizabeth V. Roberts, 2—Florence M. Brodie, 1—Philip R. Pearson, 1—Louise H. Callender, 1—Mary Gray, 1—Lucienne Glorieux, 1—Dorothy L. Todd, 1—Arthur D. Adams, 1—Anna C. Schwarz, 1—E. L. Lagowitz, 1—Lucy E. Worthington, 1—Williams Mitchell, 1.

CONNECTED CENTRAL ACROSTICS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



The central letters of each of the eight groups of letters, reading downward, spell the name of characters found in Greek and Roman mythology.

I. 1. A pig-like South American mammal. 2. A fruit. 3. Liking. 4. A ridge of rocks. 5. To decorate. 6. A song of joy. 7. A fiery particle. Centrals: The first woman.

II. 1. A journal. 2. A view. 3. A swamp. 4. A fertile spot. 5. The cry of a sheep. 6. Reason. 7. Found in a studio. Centrals: The slayer of Medusa.

III. 1. To skip. 2. Chosen. 3. A tenet. 4. Courage. 5. Flat, circular plates. 6. A transparent fabric. 7. What roads often are. Centrals: The being that sprung from Medusa's blood.

IV. A South African hillock. 2. To correct. 3. An aromatic plant. 4. A musical drama. 5. A kind of claw. 6. In the midst of. 7. An eastern country. 8. A fold. Centrals: A model wife.

V. 1. Clear. 2. An autumn fruit. 3. A showy flower. 4. To dig. 5. A grain. 6. To wear away. 7. Used by glaziers. 8. Portals. Centrals: A huntress who was changed into a bear.

VI. 1. To languish. 2. Seasonable. 3. A fume. 4. To detest. 5. To step. 6. To measure. 7. A Turkish governor. Centrals: The son of Apollo.

VII. 1. Afraid. 2. A grating sound. 3. A pointed weapon. 4. A male relative. 5. Long-standing quarrels. 6. A kind of fish. 7. A couplet. Centrals: The messenger of the gods.

VIII. 1. A cavalry sword. 2. A wading bird. 3. A large parrot. 4. Walked. 5. A title of respect in India. 6. Showy. 7. Flavor. Centrals: The son of Zeus and Semele.

DOUGLASS MARBAKER (age 16).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of seventy letters, and form a quotation from Shakspere.

My 55–23–41–69 is a foot-covering. My 8–2–66–33–20–57 is a head-covering by which my 4–15–49–17 is sometimes concealed. My 3–25–48–37–64–58–18–11–30 is a speaking-trumpet. My 29–24–46–50–10 is a large stream. My 22–9–31–40–67–54–59 is a vessel that plies between seaports in the same country. My 12–65–13–70–45–53–39–1 are greedy eaters. My 61–52–47–19 is part of a plant. My 56–5–26–51–28–7 is uncivilized. My 35–32–6–14–21–42 is a current of water. My 68–63–27–36 is colors. My 62–60–38–34 is harmony. My 16–44–43 is an article.

MARGUERITE T. ARNOLD (age 15), *League Member*.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE

(*One word is concealed in each couplet*)

To be a singer much admired
Our dear Dot ardently aspired.

The common songs she would not know,
She aimed at oratorio.

She sang at Attleboro fair,
Her voice was called beyond compare.

"We know," so said Reporter John,
"She 'll rival Patti later on."

And yet, 't was droll, ere long she knew
That nothing but hard work would do.

Through summer long and winter drear,
You 'd hear her practice, far and near.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

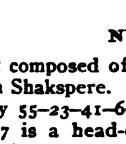
(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a popular holiday, and the finals the thing that it celebrates.

Cross-words: 1. What mushrooms are. 2. Repeatedly. 3. Unmarried. 4. To awaken. 5. A body of soldiers. 6. A place of abode. 7. A body of water. 8. Discovered. 9. To form an opinion. 10. Relating to a city. 11. A song. 12. Heard among the Swiss mountaineers.

EDITH MABEL SMITH (age 16).

NOVEL ZIGZAGS

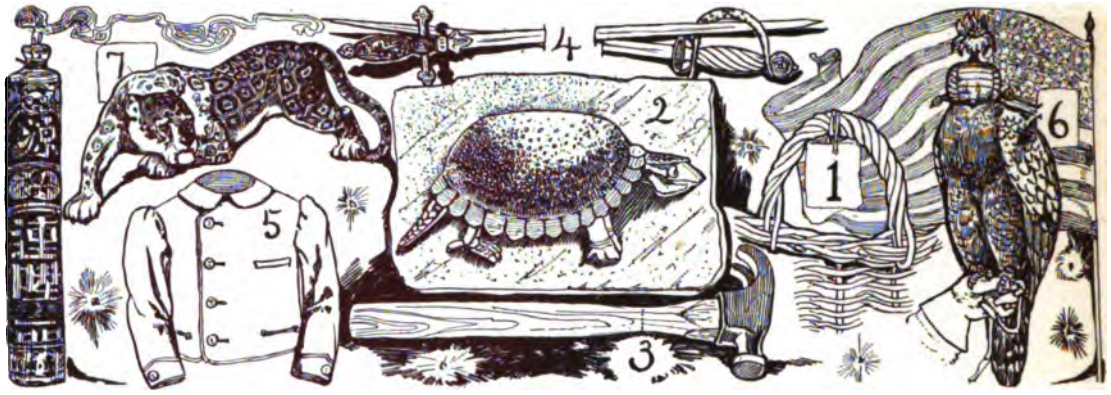


In solving, follow the diagram, although the puzzle has eight zigzags. These zigzags of stars spell alternately a Latin and a Greek writer.

Cross-words: 1. Large, covered boxes. 2. A coarse cloth. 3. An angle. 4. A preposition. 5. A sinew. 6. To proclaim. 7. Most fastidious. 8. Those who have not attained legal age. 9. A club-house. 10. An injury. 11. Forest-like. 12. Relinquishes. 13. A small shield. 14. A bean-like vegetable. 15. A utensil for holding anything. 16. A ladle. 17. Boggy. 18. Plaster work. 19. Food for horses and cattle. 20. To keep in order. 21. Lowly. 22. Delicate. 23. A column. 24. To pelt with shot.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 14), *Honor Member*.

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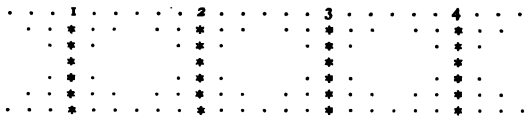
A PATRIOTIC PUZZLE

1. * * o . . *
2. * o * o . .
3. o o o * . *
4. . . * . o *
5. * o . . * *
6. * . . . * *
7. o . . . . .

Each of the above seven pictures may be described by a word of six letters. When these seven words are rightly guessed and written one below the other, as shown in the diagram, the letters indicated by stars and the letters indicated by circles will each spell the name of a very famous patriot. They died on the same day.

V. W.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE



Cross-words: I. 1. Misfortunes. 2. Decayed. 3. An insect. 4. In coward. 5. A small bed. 6. Moves backward and forward. 7. Chaffers. II. 1. A household officer. 2. Frozen dew. 3. A beverage. 4. In coward. 5. The highest part. 6. A quantity of similar things. 7. A colonist. III. 1. Powerful. 2. Remains of a burned substance. 3. To put into position. 4. In coward. 5. A little demon. 6. To climb. 7. Reigning. IV. 1. One of a base-ball team. 2. An important organ. 3. Skill. 4. In coward. 5. Very warm. 6. A guide. 7. A living picture.

The centrals of the hour-glasses spell the names of four signers of a famous document.

John M. Kleberg (age 13), *League Member.*

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag from the upper left-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter will spell the name of a famous writer whose nationality is the same as that of the poet spelled in the zigzag from the upper right-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter.

Cross-words: 1. A miracle. 2. Brownish crimson. 3. A famous explorer. 4. A four-winged insect. 5. A dealer in cloths. 6. To soften. 7. Dull. 8. Wheeled vehicles used in transportation. 9. Harmonious combinations of tones. 10. To serve. 11. A summer sport.

Gustav Deichmann (age 14), *Honor Member.*

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My *first* is in window, but not in door;
My *second* in beach, but not in shore;
My *third* is in sun, but not in moon;
My *fourth* is in night, but not in noon;
My *fifth* is in pie, but not in cake;
My *sixth* is in nod, but not in shake;
My *seventh* is in gas, but not in air;
My *eighth* is in trouble, but not in care;
My *ninth* is in sod, but not in dirt;
My *tenth* is in gown, but not in skirt;
My *whole* 's a great man, good and brave,
Who risked his all his land to save.

Mary G. Porritt (age 15).

NOVEL ZIGZAG

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

* . 2 25 23
8 * . . 16
20 24 * . 21
26 11 17 * 6
3 14 . 5 *
. 9 18 27 *
. 10 . * .
1 . * 4 22
15 * 12 . 19
* 7 . 13 .

Cross-words: 1. A ray. 2. Metrical language. 3. The river of oblivion. 4. Soiled. 5. Turbulent. 6. Prices. 7. Slights. 8. To lop off. 9. A thicket. 10. Honor.

The zigzag of stars spells the name of a famous battle fought in July. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 12 name the State in which it was fought, and 13 to 22, and 23 to 27, the commanding generals.

Miriam Goodspeed (age 14).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

* 16 32 7 11
* 3 20 26 9
* 31 18 29 14
* 13 23 33 28
* 2 30 19 24
* 15 22 5 10
* 21 25 12 8
* 1 27 17 4
* 6 18 11 26

1. A feminine name. 2. A Greek letter. 3. Turf. 4. To ill-use. 5. A thin fluid secreted by certain glands. 6. A masculine name. 7. A song of joy. 8. Different. 9. An incident.

The initial letters form the name of an American poet. From 1 through 8, from 9 through 18, from 19 through 25, and from 26 through 33, spell four of his best-known poems.

Isidore Helfand (age 14), *Honor Member.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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"That's the whole secret:

"Follow the simple directions on the label and you'll make a perfect bisque from

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"Use a very *small* pinch of soda and only a little cream in the milk. And after you mix the soup and milk together, let them come to boiling-point, but *do not let them boil.*

"Three minutes is all you need for the whole business. A child could do it. And you have a tomato bisque fit for a king's table!"



When Sally Sweet
Walks down the street
The boys are wild to win her.
"I cannot pause,"
She says, "because
There's *Campbell's Soup*
for dinner!"

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

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You've Read it in the Papers



DAY after day in the newspapers you have read about the ease and comfort of

O'Sullivan's

Heels of New Live Rubber

Just think what they would mean for you and the children this summer in the cottage or hotel. No clatter as the little ones romp on the piazzas and no nerve-fag from pounding along with hard leather heels.

Have O'Sullivan's put on the summer shoes for all the family.

50c attached at any shoe store or cobbler shop.

If you prefer, send us 35c in stamps and a tracing of your heel, and we will mail you a pair.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co.

131 Hudson St., New York

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"Who Wants to Cook in Hot Weather, Anyway?"

"There, there's something you can make for Rob and the children, even if you can't cook. Who wants to cook in hot weather, anyway? Jell-O doesn't have to be cooked. Isn't it lovely?"

JELL-O

desserts are not only easy to make and "lovely," but they are the finest of summer dishes.

In hot weather you find your appetite craves something *different*—something pleasantly tangy or tart—something that will taste good and "hit the spot."

Fruit itself does not satisfy that peculiar craving as cool, sparkling, delicious, fruity Jell-O does.

Seven flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, 10 cents, at any grocer's.

The famous "Six Cooks" Recipe Book will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.



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Camping Out

Boys, here 's the best kind of outdoor fun—rifle shooting. It gives you what you 've always wanted—and ought to know how to handle—a gun.

Tell your parents that proper rifle instruction and target practice make you careful and responsible—give you courage and self-reliance—train your eye and teach you to control your nerves. *They 'll* tell you how necessary are the proper rifle and cartridges.

BOY SCOUT CARTRIDGES

will please them and delight you with their "sure-fire" accuracy. They 'll help Boy Scouts and all boys to shoot straighter and better.

Get your hardware store to show your father Boy Scout Cartridges. These wonderful little cartridges are remarkably accurate and clean to handle. They are primed with our famous U. S. non-mercuric priming, which improves your score and saves the barrel. And first of all, just write this on a postal or letter—

Please Send Me "How to Use Fire-arms"

then sign your name and address and mail it to our address below. This FREE book is more fascinating than a story, because it tells you how to do things yourself. How to aim and care for a gun. Of Boy Scouting, Rifle Clubs, glorious sport. How Mr. Paul B. Mann, Coach of Rifle Shooting in Morris High School, New York, says his boys "get as much benefit from rifle shooting as from any subject in the course"—and much more fun. Sent free. Write now.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Department 22, LOWELL, MASS.

ST. NICHOLAS appeals to the spirit of perpetual youth in fathers and mothers as well as in the younger ones. They all put their heads together in mutual enjoyment of its sparkling pages. In fact, ST. NICHOLAS is always one of the family. Wise advertisers are sending their messages into the hearts of these families.

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Be the first boy in your town to ride a

Diamond

Safety (Squeegee) Tread Bicycle Tire

You can now get the Diamond Safety Automobile Tread on bicycle tires — the kind that "Won't Slip—Won't Slide—Won't Skid—It *Grips!*"

With Diamond Safety Treads you can ride quickly and safely over oiled roads, slippery pavements, make sharp turns, go *where* you want *when* you want.

The boys all like this tire because it will stand hard bumps and is easy riding. It is hard to puncture, is oil-proof, wear-proof, honestly built—the best tire you can get at any price. Write today for Diamond Bicycle Tire book—FREE.

See that the name "Diamond" is stamped on each bicycle tire you buy—you can get them from

Diamond Dealers Everywhere

"It's red and oil-resisting"

If your dealer does not happen to have Diamond Bicycle Tires, we will send them by Parcel Post, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. (east of Rockies) for $8 pair.

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The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano

A Personal Word From "The Man Behind The Name"

"We are building for the future. By concentrating every effort to secure the highest efficiency throughout our organization, by constantly studying the best methods of piano-building and by using that knowledge, we give to the making of each Steger & Sons Piano and the Steger Natural Player-Piano the greatest care in workmanship, years of experience and the finest materials the world can supply, realizing that our future growth and progress depend upon the artistic worth and durability of every instrument sent forth from our factories." John V. Steger.



19 Story Steger Bldg.

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

When you buy a Steger & Sons Piano you pay for no commission or allowances or extras. You pay only the factory cost, plus a small profit, and you get an instrument of excellent qualities, which will provide the highest type of pleasure for your home-circle.

Steger & Sons Pianos easily take rank with the finest products of Europe and America. They are made in the great Steger piano-factories at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

PLANS FOR PAYMENT THAT MAKE BUYING CONVENIENT

The Steger Idea Approval Plan. Send for our catalog and other interesting literature, which explain it. Sent free on request.

Steger & Sons
PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Steger Building, Chicago, Illinois.



To Avoid Accidents



Equip Your Bicycle with the

Corbin Coaster Brake

It gives you complete control of your wheel. You lose none of the pleasures of cycling.

The Corbin Duplex Coaster Brake for bicycles is recognized as the standard of Safety, Reliability and Control. Contained in a small and handsomely shaped hub. Operated solely by the pedal. All manufacturers equip this brake if specified. Can be fitted to your wheel by any bicycle repair shop.

For sale by dealers everywhere. Send for 1913 catalog showing all models.

Corbin Screw Corporation Division
(American Hardware Corporation)
306 High Street New Britain, Conn.
Licensed Coaster Brake Manufacturers

EASY, SANITARY DUSTING—WITH 3 IN ONE OIL

Moisten cheese cloth with a little 3-in-One. Then wipe your piano, mantel, dining room table, buffet—any varnished or veneered surface.

3-in-One will collect every single particle of dust—every atom will adhere to the cheese cloth. No dust, no germs can be scattered about. 3-in-One keeps everything clean and sanitary. 3-in-One contains no grease, no acid. 3-in-One positively leaves no residue on furniture to rub off on your clothes.

3-in-One is the all-around Household oil, too. It lubricates perfectly sewing machines, talking machines, locks, clocks, hinges, everything that needs oiling. Cleans and polishes furniture and fixtures till they shine like new. Absolutely prevents rust on all metal surfaces, indoors or out.

Try 3-in-One Free, Now.

Write today for a generous free sample and the valuable 3-in-One dictionary. Both *free.*

For sale at all good stores in 3 size bottles—1 oz., 10c.; 3 oz., 25c.; 8 oz. (½ pint), 50c. Also in New Handy Oil Can (3½ oz.), 25c.



THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
42 Q.H. Broadway NEW YORK

Treasure Island



"Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" cried Peter. "Three cheers for the gay, free life of a Pirate bold!"

"Why, Peter Ponds," said Polly, "are n't you ashamed of yourself? The very idea! A pirate is a bad, bad man, and you know it."

"Oh, shucks!" replied Peter, "I don't mean a really pirate. But, just for fun, let 's play this is Treasure Island, and I 'll be Long John Silver. Who 'll you be?"

"Never mind," said Polly. "I 've got an idea. You just wait, Mr. Peter!"

As you can see in the picture, Peter and Polly Ponds are having the time of their lives down on the seashore. I can't tell you *just* where—that 's a secret, but somewhere on Long Island, the pirates' map says, twenty paces south from the blasted pine, turn around three times with your eyes shut, and then straight east till you see the old bleached bones of the whale. There is a jolly-boat drawn up on shore, and Peter is sitting on it, singing:

"For I 'm the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the *Nancy Brig*,
And the bosun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

Yo! ho! ho! avast there! belay your tarpaulins! We 're going to scuttle that treasure-ship out there on the Spanish Main! Man the tops'l halyards!"

"Peter," said Polly, "you 're making an awful lot of noise for a pirate that knows his business."

"Well," replied Peter, "I can't see that you 're doing anything but dig around in the sand. What kind of a pirate do you think *that* is?"

"If you 'll just pay attention," answered Polly, "you 'll see that I 'm very busy burying our treasure-trove—one bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT

and one jar of

POND'S EXTRACT VANISHING CREAM"

"Polly," said Peter, "I take off my cap to you. After this you 're the captain of this expedition. Those two things are worth more than all the doubloons and pieces of eight at the bottom of the sea, especially just now."

"They surely are," said Polly. "We 'll have to dig 'em up before we go home. If the wind and the sun make our faces rough and burned, they 'll cure us in a jiffy and make us feel as fresh as daisies."

"Right-O!" cried Peter. "It 's a good thing there are n't any really pirates here, or our lives would n't be worth a penny whistle!"

If you boys and girls want a nice sample tube of Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream for your very own use, just write to Pond's Extract Company and ask them for one.

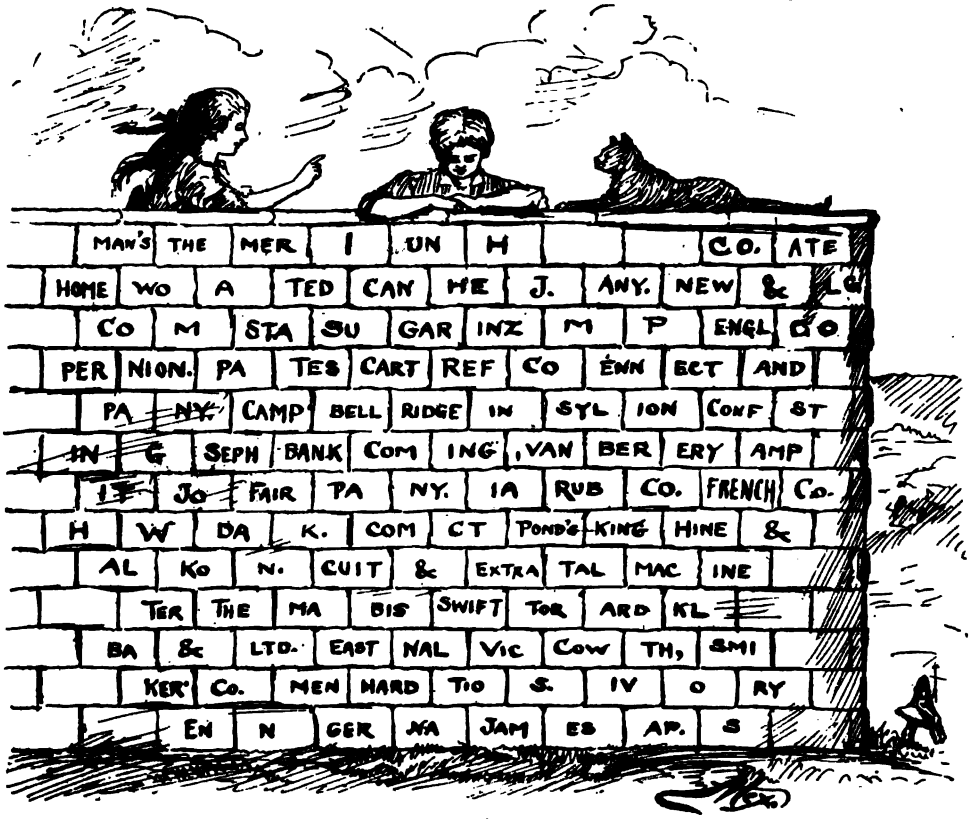
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street - - New York

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream —Talcum Powder—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract.

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St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 139.

Time to hand in answers is up July 10. Prize-winners announced in September number.



When Alexander the Little presented himself with a puzzle all ready for the July number, we said to him:

"Perhaps you would like to conduct all these puzzles yourself? We do not seem to have much to do with them lately!"

"I hope you won't feel neglected," Alexander replied. "I like to have you do all the drudgery — the examining of the answers, awarding the prizes, and so on. That leaves my mind free for the more important side of the work, the getting up of new ideas and making the artistic decorations."

"Artistic decorations?" we repeated. "Perhaps you mean your pictures?"

"Certainly I mean my pictures," was his answer. "What else could I mean?"

"Very true," we agreed. "But, Alexander, it seems to us that your puzzles prove more interesting to the girls than to the boys. Can't you give us something which will bring us plenty of answers from the boys?"

"That's just what I have brought in today," Alexander responded, with a smile of conscious pride. "Boys like to *do* things — and so I have arranged a competition to give them a chance for the display of their ingenuity — in which, according to the most eminent thinkers of all ages, the feminine mind is more or less deficient."

"Hum!" we remarked. "Where did you get that impression?"

"I have known it since I was ten years old," Alexander said, with a superior air.

"Well, we believe," was our assertion, "that the girls will do quite as well as the boys in any competition you can contrive. Boys are too much interested in games and sports to care for working out puzzles."

"We shall see," Alexander responded.

And so we print this competition, and await the result.

We confess that we do not see why this is a competition that is especially good for boys, but Alexander says that it teaches how to combine scattered fragments into their proper adjustment, and that boys like to work at something they can see right before their eyes.

Here is the way to find the answers. In the picture you see a wall of blocks of stone or bricks (from Aleck's drawing we can't tell which), and on them are letters or parts of words and names.

Start at any one and go to one touching

(See also page 18).

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NOTE—The man who writes the United States Tire advertisements went on a vacation the other day, so we are going to publish this advertisement, which was written by one of our St. Nicholas friends. We don't see any reason why he should not stay away as long as he wants to. Do you?

An Advertisement ON UNITED STATES TIRES

ABOUT three months ago our neighbors bought an automobile. As soon as the car arrived Mrs. Allyn came over to tell us about it. "It will be so useful," she said, "for Mr. Allyn can use it for work during the week and we will both have the pleasure of using it on Sundays."

The first six weeks, while the machine was new, Mrs. Allyn's words proved true. Every Sunday they took long trips into the country.

Two or three Sundays passed and the Allyns did not use the machine.

One day Mother said to Mrs. Allyn, "Why don't you use the machine on Sundays any more?"

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, "you don't realize how fast our tires wore out, and all because of those country roads. We have had to buy a complete set of tires this last week."

"Why don't you try the United States Nobby Tread Tires?" asked my mother.

"I don't know much about tires," Mrs. Allyn replied; "but if they have good references, perhaps Mr. Allyn will try them."



NOBBY TREAD

"They are advertised in a very fine little magazine which my children take. You have read the *St. Nicholas*, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, we used to read that when I was a girl, and it is a very reliable book. I think I shall speak to Mr. Allyn about the tires."

The Allyns use United States Tires now, and when the weather permits they never fail to spend Sunday in the country.

CECILIA GODFREY (age 15 years),
No. 311 North K Street,
Tacoma, Washington.

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it; add what is on each to what you have already found on preceding blocks. Spell out in this way the names of advertisers or advertised articles, all in the June ST. NICHOLAS. Thus, in the lower right-hand corner, starting at the block marked IV, you move to the one marked O. Thence to RY, to S, to O, to AP; and you know what *that* spells.

There are (including the example given) twenty answers to be found. Put these in strict alphabetical order, and number them. Such a firm, for instance, as the B. F. Goodrich Co. would be listed among the "B's" and not among the "G's."

You will find that the puzzle gives you all the punctuation points to write the names just as they are printed on the advertising pages of the June ST. NICHOLAS.

Instead of writing a letter this month to determine rank in the case of those who submit equally correct lists, we are going to ask you to write a four-line verse ending with the following words:

. . . . . advertise
. . . . . would
. . . . . readers' eyes
. . . . . good.

The prizes and rules are the same as usual:

One First Prize, $5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most clever verse.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (139).

3. Submit answers by July 10, 1913. Do not send answers in pencil. Do not inclose stamps. Write on one side of your paper only, and when your answer requires two or more sheets of paper, fasten them together.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 139, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 137.

Hunt up your April ST. NICHOLAS. It was from the advertisements in this issue, you know, that Alexander drew his banquet ideas. On page 9, in the lower left-hand corner, you will see a picture of Flirty Miss Gerty. Do you know why she winks as she points to the chair above her? Because so many were caught on this advertisement! Unless you are one of the twenty or so who read the rules carefully, you included in your answer "Campbell's Soup" or "Campbell's Beef Soup." The first could not be spelled out and the latter is wrong because—well, just read the rules again!

Dr. T. A. Reason on the back cover would probably look much more cheerful if so many of you had not written Grape-nuts with one hyphen. Yes, I know it is sometimes written with one. But read your rules!

There were nine foods only which belonged in Alexander's Feast. They are: No. 9 on the inside of front cover; No. 1, page 8; No. 2, page 16; No. 3, page 10; No. 4, back cover; No. 5, page 11; No. 6 on what would be page 33; No. 7 (Maillard's Ground Chocolate), page 26; and No. 8, page 31.

The letter which won the first prize was not only unique in idea and well written, but was attractively illustrated. One of the second-prize letters was in the form of verse, while Master Lee of England told in a very interesting way his experience with peanuts, which are little known across the sea. Nearly all of the letters were interesting.

Again we must thank you boys and girls for helping us. One of last month's prize winners in thanking us for his prize check wrote of a camping experience and told why a cooking preparation should be brought to the attention of girls and boys who go on camping trips. If you keep helping us by writing to us and to the advertisers about their goods, giving your ideas about advertising, it will surely help to make our magazine full of interesting stories about advertised goods. By the way—Do you like the Fairy Story? Would you care to see more stories like this one?

Here is the list of this month's "heroes":

One First Prize, $5.00:

Margaret M. Benney, age 15, Pennsylvania.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each:

Douglas Boardman Lee, age 10, England.
Maud Rutty, age 15, New York.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each:

Robert Morris, age 9, Pennsylvania.
Ethel Feuerlicht, age 16, New York.
Emma Hamilton, age 13, New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each:

Austin Winant, age 11, Washington, D. C.
Florence Rogers, age 13, New York.
E. A. Wild, age 14, Massachusetts.
Pauline Coburn, age 12, Massachusetts.
Jane P. Clark, age 14, New York.
Mary Shufelt Esselstyn, age 13, New York.
Elizabeth Allen, age 12, New York.
Charlotte E. Wilder, age 14, California.
Sarah Morrison, age 14, Iowa.
Leonora Andrews, age 12, New York.

(See also page 16.)

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A "F-A-I-R-Y" STORY

CHAPTER V

(*This story began in the March issue of this year*)

A SCORE of fairies flew to the rescue of the poor cook, some with poles, others with rope, but one very wise old fellow brought a fishing-net. Out they pulled him, looking like a huge chunk of soap. Fortunately, fairies cannot be burned—but they *can* be poisoned! No danger on this score, though, because "Fairy Soap" is as *pure* as fairy food. The poor fellow spluttered and blubbered and struggled, but the soap was getting hard and held him like a strait-jacket. Then those mischievous little sprites carried him down to the lake and threw him in. There they left him bobbing up and down like a cork, because, of course, the Fairy Soap kept him afloat.

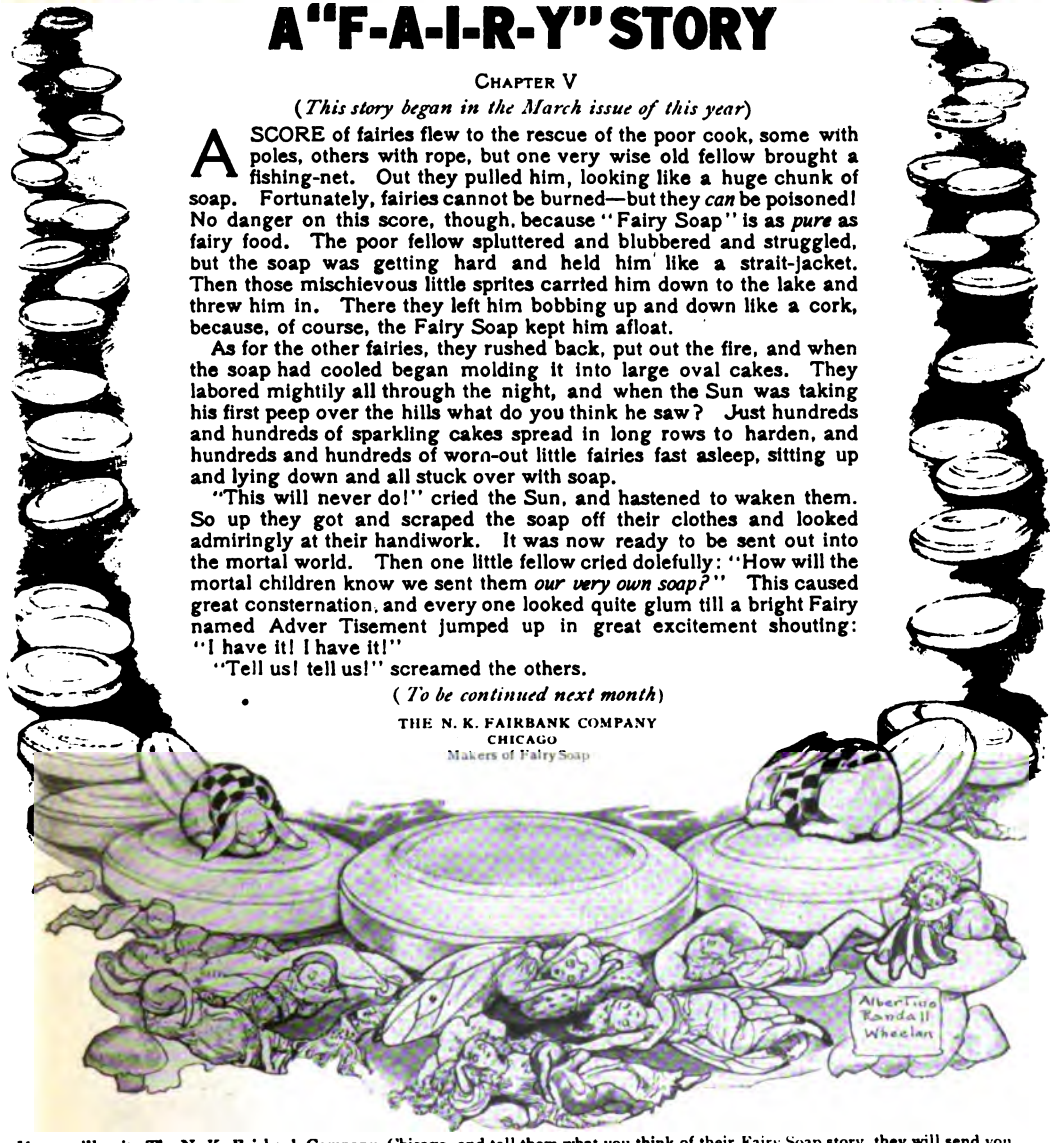
As for the other fairies, they rushed back, put out the fire, and when the soap had cooled began molding it into large oval cakes. They labored mightily all through the night, and when the Sun was taking his first peep over the hills what do you think he saw? Just hundreds and hundreds of sparkling cakes spread in long rows to harden, and hundreds and hundreds of worn-out little fairies fast asleep, sitting up and lying down and all stuck over with soap.

"This will never do!" cried the Sun, and hastened to waken them. So up they got and scraped the soap off their clothes and looked admiringly at their handiwork. It was now ready to be sent out into the mortal world. Then one little fellow cried dolefully: "How will the mortal children know we sent them *our very own soap?*" This caused great consternation, and every one looked quite glum till a bright Fairy named Adver Tisement jumped up in great excitement shouting: "I have it! I have it!"

"Tell us! tell us!" screamed the others.

(*To be continued next month*)

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO
Makers of Fairy Soap



If you will write The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago, and tell them what you think of their Fairy Soap story, they will send you a copy of their Juvenile History of the United States, free of charge.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

WATER-MARKS

SEVERAL times lately, the Stamp Page has received letters from young collectors who have all the paraphernalia for detecting water-marks, and yet are unable to get satisfactory results. There is a "knack" of finding water-marks which comes only from long practice; yet a few hints on the subject may be useful. The first and most important thing is to understand fully what it is that you are looking for. Without going deeply into the methods of manufacturing paper, we will simply say that, at a certain stage in the process, the wet pulp which is eventually to become paper is passed over a wire screen. If the manufacturer places upon this screen any solid letters or designs, the imprint of these will appear in the finished paper. This imprint is called a "water-mark." If you hold such a piece of paper to the light, these letters or designs can be readily seen. Try holding to the light any sheets of paper which may be convenient to you—try several kinds and sizes until you become a bit familiar with water-marks generally. It will help you when studying your stamps. You will know what to look for. But it is more difficult to see the water-mark upon a stamp, because of the printing and because of the smaller size.

As helps to the collector, there have been made what are called "water-mark detectors," or benzene cups. These are small glass cups, with glass covers, the bottom of the cup being painted black. (For those who do not care to go to the expense of such a cup, a substitute may be had in a plate of tintype metal, placing the stamp face downward and dropping a small quantity of benzene upon it.) Fill the cup about half full of a good grade of benzene, and one is ready to look for water-marks. The stamp to be tested should first be examined carefully. If there is any paper still adhering to the back, it should be removed, as often the hinge or paper conceals the water-mark, and the stamp allowed to become perfectly dry before experimenting. A stamp dampened with water will not yield good results in benzene. With everything ready, we can now fix our minds upon what we hope, or are likely, to see. That is, get in mind the shape and size of the water-mark which may appear upon the stamp we are about to test. Our catalogue not only tells us what this may be, but, on page 897, also pictures the various types of water-marks. Among the most common of these are Crown C C and Crown C A. If the stamp to be tested is a British Colonial, study these two water-marks; note that the only difference is in the letters. Now take the stamp by the corner with a pair of tweezers or stamp-tongs, and immerse it face downward in the benzene. A more or less clear outline of a crown and letters will at once appear. Alas! also, it may almost instantly disappear, so the eye must catch it at once. If it does not, dry the stamp and try again. After practice, the knack will come to you. It is perhaps well to begin with the stamps of some country, as India, where the different water-marks are very easily distinguished. The "elephant's head" cannot be confused with the "star" water-mark. It is well, also, to practise on foreign stamps, and acquire some experience before trying the stamps of the United States. These last are, of course, the ones we most want to identify, but they are also the most difficult. Owing to the fact that our stamps are often poorly centered, and perhaps more often not carefully printed, the water-mark is very hard to detect. The paper used in printing United States stamps is water-marked with a series of the letters U. S. P. S., and, theoretically, one letter should appear on each stamp; but if the sheet of paper is not fed to the press carefully (and this is usually the case), only part of a letter appears. For a while, this did not bother the collector, as he had only to determine whether a stamp was or was not water-marked in order to place it correctly in his album; but now that we have *two* types of water-mark, our troubles are multiplied. But if you will bear in mind what it is that you are looking for, you can nearly always determine the water-mark, even in the United States stamps. The first time you dip the stamp in the benzene, look only for the location of the water-mark—that is, on what portion of the stamp it appears. If it shows plainly, you are all right; but if it does not, then let the stamp dry and try again. Knowing where the water-mark shows, at the second try one can usually catch it sufficiently to tell what it is; and a third try is sure to bring it. While the catalogue does not illustrate the types of letters used in our own stamps, it describes them fairly well. For practice in the United States issues, try the new Panama stamps, as they are much larger in size, and so show the water-marks to better advantage. These will show the "block" letters, or "sans-serif" capitals, while the earlier commemorative stamps will illustrate the "double-line Roman" letters.

In foreign stamps, the novice will meet with trouble when trying to find the water-mark upon "chalky" paper. Here the water-mark disappears almost instantly—just a flash and it is gone. But these are mainly either single C A or multiple C A. Remember that while in the former the letters are large, yet the water-mark does not cover the entire stamp; while in the latter the letters, though smaller, are repeated so as to cover nearly all the stamp. This fact will help you to distinguish the two water-marks, even though they disappear almost as soon as the benzene covers the stamp.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ CONFEDERATE STATES Nos. 205 and 206 are the same in design. The difference between them is due to the printing. The first was printed in London, and is a very smooth, clearly defined, clean impression. The second was printed on this side of the ocean. It is a rough, coarse impression, and usually darker in color than No. 205. ¶ Nearly all of the stamps of the Confederate States bear the portrait of Jefferson Davis. The exceptions are Thomas Jefferson upon Nos. 201 and 204; Andrew Jackson upon Nos. 202 and 207; Washington upon No. 212, and John C. Calhoun upon No. 213. This last stamp, however, was never put in use. ¶ Many collectors use the album space beneath the stamp for making various notes, such as the date the stamp was acquired, price paid, from whom purchased, etc. As one's collection grows, such items become exceedingly interesting.

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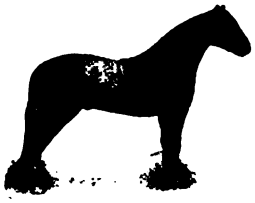
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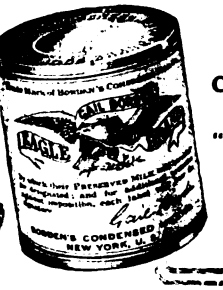
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A word to Girls about their Summer Clothes

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When you go with your mother to select your summer dresses you will find prettier "wash goods" than you ever saw before. Indeed some of the materials are so beautifully delicate in their colors and patterns that mother may hesitate to buy them for fear that they will not stand washing.

But tell her that if she uses Ivory Soap she can let you select the patterns you want and be sure that they will wash safely.

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Soak for ten minutes in salt water, a half cupful of common salt to two gallons of water. Wring out and wash quickly in Ivory Soap suds. Rinse in bluing water. Starch in boiled starch. Hang in shade. Wash only one thing at a time.

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Wash in warm, weak Ivory Soap suds with salt in suds. Rinse twice in hard water with some salt added. Make smooth, thin starch and put this in last rinse water with a pinch of powdered alum.

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"MOTHER GOOSE" PICTURES BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

VOL. XL., No. 10 AUGUST, 1913 PRICE, 25 CENT

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



FREDERICK WARNE & CO • BEDFORD ST • STRAND • LONDON

THE·CENTURY·CO·UNION·SQUARE·NEW·YORK

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Aug. 1913



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How Peter Milked the Cow



"Polly," said Peter, "I'm going to be a farmer. Just think of having a good time like this all your life, feeding the chickens and pigs, picking apples and cherries right off the trees, and going swimming down in the brook when it gets too warm! And in winter you 'd have sleighing and skating—"

"Peter Ponds," replied Polly, "you 're too lazy to be any kind of a farmer. Of course we 're having a perfectly fine time on Grandpa's farm, and Grandpa 's doing all the real hard work. Don't you forget that! And we don't help him nearly as much as we ought to."

Those of you who are down on Grandpa's or Uncle's farm this month know just how much fun Peter and Polly are having on Grandpa Pond's farm up in Vermont. It 's a really, truly old-fashioned farm, and if you don't know what that is just you find out as soon as you can. There 's nothing quite so good.

"Well," said Peter after a while, "I will help Grandpa out—you 're right about that, Polly. I 'm going down now and milk Chocolate, the Jersey cow. The hired man has gone away, and somebody 's got to do it."

"You could n't milk a cow, Peter," said Polly, "to save your life."

"I could, too," replied Peter. "I 've watched Bill Jones every time and it 's the easiest thing there is. You just see."

And Peter ran over to the barn, got a bright new tin milk-pail, and started for the meadow, where Chocolate was contentedly chewing her cud in the shade of an old crooked apple-tree. Peter put his pail down on the grass under Chocolate and began to do just what he had seen Bill Jones do. Chocolate did n't seem to mind anything except the flies that bothered her. Peter worked hard, but nothing happened.

"Polly," he said, "I believe I'd get some milk if those flies did n't bother Chocolate so."

"I think maybe you would," answered Polly. "I 'm going up and get my bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT

and put it on the places where they bite. Then she 'll feel lots better. If it 's so good for us when the insects bite us, it ought to help her too. There certainly is n't anything better. Don't you know how Pond's Extract helps our mosquito bites?"

But just then a particularly hungry fly bit Chocolate on the flank, and she switched her tail hard at it. Just as luck would have it, Peter's head was in the way and he got a good whack on the ear. Over he went in the grass, pail and all.

"Oh, Peter," cried Polly, "are you hurt?"

"Not much—" Peter began, and just then they heard a good hearty country laugh, and there was Grandpa Ponds, who had been watching quite a while.

"Well, well, Peter," said Grandpa, "you 're a great little farmer, are n't you? Just take that nice red ear of yours up to the house and put some Pond's Extract on it—you 'll find a big bottle in the cupboard by the fireplace—and then come down and I 'll show you how to milk Chocolate."

"All right," cried Peter, "thank you, Grandpa. I will be a good farmer some day—you see if I won't."

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In the United States and Canada, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is **$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy**, without discount or extra inducement of any kind. Foreign postage is 60 cents extra when subscribers abroad wish the magazine mailed directly from New York to them. We request that remittance be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit.

The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, $1.00. We *bind* and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or $1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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¶ These boys and girls have hurried up to see what is on the ST. NICHOLAS Bulletin. Presently they will go away and tell their friends about the treats in ST. NICHOLAS, and their friends will ask their parents to subscribe.
¶ ST. NICHOLAS is counting on *you* for *six new friends*.

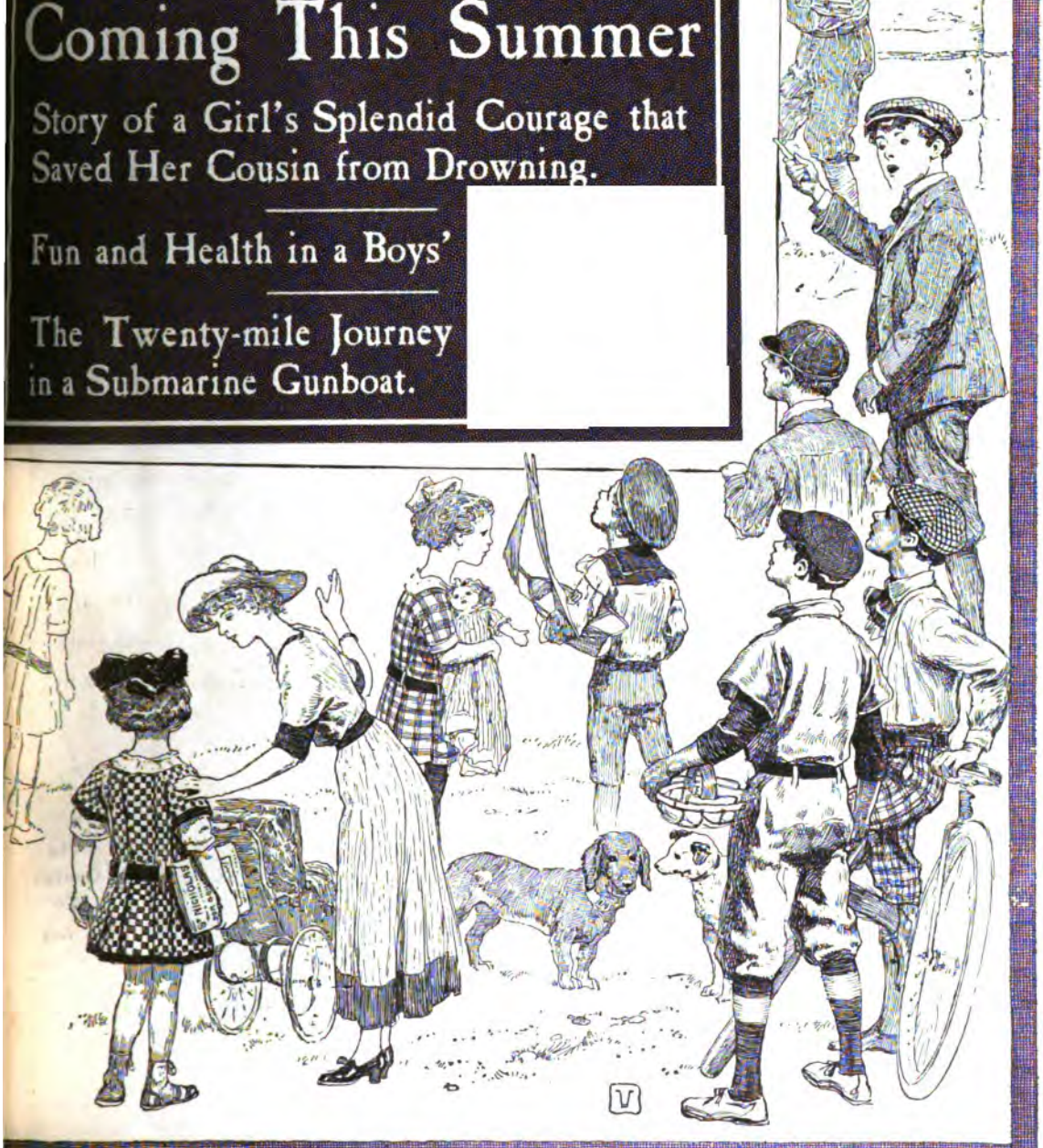
BULLETIN

Coming This Summer

Story of a Girl's Splendid Courage that Saved Her Cousin from Drowning.

Fun and Health in a Boys'

The Twenty-mile Journey in a Submarine Gunboat.



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The Professor: John, what is a lobster?
John: A lobster is a red fish that goes backwards.
The Professor: Your answer is correct except for three things:—A lobster is not red, is not a fish, and it does not go backwards.

—*Courtesy of Farm and Fireside.*

THE best way to help a child is to help him help himself. If the Professor should tell John what a lobster is, John would probably forget within a week.

But if John should himself look up the definition of a lobster, it is probable that he would remember it to his dying day.

It is only what we work for that sticks.

Effort is the only mental mucilage that will make facts adhere to the brain.

A child is sent to school in order to learn to think. To form the habit of accurate thinking in early years is to lay the foundation of certain success. The real forces in every community are the men and women who know how to use their heads. A child cannot grow to be such a force unless every means of acquiring knowledge is supplied.

"Knowledge," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, "is of two kinds:—we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it."

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PUSSY-CAT, PUSSY-CAT

"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?"
"I 've been up to London to look at the Queen."
"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse under the chair."

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"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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ST. NICHOLAS

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The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

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LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they 'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they 'd left their tails behind them.

THREE BLIND MICE

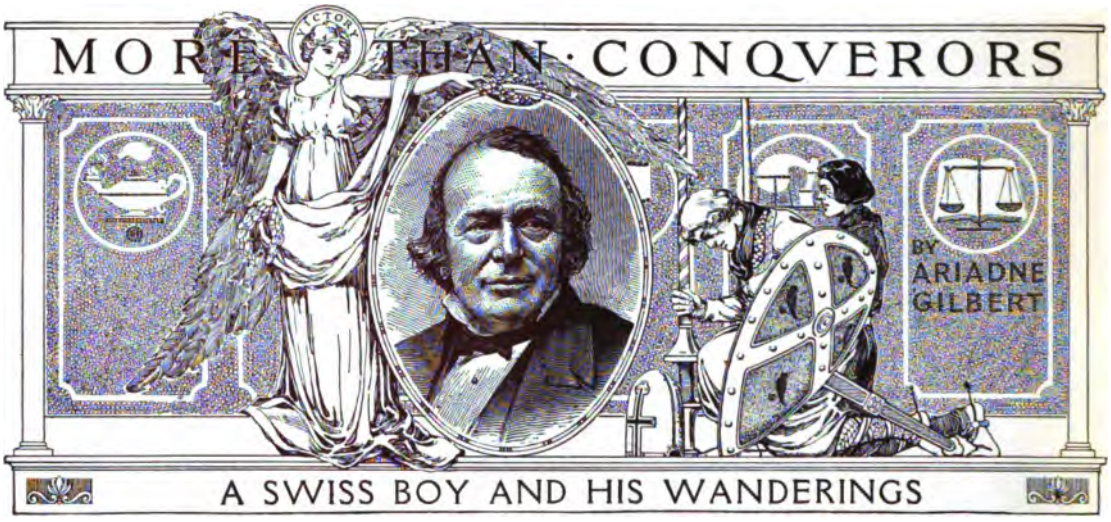
Three blind mice! See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,—





Did you ever see such fun in your life
As three blind mice?

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One May, over a hundred years ago, there was born in a low cottage, in the Swiss village of Motier, a baby boy who was given the long name of Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz. In spite of this imposing start, he was a lusty, rollicking baby,—an out-of-doors boy from the very first; and, no doubt, he knew much better how to coo than how to cry. His parents, who spoke French, might have nicknamed him "Le soleil" or "Le bonheur," French names for sunshine and happiness; but they called him simply Louis.

The manse where Louis lived, for his father was a clergyman, was very pleasant. There was a vineyard, an orchard, and a garden, and, behind the house, a great stone basin which was Louis's first aquarium, a home for fish. Very near, too, was the beautiful Lake Morat, a swimming-pool in summer and a skating-rink in winter; and seemingly near was Mont Vully, vine clad or snow clad with the seasons' change.

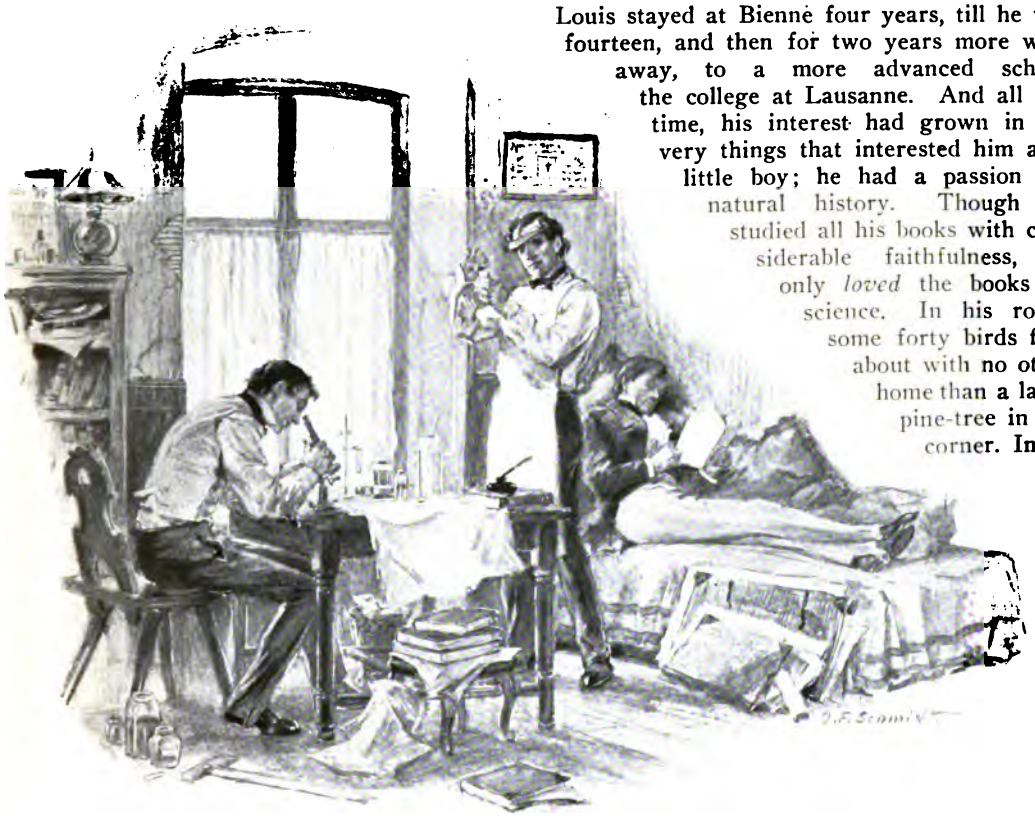
Until Louis was ten years old, he had no other teachers but his parents, his own good little brain, and "Mother Nature." He had no special love for study, but he loved everything that was alive. He loved the blossoms that spangled the moist Swiss meadows—the glistening buttercups, and crowding bluebells, and scores of other frail flowers blowing nameless in the valley. And yet, much as he loved flowers, he loved animals still more. He and his younger brother, Auguste, had all kinds of pets—"birds, field-mice, hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs," etc. He described his own room as a "little menagerie." He "searched the neighboring woods and meadows for birds," and raised caterpillars and "fresh, beautiful butterflies." Beside this, there was the aquarium in the big stone basin. Like some other boys, Louis and Auguste needed nothing to catch fish with but their active hands, and they cornered their fish between the rocks while they were in bathing.

One might think from this story that these brothers had one unbroken life of play; but they were learning many useful things. It was a curious custom in Switzerland, at that time, for the cooper to come, just before grape-gathering season, to fit up the wine-cellar with barrels and hogsheads; for the tailor to come to make clothes; and for the shoemaker to call three times a year at all the Swiss homes, and practically shoe the entire family. These visits were events in the home life, and Louis, with a child's instinct for imitation, made the most of them, watched closely, and then tried to do the same things,—till he could make a tiny barrel, perfectly water tight, could tailor well, and could make a fine pair of shoes for his little sister's doll. And so he learned many things that he could not learn from books.

Naturally willing though he was to work with his small hands, Louis Agassiz, a Swiss boy in every fiber, had breathed in from the Swiss mountains a love of freedom,—of the wisest kind of freedom, which no cooper's or tailor's or shoemaker's bench could make him forget,—and he was by no means easy to confine or to control. Growing up as he did, with an immense admiration for the daring Swiss guides, he probably dreamed, sometimes, that he himself would be a mountain climber. He did not mind danger, and he did not mind cold. He felt almost as much at home on his skates as in his shoes, and, one winter day, he gave his good mother a fright that she did not soon forget. That morning, Monsieur Agassiz, the boys' father, had gone to a fair, on

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the other side of Lake Morat, expecting to return home that afternoon. A little before noon, while Louis and Auguste were skating, Louis proposed that they should cross the lake, join their father at the fair, and have the fun of a ride back. In time for dinner, the other boys of the village came home and told Madame Agassiz where her two children were. A little worried, naturally, by the news of this scheme, the mother hurried up-stairs to search the lake, and this picture



LOUIS AGASSIZ AND HIS FRIENDS IN THE MUNICH STUDIO. (SEE PAGE 870.)

greeted her: lying on his stomach across a wide crack in the shining ice was Louis, making a kind of bridge of his young body for his little brother Auguste to crawl safely across. You may believe that Madame Agassiz lost no time in sending a workman who was a "swift skater" after the boys, and they were overtaken just in the enthusiastic heat of their enterprise, and ignominiously brought back, hungry and tired, with no fair, and no ride home with Father.

This is only one story of Louis and Auguste as playmates; but it is easy to imagine that, sharing as they did their pleasures and their disappointments, they were fast friends, and it was hard for both boys when, for the first time, they were separated. Twenty miles from Motier, at a town called Bienne, there was a "college for boys," and Louis was sent there alone when he was ten years old. A year later, though, Auguste joined him, and again the brothers worked and played together, and looked forward eagerly to each vacation, when they would *walk home,* starting on their long journey a good deal earlier than the sun started on his.

Louis stayed at Bienne four years, till he was fourteen, and then for two years more went away, to a more advanced school, the college at Lausanne. And all this time, his interest had grown in the very things that interested him as a little boy; he had a passion for natural history. Though he studied all his books with considerable faithfulness, he only *loved* the books on science. In his room, some forty birds flew about with no other home than a large pine-tree in the corner. In his heart was a kind of hunger to search, to experiment, and to discover, and there was a vague but persistent longing to write. His practical father, however, gentle but firm, did not encourage him in this: Louis must fit himself for some definite work that would insure him a steady income. Accordingly, after much thought, the boy decided to be a physician, and, with that aim, he went first to a medical school at Zurich, then to the University of Heidelberg, and finally to Munich, where he won his degree of doctor of medicine.

I have called this story of Louis Agassiz's life "A Swiss Boy and His Wanderings," because,

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as Longfellow said, the Swiss boy "wandered away and away with Nature, the dear old Nurse," to many cities and to many lands; though his purpose was as fixed as the poles. To search and find the truth was, he believed, "the glory of Life."

If we had been with Agassiz at college, we should have found that, in spite of infinite patience with a microscope, and a real longing to understand the sciences, in spite of this eagerness for knowledge, Agassiz's heart and body were almost as active as his head; he had kept his boyish love for fun and for adventure. At Heidelberg, he met a young man, named Alexander Braun, who loved plants as much as Agassiz loved animals; and a deep friendship sprang up between these two fellows which lasted all their lives. He and Braun were room-mates at Heidelberg, and doubtless often went swimming together in the Neckar, after lectures. Carl Schimper, a special friend of Braun's, went with them on their long trips for specimens, and he and Braun taught Agassiz many things about botany, while Agassiz taught them zoölogy; for he could "recognize the birds from far off by their song, and could give a name to every fish in the sea."

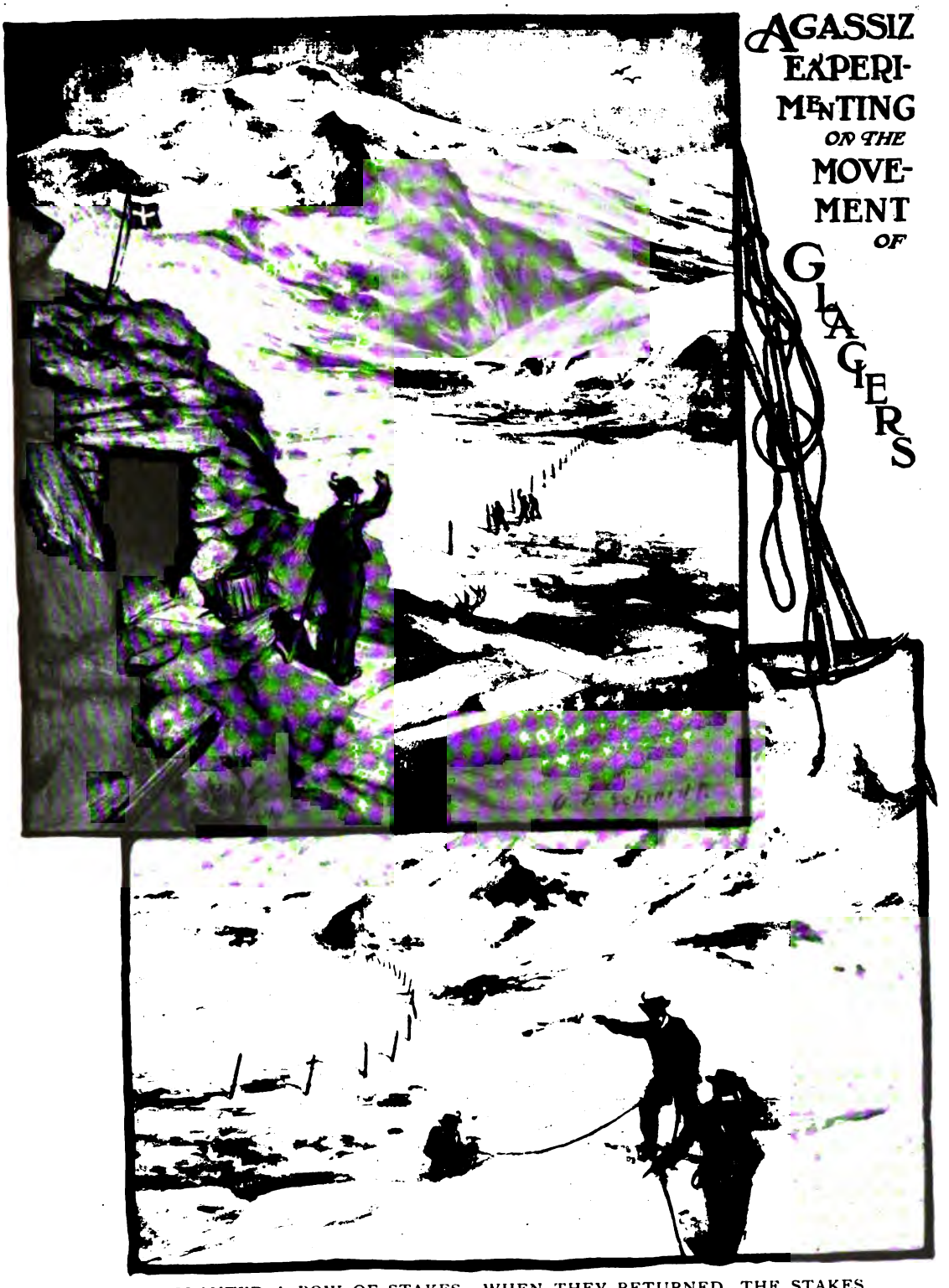
It was delightful that these three friends, though they were separated for a little while after leaving Heidelberg, could join each other again at the University of Munich. Alexander Braun, in a letter to his father, gives us a little glimpse of their life: "Under Agassiz's new style of housekeeping, the coffee is made in a machine which is devoted during the day to the soaking of all sorts of creatures for skeletons, and in the evening again to the brewing of our tea." Schimper and Braun shared Agassiz's studio, and "the couch, the seats, and the floor" were covered with their specimens as well as his. A stranger coming in, however, could hardly have told who the fellows were, for they went by such nicknames as "Molluscus," "Cyprinus," "Rhubarb," etc. Their whole life here, in spite of hard work, was full of happy informality, for, though men in brains, they were boys at heart. Once, on hearing some piece of good news, Agassiz actually "rolled himself in the snow for joy"; and, though such youthful capers were by no means usual, he always loved exercise of all kinds. He was a "powerful gymnast and an expert fencer." He despised the "closet student." To his natural robustness, his Swiss boyhood had added a fine store of vitality. He loved to walk and climb, and did "not fear forced marches"; to get specimens for botany or geology he sometimes walked thirty or thirty-five miles a day "for eight days in succession," carrying on his back "a heavy bag loaded with plants and minerals."

In his letters home, Agassiz described all this life vividly and honestly, for he knew that his parents were his best friends. He realized, however, that his course was long and expensive, and so he wrote also of the practical side: reminded them that he was doing his best to economize; that he had earned his own microscope by writing; and that soon a book on Brazilian fish would be out, written by their "Louis," adding, would not that be "as good as to see his prescription at the apothecary's"?

Agassiz's father, though a clergyman, was not without a sense of humor. His "Louis,"—most lovable of sons,—seemed to him like a dreamer, with "a mania for rushing full gallop into the future." "If it is absolutely essential to your happiness," wrote the father, "that you break the ice of the two poles in order to find the hairs of a mammoth, or that you should dry your shirt in the sun of the tropics, at least wait till your trunk is packed and your passports are signed." When, the course ended and the medical degree won, Louis finally wrote that he would come home to practise, bringing with him all his scientific instruments, an immense collection, and a *painter* to illustrate his books, the news threw the family into real consternation. Just at that time, there was excitement enough at home. Cecile Agassiz, for whose doll the little Louis had made shoes, was now grown up, and the next winter she was to be married. That summer, the house would be overrun "with a brigade of dressmakers, seamstresses, lace-makers, and milliners." Monsieur Agassiz said that he had put up a "big nail in the garret on which to hang his own bands and surplice." Where could Louis stow "his fossils, all his scientific outfit," and a *painter?* Yet, somehow, the family made room for him, painter and all, and for one year he practised medicine. Then he wandered away again, to Paris this time, to continue his studies in natural history, for he was unable to give up his great life plan.

In Paris, Agassiz knew that there was a man who could give him what he wanted, or help him to get it for himself. While he was there, however, satisfied and absorbed, studying and receiving inspiration from the great Cuvier, letters came from home urging him to take up teaching as a profession. With this in view, he returned to Switzerland, to the beautiful town of Neuchâtel, where he accepted a position as teacher of natural history. He was now a man, with a man's responsibilities, his student days ended in name, but really ended only by his death. From then on, his large life seemed to divide itself, naturally, into three parts: his life as a traveler and student; his teaching life; and the life of his

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AGASSIZ EXPERIMENTING ON THE MOVEMENT OF GLACIERS

"THEY PLANTED A ROW OF STAKES. WHEN THEY RETURNED, THE STAKES WERE NO LONGER IN A STRAIGHT LINE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

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heart (or home and friends); and even then, to try to tell his story is almost like trying to carry the ocean in a pail. It included the widest wanderings: up many dangerous mountains to study glaciers; years spent in America, where he lectured at Harvard, and, with Mrs. Agassiz, took charge of a girls' school in Cambridge; three short visits to England to study fossil fish; a year of teaching in Charleston, South Carolina; summers by the sea in a pleasant vine-covered cottage at Nahant; a trip in the United States Coast Survey steamer to the Florida reefs; a long journey to Brazil for his health; a voyage in the *Hassler,* for deep-sea dredging round South America to the Pacific; one summer more at home, spent mostly with his mother in the shady garden of the Swiss manse; and, at last, a summer—

> "On the Isle of Penikese
> Ringed about by sapphire seas."

And there was never a journey, there was, perhaps, never a day, in which the great scientist did not learn something new. He was always a boy at heart—nature was his big, beautiful book, and he must read it as long as his eyes could see, for there would not be time to read it all.

Of the subjects in this book, he loved best *glaciers* and *fish*. Wherever he went, he found traces of moraines—"polished surfaces, furrows, and scratches," and all the other autographs which a world of ice leaves to be read by a world of men. As far as experiments went, however, no country offered him a better chance than his own Switzerland, and there he first worked among the white peaks that had encircled his childhood.

To discover how glaciers moved, he and one or two scientific friends, with wise, brave guides, built a rude hut on the Aar glacier. The projecting top and side of a huge boulder made a wall and roof, and a large blanket curtained off a sleeping-room big enough for six. In September, 1841, they had bored holes in the ice in a straight line from one side of the glacier to the other, and in these they had planted a row of stakes, to find out which moved faster—the sides or the middle of this river of ice. The following July, when they returned to the old station, they found these stakes no longer in a straight line, but almost in the shape of a crescent, proving, for the first time, that the glacier moved faster in the middle than on the sides.

This experiment, though taking almost a year for its result, was much less exciting than the one by which Agassiz studied the condition of the ice at the base of a crevasse; and I might here add that, in all his Alpine wanderings, his eyes having been strained by microscopic work, the glitter of the sun on the unbroken "white world" was terribly painful. He did not seem to notice pain, however, nor to falter at steep or slippery climbing; he was often, of course, tied to his friends for safety; his mountain tramps as a college lad had fitted him to bear fatigue; and the same daring that prompted him to bridge an ice crack for Auguste, when they were boys, made him unhesitatingly attempt this new feat.

Over a glacial crevasse he had a strong tripod built, and, "seated upon a board firmly attached by ropes, he was let down into the well, his friend Escher lying flat on the edge of a precipice to direct the descent and listen for any warning cry." Agassiz, absorbed in watching the "blue bands in the glittering walls," did not realize how deep he had gone till he felt his feet plunged into ice-cold water. Even then, at the signal of danger, it was no easy task for his friends to draw him up, one hundred and twenty-five feet, with pointed icicles on the sides that threatened to spear his head.

But, interested as he was in the mountains and their glaciers, Agassiz never forgot the sea with its fish. At the seaside at Nahant and Penikese, his best aquariums were the natural, still pools, regularly deepened by the tides, and pleasantly shaded by the rocks. Here were whole families of starfish, crawling crabs, and scrambling lobsters, sea-urchins with their spines, and lovely sea-anemones that made the pool like a garden of pink and purple flowers. Agassiz often went out in his dory for large fish. When he was on the *Hassler,* and on the cruise of the United States Survey, the deck of the vessel was a fine laboratory. He learned more there "in a day than in months from books or dried specimens." No trip, however, seems to have given him more delight than the journey to Brazil. He went there worn out with overwork, and found himself rested by the romance and novelty of a tropical country. And when he left his Cambridge home, it was with a merry-rimed send-off from his jovial friend Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> "Heaven keep him warm and hearty,
> Both him and all his party!
> From the sun that broils and smites,
> From the centipede that bites,
> From the hail-storm and the thunder,
> From the vampire and the condor.
>
> "God bless the great Professor,
> And the land his proud possessor,—
> Bless him now and evermore!"

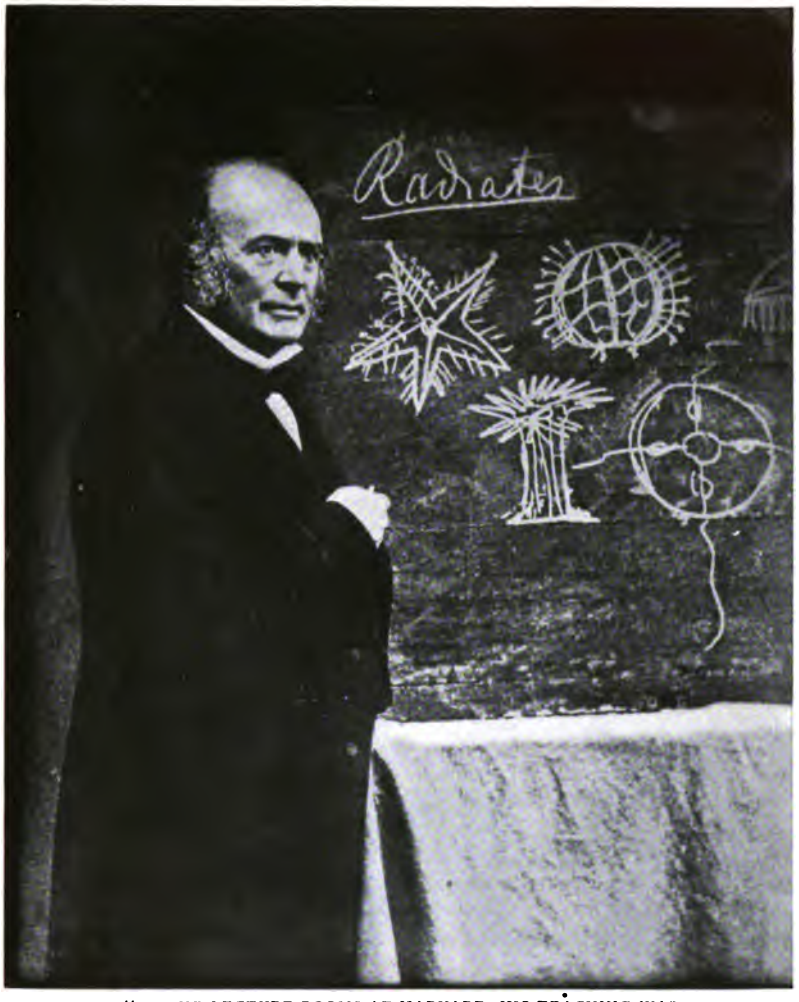
Agassiz encountered most of the dangers that Holmes prophesied, and more, too; but they brought him interest rather than fear. He loved the tangled forest, the brilliant flowers, and fine

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fruits. For him, black slaves sang and danced their fandangoes. He saw many lazy alligators lying still as logs in the "glassy waters," and heard the harsh cries of the monkeys that jump and swing in the trees. He and his party slept in hammocks, in huts with mud floors and walls, rats scampering around, and bats rustling overhead. Sometimes, several Indian children slept in the same room with Agassiz's gentle wife, and once a pig took breakfast with them in the morning. But Mrs. Agassiz enjoyed the trip, and has published an interesting account of their travels.

Though the world will perhaps remember Agassiz best as an explorer and scientist, many of his dearest friends will think of him as a teacher. Teaching was his business during those twenty-seven years when his real home was in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and his teaching life meant much to him, for, with characteristic simplicity, he signed his will *"Louis Agassiz—Teacher."* Whether his pupils were young or old, rich or poor, brilliant or stupid, he taught them freely and gladly—"His purse and knowledge all men's, like the sea." He talked with farmers of their cattle, praised the fishermen's big fish, chummed it with the quarrymen and with the Indians of Brazil, gaining from all what they had learned just by living, and giving to all what he had learned by research. In the lecture-rooms at Harvard and in the school for young girls, his teaching was almost a chalk-talk. His attempts as a child to make small barrels and shoes, and his years of college practice in drawing, had fitted him to stand before his classes *now*, and, with one sweep, draw a perfect egg, or, in a few lines, picture a starfish, or the beautiful mystery of resurrection from chrysalis to butterfly. Best of all, Agassiz *loved* to teach; "the things he spoke of never grew old to him"; and his lectures had added charm because, in spite of hours of practice, there was always a little touch of French in his good English.

When he was in charge of laboratory work, he gave his pupils no help, but forced them to make their own discoveries from actual specimens. After fifteen years of teaching, he said: "My greatest success is that I have educated *five* observers."



"IN THE LECTURE-ROOMS AT HARVARD, HIS TEACHING WAS ALMOST A CHALK-TALK."

Of all Agassiz's dear schools, none was dearer to him than his out-of-doors school on the island of Penikese in Buzzard's Bay. The lecture-room was an old barn near the sea. The wide doors stood "broadly open to the blue sky and fresh fields"; and the swallows which had built in the old rafters flew in and out, making the "air glad with wings." We can imagine Agassiz standing

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there, big, and genial, and earnest, and, like Whittier, we almost hear him say:

> "We have come in search of truth,
> As with fingers of the blind,
> We are groping here to find
> What it is that hides beneath
> Blight and bloom and birth and death."

Then the great scientist who had never lost his simple childlike faith, but believed that, even by searching, men could not *alone* find out God, asked his pupils and teachers to join him in a short, silent prayer for God's companionship. And every one *felt* this prayer, though there was no sound on the island but the call of birds and the voice of the lapsing sea.

It is impossible to tell how his pupils loved him. He drew them all to him by his warmth, his sympathy, his hearty love of fun. Lowell has said well, "His magic was not far to seek,—he was so human!" When he gave up his girls' school in Cambridge, his pupils tried to show their love by giving him a purse of over $4000. Then he had many birthday surprises: serenades in his own Swiss tongue; German student songs to recall his happy days at Heidelberg; and, from friends, not students, one celebration that touched him deeply. It was at the Saturday Club, on his fiftieth birthday, and he was sitting, as usual, at the head of the table—

> "Ample and ruddy
> As he our fireside were, our light and heat."

There were fourteen at dinner, among them Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, Sumner, and Longfellow, who presided at the other end of the table. None of them ever forgot that night: how Longfellow rose, cheeks and eyes glowing, and face young in spite of its wreath of white hair, and read in his "modest, musical" voice, "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz"; and how, plunged as the great scientist was into a thousand memories of childhood, the tears rolled down his cheeks at the lines

> "And the mother at home says, 'Hark!
> For his voice I listen and yearn;
> It is growing late and dark,
> And my boy does not return!'"

Agassiz lived sixteen years after this happy birthday, loving and being loved. Even his faults seem to endear him to us. He was hopelessly unbusinesslike—said he had "no time to make money"; but this trait came from a nature really too large and too earnest. He was wasteful of his health, turning abruptly from weeks of mountain climbing to months indoors with a microscope; but he forgot himself in love for his work. Like his family and friends, we excuse and forget these little faults, in memory of his great charm and nobility. His children will remember him as working in a corner, a pleasant smile on his face, while they entertained their guests by music and dancing; his friends will remember him as tall and broad-shouldered, with "the strong step of a mountaineer," "a boyish twinkle in his eye," a big contagious laugh, and a general air of joyousness. Longfellow came back from one of his trips to Europe loaded with messages like these: "Give my love to Agassiz. Give him the blessing of an old man"; "I have known a great many men that I like, but I *love* Agassiz"; and, "What a set of men you have in Cambridge—why, there is Agassiz, he counts for three!" The Cambridge people used to say that one had "less need of an overcoat in passing Agassiz's house."

Much as his friends loved and watched him, however, they could not keep him always; they could not save him from overwork. "Remember that work kills!" was Cuvier's last warning; Humboldt wrote, "Take care of your eyes, they are *ours*."

And now, in 1869, at the first bad attack "affecting speech and motion," his doctors ordered him "not to think."

A second stroke of paralysis, the final break, came in 1873, the winter after Agassiz founded the school at Penikese. His friend Lowell, far off in Florence, picked up the paper one December morning, and was carelessly scanning the news when, suddenly, three small words blurred his sight—"Agassiz is dead!" No one can tell how Lowell felt so well as he, himself, in his beautiful poem "Agassiz," vivid in its picture of the two friends walking back from Boston to Cambridge, arm in arm, stopping on Harvard Bridge, each to find his own message in the dark water, and at last ringing out their good nights:

> "'Good night!' again; and now, with cheated ear,
> I half hear him who mine shall never hear."

Agassiz is buried in Mount Auburn, where, later, were borne his friends Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell. Pine-trees from the old home surround the Swiss boy's green grave, and keep the place fragrant and musical on windy days; and the stone, a big boulder from the Aar glacier, reminds us of the Swiss man who once built there his little hut, tramped sturdily over the snow, and even danced and sang in the free air.

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OUR GRASS RUG AND —OTHER THINGS

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

Our house is n't so very nice. We own it, of course, and that is a great deal, as Mother has often reminded us when we grumbled. But we girls always thought there were some drawbacks even to that, because we could n't ask a landlord for new paper or fresh paint, and as for us—we never had money to spare for such superfluities.

There are only four of us—Mother and Jack, Rose and I. We children have been busy all our lives trying to get educated, so we could keep Mother in luxury after a while. In the meantime, she has done with bare necessities, for the life-insurance Father left was n't large enough to take any liberty with. Mother has things spick-and-span. No palace could be more beautifully kept than our home, but the furnishing is nothing whatever to boast of.

Our room was almost the worst of all, with its odds and ends of things. "Other girls have silver-backed hair-brushes!" wailed Rose one night, regarding her old one with a scornful glance.

"Yes, and chairs that don't tip one over," I added, as I managed to save myself from a fall.

"Is n't it horrid to be poor, Meta?" said Rose.

"It 's no joke." I was very grim because I had bruised my hand on the rickety chair, and tomorrow was music-lesson day, as I remembered.



"OUR OLD DRESSING-TABLE LOOKED LIKE NEW WITH FRESH DRAPERY."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

It was then and there we rebelled. Not so Mother could hear us—we were n't mean enough for that! She 'd have been only too glad to help matters if she could. So we had our indignation meeting by our two selves. We said we 'd had enough of old furniture and carpet and of cheap sash-curtains, and we decided it was time to act.

Having reached this decision, we proceeded to carry it out, and we surprised ourselves with the speed of our achievements. My hope lay in music, Rose's in arithmetic. I trailed around the neighborhood, next day, looking for scholars, and Rose betook herself straight down to the Cowan's, who had been hunting for a "coach" for their twins. We had discussed the Cowan possibility some time before, but Rose declared then that she could n't spare a minute from the demands of her own studies, while I knew it would keep me busy to graduate on schedule time without doing anything outside.

It makes a difference when you get interested in something for yourself. As soon as ever we girls viewed these occupations

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in the light of furnishings for our room, we felt sure we could squeeze them in—and we did. I got six beginners, and Rose captured the Cowans, root and branch—four instead of two. For it seemed they were not proficient in mathematical pursuits, and their mother was delighted to get them off her distracted hands. All our friends know that Rose adores sums and problems, and she did n't need any other recommendation.

Well, we did it! It was n't easy, either. If my half-dozen aspirants for fame escaped shaking till their teeth chattered, it was n't because I did n't ache to administer it. And Rose feared her hair would be white before the end of the term. You see, when there 's a certain amount of housework you feel obliged to do, and when your studies fairly clamor for attention the rest of the time, it sets your nerves all awry to keep the tempo for clumsy fingers that go just half as fast as they should; or to teach over and over again that four times five is *always* twenty.

But I suppose all these trials helped us to appreciate our possessions when we did get them. They were just as sweet and dainty as we had hoped. We got two single beds—white enamel with brass trimmings—and a pretty mirror in a neat frame. Our old dressing-table looked like new with fresh drapery, and there were full-length curtains to match. Two cunning white rockers, two other chairs, and a little round stand made us feel simply blissful. We painted our bookshelves with white enamel paint, and did our woodwork ourselves. Jack painted the floor a soft gray that would blend with anything, and after it was dry we laid on it one of our chief treasures. It was a grass rug, in two shades of green, with a stenciled border and a general air of elegance that almost overpowered us. It was large enough almost to cover the floor, and we stenciled green borders onto our curtains and drapery in the same Grecian pattern.

It seemed too good to be true as we stood in the door and viewed the landscape o'er after we had it done. "It is n't often that our dreams come true!" sighed Rose.

"But this one has," I assured her.

She nodded happily. "Yes, and it 's just as nice as we thought it would be!"

"Won't it do our hearts good to 'give notice,' as the cooks say?"

"I can hardly wait to tell those awful Cowans that they may get along as best they can. I 'm so tired of them, Meta!"

"I know you are. I would n't mind the music so much if I had time. But it 's dreadful when your own studies drag like millstones about your neck. I 'm not clever at learning as you are, Rose. I have to work for what I get. So I shall tell them, next Tuesday, that I 've decided not to teach any more till school 's out."

Jack stopped on his way down the hall to look over our shoulders. "Huh!" he said, if you know what that means.

"Does n't it look lovely?" asked Rose, her face all full of dimples. Rose is as pretty as a picture, anyway, and when she smiles, you can't help smiling back. Jack patted her cheek, and said, "Dandy! It certainly does," and then he passed on abruptly.

"Something does n't suit him!" I declared as he shut his room door behind him. "I can't imagine what it is, and it 's of no earthly use to ask him." It would n't have been. You can't worm a thing out of that boy till he gets ready to tell.

Mother came up the stairs just then waving a note in her hand. "It 's from Helen Hunt!" she announced joyfully. "She is going to spend a day and a night with us next week on her way to Grovesport. I shall be so glad to see her." Mrs. Hunt and Mother have been friends more years than Rose and I have lived, and they very seldom meet any more. So we girls were almost as glad as Mother was, because that dear woman does n't have as many pleasures as she deserves.

After we went to bed that night, we planned the surprise. The visitor should have our lovely new nest, and we 'd go and camp in the shabby old guest-room. We knew it would please Mother, for she had n't had as pretty a place to entertain Mrs. Hunt in for many years. It did please her, too, so much that she almost cried, and she hugged us and thanked us till we felt very happy and self-satisfied. Jack was standing by, and he said "Huh!" again, in that same queer tone. Then Mother turned and hugged him, and Rose and I said to each other how strange it was that Jack should be jealous of his own sisters.

It shone the day she came. The room, I mean, though the sun was on duty, too. Mother went to the station to meet her, and, as she started out, she called back, "Children, if any of you have occasion to go into my room while I 'm gone, be sure and shut the door when you come out!"

We answered "All right!" all three at once, and then Rose said, "How funny. What do you suppose made her tell us to do that?"

"I can't imagine," I replied, and then Jack smiled. If it had been anybody but our jolly old Jack, I 'd have said his smile was sarcastic; but no one ever accused that boy of anything so ill natured. Then he said in a quiet, even voice: "It does n't take a Solon to see through that. She wants to make sure that Mrs. Hunt does n't see

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the contrast between her room and the one across the hall. She might not understand—or approve."

And with that he grabbed his cap and went out.

Stunned? I guess we were! Rose and I stared at each other as if we 'd seen a ghost. Then we put our arms around each other and went upstairs without a word. It was Mother's door we opened, and we stood there and gazed as if we 'd never seen that room before. She had been darning her carpet again. We could see the careful stitches and the frayed edges her art could n't quite conceal. "She has polished her furniture, too! See how it shines, Meta. She tried to make it look its best." Rose 's voice was mournful, so I tried to speak up cheerfully.

"To be sure she did, and succeeded!" Then we turned, and both of us choked back a sob at what we saw. She had taken our discarded dressing-table drapery, cut out the best portions, ruffled it daintily, pressed it neatly, and put it on her own bureau. Our worn-out sash-curtains, nicely laundered, veiled her book-rack.

"Meta, our mother—our precious jewel of a mother! We 've taken everything for ourselves and left her the rags!"

Rose had her head on my shoulder, and by that time I was crying as hard as she was.

"No wonder Jack was dissatisfied!" I sobbed. "Rose, why did n't he tell us?"

"Oh, Meta, why did we need telling? That 's what breaks my heart. Even our rickety chair fixed up and set back in the shadow. Oh, I can't stand it!"

"We 've got to!" I stiffened up grimly. "We 've got to stand it, and it serves us right. But we 'll make it up to her as soon as Mrs. Hunt is gone?"



"TEDDY WARD CAME IN AND HELPED CARRY THINGS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Yes, if we can live till then!"

"I think we 'll manage to. Mortification won't kill us in twenty-four hours. We 'll make her sleep in there to-night, and they can have one cozy visit in suitable quarters. Monsters!"

Rose did n't resent the epithet. She knew it was appropriate.

We did some thinking that night. I never felt so utterly insignificant in my life. We realized at last that there are other ways to show love than letting its object do all the sacrificing, all the giving and enduring, while the one who bestows it revels in selfishness. We did n't say anything then, but Mother was n't allowed to touch that supper, only the portion of it that filled her own

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plate, and she did n't wash a dish after it, either! If Rose and I sat over our books an hour after our usual bedtime, in consequence, it hurt no one but ourselves, and we deserved it.

They had a lovely time together. We could hear their soft voices rise and fall, with once in a while a ripple of laughter, till we dropped off to sleep. The next night, Mother went back to her own room. We did n't say a word to prevent it, though it hurt us both to think of our old duds in there for that blessed woman to use.

Next day was Saturday, and the early morning post brought a note from Mrs. Hall, an old neighbor, urging Mother to meet her down-town at ten o'clock. There was some important shopping on hand, and Mother's advice was indispensable. The dear thing did n't suspect that her daughters had frantically besought Mrs. Hall the day before to concoct some scheme that would clear the coast at home. "All day, Mrs. Hall!" we pleaded. "We 've planned a surprise for her, and it will take a good while to arrange it."

Mother did n't see how she could be spared to go, but we assured her that, as it was Saturday and we 'd be at home, she was n't needed at all. If this struck her as a most unusual state of affairs, she was too polite to say so, and, true to her habit of helpfulness, she dressed and went to Mrs. Hall's rescue.

We did n't waste any time, I assure you. We could n't paint her floor then, but Jack stained it around the edges where it would n't have to be walked on, and the grass rug covered the rest. We burned the made-over rags. It did our hearts good to see them crisp and turn to ashes.

Into the attic went the ugly old things, and across the hall came the pretty new ones. Curtains, dressing-table, chairs, every single dainty belonging, even the drapery from our bookshelves. Teddy Ward came in and helped carry things and Jack worked like a beaver. He did n't need any urging, either. If ever a boy's face shone like a full moon, Jack's did that happy day, though he stopped at least a dozen times to hug his sisters. "What a beast I was to think you could be as selfish as all that!" he exclaimed once. "I ought to have known better!"

"But we were, just that selfish, Jacky," we told him. We did n't mean to sail under false colors. "We 'd never have thought, if it had n't been for you."

"Yes, you would. The first jolt would have waked you up. Lend a hand here, Meta!"

It was done at last, all cozy and fresh. Rose stopped in the door. "It looks like Mother," she said, and her voice was husky. "It 's pure and sweet like her!"

"The other one looks pretty forlorn, girls. What are you going to do about it?" Jack had a hand on our shoulders as he spoke, and we felt his sympathy. "Do?" we chirped up as brisk as millionaires. "Why, furnish it, of course."

"We have one bed to start on," Rose reminded him. "That 's a big help, and the floor and woodwork are still painted. How are we to do it? Lessons, to be sure. Cowans and scales!"

"Thought you wanted to quit." Our brother looked troubled, for all his satisfaction.

"My son, we have changed our minds. Our most ardent desire now is to keep on," I told him. Rose smiled drolly. "I am seriously considering refurnishing the entire domicile," she remarked. "The Cowans are good for the next twenty years, judging from their present attainments, and it 's fine practice for me!"

We did n't give Mother a hint till after supper. It was hard to wait, but we made ourselves do it so everything would come about quite naturally. She took her bonnet and wrap up to put them away, and we three tagged, as softly as if we had pads on our feet, like cats. She opened her door and gave one bewildered glance, then she turned and saw us. "It 's yours, Lovey, every bit!" we told her.

"Darlings, I could n't!" she said. "Your hard work—your dear new treasures. I could n't permit such a sacrifice, my darlings!" We just would not cry, though the lumps in our throats made our voices sound as if they belonged to some other family.

"They are n't *our* new treasures, they 're *yours.*"

"Who has been making sacrifices all our lives?"

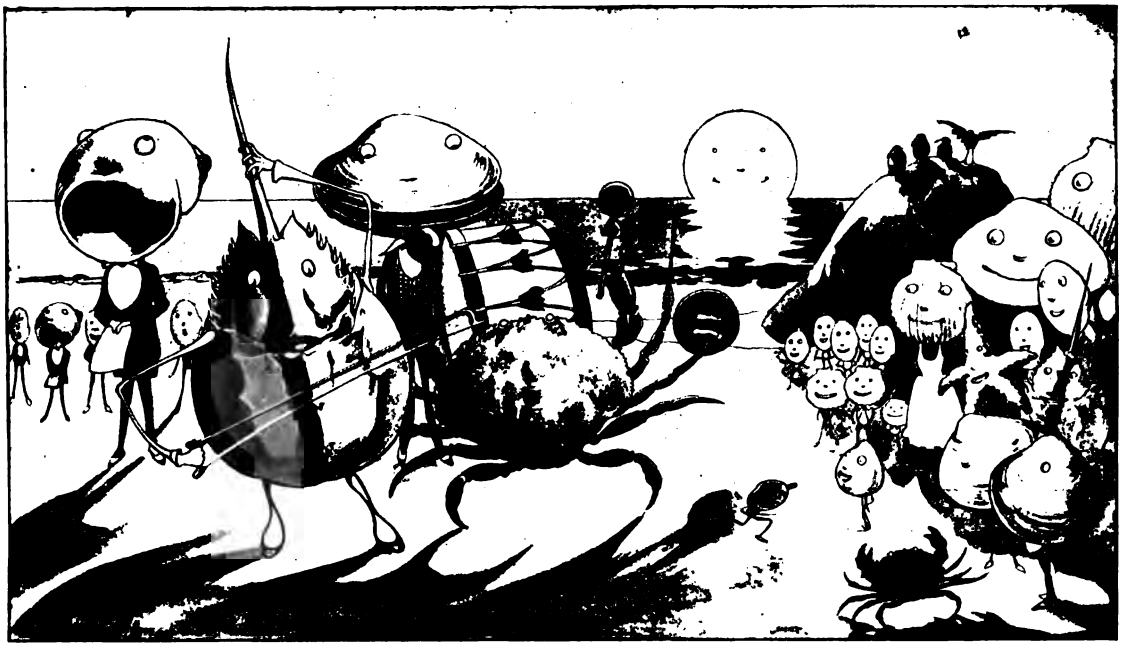
"We love you so—you could n't hurt us by refusing, Lovey!"

"There is no question of refusing." Rose spoke with great emphasis. "This room is hers, once for all, and there is no more to be said about it."

We tucked her into her pretty white bed that night, and we kissed the dear face on the ruffled pillow. Jack came in for his good-night, too, and we all stood looking down at her, so happy we could n't talk. She lifted her arms—those arms that had worked so hard for us—and gathered the three of us to her at once. "My darlings!" That was all she said, but we crept out softly, feeling as if we had received the benediction.

Yes, we are getting our second collection of furniture into shape slowly but surely. But we have learned that there are more precious things to be had in homes than beds and chairs, or even green grass rugs. We have them—the precious things—so, now that Mother's room is accomplished, we can wait very happily for the beds and chairs—Rose, and Jack, and I.

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THE MARINE BAND. DRAWN BY SEARS GALLAGHER.

"HURRAH FOR THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY!"

How the French observe their National Holiday

BY MABEL ALBERTA SPICER

"HURRAH for the Fourteenth of July!" That does not sound exactly right, does it,—the *Fourteenth* of July? But that is what they really mean to say, those men and boys shouting out there in the street, for this is France, and the Fourteenth of July is as great a holiday here as is the Fourth in America. Listen to them cheering, *"Vive le quatorze Juillet! Vive la République!"*

Both of these holidays are celebrated in the name of national freedom. The Fourteenth of July marks the anniversary of a great event in the French Revolution, in which a people freed itself from the tyranny of its king and aristocracy; and the Fourth of July, as every American boy and girl knows, marks the day on which the American colonies declared themselves free and independent States.

For many years before the French Revolution broke out, the people had been in secret rebellion against the excessive taxes that were demanded from the poor to pay for the extravagances of the king and queen and the court. The working-classes were in a state of misery and poverty difficult to believe when one sees how prosperous they are at present. The king, Louis XVI, realized the danger in which the nation stood, and tried to avert the Revolution; but it was too late, the discontent had grown beyond control.

When affairs had become very serious, the American Revolution broke out, which gave courage to the revolutionary party in France. One enthusiastic young Frenchman, the Marquis Gilbert de Lafayette, left his home and went to America to fight with the colonists in their struggle for independence. In fact, the sympathy with the colonists was so strong that Benjamin Franklin, who went to France late in 1776 on a commission for the American Government, was able to bring about the Treaty of Alliance, in which France promised to aid them.

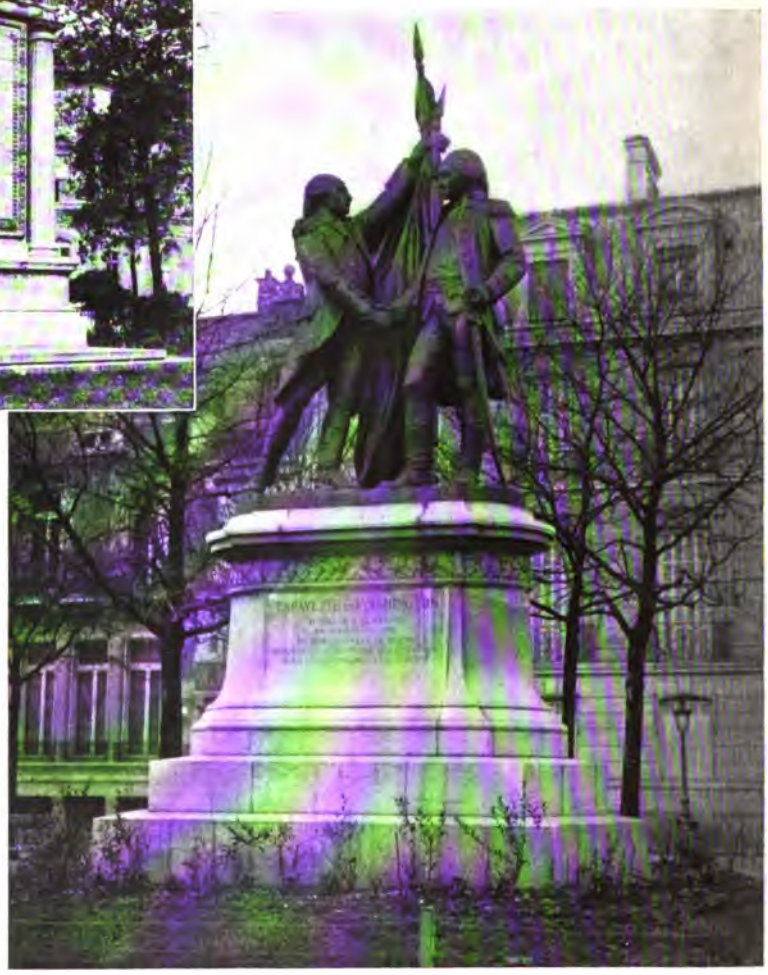
America has never ceased to be grateful to France for the assistance given at this time, and very friendly relations have continued to exist between the two nations ever since. In token of this gratitude, several fine statues have been presented

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to France by Congress and by American private citizens. The most beautiful of these is the equestrian statue of George Washington, offered by the women of the United States. Another, an equestrian statue of Lafayette, was given by the school children of America, a few years ago. This stands before the Louvre, the palace adjoining the Tuileries, where Louis XVI was taken prisoner. A third represents Washington and Lafayette clasping hands while Lafayette holds aloft in his left hand the flags of the two nations. The most recent statue is of Benjamin Franklin, and was offered by Mr. John Harjes.



THE STATUE OF LAFAYETTE, PRESENTED TO FRANCE BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF AMERICA.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE IN THE PLACE DES ETATS UNIS, PARIS.

Thirteen years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence in America, on the fourteenth of July, 1789, the French Revolution broke out into a violence and fury unparalleled in history. The Bastille, a huge state prison, was torn down by the mob on that day. Later, the king and queen were made prisoners, and finally publicly executed, together with numbers of the nobility. No more thrilling story has ever been written than the history of this Revolution. In fact, some of the chapters are so horrible that they would much better be forgotten.

During the following three quarters of a century, many forms of government were adopted and abandoned. In 1872, the present republic was established with "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" as its motto.

So this is the reason why everybody is shouting "Hurrah for the Fourteenth of July!" And on the night of the thirteenth, there is almost as much gaiety as on the Fourteenth itself. Torch-

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light processions, music, and dancing take the place of the cannons and fire-crackers that announce the dawn of the Fourth of July in America.

On the morning of the Fourteenth, there is a great military review at the race-course of Longchamp, just outside of Paris. All night preparations are going on. Some people sleep near by in the Bois de Boulogne, the big park of Paris, in order to arrive at Longchamp early enough to get a good place from which they can see the review.

Long lines of soldiers both on foot and on horseback begin to arrive before it is light. The finest-looking of these are the Cuirassiers and the National Guard, who wear on their heads steel helmets with long black horse-tails hanging from them, and ride along so proudly that you find yourself repeating:

"In days of old, when knights were bold."

Then comes the artillery, with its wagons and guns.

By eight o'clock they are all there, and ready to begin manœuvers. The grand stands are filled with eager people who have been waiting there for hours. Thousands of others who cannot find places in the grand stands sit perched in the trees of the Bois, or stand on the surrounding slopes. Last of all arrives the President of the Republic with his ministers, and takes the place reserved for him in one of the grand stands. Before this vast audience, the troops fight sham battles and perform various manœuvers for two hours; then everybody hurries back to Paris.

In the afternoon, the street-cars are stopped so that the employees of the company may have a holiday. Some of the streets are closed to carriages. Here there are races and games for the children, and prizes are offered by people who have shops along the street. There are obstacle-races, sack-races, and different games, and the children enjoy themselves immensely. But it would not seem like the Fourth of July to an American boy or girl, for there are no fire-crackers booming and banging, as there still are, often enough, on even our "sanest" Fourth.



THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, PRESENTED TO FRANCE BY THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

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The biggest celebration is in the evening. The public buildings are illuminated with thousands of lights; flags blue, white, and red, and Japanese lanterns, appear everywhere; bands play on little stands set up along the streets. Along the boulevards, there are merry-go-rounds, and side-shows, and booths where all sorts of cheap toys are sold. The merry-go-rounds often have big pink pigs to ride on instead of the ponies we see in America.

Many people have their dinner on little tables set out on the sidewalk before the restaurants. These are, of course, people of the working-class. After dinner, when the music starts up, they begin dancing in the streets, and dance until morning.

Toward ten o'clock, fireworks are sent up from the Hotel de Ville and the different bridges along the Seine. Then, indeed, does it seem to the American boy or girl who is visiting in Paris that it is a real celebration, like the Fourth of July at home. They cheer with the others, *"Vive le quatorze Juillet! Vive la République!"*

At the time that these two revolutions took place, war was the only means known to nations by which to settle their differences; but now we are working toward a better way. Formerly, when two men could not agree, or quarreled, they used to resort to force in order to get their own way, and often killed each other in duels; in these days, they take the affair before a court and a judge to be settled. Many men are now devoting their entire lives to the cause of peace, and are trying to induce nations to settle their disputes in a similar manner, before a court made up of representatives from the different countries.

There can never be perfect peace between either men or nations, however, while hatred, greed, revenge, jealousy, and selfishness find a place in the hearts and minds of men, for these are the seeds of war. So long as they are allowed to exist, they may grow up into armed strife among people and nations. So, you see, it depends upon each of us to decide whether or not there is to be any more war, and it is our duty to destroy the little war-seeds that we find in our own hearts. If every boy and girl and man and woman could cast out all hatred, greed, revenge, jealousy, and selfishness from his or her heart, how or where could war begin?

This would bring about real peace, for peace means more than the ceasing of war. Peace is based on love and good-fellowship. Peace is active and makes its presence felt by acts of love and sympathy. It is based on the same underlying principle that prompted France to reach out a helping hand to our forefathers in their struggle for independence. To-day there is a greater desire, among the nations of the earth, to help one another than ever before. Numberless charitable organizations, the Red Cross, societies for the protection of birds and animals, all these indicate that the hearts of men are growing kinder and better. So, though war does still break forth occasionally, the signs of the times are encouraging to those who are working for universal peace.

THE MONARCH AND THE VICEROY

BY HATTIE VOSE HALL

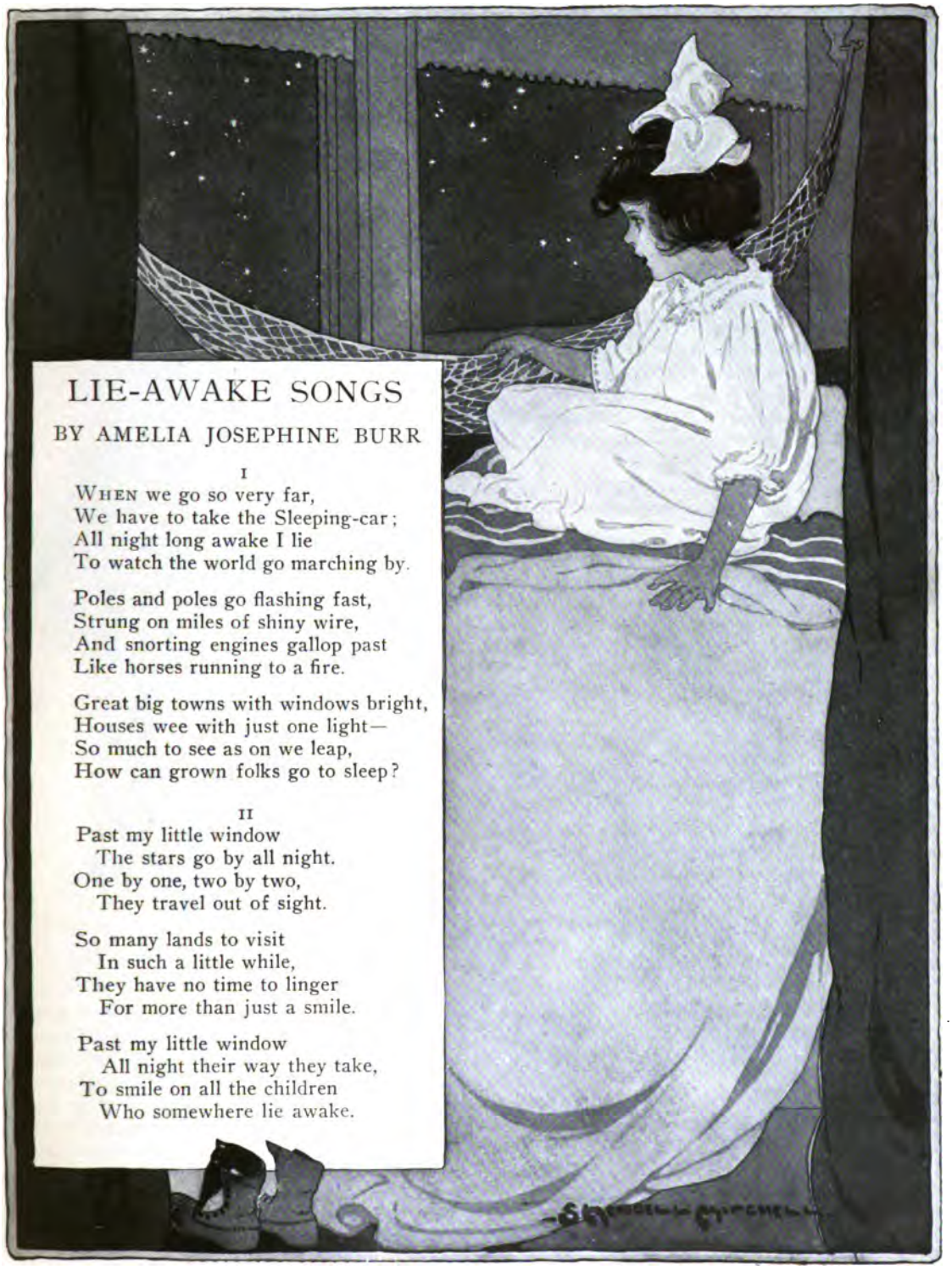
THE Monarch and the Viceroy, they have no
chairs of state,
No royal robes of purple, no ministers
sedate,
No lackeys all in scarlet, no page with golden
hair—
The Monarch and the Viceroy—ah! what a
happy pair!

The Monarch and the Viceroy, they have no
house of gold,
No chalices of silver, that choicest nectar
hold,
No children swinging incense upon the summer
breeze—
The Monarch and the Viceroy care naught for
things like these!

The Monarch and the Viceroy float over dale and
down;
Their robes of state are simple—plain black and
tawny brown;
And all day long, care-free, beneath the soft blue
summer sky,
The Monarch and the Viceroy—their royal trade
they ply.

The Monarch and the Viceroy! What royalties
so free
To flit all day from flower to flower, in meadow
or on lea?
No scepter and no crown have they—ah, there
the secret lies!
For the Monarch and the Viceroy are—regal
butterflies!

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LIE-AWAKE SONGS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I

When we go so very far,
We have to take the Sleeping-car;
All night long awake I lie
To watch the world go marching by.

Poles and poles go flashing fast,
Strung on miles of shiny wire,
And snorting engines gallop past
Like horses running to a fire.

Great big towns with windows bright,
Houses wee with just one light—
So much to see as on we leap,
How can grown folks go to sleep?

II

Past my little window
The stars go by all night.
One by one, two by two,
They travel out of sight.

So many lands to visit
In such a little while,
They have no time to linger
For more than just a smile.

Past my little window
All night their way they take,
To smile on all the children
Who somewhere lie awake.

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"THE WORLD'S SERIES"

BY C. H. CLAUDY

Author of "The Battle of Base-ball," "Playing the Game," etc.

FOURTH PAPER OF THE SERIES—THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

UNDER this comprehensive title—The World's Series—the base-ball world knows those games played between the winners of the pennants in the National and the American Leagues, the two Major Leagues of base-ball.

Other fans of other years applied the title to those post-season games played between the champions of the National League and the American Association, and to the famous Temple Cup games of the National League. Starting in 1884, the American Association and the National League played their "World's Series" for seven years. Neither in 1891 nor in 1893 was there any after-season series of national importance. In 1892, Cleveland and Boston played a series, which, however, hardly comes under the classification of "World's Series," although at the time it attracted a good deal of attention.

The Temple Cup series began in 1894, and was played for four years. "World's Series" fans had then to wait a long five years for further national "finals" in season activities. When the American League was formed, and, in 1900, bid for popular favor, it still took three years for the young League to demonstrate its right to equality with the older National League, and not until 1903 did the pennant winners in the two Major Leagues meet for a struggle which should demonstrate which team had really the right to the title of "World's Champions!" So the real "World's Series" of contests dates from ten years ago.

The curious fan who may now look up the files of old newspapers of October 1 to 14, 1903, will have a hearty laugh at the base-ball reporting of that dark and ignorant age. To-day, when two Major League champions clash, most other news has to give way to the news from the nation's most important diamond. Hosts of special reporters, authors, base-ball player-writers, and other scribes attend, and the wires of the country hum with base-hits and bunts, pitched balls and players, strikes and sacrifices, until every newspaper in the land has three or four whole columns of news, and page after page of stories about the game and the players.

But in 1903 the "World's Series" was lucky to get on the page devoted to athletics and recreation, let alone the front page. In one old paper of October 2, there is a whole column given to a local tennis-match, and nearly a column regarding the prospects of the local base-ball team next year, while the fact that the first game of the first series between clubs of the two Major Leagues was won by Pittsburgh gets a scant half-column!



"JIMMY" COLLINS, THE FAMOUS THIRD BASEMAN OF THE BOSTON TEAM OF 1903.

This, the first of these exciting contests, was the longest series ever played, the rules at that time demanding five victories out of nine games, instead of four out of seven, as at present. The 1912 series equaled it in the number of games played, since that seven-game series went to eight games on account of a tie. Only in 1903, however, has any team been asked to sustain its nerve and grit through so heartbreaking a strain as a series of nine games must be.

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To contrast the interest of this, the first series, and the last one, consider the total attendance. In 1903, a total of 100,429 fans saw the games.



"CY" YOUNG, THE VETERAN PITCHER.

In 1912, 251,901 fans went into the heights or depths over their favorite teams. The receipts of the first "World's Series" are stated to have been "over $50,000." Those of the 1912 series were $490,449—almost half a million dollars.

But if the newspapers did not give the teams the space they get now, and if the new "World's Series" idea had not yet become very deeply rooted in popular favor, at least the teams themselves lacked nothing even of present-day Major League caliber. Boston lined up for that first game, played October 1 at Pittsburgh, with a team which would make any of those which have come later hustle for the honors. With Dougherty in left, Collins, the redoubtable "Jimmy," who has a lasting reputation as a manager, on third, Stahl in center, Freeman in right, Parent at short, La Chance on first, Ferris on second, Criger behind the bat, and the grand old pitcher of baseball, Cyrus Denton Young, doing the hurling, the Boston team of 1903, first "World's Champions," was, indeed, a great team.

But Pittsburgh had a team, too! Beaumont played center, Clarke left, Leach third, Wagner was just beginning his meteoric career at short, Bransfield was on first, Ritchey on second, Sebring in right, Phelps did the back-stopping, and Phillippe pitched.

As all well-informed fans know, Boston lost the first game, won the second, lost the third and fourth, and then made four straight wins in succession. It was highly exciting base-ball, but even then the nervous tension which always spoils the fine edge of perfect ball-playing in a World's Series was present. In the first game which Boston lost, Criger had a passed ball, which was clearly from stage-fright, if one can believe eye-witnesses; Ferris had two errors charged against him, and Leach and Wagner each offended once. But there was no nervousness about Phillippe, who put Boston out in order, via the strike-out method in the second, struck out ten men altogether, and yielded but six hits, while Young gave



PHILLIPPE, THE GREAT PITTSBURGH PITCHER OF 1903.

twelve to the hungry Pirates. Young also passed Wagner once, apparently by intention; it is thought that this first pass to the great German

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by a great pitcher in the first game of the first great "World's Series" is the origin of the oft-told story that a "base on balls is Wagner's only weakness at the bat!"



DINEEN, PITCHER OF THE BOSTON NINE OF 1903—NOW AN UMPIRE IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Of the total series, it may well be said that the hero was on the losers' side. Phillippe, of Pittsburgh, won all three of the Pirates' games for them, but could not stand the strain to the end. He was pitched six times in all, in the eight games, and although his pitching, even after he began to show the effects of the continued work, was masterly, Dineen and Young were too much for his team-mates, and he lost out. Among many spectacular plays which were made, the striking out of Wagner, by Dineen, to end the last game, and the remarkable fielding of that same Wagner, who, time after time, saved his pitcher by scooping up apparently safe drives and hurling them unerringly to first, must not be forgotten, nor the work of Dineen, Boston's great pitcher, who in this series made a name for himself which present-day fans have not forgotten, even though he no longer treads the diamond save as a successful umpire.

The series of 1905, after the appetites of the fans had been whetted by a no-series year (1904), was spectacular in the extreme. The surprise and indignation of the older League over the fact that Boston, champion of what was even then regarded as an "upstart" organization, had beaten the best team of the old League, had steadied down into a grim determination to show the base-ball world in general, and the American League in particular, that the quality of the playing and the ability of the players of the National League were unquestionably superior to those of its younger rival.

The pennant winners in 1905 were the New York Giants, in the National League, and the Philadelphia Athletics, in the American League. Interest was keen, much keener than during the season two years previous. The American League team felt that a precedent had been established—they must maintain it. The National League team felt that they must regain base-ball supremacy before the world or be forever disgraced.



RUELBACH, OF THE CHICAGO "CUBS."

The fans, feeling "both ways," according to their sympathies, turned out in force. Although only five games were played, as against eight two years

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before, the total attendance of 91,723 was not ten thousand behind that of the earlier series. This army of fans paid $68,435 to see the five games of this contest—a small amount compared



WHITE, OF THE CHICAGO "WHITE SOX."

to the money expended in the base-ball-mad age of to-day, but great for the days when the "World's Series" idea was young.

But alas for precedents! and alas for the hopes of the younger League! The New York Giants were too strong entirely for the team which had won the bunting in the American circuit, and Connie Mack saw his team go down to three successive defeats after the first two games had seemingly promised that the series should be neck and neck!

Those two games are *the* games of the series from an enthusiast's point of view, because they were so spectacular. The Giants tackled the Athletics in Philadelphia, and Mathewson, pitching in his first "World's Series," shut out the home team 3 to 0. New York went home jubilant. They knew how it would be. There was "nothing to it." Plank was "through." "Watch 'em get licked four times straight!" and so on.

Then the Athletics arrived in New York and gently laid the Giants flat upon their backs in the Polo Grounds by exactly the same score, Bender shutting out McGinnity and his cohorts by 3 to 0. It was not funny then, but it is funny now—the elated confidence, the absolute surety of New York that its team could whip any team in the world, and pointing to its "shutting 'em out on their own grounds, mind you," and then Philadelphia coming back and reversing the prophecy in this unfeeling style!

But the joy of the Philadelphia fans was short-lived! The Giants came back to Philadelphia on the twelfth of October, and Christy Mathewson again shut out the men from Quaker town, his "occult speed and pretzel curve," as one base-ball scribe put it, proving the undoing of the Mack-



PFEISTER, OF THE "CUBS."

men. In the first, second, fifth, seventh, and eighth innings, Philadelphia got upon the paths. But whenever danger threatened, the Giant pitcher let out a kink or two in his arm and fanned a batsman, and the long-sought score failed to materialize. Only the constricted grounds kept the score from being larger, as several resounding bingles caromed off the walls, which would have been three basers or homers on a larger field. It was a jubilant New York and a dispirited Philadelphia that greeted that awful score of New York 9, Athletics 0!

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But worse was in store. Although the fourth game was one of the great games of base-ball for all time, although the Athletics showed a waiting world that they were a team and a great aggregation, they were again shut out, this time by "Iron-man" McGinnity, to the score of 1 to 0. Opposed to McGinnity was Plank, and he pitched a magnificent game. Each pitcher yielded five hits. The Giants played errorless ball—Philadelphia made one error, when Monte Cross fumbled Mertes' smash. A sacrifice put him on second, and Gilbert's single brought him home with the lone tally which finally won the game.



OVERALL, OF THE "CUBS."

As McGinnity was generally understood at this time to be "nearly through," and as the Athletics were "due" after their crushing defeat, the pitchers' battle which resulted was unexpected, and Gotham fans, who had counted this game as lost when McGinnity took up the work, were elated as even the "nine to nothing" victory had not elated them.

Nor was McGinnity's successor to do less well, nor Plank's successor to save the day. It was Mathewson against Bender this time. Mathewson had shut out Philadelphia twice. Bender had shut out New York once. It was master pitcher against master pitcher, and few will gainsay that it takes nothing from Bender's illustrious reputation to say that the better master won.

As in the previous game, each pitcher yielded five hits, and this time it was Philadelphia which played errorless ball, and the Giants who offended twice. But the Giants' errors did not count against them, and their hits came at more timely intervals, while Bender gave three bases on balls, and Mathewson two. But it must be said in fairness that while he had pitched great ball all the way, he was not so much the "stone-wall" Mathewson as he had been during the first two games, and that sharp, clean, snappy fielding, in spite of the errors, saved him several times.

This series will undoubtedly go down into history as in many ways unique. Every game was a shut-out. One pitcher won three games. That pitcher was not scored upon in twenty-seven innings of play! And the "World's Series" was firmly established in popular favor by the change of the championship from one League to the other, and by the wonderful playing of both teams.

Since then there has been no gap in the series up to the present time. The two Leagues were now working in harmony, and if the National League and its loyal fans were inclined to crow a little and to boast that, after all, base-ball needs a history behind its leading organization to play "real base-ball," and to poke a little fun at the American League for being shut out four times in a World's Series—who can blame them? Had n't McGraw won the pennant by leading his team to heights of magnificent playing? And had n't his premier pitcher demonstrated that there was no one quite like the famous Mathewson?

But there were other days. And those days came soon—within one year.

Too flushed with victory to play the same careful, consistent game they had played a year before, the Giants lost out, and the Chicago Cubs began their great march to fame—the Cubs, who were to win four League championships before they yielded to time and the wear and tear of the game, and gave place to other champions. The Athletics had small show in 1906—Mack, well realizing that his team was done, began to rebuild, and not for several years did he see real signs of the pennant blossom springing in either his infield or his outfield.

Instead of the Athletics, the lowly White Sox made a rush which would not be gainsaid, and

Mathewson, Bender, Wagner, Walsh, Chance, Brown, and other famous players mentioned in this article, have already been pictured in previous base-ball papers in ST. NICHOLAS.

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when the smoke of the League season was over, the Cubs of Chicago beheld the White Sox of Chicago ready to dispute with them the possession of that championship which to the National League was now their supposedly rightful claim to be called "the only real ball-players!"

And now for the first time, in papers of other cities than those in which the championships were played, "World's Series" base-ball news could be found upon the first page, disputing with prince and potentate, with government and with disaster, the right to the immediate attention of the reader. Before the series was finished, it was easily seen that the attendance, in spite of wintry weather in Chicago, would outclass either of the two previous "World's Series," and that more money would be spent on this series than on any other, though all of it came from the loyal rooters of one city instead of from two, as had hitherto (and has always since) been the case. And let no reader imagine that because both teams represented Chicago, there was not a bitter rivalry between their supporters. White Sox and Cubs had each their following, and perhaps never since has there been more intense feeling in any ball park than was carried from West Side to South Side of the city as the teams played first on one home ground and then on the other.

When the eager contest was ended, 99,845 fans were discovered to have paid $106,550 to see six games of base-ball, and newspaper editors smiled at their own good judgment in putting so weighty a matter upon the first page. And American League fans the country over jubilated, for the White Sox, the "hitless wonders," a team admitted to be inferior to the Cubs, walked off with four games out of the six played!

They started in with a game which for closeness and excitement has rarely been equaled. The final score was 2 to 1. Altrock, the redoubtable Nick, now a coach with Washington, then a premier left-handed pitcher and one of the great fielding pitchers of all time, did the hurling for the Sox. "Three-fingered" Brown, another great and consistent pitcher, and one of the most faithful trainers the game ever saw, did the pitching for the Cubs. "Brown and Kling, the greatest battery in the history of the game," they called them, but they had to lower their colors before comical Nick Altrock and silent Billy Sullivan, a brilliant pitcher and a brainy catcher.

It was not thought beforehand that Altrock would be pitched in the first game. Fielder Jones, great leader of the Sox, had probably intended to pitch either Walsh or White. But Altrock pleaded to be assigned to the work. "I can just see 'em going back to the bench!" he said.

And Altrock did pitch, and indeed they *did* "go back to the bench," for the formidable left-hander, if he struck out but three, made the other batters lift pop flies or offer easy chances, and held them down to four widely separated hits. The "Peerless Leader's" men were made to appear helpless with the bat.

Brown, always a master of his trade, pitched wonderfully. He, too, gave but four hits. But he made an error, and Kling, his catcher, had difficulty all the way, and to this is probably to be charged Brown's slight loss of effectiveness, which allowed two hits to be scored from his delivery in the same inning.

Frank Chance's Cubs, however, came right back, and on the White Sox grounds demonstrated that they still were the team which had won the National League pennant. Ruelbach was a puzzle all the way to the "hitless wonders," yielding "two measly little hits," and just missing a shut-out. As a matter of fact, he really allowed but one hit. The second was a terrific drive from Jones's bat, which Evers gamely tried for, and which caromed off his shins. It is history that he is charged with an error, but every scorer except the official one (and he, alack, is the only one who counts in history!) gave Jones a hit, and kept the clever second baseman's record clean.

White for the Sox and Owens, his successor, could n't hold the Cubs. Whether it was from the wintry temperature and the snow before the game, or some other cause, they gave ten hits between them, and that the final score was not greater than 7 to 1 is remarkable, considering the way the Sox pitchers were being bombarded. The lone tally was the result of a fumble, blameless considering the weather. The wonder is that more errors were not made, when hands were blue with cold and the ground was hard as ice. A game so one-sided as this is not apt to be interesting save from the partizan viewpoint, but it had some bright spots. Chance stole third during the game, to the crazy joy of his supporters, especially when Tinker sent his chieftain home with a neat single!

But "to-morrow is another day," and bitterly did the Cubs rue their onslaught that day. For the third game was a shut-out, and won by two men—Edward Walsh, who allowed only two hits and struck out twelve Cubs, and Rohe, who banged out a hit for three bases with the sacks crowded in the sixth. Pfeister gave but five hits and pitched admirably, but no pitcher can win when his club can make no runs for him—and no club can make runs when the opposition makes only one error and its own team can get but four men to first base during the game, and can make but two hits. Walsh's curves were breaking to

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perfection, and the swipes made at the air that day which missed the gyrating ball were laughable—to the Sox, even while they were humiliating to the Cubs! The final score was 3 to 0.

But again this see-saw series changed its aspect when Brown came back and shut out the Sox, 1 to 0 in a great game. Again Altrock was chosen, and he pitched like a master, even though he weakened toward the end. This time it was the Sox who garnered but two hits. Altrock was not batted hard, giving but seven hits altogether. But they came at the right time for the Cubs. Chance singled in the seventh, went to second and third on sacrifices, and came home with the game when Evers singled to left. It was a heartbreaker for Altrock, who fielded brilliantly and pitched magnificently, but it was life and victory to the Cubs. Altrock's fielding was marvelous. He had eleven chances, three of which were put-outs and eight of which were assists. For some reason or other, Chance decided that the Cubs could bunt Altrock and "get away with it." They did bunt him—to right and left, straight at him, and dribbling along the base lines. And always Altrock was right on top of the ball, and always his "heave" was straight and true, so that not one of the eleven bunts turned into a base-hit, or let a man go safe because of an error. Though he lost his game in the end, this performance of Altrock's is generally regarded as one of the most brilliant in the history of the game. Though Altrock now does little else than coach, and make fun on the lines for the edification of the fans, the loyal followers of the game have not forgotten that he was once one of the great lights of the diamond.

It shows the ups and downs of the game that the same team which, in the fourth game, had so brilliant a fielding luminary, should show wretchedly from the fielding standpoint in the fifth game—but win it in spite of that same bad fielding! In the West Side ball park, on the "hoodoo" day, October 13, 1906, Comisky's "hitless wonders" denied their right to that title by getting a total of twelve hits, which netted eight runs. The Cubs started Ruelbach, and he lasted not quite three innings, during which time he gave five hits. "Surely," thought Chance, "Pfeister won't be so bad as this!" So Ruelbach was "lifted," and Pfeister went into the box—and lasted a whole inning and gave three hits! Then Chance tried Overall, and he finished the game and gave but four hits—but the damage was done!

Meanwhile, the Sox were trying hard to throw away their game. Although their pitchers, Walsh and White, gave but seven hits, Walsh, the mighty, getting touched up for six of them, the team made five wretched errors, and the Cubs collected six runs! But six were not enough by two, and the Sox romped into the lead in the series in this game. Isbell, at second, was the bright particular star, getting four hits in five times up, making three runs, having two put-outs, two assists, and making two errors.

The next game was the deciding one. Chance and his Cubs *had* to win it! The Sox *could* lose it and still have another opportunity. Perhaps this affected the Cubs' nerves, perhaps the twenty thousand frenzied South Side fans made them unsteady. At any rate, the resistless Sox batted Brown from the box, "tore the Cubs to tatters," and marched off the field winners by a safe margin and an 8 to 3 score tucked away in base-ball history!

White pitched the whole game for the Sox and gave seven hits. Brown occupied the box for the Cubs—it is not fair to say he pitched. The master pitcher was unable to do himself justice—in less than two innings he had been bombarded for eight hits! When Chance substituted Overall, things slowed up a little, but six hits more for a total of fourteen rewarded the Sox's savage attack—and there was no withstanding it. As on the day before, the Sox offended with errors, three being charged against them; but they mattered little. Everybody hit but White, Sullivan, and Jones, Hahn getting four, Isbell three, Davis, Rohe, and Donohue two apiece, and Dougherty one—and it 's hard to win against a team that calls itself the "hitless wonders" and then bats like that!

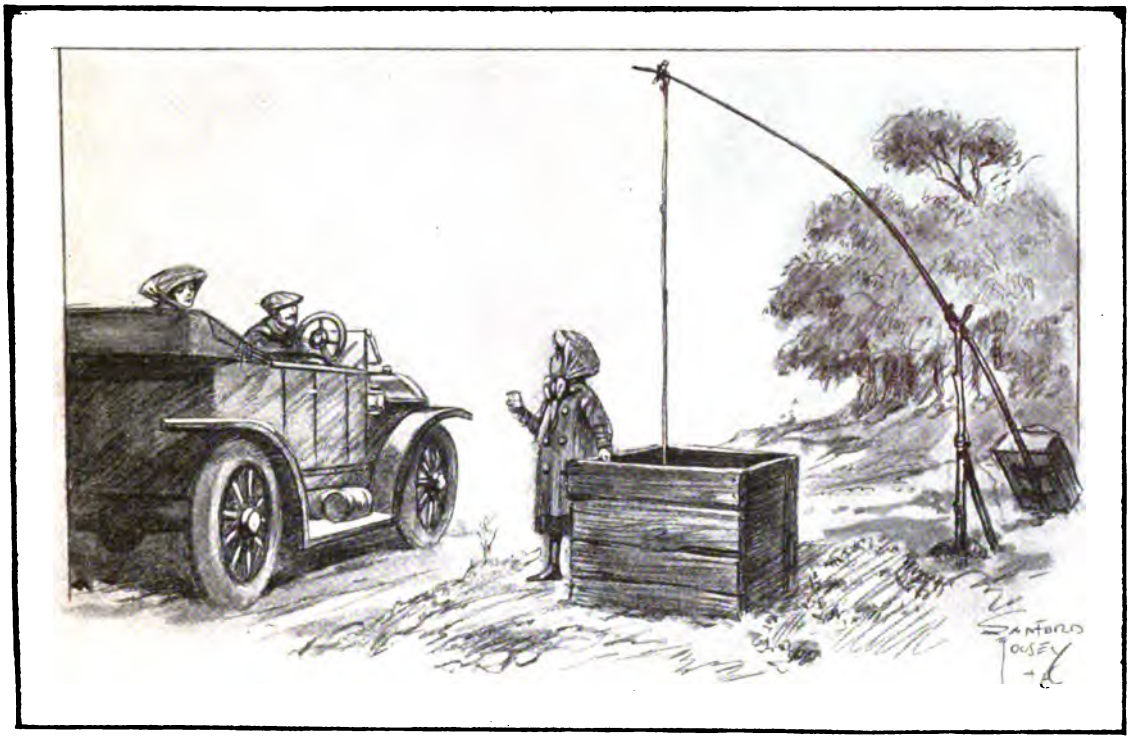
Moreover, the Cubs, while perfect in their fielding, made errors of omission. Schulte misjudged a fly, thinking it was going into the crowd when it did n't; Tinker failed to turn a hit into an out when a hot one lined over his head. No one says he *could* have done it, and it scored as a hit. But the Sox had shown that the impossible play could be made on occasion—had Tinker and Schulte played these two balls differently—but "ifs" have little place in history! The Sox won, the Cubs were defeated, the championship moved over from the National to the American League, the White Sox fans went crazy with delight, and the Cubs' supporters contented themselves with the fact that "Chicago had all the best base-ball teams in the world, anyhow."

And now the "World's Series" had become an established institution. We shall follow along the record of its history next month.

[NOTE: In the September number, Mr. Claudy will describe other famous games in the World's Series contests, and the October instalment will complete the record of these championship matches, up to the present year.—EDITOR.]

(To be continued.)

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THE CITY CHILD: "HOW DO YOU TURN IT ON, MAMA?"

BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XIX

HIS EXCELLENCY, GENERAL WASHINGTON

UPON our arrival in Philadelphia, we learned, to my great disappointment, that His Excellency, General Washington, had left the city for Chester, in company with the French general, Comte de Rochambeau. I felt keenly the failure to meet him, for it seemed to argue an ill beginning to our search, and I expected Mrs. Mummer to wag her head, repeating her predictions that nothing would come of it; but I did her an injustice in that thought.

"Never mind, deary," she said cheerfully, "we 'll on to Chester to find His Excellency. I have a good friend in that town who will give us shelter."

She was so cheery and heartening that I kissed her. "You are so good to me!" I cried, "and I know you hate this traveling about, but—"

"Nay, my dear," she said, patting my hand, "'t was surely not on our account that Mummer and I would have kept you at Denewood, but for your own sake. The journey being decided on, there was naught to do but see that you made it safely and fittingly. And be ye mistress of Denewood or not, a cross old servant, named Elizabeth Mummer, would go with you, willy-nilly."

"Nay, you are not a servant but a friend, Mrs. Mummer," I protested.

"'T is not impossible to be both, my dear," she answered with a smile, "though 't is sweet of you to put it so. But to be a servant is no disgrace. We all serve, Miss Bee, some at one thing, some

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at another, but serve we must, and what boots a name so long as we do our duty as well as we are able?"

So Peter was directed to go on to Chester, and we settled down for a long ride.

As we entered the town, I was surprised to see that it was filled with troops. We found Mrs. Mummer's friend, a Mrs. Chitters, whose husband was a cooper owning a pleasant house in the town, and she made us welcome with a right good will. She would have had us stop and rest, while she and Mrs. Mummer talked together, but I was impatient to be out, having a lively interest in this great mass of troops. Mrs. Mummer hemmed and hawed a little about going among them, but when I pointed out that, perchance, we might come upon some news of John, she said no further word in protest.

As we went down the clean little street, our ears were greeted with volleys of cheers, and so clamorous was the sound that Mrs. Mummer drew up with a jerk.

"We 'd best go no farther, Miss Bee," she said.

"Nay, there is naught to be afraid of," I answered. "'T is some good news, I doubt not, and I mean to know what it is."

I hurried her forward at such a rate that she had no chance to hold back, and we soon came to the French troops.

I asked one of them, in rather halting French, the meaning of the cheers, and he, evidently surprised and delighted to hear his own language, gave me, most volubly and politely, the information I sought.

It appeared that Lafayette and Mad Anthony Wayne had trapped the British army under Cornwallis in the little village of York, in Virginia. Their only means of escape was by water, and news had just come that this retreat was cut off by a French fleet under De Grasse, which commanded the Chesapeake. All that was left for the British to do was to fortify Yorktown and prepare for a siege by Washington and our allies.

"And so, mademoiselle," my French trooper went on enthusiastically, "we await the debarkation of their Excellencies, General Washington and the Comte de Rochambeau." He rolled out the last name with gusto.

"And then?" I asked.

"Then, mademoiselle," he answered, standing up to his full height, "then we march to reinforce the Marquis de Lafayette, and," he shrugged, "behold the dénouement! Do you wonder that we cheer?"

I did not wonder, but all other considerations were swallowed up in my desire to see General Washington.

"And where will their Excellencies arrive?" I asked.

"The landing-stage is at the foot of this street," he answered; "but I fear mademoiselle will find it difficult to reach."

"Nevertheless, I shall try," I replied, and with a few words of thanks for his information, I was soon pushing and edging my way in the crowd which had gathered to see the allied armies.

At last, the press became so great that I could make no further progress, and Mrs. Mummer was in despair.

"This will never do!" I cried out in my vexation; "I might just as well be at home in Germantown. I will never see His Excellency here!"

"Now, that 's true enough," said a brawny man who was standing in front of me, in a loud voice, "and, if you have come all that way, 't would be a pity to miss him. Follow me, mistress, and we 'll see what we can do."

He began at once to shove this way and that, not roughly so as to raise anger, but with a pleasant word and a smile for those he elbowed; and every now and then he would bawl lustily at the top of his great voice, "Way! way! for a lady who has traveled far with a message for His Excellency. Way! way!"

His voice was so big, and his smile so winning, that the crowd gave back, and following his great shoulders, Mrs. Mummer and I went on, until, at length, we found ourselves suddenly cast forth, so to speak, in the open space before the landing-stage, and our good friend, as if announcing our arrival at a court function, gave a final shout:

"A lady with a message for His Excellency, General Washington!"

At the same moment, a boat drew up at the stage, a tall gentleman stepped lightly from it, and, waving aside the officer who stood there to receive him, came directly up to me.

"Is it you who wish to see me?" he asked courteously.

"Oh, Your Excellency!" I exclaimed, pushing back my calash so that he might recognize me, "I am in much trouble."

"'T is Mistress Beatrice Travers!" he said, his face lighting up. "I thought you were in England. Have you, perchance, brought me more news of the French?" he asked eagerly, and added, "I think this good man said you had a message for me." Whereat my big escort knuckled his forehead, vastly pleased to be noticed.

"Nay, I 'm from Germantown, and have no message this time," I answered, at which his face fell mightily, and he sighed.

"I fear I gave way to a superstitious weak-

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ness," he said, with a little drop in his voice. "For, when I heard your voice, Mistress Beatrice, I remembered a letter you brought from France in a time of stress and doubt; and, though there was no reason why I should have thought so, I hoped you had word of the French fleet which I—"

"Your Excellency," I interrupted, clasping my hands in excitement, "know you not that De Grasse is in the Chesapeake?"

"Is it true?" he cried in a loud voice, his eyes blazing.

"Aye, Your Excellency, 't is true! Every one here knows it."

But I was talking to the empty air, for His Excellency, General George Washington, commander-in-chief of all the armies in America, had thrown up his hat, and was shouting like a boy. He ran to the edge of the landing and began waving excitedly to another boat that was then bringing General Rochambeau across the river. For a full minute, our general jumped about and waved his arms, crying the joyful news, till those ashore joined in the cheer, and the shouts echoed and reëchoed across the waters. It was said on good authority that Comte de Rochambeau, seeing General Washington capering on the shore like a boy, thought for sure that His Excellency had gone mad, as well he might; but when people tell me that story, I always answer them that the Count himself, whatever he may have thought of Washington, was scarce less moved when he was told the news. And they had cause for rejoicing; but sure it was a strange sight to see General Washington stirred from the calm which was his habit.

"And here is the maid who gave me the word!" cried the general, as he brought Comte de Rochambeau up to me.

"Mademoiselle was born under a lucky star," said the count, kissing my hand; and Mrs. Mummer, dropping her curtsey, nodded her head emphatically.

The two great men drew off for a time, the general begging me to hold them excused for a moment, but in a little he came back to me.

"And now what service can I render you, Mistress Beatrice?" he asked, "for you have brought news that has gladdened my heart more than tongue can tell, and I owed you much already."

"I have set out to find John Travers," I answered, and at the words his face fell into lines of sympathy and sorrow. "I know 't is thought that he is dead, Your Excellency," I went on, "but I cannot believe it, so I have come to ask you what I ought to do."

He stood silent awhile, looking down at me with grave eyes.

"I have mourned John Travers as dead," he said finally. "He was a gallant officer and a great favorite of Madame Washington. Do I understand that you have heard he is alive?"

"Nay, we have heard naught," I answered, "and every one save little Peggy Travers has bidden me stay at home and take over the estates. No one else will believe that he is not dead. But I am sure he is alive and that I must search for him. I came to ask you how I should proceed."

"And how does it come that you are so sure?" he asked, in a kindly tone.

"Because the half of a sixpence he wore has come back to me," I replied readily. "I gave it to him, thinking it lucky, and I wear the other half. Some say that its return shows he is dead, but I know that he has sent the token as a message for me to come to him."

"And have you no other reason for believing he is alive?" asked the general, soberly.

"Yes, oh, yes!" I cried, as if there could be no doubt, "my heart tells me!" And he looked at me a moment, but said no word further of that.

"And what can I do?" was his next question.

"I thought perhaps you might tell me whether a girl like me should go upon such a search," I replied. "All those in Philadelphia have advised against it, and I am so alone that I scarce know what to do."

He meditated for a time, and then slowly nodded his head up and down as if he had found the solution.

"My dear Miss Beatrice," he said gently, "I see no reason why you should not go, for I believe you will be as safe with the army as you would be in your own Denewood. Until we know for a certainty just what has happened, the promptings of your heart are as likely to be right as the reasonings of those who have no more information than you. 'T would not be an unheard-of thing for John Travers to return to us, well and hearty. Indeed, I have known of many cases during wars where men, given up for lost, have come back after years of absence. Had you any plan?"

"I had thought to go to Major McLane," I answered.

"Good," he replied; and then asking where I stopped, he called an aide and gave directions that certain papers be made out for my safe-conduct. Then he turned to say good-by to me.

"God prosper your search, Mistress Beatrice. Such faith as yours deserves reward," he said, and, taking my hand for a moment, he bowed over it most gallantly.

Bright and early the next morning, I was on my way to the little town of York, in Virginia.

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Chapter XX

A BROKEN BARGAIN

It was plain to any one who traveled that part of the country in the year of our Lord 1781, that some great event was going forward. All roads seemed to be leading toward Yorktown, and every one of them was filled with soldiers, all hurrying on with gay shouts and prophecies of victory.

And I, too, hurried on, but I confess that I was less interested in the war than I was in finding Allan McLane, and learning if he had any word of John.

At last I overtook him, astride a great horse, leading his troop out of Williamsburg, where he had been stationed, a huge man, towering above those around him.

'T was with some little difficulty that we got the coach near to him, but, when I leaned out and called, he reined up with a cry of welcome.

"Mistress Bee!" he exclaimed; "I had a special despatch from His Excellency telling me that I might expect you, but I did not look for you till to-morrow."

"And have you any news of John?" I cried, for I could not wait to be decently civil, though I counted on this good friend to understand my anxiety and excuse my lack of manners.

"Why," he answered, "I have a slight clue, but," he went on, "do not count on it, my child; 't is but a rumor, and proves nothing."

"Is he alive?" I asked, all trembling for his answer.

"Nay, I know not," he replied; "but when we come into camp, I will tell you all the story."

It was impossible to talk with any satisfaction there on the road, so I was forced to curb my impatience till we could be a little more private.

Like the thoughtful man he was, Major McLane had secured a small house near the fork of the roads at Halfway, and installed himself there with us, saying, when he greeted Mrs. Mummer, that having such a good housekeeper at his command, he did not propose to live in a tent. Though he thus joked about the matter, I knew well that it was on our account that he made these arrangements, and that he stayed near us for our protection.

But I did not wait to settle the small establishment ere I again begged him for the news he had of John.

"Do not count on it," he began, "for 't is but a rumor. It came to me a day or two ago, from a man who had seen some fighting in the northern part of Carolina. I looked him up, and asked him of John's disappearance, but he knew naught of him. Then I was led to speak of Bill Schmuck and Mark Powell, neither of whom has been heard from, and my man at once remembered talk of such a long, lank, gangling fellow at a little place called Salem, a Moravian settlement in North Carolina. Being pressed, he established beyond doubt that Bill and a sick man, who could be none other than John, had stayed in the village near three months, at the end of which time they had departed. The wounded man seemed well recovered, and, though he was dressed like a common soldier, the belief was general that he was an officer. Indeed, the description of him fitted John in all things."

"Then at least we know he was alive in the early spring!" I exclaimed. "That is something."

"Aye," he answered, with a wrinkled brow; "but where has he been since? That 's what has puzzled me, for, had he died, Bill Schmuck would have come in ere this. If he was still too ill to travel, he certainly would have been able to send word to us now that the country is cleared of the enemy. And then, where is Mark Powell? There is only one explanation that I can think of," McLane continued, "and that is this: John, having recovered, has tried to rejoin us, he has been captured by the British, and is held a prisoner. That 's the only solution I can see, unless all three are dead."

"And if he were a prisoner, where would he be?" I demanded.

"In Yorktown," he answered, pointing in the direction of the fortifications. "If he 's in the hands of the British, he 's there."

"But would they not have let us know they had him, and offer him in exchange for one of their own men?" I objected. "Surely, by this time, we would have heard something of him if he were a prisoner."

"That 's true," Major McLane agreed; "and it 's for that reason that I cannot believe he 's there."

"If he were in Yorktown, how could we get him out?" I asked, for I thought of naught but John and my great desire to see him.

"It would be impossible to get him out now," Major McLane replied. "We are not dealing with a man like Howe. Cornwallis is awake, his guards are well posted, and he is splendidly fortified. But we won't have to wait long. 'T is not the general's intention to sit and starve them. Our parallels are completed, and we 'll soon be pounding the place about their ears."

"You mean to tell me that you will open fire on the town, not knowing whether John is there or not?" I cried aghast.

"Why—why—" he began, but evidently this thought had never occurred to him; "what else can we do?"

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"I do not know," I answered, "but I think war is a wicked, cruel thing!"

"Aye, and that 's true, too, Miss Bee," he answered soberly, "but 't is a stubborn king that has forced it upon us, and—"

"I care naught for the king nor for the colonies!" I cried, near beside myself with worry and anxiety. "I want John Travers. He is more to me than all England and America together," and I went away rather than he should see me cry.

Nevertheless, in spite of what a maid might or might not wish, the destruction of Yorktown was begun, and from then until the parleys, the din of the guns in our ears was incessant, as shot after shot was thrown into the town and fortifications.

The curious thing was that we soon became quite used to the roaring of the cannon, and when it happened once or twice that they stopped for a little while, it seemed so strangely quiet that one felt as if something ominous, like an earthquake, perhaps, was about to happen.

On the night of October 10, a French battery, firing red-hot shot, set on fire the British frigate *Charon* and three large transports. Many people went out to see the sight, and I, with Mrs. Mummer and our black man, Peter, went too. We took our station on the bluffs overlooking the water, so that we had a fine view of the York River, and the burning ships made a wonderful picture. They were several miles away from us, yet they seemed much nearer, and the four vessels glowed before our eyes like some huge firework, every rope and spar glittering with flame, while now and then great shells exploded in the air with a shower of sparks.

That night was the first time I had been out to this bluff, though it was a rather favorite point for those non-combatants who lived near; and the next afternoon I returned to see the view by daylight. The outlook was very beautiful, and often after that I would ride there and sit for a little while.

Sometimes Mrs. Mummer accompanied me, but Peter always went, for he was trustworthy, and, though there seemed no great need of it, both Allan McLane and Mrs. Mummer were better satisfied that I should not go alone.

Thus it came about that, on the afternoon of the eighteenth of October, Peter and I were there, and I enjoyed it more than I had ever done, because, for a day now, there had been no firing of the great cannon, and it seemed so peaceful that one would not think that war was near us.

There had been many rumors as to why the firing had ceased, some saying that Cornwallis had asked a parley, and that he was about to surrender, others that it was but a trick, and that he hoped to gain time for reinforcements to come from Clinton. I had not seen Allan McLane for a day or two, so I knew not what foundation there was for all these tales, but we had heard similar stories so often that I thought little of them now. So I sat my horse, gazing out across the river toward the town of Gloucester, glad of the peace and quiet after these days of thundering cannon, and scarce thinking of the war, but much of John Travers.

I had come south to find him, and I looked toward Yorktown, wondering for the thousandth time if he could be there.

As I sat, Peter pushed his horse close to mine.

"Miss Bee," he whispered, "dere 's a man in dem bushes, and he 's got an eye on us folks."

I turned in the direction indicated, and there, sure enough, was the figure of a man crouched behind some bushes. I could n't distinguish his face for the shadows, but I could see the glitter of his eyes as they looked back at us.

I was about to tell Peter that we would go away at once, when the man parted the leaves and came toward me.

"Well met, Mistress Travers," he said blandly, and as he continued to approach, I saw that it was no other than Captain Blundell.

"Stay where you are!" I cried, reining back my horse. "I wish to have naught to do with you."

"Now that is hardly generous," he returned, though he halted nevertheless, "for I meant to ask a favor of you."

"And you expected that I would grant it?" I asked, dumfounded at the man's audacity. "After playing the highwayman?"

"Ah, so you saw my face," he said coolly. "I thought as much, and expected that hot-headed brother of yours after me with a naked sword; but, though I should have been glad to cross blades with him, I was forced to leave England the next day. Perchance in the future we may have a meeting."

"Nay, my brother does not fight with highwaymen!" I answered; "and further," I added, meaning to pique him if I could, "I thought it not worth while to tell him."

"Nevertheless, Mistress Travers, I beg that you will lend me your servant's horse," he replied. "'T is an urgent matter with me."

"I do not understand," I said.

"'T is simple enough," he explained. "Yorktown is doomed—and what use could one man be? I am taking my chance of escaping rather than be made a prisoner—and I tell you I 'll have a horse, whether you will or no," and he took a step toward me.

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"Your pistol, Peter!" I cried.

"It am pointin' right at him, Miss Bee," answered Peter. "You say de word, and I 'll blow his head clean offen him!"

Blundell stopped short, and his face drew into the snarl of a beaten dog.

"Then I 'll be off afoot," he said, and saluted me with a bow.

"Nay, you 'll march with me to Major McLane, and see how it feels to be a spy!" I retorted. "You are not in uniform, and you are a British officer within our lines. I think the matter plain enough to any one."

He hung his head for a minute, and I confess to feeling glad that, at length, I was to have my turn with this man who was my enemy; but I did not know him nor his resources.

"Very well," he said defiantly. "Lead on and have me shot for a spy, but—" he paused significantly, "what then becomes of John Travers?"

"John Travers," I gasped. "John Travers! What do you know of him?"

"Everything," he replied, with a laugh. "Shall we go to Major McLane?" and he took a step in the direction of the road.

"Then he is alive!" I cried, thinking of naught but this glorious news.

"Oh, yes, he 's alive—now," he replied, giving the last word an extra emphasis.

That brought me to my senses, for I felt this man capable of anything.

"Where is he?" I asked, scarce able to contain myself.

"Now, that 's another matter," he answered, stepping back and facing me with a forced smile. "Shall we go on to the American camp?"

"Nay," I replied quickly, "if you will tell me where Mr. Travers is, I will let you go."

He seemed about to accept my offer, for he opened his lips as if about to speak; then a new idea seemed to strike him, for he checked himself, and, throwing back his head, laughed aloud.

"Will you, indeed!" he cried between his bursts of mirth. "Now that 's vastly generous of you, but I shall not take advantage of your awkward position. Let us go on and have the matter settled," and he regarded me with a sneer of triumph.

"What is it that you want?" I asked, after a moment's thought, for I saw that it was useless to pretend to a power over him which could be maintained only at John's expense.

He stood a while in deep thought.

"I have decided to be perfectly frank with you, Mistress Travers," he began, and I knew from the seriousness of his tone that he was in earnest. "I am a ruined man. I owe more than I can pay, and unless I can get money, and a good deal of money at that, I cannot go back to England. There is a certain treasure hidden in this country which I mean to have, make no doubt of that. I have been on the track of it for nigh four years, and now that it is within my grasp, be well assured I shall not let it slip. It is the location of that treasure that I want, and, unless I get it, John Travers is as good as dead."

"Do you think *I* know its whereabouts?" I said, as he paused and looked at me significantly.

"I do not say you do!" he burst out impatiently. "But a boy relative of yours, by the most unheard-of luck, found the thing I 'm searching for. 'T was stolen from Varnum in Philadelphia, and it was to recover it that both he and I allowed ourselves to be captured when Clinton left there. We need not go into details of the matter. We know that it came into your possession."

"What are you talking about? What was stolen from Varnum?" I asked, bewildered.

"Oh, have done with this pretense of ignorance!" he cried, in a rage. "'T is the map I want, and will have. Think you I have risked so much to be balked by a slip of a maid? You had the map. That I know through Schmuck, the fellow called the Magus. Your rooms were searched and nothing found. Then Travers's rooms were ransacked, with like results. In England, I stopped you on the road to seek the map, yet found it not. I sought out your silly cousin Polly, and was bored nigh to extinction, but from what she told me, I concluded that John Travers knew where it was. Well, now I have him, but he is a stubborn, stiff-necked rebel, and declares he knows naught of it. If he says the truth, then *you* can tell me what has become of it."

At last I knew, and my heart leaped with joy to think that, after all, I had in my possession the means to purchase news of John, for my precious book of Maxims was never far from my hand.

"I have the map," I said, trying to speak calmly.

"You!" he cried in surprise.

"Aye," I replied; "is it so valuable?"

"Think you I would take the chances I have, if it were not?" he snarled.

"And whose treasure was it?" I demanded.

"That I care not," he replied; "Varnum said it was a pirate hoard, and how he came by his knowledge is too long a story to recount here. Enough of this! Let us get to the business in hand. 'T is simple, I think, and can be quickly

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stated. I want the map. You want Mr. Travers. Can we strike a bargain?"

"Can I trust you?" I asked. "If I give you the map, will you tell me where John is?"

"'T is not a compliment you pay me, Mistress Travers," he replied, "but we will let that pass. Though you cannot trust me, I am quite ready to trust you. Give me your word that you will hand me over the map at once, and I will tell you the whereabouts of John Travers held as a prisoner of war. You see I have every confidence in you."

"I shall have to go and fetch the map," I answered. "It will not take long, however."

"I will wait," he returned, and I prepared to ride back and bring the little book of Maxims with the map hidden in it.

"There 's something queer about it," I said hesitatingly, "there is only part of it, and —and—"

"'T will be enough," he answered, plainly eager to get it into his possession; "only bring me what you have, and I 'll translate it, never fear!"

He promised again to wait, and I had no doubt that he would, his intense desire for the map was so apparent. The possibility of obtaining it after all these years of search made him chafe at all delays.

"Hurry!" was his last word to me, but I needed no urging, and Peter and I tore at top speed down the lane to Halfway.

I wasted no time in securing the little book, and was soon on the road again, racing back, for, though I was sure Blundell would not go, I feared a trick, and was on fire to know John's whereabouts.

One happy thought sang in my brain. Now, at last, I was assured he was alive. That knowledge was worth many, many maps to me. Indeed, all the treasure in the world would not count for a moment against having John back again.

Blundell was there, ready and eager, when Peter and I drew up on the bluff, and, though the sun had sunk below the horizon, there was still plenty of light.

"You 've made good time," he said. "Let me have the map quickly, for I must be on my way if I am to get clear of this neighborhood before daylight."

I dismounted, giving the bridle of my horse to Peter, who hitched it over the horn of his saddle so that he might have a hand free to aim his pistol, which he still kept in evidence, though I no longer felt any fear of Blundell.



"HE BEGAN WAVING EXCITEDLY TO ANOTHER BOAT THAT WAS THEN BRINGING GENERAL ROCHAMBEAU ACROSS THE RIVER."

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"Now tell me where I can find Mr. Travers, and you shall have your map," I said.

He pointed down the river to Yorktown.

"He is listed among the American prisoners there," he replied, with a curious smile.



"THE MAN PARTED THE LEAVES AND CAME TOWARD ME."

"But he 's alive?" I questioned hurriedly, for his answer seemed not quite straightforward.

"Oh, yes, I assured you of that," he returned instantly, without hesitation. "The Yorktown prisoners are somewhat pale, however, from living in caves out of the way of your rebel round shot."

"And you think he 'll be exchanged, and—" but he broke in upon my anxious question.

"Nay, that was not part of the bargain," he interrupted. "But when you hand me the map, perhaps I will be generous and give you further news of him."

"Agreed!" I answered readily, and I took the book and began to break the stitches of the embroidered covers.

"Is it really there?" he exclaimed; "I think I remember having had that little book in my hands when my highwayman stopped your post-chaise."

"'T is the same book," I told him, and by this time I had opened the cover and had taken out the pieces of silvered paper.

"Here," I said, thrusting them into his outstretched hand, "this is all I have, but it must be what you seek."

He snatched at them and turned them over, and as he looked at the white side of the paper, his brow contracted into a scowl.

"You are pleased to have your jest, Mistress Travers!" he said, in a voice of suppressed suspicion and rage. "Give me the map. This is no time for pleasant foolings!" and he held the silvered paper out to me.

"I told you I had but a portion of it," I replied.

"Then give it me," he snapped.

"But you have it there," I answered, indicating the paper he still held out toward me.

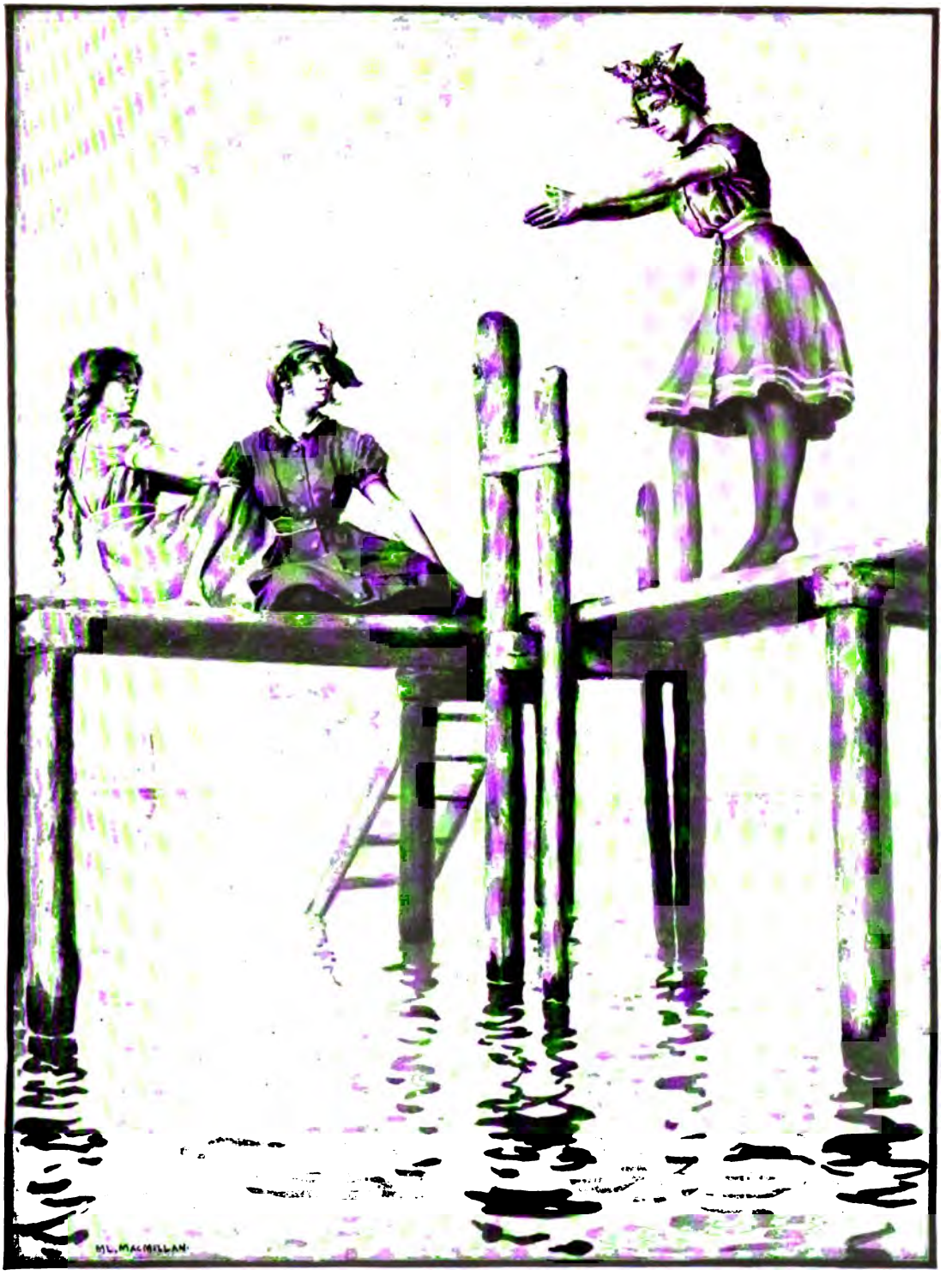
"Here!" he cried wrathfully, "there is naught here!"

"Oh, yes," I said with assurance. "I will show you," and taking the papers out of his hand, I turned over the piece upon which I had seen the drawing, with the intention of pointing it out to him.

With a little cry of amazement, I looked, and found both of them blank. There was no sign of any map upon either of the white surfaces!

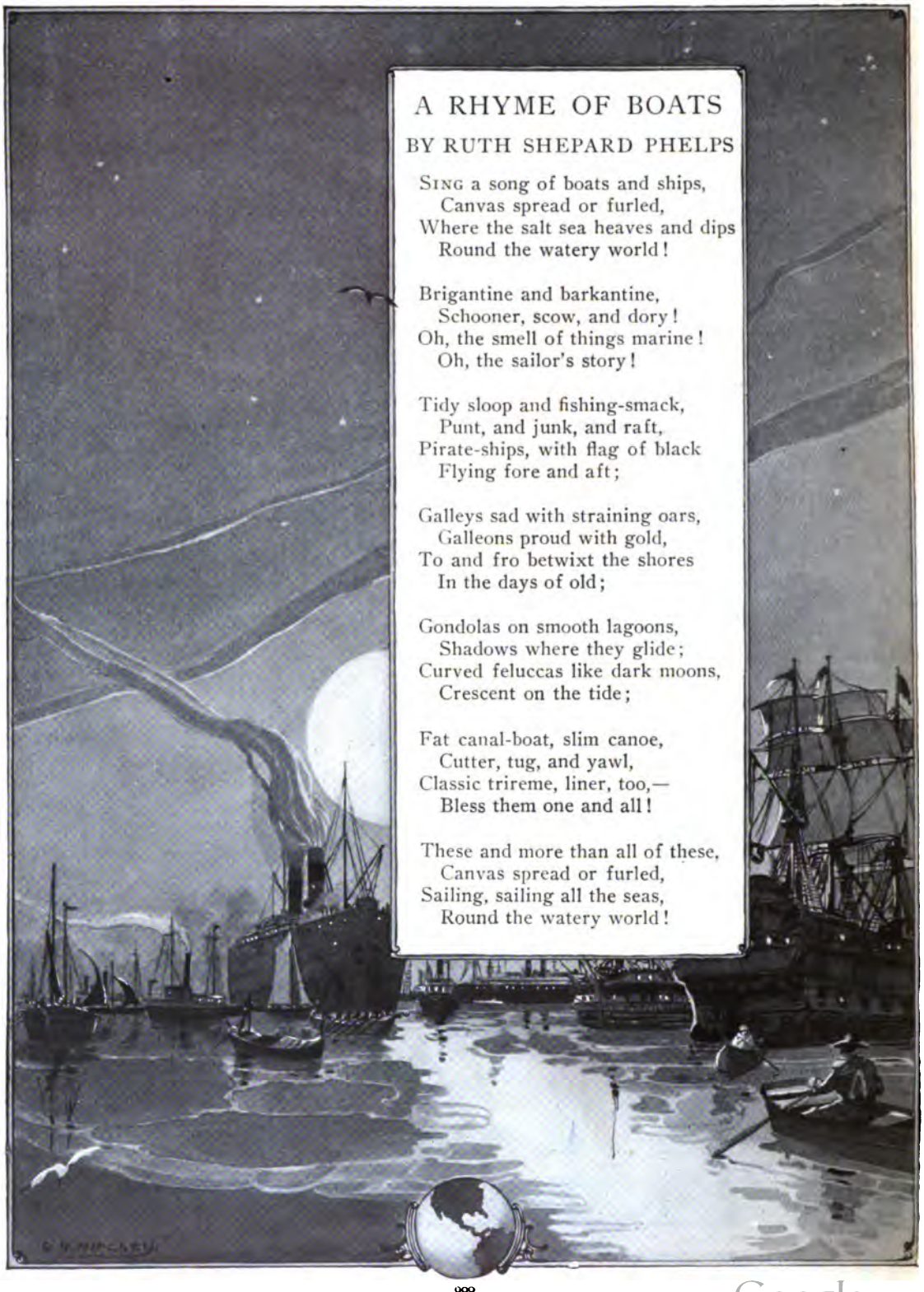
(To be continued.)

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READY FOR THE PLUNGE.—DRAWN BY M. L. MAC MILLAN.

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A RHYME OF BOATS

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

SING a song of boats and ships,
Canvas spread or furled,
Where the salt sea heaves and dips
Round the watery world!

Brigantine and barkantine,
Schooner, scow, and dory!
Oh, the smell of things marine!
Oh, the sailor's story!

Tidy sloop and fishing-smack,
Punt, and junk, and raft,
Pirate-ships, with flag of black
Flying fore and aft;

Galleys sad with straining oars,
Galleons proud with gold,
To and fro betwixt the shores
In the days of old;

Gondolas on smooth lagoons,
Shadows where they glide;
Curved feluccas like dark moons,
Crescent on the tide;

Fat canal-boat, slim canoe,
Cutter, tug, and yawl,
Classic trireme, liner, too,—
Bless them one and all!

These and more than all of these,
Canvas spread or furled,
Sailing, sailing all the seas,
Round the watery world!

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THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER XXV

THE RING

THE next hour was one of torture to Wicklow Evans, for every movement of the horse sent a throb of pain through his injured leg, and they were obliged to go at the greatest possible speed, owing to the imminent danger behind. More than once the doctor was on the point of declaring that he could endure it no longer, but the thought of his loved ones and a great longing for freedom gave him courage to go on. As they crossed a narrow bridge, however, that led into a rocky defile, the missionary swayed in his saddle, and would have fallen to the ground had not Harold supported him.

There was a hasty consultation with Khalil when it was seen that the doctor could not go farther. He was almost fainting. The Bedouin reflected a moment, and then agreed that they must rest here. After all, there was not a better place in the whole mountain-range for them to stop. And at once he gave instructions to his men. They were to divide into two bodies and ambush themselves at either end of the bridge. They were to let the Turks cross over, and then the Bedouins ahead were to open fire from the rocks. When the soldiers turned to retreat across the bridge, the Bedouins behind were to shoot them down. Not a man must escape.

During this, Harold had assisted his father to alight, and had spread a blanket on the ground to make him more comfortable. The doctor in his weakness and distress did not at first understand what the Arab was planning, but as soon as it was explained to him, he positively refused to permit such a massacre. Khalil declared that it was their lives against the Turks' lives, and the latter had thirty men to fifteen. They would not have a chance in the world if they tried to fight the soldiers on an equality.



"THE MISSIONARY SWAYED IN HIS SADDLE, AND WOULD HAVE FALLEN TO THE GROUND."

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"We will not fight them at all," replied the missionary.

In vain Khalil protested. Dr. Evans was firm. Come what might, he would not tolerate any plan of bloodshed. And after wavering a moment, Harold stood by his father with all the authority that Basil had given him. There should be no bloodshed.

While they were still discussing this, three riders approached rapidly out of the shadows, and were seen to be Nasr-ed-Din, and Jack, and the Bedouin guide, breathless with news that the soldiers were just behind them. Even as they spoke, there came the shouts of horsemen dashing up the mountain side, and several stray shots.

It was a hard situation for Dr. Evans. No one realized the danger better than he, and this danger included his own son—his only son—and his son's friend, who was now hurriedly introduced to him.

"Harold," said the doctor, earnestly, "I want you and Jack to leave me and go on with these Bedouins. Go to Damascus as I wrote you, and—"

"It 's no use, Father," interrupted the boy. "I can't do it."

"Nasr-ed-Din will stay with me. Eh, Deeny?" The missionary held out his hand, and the faithful servant kissed it with affectionate mumblings. "Go, my boy, before it 's too late."

The shouts were coming nearer. It was only a matter of minutes now when the Turks would be upon them. Khalil spoke again impatiently, saying that he and his men were going. They did not propose to stay there and be killed. They would fight to the last for the effendis, but, if the effendis would not allow them to fight, then they must save their own lives.

As the Bedouins mounted their horses for the start, the missionary made a last appeal to his son to leave him.

"No," said Harold, firmly; "but *you 'd* better go, Jack. Father and I—we 're in this together, but—why should you risk your life? Take the ring, old boy, and go on to Damascus and see Abdul Pasha. That 's the most sensible thing." He drew the ring from his pocket and offered it to his friend.

With all his heart John McGreggor wanted to go. He would have given everything he had in the world, his moving-picture plans, his trip around the world, everything, to be off on a horse, out of this fix, out of this land, back in some nice safe town like Chicago, where bloodthirsty soldiers did not come rushing at you out of the mountains. And yet when he looked into the strong, calm face of this gray-eyed doctor with the thick brown beard (he could see the likeness to Sandy in the eyes), there was something in him that stirred against the idea of running away.

"I—I guess I 'll stay," he said quietly, and then, in sudden fear of weakening, he motioned fiercely to the Bedouin to be gone. *"Haidee, ghit!"* ("Now hurry!") he cried.

"Well, it is settled now," said Dr. Evans, gravely, as the Arabs galloped off. "Whatever is to happen, will happen. You are brave boys, both of you, but—let me warn you not to resist these Turks. Look at them pleasantly. Speak to them pleasantly. They do not wish to harm us. They have not harmed me—that is to say, there was one exception. An officer struck me back of the knee as I was going up the ladder. That is what hurt my leg."

"The brute!" cried Harold.

"No, no!" answered the missionary, gently. "He did not understand. There is a purpose back of all that we suffer, and—I want you boys to hold this thought, hold it hard every minute, that God is near us and is watching over us, and that we need fear no harm or wrong except the harm or wrong that we do ourselves. Let your prayer be what mine has been for years: *'Keep me free from fear, and make me kind.'"*

Scarcely had Dr. Evans spoken these words, when the rushing horses of the Turkish soldiers thundered across the bridge, then drew up sharply as the pursuers saw their captive before them.

A harsh order rang out, whereupon the horsemen dismounted and advanced upon the unresisting group, missionary, boys, and servant. Then things happened rapidly. First, Nasr-ed-Din was seized and carried off, fighting so desperately, in spite of the doctor's admonitions, that it took four men to subdue him. Next, Dr. Evans himself was taken, and his hands securely tied. Then Jack McGreggor was similarly treated. And these three, by order of the officer in command, were at once thrown, none too gently, upon horses, and borne away under a strong guard. Harold was left alone with the officer in command, a fierce-looking Turk with bushy eyebrows and bristling gray mustache. To the boy's surprise, he spoke English with what seemed to be a German accent.

"Iss it true that you sent up a—what do you call it? A—*Drache?*—a—*trouztig?*"

"A kite?" supplied Evans, recognizing the Turkish word.

"Yes, you sent one up? Did you?"

"I sent nine up," nodded the boy.

"Nine kites!" The officer studied Harold with intense interest. "You used a kite-cord to cross the *Thal*—the *dere*—the—ah, yes, the valley?"

"I would n't call it a valley. It 's a gorge, a

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ravine, a chasm. It 's too deep for a valley, and too narrow. It is n't more than a hundred yards across."

"No matter. You came across this—gorge, this—chasm, whatever you call it, on a kite-cord? You mean to tell me that?"

"Certainly I do."

The officer bit nervously at his short mustache with strong yellow teeth, and his face grew very red.

"I do not believe it!" he declared.

Harold lifted his head proudly. "It 's true all the same."



"HAROLD SPRANG TO THE OFFICER'S SIDE IN ONE LAST DESPERATE APPEAL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

At this, the officer flew into a purple rage. "You dare to contradict me? I 'll make you suffer for this—this *unverschämtheit*—this *outan-maz*—this—" but the English word would not come.

"You mean impertinence," translated the boy, "but you 're wrong, sir; I don't mean to be impertinent."

The Turk's anger had now passed all bounds, and he ordered his men to take the prisoner away, the dog of a prisoner. Let them search him, first, for weapons or papers.

Having thus delivered himself, the officer lighted a cigarette, and puffed furiously at it while the two rough soldiers went through Harold's clothes. The touch of their heavy hands brought home to the boy the seriousness of his situation. He remembered his father's last instructions that he must speak pleasantly to the Turks, and even look at them pleasantly. He was conscious that he had been glaring at the officer while the men searched him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began, in his pleasantest manner, but the Turk brushed him away with a contemptuous wave of the hand, and, turning to his men, asked if they had secured everything that was about the prisoner's person. The soldiers bowed respectfully, and tendered the articles found, a pistol, a money belt, a pocket-knife, a box of matches, a pencil, and a letter. It was the letter that Dr. Evans had dropped from the cave.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Harold began again, and his voice and his eyes were so conciliatory that the officer at last vouchsafed a reply, although it was a rough one.

"Speak when you are spoken to!" he snapped.

"Yes, sir," answered Evans.

"Why did you stop and let us take you?" the officer asked. "Why did you not fight? Iss it that you were afraid?"

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Harold flushed, but controlled himself. "No, sir, only—my father does not believe in fighting. He has spent all his life doing good to people, and—besides, he has hurt his leg, and—he must have attention," pleaded the boy.

The answer was a brutal gesture. "He shall have attention, and you, too." He turned abruptly to his men. "Take this prisoner away. Put him in irons—with the others. Wait! What is this?"

As he spoke, the officer had opened the envelop containing Dr. Evans's letter, and the ring had fallen out.

"It 's a ring that my father sent me."

"Yes, yes, but where did he get this ring?"

"It was given him by a friend."

For some moments the officer did not speak, but stood frowning at the strange inscription on the brown stone of the ring. The soldiers, taking the silence of their leader as a sign of dismissal, started to lead the young American away, but Harold sprang to the officer's side in one last desperate appeal.

"Don't let them be cruel to my father, sir," he cried. "And don't take me away from him. If you only knew what pain he is in from his leg. He almost fell from his horse. I 'll bear anything afterward, sir, anything you like. I 'm young, and it does n't matter, but—let me take care of my father, sir, and don't put him in irons; please don't."

Now the Turk looked up, and, as he saw the soldiers dragging Harold off, his eyes blazed.

"What are you doing?" he thundered.

"We—we thought, sir," stammered one of the men, "we thought you said to—"

"Take your hands off this gentleman. Get on your horses and ride to camp. Tell the officer in charge that there has been a mistake. His orders are to treat the other two gentlemen and their servant as my friends. Understand me? *As my friends!* Now ride, if you value your skins!"



ONE OF THE THATCHED MUD HOUSES.

Chapter XXVI

BLACK EAGLES

It seemed as if Providence was beginning to smile upon the sorely pressed fugitives. As suddenly as the wind, earlier in the night, had shifted from north to east, so now, at dawn, did this brutal Turkish officer (Lieutenant Cherik was his name) change to kindness and devotion. The Americans were at once set at liberty, their possessions were restored to them, and they were shown every attention.

"I don't know how you work it, Sandy," exclaimed McGreggor, an hour later in camp, as

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they sat down to a breakfast served with generous hospitality in the officers' own tent. "This is the second fire-eater you 've tamed. He makes 'em sit right up and be good, sir," Jack said, as he turned, laughing, to Dr. Evans.

"I did nothing," said Sandy, modestly. "It was Father who won over the Greek monk, and it is Father's ring that has helped us now. Besides, if you had n't been a wonder in sending up kites—yes, you are, Jack, you know you are. Why, Father, he made the dandiest reel with a leather brake—you strap it around your waist, and—" Harold stopped short with a new thought. "By the way, what about those kites? What did you do with 'em?"

"Tied 'em up with pink ribbons and laid 'em on the piano to cool off," said Jack, with a grin. "You mountain antelope! What do you think I did with 'em? I let 'em go. I had to! Say, but this is certainly a good breakfast!"

After the meal, they were shown to two comfortable tents, one for Dr. Evans and one for the two boys, and soon they were sleeping soundly after the fatigues and emotions of the preceding hours.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the missionary had a talk with Lieutenant Cherik, and gained an understanding of what had happened. It was simple enough. There was nothing mysterious about the ring, it had no talismanic power, but it came from a very great and powerful man, Abdul Pasha, to whose service the officer was devoted. Lieutenant Cherik would now go to very unusual lengths to serve Dr. Evans. His immediate instructions required him to take Dr. Evans, overland, to a prison near Damascus, where the American was to be left.

"By whose orders?" demanded the doctor.

Lieutenant Cherik did not know, the orders had come to the Jerusalem garrison. Then these orders must be carried out? They must still go to Damascus? Yes, they must certainly go to Damascus, and they must start immediately, or suspicion would be aroused. Furthermore, in the future, the relations between Lieutenant Cherik and his supposed prisoners must be as brief and businesslike as possible.

All of this having been explained to the boys, and certain preliminary arrangements having been made (including the transferring of Dr. Evans's effects from Mar Saba), the expedition set forth toward Jerusalem, although it was understood that they would turn off to the north before reaching the holy city.

As they rode along, Dr. Evans asked Harold and Jack to describe their experiences in the Dead Sea Valley, and he told them various interesting things about this strange region. In former centuries, he said, there was much big game here, the lion, the bison, and the hippopotamus, but these animals had all become extinct. Speaking of the saltness of the Dead Sea, the doctor mentioned that, while a hundred pounds of ordinary sea-water yield six pounds of salt on evaporation, a hundred pounds of Dead Sea water yield twenty-five pounds of salt. That is why no fish can live there.

"Father," asked Harold, presently, "are they going to send this whole company of soldiers with us all the way to Damascus?"

"Oh, no. The lieutenant tells me he will keep only six or seven men after to-morrow morning. The reason they sent so many was on account of the Bedouins. How happy we ought to be that we did not consent to any shooting!"

A little later, Jack announced that he had a question to ask. "As I understand it, sir, this Lieutenant Cherik is going back on his orders. He 's treating us like gentlemen, whereas he started out by treating us like dogs, and that 's what he 's supposed to do. Am I right?"

"Yes, you 're about right," agreed the doctor.

"Well, how do we know that some of these soldiers that he sends back to Jerusalem to-morrow morning won't give the whole thing away?"

Dr. Evans said that there was only a slight chance of this happening, for the reason that Turkish soldiers have scarcely any feeling of duty or loyalty toward the government, which is really a corrupt machine of plunder and oppression.

"They 'd be afraid of getting themselves into trouble, would n't they?" put in Harold.

"Exactly."

That night they camped in some thatched mud houses on high ground about seven miles to the northeast of Jerusalem, and after supper Harold indicated to Jack that he wished to be alone with his father.

"You 're going to tell him—about your mother?" whispered McGreggor.

"Yes. I can't keep it any longer."

"Good luck, old boy!" Jack gave his friend's hand a squeeze, and, strolling out of the tent, joined a camp-fire circle where Deeny was making the soldiers laugh with his amusing stories.

"What 's the matter, my son?" asked the doctor, when the two were alone. "You look worried."

"I am worried," replied Harold. "I 've been trying to tell you something all day, Father."

Dr. Evans studied the boy with kind understanding. "It 's about your mother," he said.

"Why—er—yes."

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"You don't know where your mother is."

Harold stared in amazement. "Did Deeny tell you?"

"No one told me," answered the missionary, gravely; "but I knew it—I felt it. Tell me everything."

Harold needed no urging, and went rapidly over all that had happened since his landing at Alexandria, a few weeks before. Was it only a few weeks? It seemed like years.

The doctor asked many questions, and made Harold repeat every word of the message his mother had sent to the Virgin's tree.

"I see the same hand back of this, and the same motive," he murmured.

"What is the motive, Father?"

"To break up our work at Adana. We bring in the light, my boy, the light of knowledge and wisdom and love, and the Turks hate the light; they fear it; they will do anything to put it out. For years they have tried to bribe us, to frighten us; they were even ready to kill us; but they are cowards, so they did this."

"And—what will the end be?" hesitated the boy.

"The end? The end will be that our work will go on. The light will shine. Your mother and I will be back in Adana soon—soon!"

There was a glow of prophetic vision in the missionary's eyes as he spoke these words.

Before they slept that night the father and son knelt down at the tent door, and, under the calm Judean stars, which seemed brighter and nearer than usual, they asked God to guard and bless their dear absent one, and to give them cheerfulness and strength for the task and the trials before them.

Early the next morning, with an escort of only six soldiers, the little company reached the great highway of the Bible that runs north and south from Bethlehem to Galilee, and that would start them on their journey to Damascus. And soon they found themselves advancing through a less rugged and more verdant region, rolling hills spread with silver-tinged olive groves, broad fields of grain and sesame, rich pastures sprinkled with thousands of brilliant poppies, and grazed over by flocks of fat sheep, as in the days of David.

At about ten o'clock, they passed by the famous meeting-place of David and Jonathan, and here the boys stirred up a flock of red-tailed thrushes. A little later, they came to a spick-and-span American school, with flowers all about it, where little native girls, with many whip-cord braids down their backs, are taught cleanliness and godliness by sweet-mannered women from New England. Dr. Evans was permitted by the lieutenant to spend a half-hour in the building. He was warmly welcomed by these ladies, who showed the visitors through the school-rooms, and had the pupils sing in shrill unison one of their quaint native songs.

Two hours of fairly hard riding brought them to the ruined site of Bethel, where they had luncheon, and then, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Cherik, they rested in the shade until the great heat was over. Jack explored an enormous cistern near by, while Harold remained with his father, who pointed out that this was the spot where Jacob slept and dreamed that he saw a ladder that reached up to heaven.

Whether it was the suggestion of this familiar story or the result of natural fatigue, the missionary presently leaned back against an olive-tree and, with a long sigh, closed his eyes.

Noticing this, Harold picked up a book and began to read, turning the pages carefully so as to avoid making any noise. A moment later, however, he saw that his father's eyes were open, and were fixed on the far horizon with a strange eager look, as if the doctor saw something or was thinking of something that filled him with intense happiness. Harold searched the peaceful panorama for any cause of these joyful emotions, but he could find nothing.

Suddenly, as the boy wondered at this, his father's face contracted, his eyelids narrowed, and the radiant expression gave place to one of distress and alarm. This continued for perhaps half a minute, after which, with another sigh, the missionary closed his eyes, and again rested against the olive-tree.

For some minutes Evans puzzled over this singular occurrence. Was his father awake or not awake? Should he speak of the matter to him or not speak of it? He had just decided that it was only a sign of nervous fatigue and might as well be left unmentioned, when the doctor stirred uneasily, then roused himself in quite a natural way, and sat up exactly as one does after taking a nap.

"Ah! My boy!" said the missionary, with his usual cheery smile.

"Did you have a good sleep, Father?" asked Harold.

"Why—did I go to sleep?"

"Did n't you?"

The doctor paused as if to collect himself, and it seemed to Harold that he caught just the shade of a startled, puzzled look in the older man's eyes.

"I have not been asleep," he said, quietly, and that ended the incident for the moment.

A couple of hours later, however, as the father

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and son were riding on, with the purple shadows of the Samarian hills lengthening about them, Dr. Evans said seriously, "Harold, there is something I must say to you."

"Yes, Father."

"It is about that ring, the one that saved us so wonderfully. You have it? You have kept it carefully?"

"Of course. Shall I give it back to you?"

"No, no, but—guard it, my son, as your most precious treasure. Don't carry it loose in your pocket. Strap it securely in your money belt. When you get to Damascus, everything may depend upon your having this ring."

There was something in his father's tone that vaguely alarmed the boy.

"But, Father, why do you say when *I* get to Damascus? We will be there together; we will do everything together, won't we?"

The missionary's face was still grave as he replied: "I hope and pray that we shall, my boy. We have been marvelously guided and protected so far, and things seem to be going well with us, but—we never can be sure how God will work out His great purposes. It might be, it may be, that you and I, my son, will be separated again."

"Father, why do you look so solemn?" cried Harold. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Something very strange, my son," answered the missionary; "something that makes me happy and—sad."

"Yes, yes. Go on!"

"You remember when we were resting under the olive-trees this afternoon and you asked if I had been asleep?"

"Yes, Father."

"I told you I was not asleep. That was true, but—*I was not awake, either.*"

Harold stared, feeling sure that he had misunderstood his father's words.

"Not awake?" he repeated. "You mean you *were* asleep?"

The doctor shook his head. "No. And I was not awake in the ordinary sense. *I was more than awake.* Listen, my boy. When a man has spent ten months on a barren rock looking out on the blank wall of a dead wilderness, he learns things that are not in the books. He learns to think differently, more intensely; he learns to—*to think with his soul,* if I may so express it. And the soul has powers, Harold, as little known as wireless telegraphy was known a few years ago."

"I can understand that," nodded the boy.

"For thousands of years," continued Dr. Evans, "the Dead Sea Valley, where I was, has been the home and the tomb of silent men who learned to think with their souls, and—I can't explain it, but—these men left behind them more than the dry bones and skulls that line their caves."

Harold gave a start of surprise. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, dozens of them; but that is not important. How can I say it simply? You know what a storage battery is? Can you imagine a spiritual storage battery? I have felt—in fact I know that the great Mar Saba gorge, so deep and silent, is such a gathering place of spiritual power. It must be so. It was this power all about me that strengthened my prayers and quickened my vision so that—I could speak to your mother's soul."

"And—that was how I found you—because Mother got your message?" marveled Harold.

"Yes, my boy. And it may be that God will lead you to your mother in the same way. I say this because, for the first time, such a message, or vision, has come to me. It came while we were there under the olive-trees."

Harold was listening with absorbed attention. "Go on, Father. Please go on."

With the utmost confidence, Dr. Evans proceeded: "We are to see your mother in Damascus, my boy. We are to see her in a great white-and-gold room with white-and-gold columns. There are red curtains between the columns and black eagles guarding the doors. I saw your mother beckoning to us from this room, but we could not go to her because the eagles stopped us."

"That was a dream," protested Harold.

"No, it was not a dream. It was very different from a dream. And, listen! When everything had failed and we were quite discouraged, you did something, my boy, I can't remember what it was, but immediately the eagles flew away, and the doors opened, and the red curtains were drawn, and we went into the white-and-gold room where your mother was."

"Where is this white-and-gold room?" thrilled the boy.

The doctor shook his head. "I only know that it is in Damascus. Wait! I saw more than that. I saw you and Jack and Deeny walking along a narrow street. You were in great trouble, and Jack was weak and ill."

"But you, Father? Were n't you with us?"

"No, I was not with you, and—that is why I fear we are to be separated. If this happens, Harold, I charge you to go to Damascus with all speed. You won't forget or fail, my boy?"

"I won't forget or fail," replied Harold, earnestly. Then he added, with an odd little smile, "I *wish* you could remember what it was that I did to make those black eagles fly away."

(To be continued.)

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THE ATTIC WINDOW

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Of all the windows in our house,
I like the attic window best;
Because it 's high and small and round,
And oh, so different from the rest!
For every single way you look
Is like a fairy picture-book!

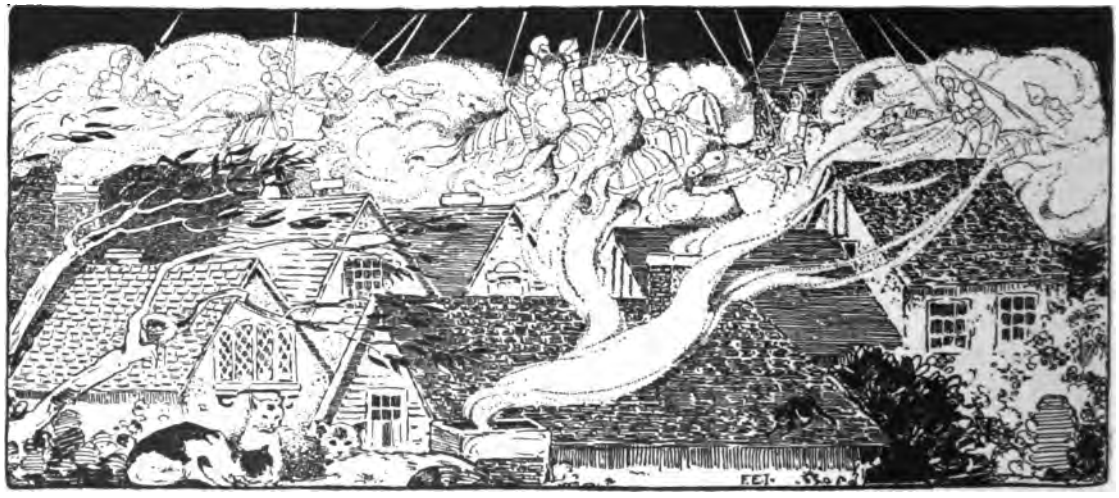
Such lovely things there are outside!
Red chimney-stacks, and near, blue sky,
And fat cats walking on the roofs,
And baby cloudlets skipping by;
And pigeons cooing on the sill,
So I can stroke them, if I will!

The smoke plumes from the chimney-stacks
Are banners waving to and fro,
While gallant knights, with prancing steeds,
Through the long roof-lanes come and go.
The clouds at sunset often hold
Great palaces of shining gold.

The wind comes rushing round the eaves,
Shakes the loose catch, and cries, "How do?"
Then whirls away to chase the birds
And tumble down a nest or two;
But though he 's rough as he can be,
He always has a laugh for me.

The sun steps in and cries "Hello!
Here 's just the place I 'm looking for!"
He sees my books upon the shelf,
He sees my toys upon the floor—
And then he sees *me* sitting there,
And runs warm fingers through my hair.

Just think! if some day I should be
A great white bird with beating wing,
And from my window fly away
Over the edge of everything,
Oh, would n't it be fine to know
Where all the summer daytimes go!



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GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

IV. THE STORY OF HUNGER AND FOOD

BY GRACE TABOR

EVERY one fairly gasped at the up-to-dateness of the proposal hurled at them so boldly, in spite of the discontent that prevailed at the meeting; and it was a full minute before the silence that followed it was broken.

"Perhaps if we went on hunger strike," she had said, in a menacing tone, "a little attention might be paid to our bill of fare, and we should get what we want!"

Almost at once, however, the few scattered, blue-blooded, aristocratic, and very elegant Spencers shook their dainty heads until the frills of their great caps and ruffs fluttered as they do when a breeze plays over them; and the countess herself, speaking at last in her silvery, high-bred voice, put a quiet but firm veto on any such method of protest. Yet she was not in the least unkind, nor did she do it in a way to make the underbred Miss Salvia feel hurt or snubbed, though I must say the latter was scarlet when she finished, and showed unmistakable signs of realizing the bad taste of her attitude.

"A great deal of attention *is* paid to our menus," said the countess, gently; "I am sure we cannot fail to be aware of that. And those charged with our care are not indifferent, by any means. Of course, therefore, we none of us can entertain for an instant, I am sure, any proposal to increase their anxiety, nor can we cherish a wish to follow any line of conduct that is plainly annoying or unkind or inconsiderate."

It was a very long speech, even for a countess, and she leaned back with a little sigh that set her dainty pink frills a-quiver again, looking altogether so lovely and delicate and fragile that every one present could hardly keep from shouting with delight at the vision of her, even while they could have wept at the cruel circumstance which was depriving her, as well as themselves, of health and strength.

"*You* need n't talk! The very idea of *your* complaining," whispered the admiral, indignantly, fairly withering Miss Salvia with his fierce glance; "why, you can eat anything and thrive on it; sweet, sour, or savory, it 's all the same to you!"

She did not answer, but looked very sulky; however, no one saw, for they were all so interested in the countess's proposal.

"And they will come to understand, I am sure," she was saying, as the admiral turned back from the scolding he had delivered, "if we just behave, and make the best of what we have. They are blundering the bills of fare dreadfully; but if they keep trying, they *must* soon strike on the right thing, for they will have gone right through the list."

And that very night her prophecy came true. For a big sage came to visit, and he walked about the garden with the little sage, admiring, criticizing, and advising. And finally he said: "Heigh-o! Your Spencer hybrids are all running to vine, are n't they?"

"Well, there are n't as many flowers as I thought they 'd have," was the reluctant admission; "but they 've had lots of fertilizer."

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"Aha, that 's just the point!" said the big sage. "They have been overfed till their digestions are so troublesome that they can't do any fine work, like making blossoms, to save their lives. Look at this Countess Spencer; why, it ought to be covered with flowers as big as little orchids; but there are barely a score here, and they 're small at that."

"Well, how 's a fellow to know about *everything,* Uncle Ned?" demanded the small sage, disconsolately. Whereat Uncle Ned laughed, and said "How, indeed!" most sympathetically. For he remembered all the perplexing things of his own big garden at home, and how many times he had asked himself that very same question during the years he had been making it.

When we consider how very important eating is to boys and girls and men and women and dogs and cats and horses, and every living thing, we can begin to realize how very important it is to plants; and thus we can perhaps understand how necessary it is for us, who are housekeepers and caterers to them, as well as special policemen, really to know what to include in their diet list. Think how ill we should be if we had nothing given us to eat but cake and candy; no bread and butter, no nice salads, no fruits, but just rich chocolate cake for breakfast, and richer fig-cake for luncheon, and then some marshmallows for tea, perhaps, with a bite of sponge-cake before we went to bed! Or suppose we had to live on lemons, rhubarb, and vinegar! How dreadful! Yet this is exactly the way we sometimes feed our plants—and then wonder why they do not thrive.

The first thing to be learned about plant catering is this: all plants do not eat the same quantities of all kinds of food. Most fertilizers—which is the name we have given to plant-foods generally, just as we call our own foods "groceries"—have the three essentials which are necessary to keep plants alive. But some contain more of one and less of the others, while some plants need less of one, perhaps, and more of the others. So just giving all plants generally "plenty of fertilizer" is not at all what the skilled gardener or the thoughtful gardener does. He watches to see what they need, and then he supplies them with that particular thing.

The Spencer hybrid sweet-peas, for instance, need a great deal of nitrogen, as do all the members of the pea family; but too much of this, which makes leaves and branches grow at a perfectly tremendous rate, turns the plant all into vine, and does not help it the least bit in the world in the making of flowers.

We cannot go over the list of all the plants which may be growing in your garden, and learn especially what each one needs the most; that might be a pretty big task. But we can learn just what each of the most important plant-foods does for the plant, after we are sure that the one great fact of plants not all eating alike, which I have just mentioned, is understood. And then we should be able to tell pretty accurately what any particular plant lacks, if it does lack something, by the symptoms which it displays.

These three principal things that plants live upon—that are to them what meat and vegetables and sugar are to humans—are nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash; and in the order in which they are here named they encourage and stimulate, respectively, top growth—that is, leaf and branch and green generally—flowers, and woody growth and fruit. And they are furnished to the plant, the first by nitrate of soda, as it comes in the powder from the drug-store, or by cotton-seed meal, or by what is called green fertilizing—which I shall tell you about presently—and by stable manure; the second by ground bone, bone-ash, bone meal, and all the "bone" products advertised for sale by dealers in fertilizer, also by the rock from South Carolina's phosphate beds, which is called "floats"; and the third by sulphate of potash, or the German stuff called "Kainite," or unleached hardwood ashes.

All this is a good deal to remember, is n't it? So I am going to put it in the form of a little table that will tell you, at a glance, the whole story; and will tell you, also, how much of each of these three things should be used when a combination that is a "complete" fertilizer is desired.

Name of plant food	Part of plant helped	Where obtained	Proportion for a complete fertilizer
Nitrogen	Leaf, branch, and green generally	Nitrate of soda; cotton-seed meal; green fertilizers; stable manure	1 part or 1 pound
Phosphoric acid	Flowers	Bone-ash and bone products; "floats"	2 parts or 2 pounds
Potash	Woody growth and fruit	Sulphate of potash; hardwood ashes; "Kainite"	2½ to 3 parts or 2½ to 3 pounds

Now if the sweet-peas are lacking in blossom, as with the Spencer hybrids in the garden we have just been reading about, and they have "run all to vine," as the saying goes, it is perfectly evident that they do not need any more of the things that have nitrogen in them; but that one of the things that contain phosphoric acid is what

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they crave—bone meal or some of the ground phosphatic rock. But when it comes to maturing seed—that is, to making *fruit*—even this will not be enough, for it is potash, as the table shows very plainly, which helps along the plant at this particular time and part of its work. So all three are necessary, you see, for the garden's general welfare. But where flowers especially are to be fed, phosphoric acid is always the thing most needed. Hence ground bone is the one thing most commonly in use in greenhouses and by florists, and the one thing that all *flower* gardeners should have at hand.

The green fertilizer which we have spoken about, and which is one of the things that contains a great deal of nitrogen, furnishes a very slow way of doing things, and one you will not care about trying right away, I expect. But it is one of the very best methods that there is of treating a large tract of land; and when you grow up to be a farmer (?), you will, of course, want to know about it! So I may as well tell you here. It is raising a crop of clover, soy-beans, cow-peas, or any kind of legume on it (a legume is a plant whose seeds are contained in a pod that splits open into two pieces, just as bean-pods or pea-pods do), letting this crop grow to maturity, and blossom, and form its rich mealy seeds; and then plowing or spading it under, vine, seeds, and all! This takes down into the soil a very great amount of nitrogen, which this particular kind of plant stores up in large quantities in its seeds and even in its roots, besides the humus, or vegetable mold, of the stalks and roots —and humus is most desirable, because it helps retain moisture in the ground, and makes the soil light and porous, so that roots can penetrate it easily. This is one reason why stable manure ought always to be used when working over the ground, even though some chemical fertilizer is to be added later. The tiny particles of broken up straw and hay in it all disintegrate and become humus. Never put manure onto the lawn, however, nor onto the surface of the ground anywhere, for it is always full of weed seeds, and these will overrun everything in no time at all, ruining the turf and making the garden a perfect plague-spot. Use it only when the early work of turning over the soil is going on, so that it can be turned under the surface by spading or plowing. Then these wretched little seeds will be buried so deep, they simply cannot sprout.

Use generally for flowers a combination of just the ground bone and sulphate of potash, leaving out nitrogen altogether, except for that which the manure, used in making the beds in the beginning, furnishes to them. Use four parts of the bone to one part of the potash, and be sure that they are well mixed. This mixture you can then put on the ground at the rate of one ounce to every four square feet of bed or border or garden space of any kind. If you have no way of weighing it, measure it with a table-spoon. It takes about a table-spoonful and a half to make an ounce—perhaps a little less, but this is near enough. Thus, for a border two feet wide and ten feet long, which will contain twenty square feet, it would take five ounces, or seven and one-half table-spoonfuls.

This is usually put on in the spring, but the ground can be lightly stirred up around the plants at any time with a small hand weeder, and an application made if they seem to need it. I am putting it now around some lilac bushes that did not blossom this year, so they may feast on it while they are growing and making preparations for next summer. They shall have some more in the fall too, just as they are going to sleep, enough to leave some for breakfast the first thing next spring.

You will often hear about using lime in the soil, and you must know what this does and why it is necessary, even though it is not a direct food for plants, as the other things are. First of all, it sweetens the soil—soil can be very sour, you know, just the same as anything else, and some plants detest sour soil—and then it acts directly upon the little dirt particles that make up the soil, so that where these are small and packed close, as in heavy clay, they separate and lie farther apart; and the clay becomes consequently lighter, and we call it more "friable," that is, it crumbles or breaks up into powder easily; and where they are coarse and far apart, as in sandy soil, they somehow break up and fit closer together, thus making the soil more dense, and changing its texture to a loam. So once in a while the garden beds and borders ought to have lime—every third or fourth year, perhaps; and this should always be put in when the ground is broken up, before planting. Use two to eight ounces for every four square feet—that is, from four to sixteen table-spoonfuls, for lime weighs a little less than ground bone, and it takes, therefore, a little more to make an ounce. A border two feet wide and ten feet long would need ten to forty ounces, or twenty to eighty table-spoonfuls —which is quite a job of measuring, is it not? The larger amount is for heavy clay; the smaller for light, sandy soil; and you will find it easy to tell the middle kinds, between clay and sand, that will need from twenty to thirty ounces, or a pound and a half, roughly speaking. You will not have to be as exact about any of these things

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as you would be with baking-powder and butter and sugar when making a cake.

Collect the lawn clippings during the hot weather and spread them around all your garden plants, to protect the earth above their roots from baking under the sun, as well as to keep the moisture from being drawn up out of it. This mulch of clippings acts just the same as the loose earth or dust mulch about which I told you a while ago —and it saves the work of going all over the ground to loosen it up and make a dust mulch. Then the clippings, as they disintegrate, work their way down into the earth and improve the soil by adding their little bit of humus, and may be spaded under when the time for spading comes around again.

It is not too late to make the seed-bed which I told you about last month, if you have not made it yet, nor to sow the seed of perennials for next year's garden in it, if you do it *at once*. Whether you do this or not, however, keep everything tidy, and all old flower heads cut off. Pile them in a heap, with the rakings from the lawn that are not needed to mulch the flowers. These will be the beginning of a compost heap which you shall hear about later. Keep well on guard and be very, very watchful for Rosycoats and Greenjackets!



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ILLUSTRATING HOW TO PRACTISE THE BREAST-STROKE ON LAND.
The arms outstretched in front, and hands together back to back.



FRONT VIEW OF THE "CRAWL" IN ACTION—LEFT ARM "CATCHING," RIGHT PASSING UNDER THE BODY.



ILLUSTRATING STARTING POSITION FOR A SWIMMING RACE.
James Reilly, N. Y. A. C. 500-yard national swimming champion.

UP-TO-DATE METHODS FOR SUCCESS IN SWIMMING

BY L. DE B. HANDLEY

I HAD occasion, last winter, to visit one of New York's public baths while the swimming team of a local elementary school was at practice. About twenty boys, not yet in their 'teens, were grouped about the pool, listening to one of their number who was instructing a lad in the water. The sight interested me, and I drew close.

"Keep your feet under surface, when you crawl," the youthful mentor was saying, "and lift your elbows higher at the catch!"

I gasped in surprise. Here was a youngster, probably of ten or twelve, ably imparting knowledge of the latest of modern strokes. I approached him during a lull.

"Are you the team coach?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed; "we have a professional, but I 'm captain, and I take charge when he 's not here."

"And who taught you?" I inquired.

"My big brother. He is a member of a club squad, and he 's been at me since I was eight, four years ago."

I remained to watch, and was astounded to note how superbly at home in the water were these budding champions. Every one could dive, plunge, and swim every type of stroke.

I mention this experience of mine to point a moral. No boy is too young to take up the art of swimming, and no boy should neglect to do it almost as soon as he can walk.

Hardly a day passes in summer without the report of some drowning accident appearing in the newspapers, and this alone is sufficient reason to induce every one to learn how to swim, for swimming not only affords the means of saving our own lives, but of rendering a noble service to humanity in rescuing our fellow-beings.

Furthermore, natation has other great advantages. No form of exercise is better suited to improve mind and body. Swimming gives courage, self-reliance, control; and it develops the muscular system in perfect uniformity. As a pastime, it has no equal. Most boys love to bathe, and the pleasures of a dip are increased tenfold when one is an expert waterman; then, too, such proficiency opens the path to the thrills of aquatic contests, and to the enjoyment of such splendid games as Rugby and Association water-polo, aquatic basket-ball, push-ball, water base-ball, and other popular sports.

It is really not difficult to become a good swimmer, if one goes about it in the right manner.

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The quickest and straightest road to success is undoubtedly to find a competent instructor, and let him do the leading; but it is quite possible to learn unaided.

I have found it most useful to give the beginner a course of so-called "dry-swimming," which entails land drill in the various parts of the stroke, before passing to work in the water. Once the arms and legs have become accustomed to the movements, they will come naturally when one graduates to actual swimming. Indeed, both the novice and the more advanced waterman will find preliminary work beneficial, as they progress to the racing strokes.



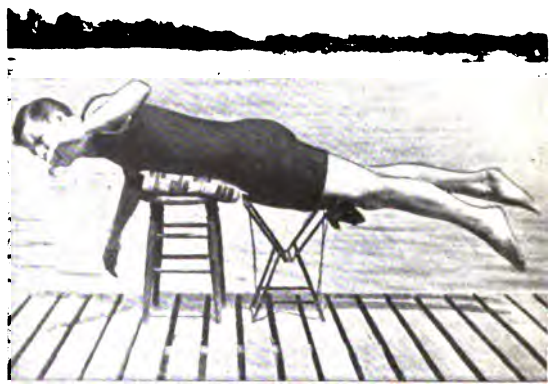
ILLUSTRATING POSITION OF THE CRAWL-STROKE.
A. M. Daniels, the world's record-holder at 100 yards

There are two ways, generally recognized, of learning to swim: first, through the dog-paddle; second, through the breast-stroke. The former is the method of primitive man, and has the double merit of coming instinctively and of being closely related in its main features to the crawl, which is nowadays the aim of every young man; the latter is more complicated, requires considerable study, and has no exceptional value. In my opinion, the dog-paddle will in most instances give better results, but in view of the fact that many of our experts adhere to the breast-stroke, I will explain both.

No elaborate instruction is needed for the dog-paddle. The arms are rotated in the manner that every boy has seen a dog use his front paws in the water, and the legs are just flapped alternately back and forth, much as one does in walking. Find some place where the water is about up to your chest, and go ahead. Do not thrash away too fast, though; try to make every motion slow and effective. You will soon discover that the simple efforts will keep you afloat for a few feet, and you can increase the distance little by little. If you go too rapidly, you will tire immediately, and retard progress. Have in mind always that ability to stay on top is merely a question of balance, for the body is lighter than the water when the lungs are functioning normally, and, if you assume the right position, you cannot possibly sink. To prove this to yourself, just attempt in shallow water to lie down on the bottom, and note how you are forced irresistibly upward.

The elementary crawl is similar to the dog-paddle except inasmuch as the arms are swung above water in recovering, that is, in moving from the end of the drive to full reach.

If you tackle the breast-stroke, begin on shore. Stand upright, with arms outstretched in front, and hands together, back to back. Divide the stroke into three parts, counting as you go, and using the legs one at a time, in succession. At count one, pull the arms back parallel to the ground, until they are in line with the shoulders, and take a deep breath as they circle, simultaneously drawing up one foot, toes down and knee out; at two, lower the elbows to the body, carry the hands to the chest—palms down, fingers closed and pointing forward—lift the toes and straighten the leg so that the foot is about eighteen inches from the other; at three, thrust the arms to full reach, bend down the toes, snap leg to starting position, and expel the air from the lungs. Repeat this cycle, alternating with either leg, until you are familiar with every detail; then stretch across a narrow couch, or some other comfortable



SIDE-VIEW OF CRAWL-STROKE WHILE THE RIGHT ARM IS DRAWING AND THE LEFT RECOVERING.
This shows the difference between the crawl and dog-paddle—the former has above-water recovery of arms, and the position of the body is never flat on the water.

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support, and go through the movements, using both legs.

You are now ready for the water. Proceed at first to stand on the bottom, leaning slightly forward so that your arms are just submerged, and perform the arm-drive, breathing at the same time, as told above. Pay close attention to the breathing, because it is all-important. While the arms pull, the head is high and the mouth above the surface, so that you can inhale freely; but when the arms recover, the body sinks, and if, instead of exhaling, you breathe in at this time, you will probably suck in water and choke.



SIDE-VIEW OF THE CRAWL, THE ARM PASSING UNDER THE BODY.

In attacking the whole breast-stroke, it is advisable for those who are a bit timid to select a shallow spot, and practise with the confidence inspired by the knowledge that they can find foothold by just dropping the legs. Good depth is recommendable in other cases, though. One may either don a belt to which a pole and line are attached, and ask a friend to lend support, or one can strap on some floating device, such as a cork jacket, water-wings, etc.

When you are able to handle yourself, whether with the dog-paddle or breast-stroke, you may go on to the trudgen and crawl, which are the best and most modern strokes for racing or any other kind of swimming. They are the least tiring, and enable one to cover greater distances and in faster time.

There is no difference in the arm-drive of the two strokes; the dissimilarity rests in the kick. As the movements of arms and legs should be mastered separately, the early stages of both are the same. I suggest to begin once more with land exercises. For this, bend forward until the upper body is almost horizontal, and put both arms over the head, hands side by side, palms down, fingers and thumbs closed, elbows and wrists slightly raised. You have, of course, decided ere you start whether it is more comfortable for you to swim on the right or on the left side. Now lower the top-arm, straightening it as it moves, and let the hand pass under the very center of the body; when it is about to touch the thigh, relax the muscles entirely, and begin to drive the other arm over the same course, immediately lifting the elbow and hand of the top-arm above an imaginary water-line, and carrying it thus, high, to original position. While the top-arm is driving, roll gently from it, twisting the head toward the top-shoulder, and filling the lungs through the mouth; then, as the under-arm pulls, roll back flat on your face, turn head down, and empty the lungs through the nostrils.

For the scissor-kick, which goes with the trudgen, lie down on some support, advance the top-leg the least bit—straight at the knee, but limp, holding the foot as if standing on tiptoe—and bend the under-leg nearly to kneeling attitude; then snap them sharply together. Both legs must swing back and forth at right angles to the body, not sidewise. Follow these instruc-



THE TRUDGEN, SHOWING THE SCISSOR-KICK. THE LEGS ARE CLOSING TO DRIVE AHEAD.

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tions later in the water. Tackle the arm movements first, standing on the bottom and bending down; then hang on to something, stretch out on your side, and work the kick. Finally, combine



SHOWING HOW THE BREAST-STROKE CAN BE PRACTISED ON LAND.

the two, actually swimming, and time them so that your legs move apart very slowly as the top-arm is half-way in its drive, and then bring them together vigorously as the same arm reaches the thigh.

The crawl kick is an up-and-down thrash of the lower legs, from the knee. The full width of the thrash should not measure more than eighteen inches between the feet, and the heels only should appear above water. Keep the toes pointing back,



THE CRAWL IN ACTION.

and do not exhaust yourself by making the action too swift.

I strongly advise your waiting to enter the competitive field until you have perfected yourself in every branch of the game. Many a swimmer endowed by nature with every qualification for becoming a champion, has failed solely owing to too much eagerness. You may attain partial success even without the proper grounding, but you will never reach the front rank.

Acquire form before you take part even in a novice race. Check the natural inclination for speed work, and devote all your energies to the development of a correct stroke. Take easy stretches, paying attention to making every movement perfect, and so gain knowledge of pace-judging, which is the fundamental principle of competition, and can be learned only through long, intelligent, conscientious work. You should in no circumstance do any racing until you can swim a good furlong without tiring and without losing form.

Give early and careful study, too, to starting and turning, which play an important rôle. Often, in sprinting, a good or bad dive has decided the victory, and many an event has been won by ability in turning, particularly in pool contests.

A diving-start should be made with good spring, obtained by rising well on the toes and swinging the arms hard; endeavor to strike the water pretty flat, so that you will not sink more than a couple of feet, and hold the head high, the back arched, and the legs straight and rigid, that you may come at once to the surface and have good momentum.

To turn quickly, adjust your stroke as you approach the wall, so that you reach it with top-arm leading. Just as you are about to spin around, roll on your side, take a good breath, and throw back your head and shoulders, turning always in the direction opposite to the one of your top-arm. The twist given to your body in arching the back will throw you half around, and you complete the circle by resting the hand on the board and giving a quick push. As you come about, you back-water with the under-arm, to bring the hips close to the wall, then thrust the arms ahead, take a good shove off, and let yourself glide. When the impetus wanes, resume swimming, but do not use the legs until the second stroke.

In taking up training, guard against overwork, and always bear in mind that it is speed work that makes men stale. Make your time trials few and far between, and aim at producing strength, stamina, and condition, by means of easy swimming in good form. You will be surprised to find how quickly this method increases your speed.

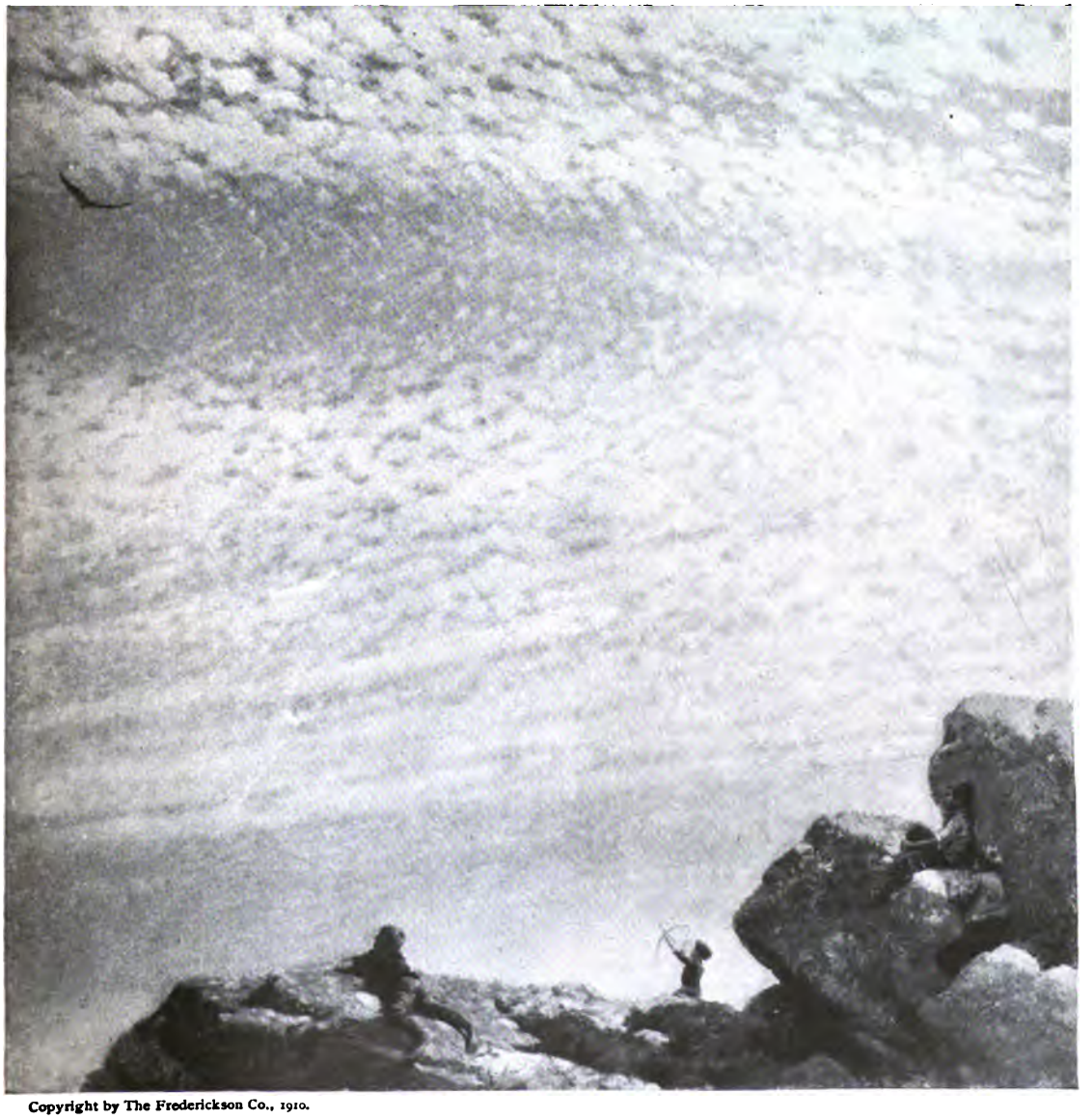
Avoid, altogether, smoking, alcoholic bever-

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ages, charged waters, and stimulants. Eat heartily of plain, wholesome food, such as beef, lamb, mutton, fresh vegetables, and fruit, and do not be afraid of adding a few extra pounds to your weight. A little surplus flesh is beneficial, rather than otherwise, for it gives buoyancy, reserve power, and resistance to the chill of the water.

Above all, give yourself plenty of sleep; go to bed early, and have your eight hours of rest nightly. Sleep is Nature's own best remedy to replenish the depleted tissues and furnish a fresh supply of energy and vitality.

Let *moderation* be always your motto, in swimming, as well as in athletics of all kinds. Lead a wholesome, normal life, and you will not fail to make your mark as a swimmer.



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THE HAWK. FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.

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WHEN PHYLLIS SAILS WITH FATHER

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

WHO *would n't* like to study geography by traveling with Father and Mother for six months at a time in a great ship as comfortable as a home, crossing the broad ocean without haste, and touching leisurely at various ports in the eastern and western hemispheres! Geography, in such circumstances, could be only a pure joy. And think of the following record of travel—fifty thousand miles before one is five years old!

Not every one is so fortunate. But such is the lot of little Miss Phyllis Kelway, who came to the port of New York recently on the British freight ship *Indraghiri*, of which her father is the captain. Tiny Phyllis is four and a half—a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, chubby little English girl, and in her short life has already been twice over the long trip between New York and the far Philippines. She thinks no more of romping about on the rocking decks than most children do of playing on a level floor. In fact, the wilder the wind and the higher the waves, the better she enjoys it, such a jolly little "salt" has she come to be.

Phyllis was born in England, but at the very early age of nine months, she boarded the *Indraghiri* with her mother at Gibraltar, en route for her first long voyage to the far East. She has been on shipboard more or less ever since, with occasional stops at her home in Milford Haven, South Wales. Her father loves to have her with him, and she is his close companion during the long days at sea. She stands at his side on the bridge for hours, especially at such times as he is bringing the ship through difficult passages at the entrance to harbors. And even during periods of fog, when he must be at his post many anxious hours, she wishes to remain by him nor will she leave him till he actually commands her to go. Her mother is always on the watch lest Phyllis should slip away, when it is very rough and unsafe for her to be on deck, and try to join her father on the hurricane-swept bridge.

For stormy weather, Phyllis has a tiny suit of oilskins and a sou'wester hat. When arrayed in these, she looks like a miniature "tar," except for the yellow curls that will insist on creeping out from under the brim of the sou'wester. She is extremely proud of this suit, and would be glad to wear it in any weather, wet or dry.

But perhaps you think that Phyllis must often be lonely for playmates during the long days and weeks at sea. By no means, for there are always "Teddy" and "Punch." These are two handsome Chow dogs that are at her heels every waking moment of the time. To say they adore her is

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expressing it mildly. She romps with them, rolls about the deck with them, pulls their ears and tails mercilessly, and they utter not so much as one yelp of protest. But let a sailor or a stranger approach, and they bristle savagely unless the sailor keeps hands strictly off, and the stranger be properly introduced. It proved a most difficult matter to photograph these dogs. When all were sitting and talking quietly, they would lie near by, heads on paws, as serenely as sleepy cats. But as soon as the camera was produced, off they were to the other end of the ship. It took innumerable lumps of sugar and the efforts of the entire family to induce them to "pose" for half a minute.

In her life on shipboard, tiny Phyllis has lived through some strange experiences. On one voyage, she and her mother were both very ill with the Indian fever when they were near Singapore. An anxious time it was for the captain, with the duties of his position and the care of his sick wife and child added. This, however, is the only illness that Phyllis ever had. A short time ago, in the Indian Ocean, the ship encountered a waterspout, an affair which threatened to be serious indeed. Captain Kelway had just succeeded in avoiding it when the great, swirling mass of water changed its direction, and made again for the vessel. Again the captain made a rapid alteration in his course, and that time managed to escape the danger. Phyllis saw it all, and she will probably never, in all her life, forget what it means to be chased by a waterspout.



PLAYMATES.

But our little sailor-lass has had an experience more vivid than any of these. She was on shipboard during an actual mutiny. Think of living through a *mutiny!* We are apt to connect such things only with wild sea-stories. This, however, was a "really truly" affair, and very exciting at



"FOR STORMY WEATHER, PHYLLIS HAS A TINY SUIT OF OILSKINS."

that. It happened off the coast of China. There was a crew of lascars, or East Indian sailors, on board who had become dissatisfied and secretly agreed to rebel. About fifteen of them descended to the hold one day and suddenly came out armed with handspikes and belaying-pins, to surprise the captain on the bridge. He, of course, was all unarmed and unprepared, but, fortunately, his wife was near by. It was her courage and quick wit that saved the situation.

She flew to the cabin, seized the captain's revolver, and had brought it out and handed it to him before the mutineers quite realized what was happening. In a short time, he had his rebellious crew well under control, and he steamed into Hong-Kong with fifteen of them in the hold in irons! Perhaps little Phyllis did not realize at the time all that was occurring; but some day she will probably tell with pride how she sailed with Father when he quelled a mutiny. Few, if any, children will be able to match such an adventure as that!

While Phyllis is so young, she is able to enu-

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merate clearly and distinctly the ports at which she is accustomed to stop—New York, Gibraltar, Port Saïd, Aden, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Manila—and can describe different incidents connected with each. She was, for instance, greatly impressed with something that happened in Singapore. They went into a shop where animals and birds were sold. In one corner was a cage containing a great baboon, very sullen and resentful at his captivity. Captain Kelway went over to the cage and began to whistle and talk to the monkey. Suddenly the creature uttered a shriek of rage, reached out its hairy paw, and grasped the captain's sleeve. He managed to free himself, however, without damage. But Phyllis went into a panic of fear for her beloved father. The incident is indelibly printed on her receptive mind, and she will probably always dislike monkeys.

The *Indraghiri* often spends three or four weeks in port, discharging her cargo or lading for her next long voyage. During these periods,



"A JOLLY LITTLE 'SALT.'"

Phyllis and her parents use the ship only as a place to sleep, and spend all their waking hours ashore, seeing the sights, shopping, or visiting friends, of whom they have a number in almost every city at which they stop. A happy, carefree, holiday life they lead at such times.

But perhaps of all the ports she visits, she enjoys New York the most. There are so many things to see, so much to do. From the skyscrapers, that she spies almost the moment the ship enters the Lower Bay, to the great statue of



"TEDDY" AND "PUNCH."

Liberty in the harbor, the busy, noisy Bush Dock at which they anchor, the wonderful trolleys, subways, and streets, the shops where countless dolls and toys are spread before her admiring eyes, the "Zoo," the parks, the museums—these are her daily delight while in New York. And, more than that, she often takes the train with her parents to spend the week-ends at Philadelphia or other more distant cities. Altogether, this little traveler has a pretty good time!

But tiny Miss Phyllis is not to spend all her days on shipboard. In fact, when she next sails away from New York, it will be her last voyage for some time to come. For she and her mother are to leave the vessel at Gibraltar and pursue their way to Milford Haven, South Wales. This is the place that the little "globe-trotter" loves best of all, for it is her home. There she has a brother, eleven years old, at school, who also, when he was younger, was taken around the world in Father's ship. He now declares that geography is his favorite study. And when questions of foreign countries arise, he is always able to give the correct information about them.

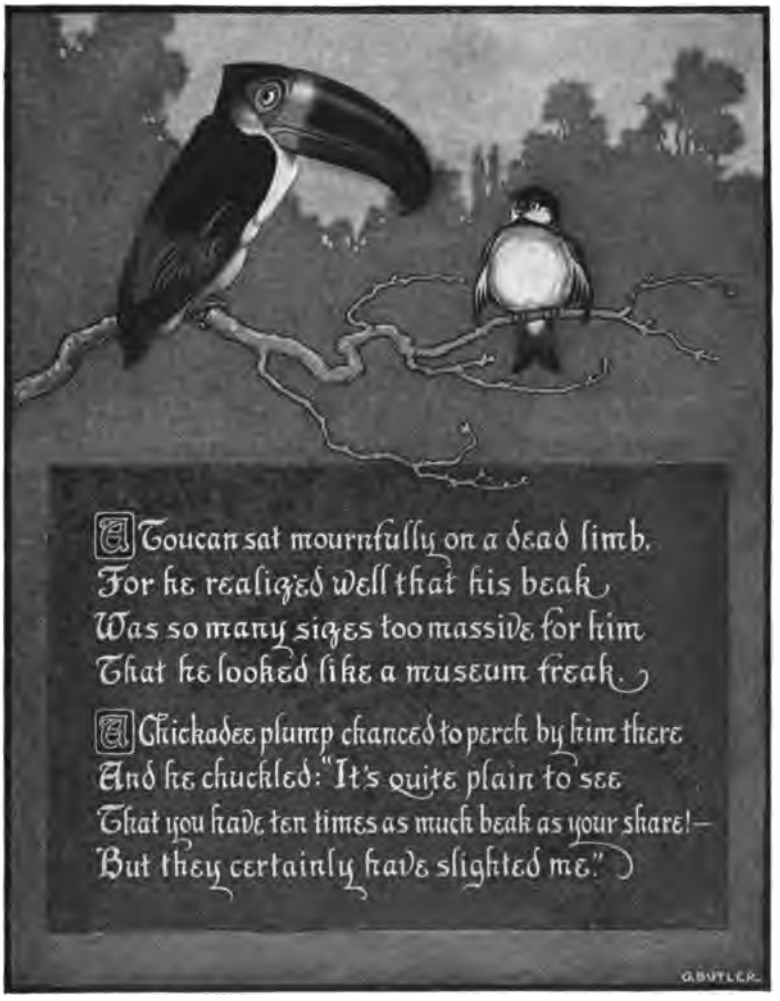
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Phyllis is very anxious to see her brother again. She also has a pony at home, of which she is nearly as fond as she is of "Teddy" and "Punch." Her parents think that the time has now come when she must begin to study many things from books, instead of learning geography at first hand in Father's ship. So, for a few years, she will be in a school-room, romping with her brother instead of with the Chow dogs, and riding her pony instead of standing on the bridge of the *Indraghiri* with Father, in her oilskins and sou'wester.

She is the pet of the ship, and not only her father, but every officer and sailor, will miss her sorely—not to speak of "Teddy" and "Punch"! It is best, however, that she shall now settle down to her books and her home life for a while. And when next she sails with Father, she will be able to appreciate even better the wonderful sights she sees. And all her life, it will be her unusual privilege to say, when questions of strange, eastern countries are under discussion:

"I know, for I have been there myself!"

THE TOUCAN AND THE CHICKADEE



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THE BROWNIES AT HAYMAKING

BY PALMER COX



It was a season wet that tried
The farmers' patience far and wide;
The hay was fine, but rain too free
Fell from each cloud that left the sea,
Till people sat inside the door,
And watched their meadows flooding o'er,
When Brownies, passing through at dark,
The sad condition paused to mark.
Within the margin of a wood
That crowned a peak, the Brownies stood.
Said one: "To-day was fairly bright,
The sun got in its work, all right,
And hay that 's lying round us now
Would look far better in the mow;
Especially this piece, I 'm sure,
Owned by a farmer old and poor.
If this is lost to him, good-by
To half his winter months' supply.
There will be bellowing in the stall
When hunger waits the farmer's call,
If rick and manger lack the hay
The beasts have waited for all day.



Now who is ready to begin
To help and put this fodder in?"

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Another said: "Not here alone
You 'll work where goodness should be shown,





For every one can see, with you,
Where duty lies, and what 's to do."
The midnight pleasures they had planned,
Before they reached this piece of land,
Were, for the time, put out of mind,
Since all were now for work inclined.

Some swung the rakes in willing hands,
With skill they 'd gained in other lands;
Some could in bundles roll the hay,
Until great forkfuls waiting lay;
And more could pitch to any height,
While others built the load aright.
On carts they did not all depend,
But everything that help could lend
Was pressed that night to do its share,
Till many stalls were empty there.

A supernatural gift can bring
Muscles to break the strongest thing,
And snapping ash or maple round
Was on the field a common sound.
But what 's a broken tine or tooth,
Or even splintered head forsooth,

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When some black cloud is swinging near
Intent on drenching every spear?
Some forks gave out beneath the weight,
And rakes were brought to ruin's gate.



The wheels and axles creaked in pain,
And of their burden did complain,
Till some old spokes thought it was just
And proper to betray their trust,
And it took coaxing on the part
Of Brownies to keep up their heart.
A little sprinkle, threatening more,
The workers feared a great downpour,
And ne'er was hay put out of sight
In barns so quickly as that night,—
Pile after pile, load after load,
Was carted down the muddy road.
One Brownie said: "My load was built
In proper shape, but got a tilt
Which changed the nature and the plan
When o'er that pile of stones we ran."
'T is hard enough to build, you know,
On level ground, while on you go;
But harder still for man or sprite
When climbing over all in sight.
Some ran through puddles in the road
Where wheels, quite hid beneath the load,
Sank deep in mud and sticky clay,
But safe and dry they kept the hay.
Said one: "We can't save all the crop
In the short time we have to stop,
Or that the beasts, ere winter 's by,
Will wish had reached the manger dry.
But that to which our efforts bend
Will count for something in the end.
A little here, a little there,
Is better than a haymow bare."
If farmers could such servants find
To keep their interests in mind,
And work till tired enough to drop,
To save from harm a threatened crop,
With one consent and one desire,
From business they could soon retire.
To try and keep the hay in place
Around the load some had to race,
And with the forks and rakes applied
Kept careful guard on every side:
While more, to keep it packed and pressed,
Upon the load found place to rest,
And while performing service good
Enjoyed the ride as well they could.
But had there been more stakes to which
They could have clung when came a pitch,

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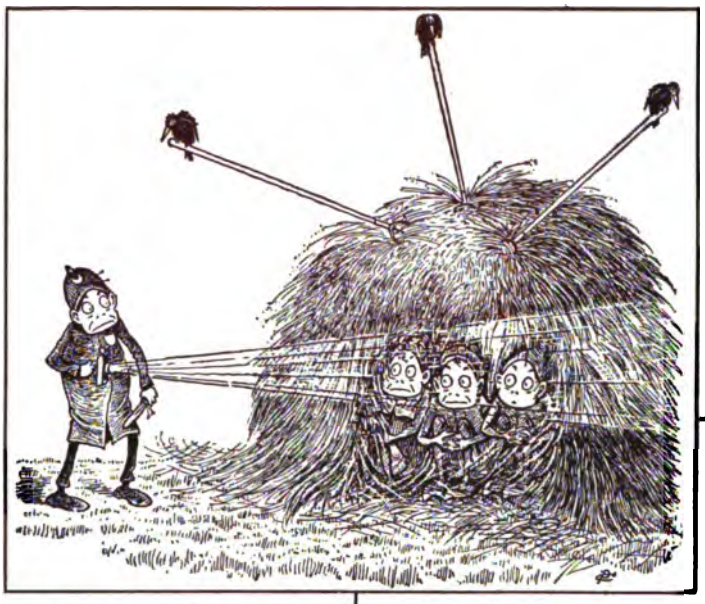
There might have
been more time
for play,
And less alarm
along the way.
Some blocked the
doors with
loads below
And at the top or on the floor
Each hand its share of labor bore.
The barns were filled ere rise of sun,
When morning broke the task was done.
It took a pressure all around
To shut the doors as they were found;
The boards were sprung, and nails were vain
To close the openings made by strain.



That took up time to safely stow;
An opening in the roof they made,
So that the work was not delayed,
It took some work to run and race
And put things back in proper place;
If they had time repairs to do,

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They would have left things good as new,
But in the sky the broadening light
Was waiting not for man or sprite,



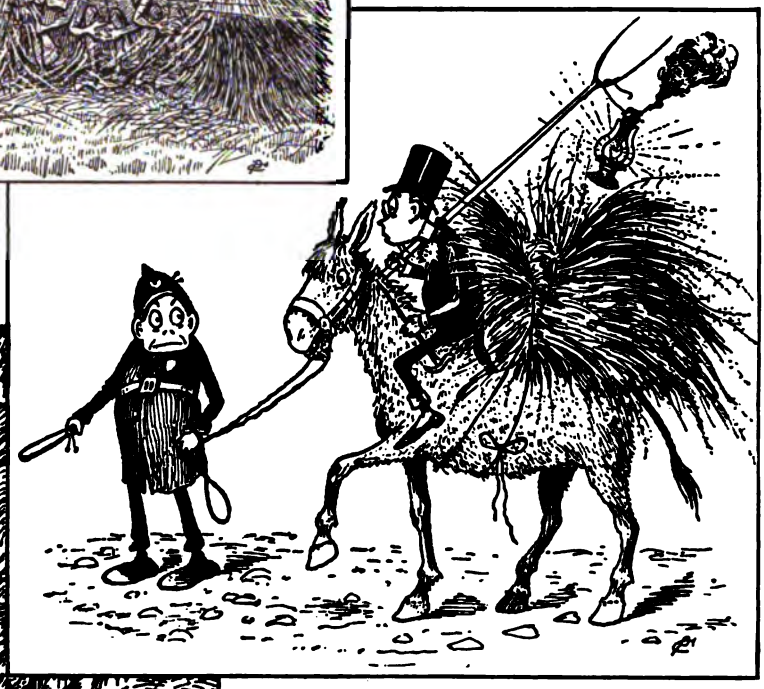
So Brownies, with a conscience clean,
Made haste to leave the rural scene.



And when the sun with rays of gold
Proved all was true the dawn had told,
Where were the Brownies? Nowhere near.
When tasks are done, they disappear.
The flooded plain or mountain land
Is not a barrier to the band.
They disappear, and those who know
The most about them cannot show
Their hiding-place, or where they rest,
But wait their coming, which is best.

. . . . . .

The wondering farmer never knew
Who bundled up his hay, and drew
So well across the sods and stones
The loads that shook the Brownies bones,



For elf-bands leave no mark behind
To satisfy the curious mind.
But sweating beasts that did their share
Knew well no common folk were there,
And will in mind review that night
When months and years have taken flight.
If they could talk, or thoughts exchange,
As round the field they graze or range,
They 'd tell of things that they have seen,
And many a marvel that has been.

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WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER X

1100 FEET UNDER THE HUDSON—"NO WHISTLING ALLOWED!"

WHEN, a couple of days later, we stepped off a train at the little station of Storm King, we found the work there in progress even more remarkable than we had imagined it.

We were soon told, in answer to our questions, that the shafts at each side of the river had been sunk to their full depth, and the "headings" had been pushed so far that there was only about a hundred feet more of rock to cut through.

The trip down that shaft seemed never-ending, and when we looked up from the bottom, the opening at the top showed as a tiny patch of light in the distance, "no bigger than a quarter," as Will described it.

"I suppose the atmosphere down here is quite noticeably denser than on the surface," said Will, puckering up his lips to see whether he could whistle.

"Don't! *Don't* do that!" shouted the superintendent, leaping forward and clapping his hand over Will's mouth.

"Wha'—what 's the matter?" gasped Will, in astonishment.

"Simply this: our miners on this work are all southern Negroes, and a more superstitious lot you could n't find anywhere. They have a strange notion that if any one whistles under ground, bad luck is sure to follow. More than once they 've quit work because of some silly superstition. Why, they stampeded out of the tunnel a couple of weeks ago, merely because a lady visitor came down to see the work. That meant bad luck sure, and nothing could induce them to go to work again until the next day."

After our previous whistling experience, we were inclined to think that this was another joke on us, but we did n't quite dare to say so. And when we asked some other engineers about it, we were assured that it was a fact.

At the bottom of the shaft, there was an electric "dinky" (locomotive) and a couple of "muck" cars. We climbed into one of the cars, and, at a signal to the "dinky skinner" (locomotive engineer), we were off. The moisture in the tunnel made such a thick fog that we could not see anything but the faint glow of the electric lamps, strung at infrequent intervals along the roof. Once in a while we passed the shadowy form of a workman, drawing back at the warning of our gong to let us pass.

At first, all other sounds seemed to have been drowned out by the noise of our train, which echoed strangely in that long rock cavern, but gradually another sound rose above the din, a sound that grew louder until it became fairly deafening.

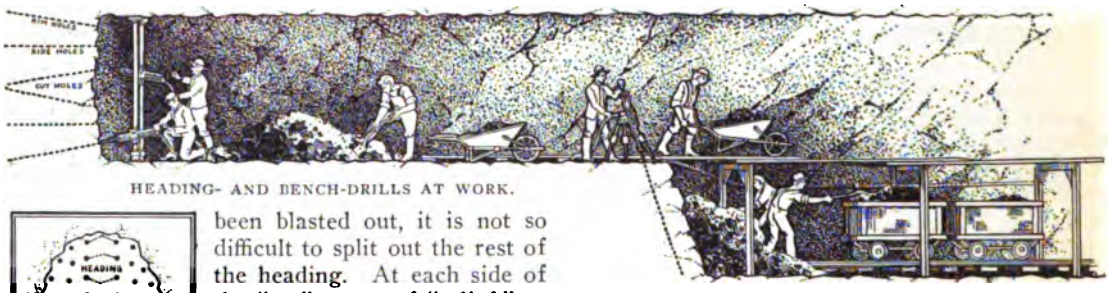
And just then our train stopped, and we jumped out to watch the drill gang at work. The racket was of a throbbing nature most distressing to the ears, and very trying for the nerves. Altogether, there must have been half a dozen drills, all going at once, pounding their steels into the rock like a riveting-hammer, at the rate of about 400 blows per minute. Once I visited a boiler-shop, and thought that the noise there was about as distracting as any noise could be, but that was quiet compared to this racket. Under the rapid blows the rock beneath the steels was reduced to a fine powder, which, in the case of all holes which slanted downward, was washed out by streams of water.

Before we went down the shaft, the superintendent explained just how the holes were arranged (see page 928). The upper half, or "heading" of the tunnel, was run about twenty yards in advance of the lower half, or "bench," so as

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to hasten the borings and enable two drill gangs to work at the same time. It is comparatively easy to blast away the "bench," because the "shot" holes are drilled downward from the flat, upper surface, and when the dynamite is set off, it splits away the rock in slabs; but in the case of the "heading," a special arrangement of "shot" holes is necessary, because the rock can be attacked only from the face. The first thing to be done is to remove a wedge, or "cut," from the center of the "heading"; two rows of holes are driven in at an angle so that they will meet, or nearly meet, at a depth of about eight feet back from the face of the rock. After this wedge has been blasted out, it is not so difficult to split out the rest of the heading. At each side of the "cut" a row of "relief," or side, holes is drilled, and finally a set of "liners," or rim holes, that slant outward to some extent, so that the rock will be shattered to the full diameter of the tunnel. After the holes are drilled, the cut is blasted out first, then the "relief" holes, and, finally, the "liners."



HEADING- AND BENCH-DRILLS AT WORK.



SECTION SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF HOLES IN HEADING & BENCH

The bench-drills were mounted on tripods so that they could drill vertically, but the drills at the heading were carried on two posts or columns that were tightly wedged between the bench and the rock roof overhead by means of jack-screws. There were three "engines" on each column, so mounted that they could be turned in any desired direction. We watched one of them starting a hole on a shelving piece of rock. The steel was pounding with short, quick strokes, trying to hammer out a seat for itself, while sparks were dancing around the drill point. After a while, when a sufficient hollow had been pounded in the rock, the steel began to strike with longer and longer blows, until it reached a full seven-inch stroke. The exhausts of the drills were coated with something white and glistening. One of the men scraped off a bit of the stuff and handed it to me. It was frost! I stared in astonishment! We could n't, comfortably, do any talking down there, but when finally we got back to the surface, the superintendent explained it to us as follows:

"These drills are run by air compressed to one hundred pounds per square inch. When that air is compressed, up at the pumping station, it gets so hot that it blisters all the paint off the compressors, where they are not protected by water-jackets; in fact, it gets so hot that we cannot bring it to the full one hundred pounds at once but have to compress it in two stages, and cool it off between stages. You know how it is with a bicycle pump, don't you? It gets so hot that you can scarcely bear your hand on the cylinder, just from the heat that is developed in compressing the air. Well, this compressed air we use has to be cooled, before we bring it down into the tunnel, by passing it through radiators and water, or air-cooled cylinders; but if air gives off heat when it is compressed, very naturally it has to absorb heat again when it is expanding, so as to regain what it lost before. It absorbs so much heat out of its surroundings, that any moisture it contains is condensed, and settles as frost around the exhaust-port. In fact, if we don't watch carefully, it is likely to freeze the parts fast."

We went down the shaft again later, to watch the charging of the holes after the drilling was completed. The drill boss began first with his "cut" holes. The dynamite cartridges were about eight inches long and an inch and a half in diameter, wrapped in paper tubes. The man would take a stick of the dynamite, or "powder," as miners call all explosives, place it in the hole, and press it home with a wooden ramrod, so that the paper wrapper would burst open, and the soft, putty-like stuff would be mashed out to fill the hole completely. Other sticks of dynamite were then put in, each being rammed up against the preceding one. In one of the sticks he jabbed a wooden marlinespike, to make a hole for the detonating cap. After sticking the cap in place and fastening it with a half-hitch of the electric wires around the cartridge, he rammed it up against the rest of the dynamite, then put in a few more sticks, and finally closed the hole with a cartridge filled with sand. Extra heavy

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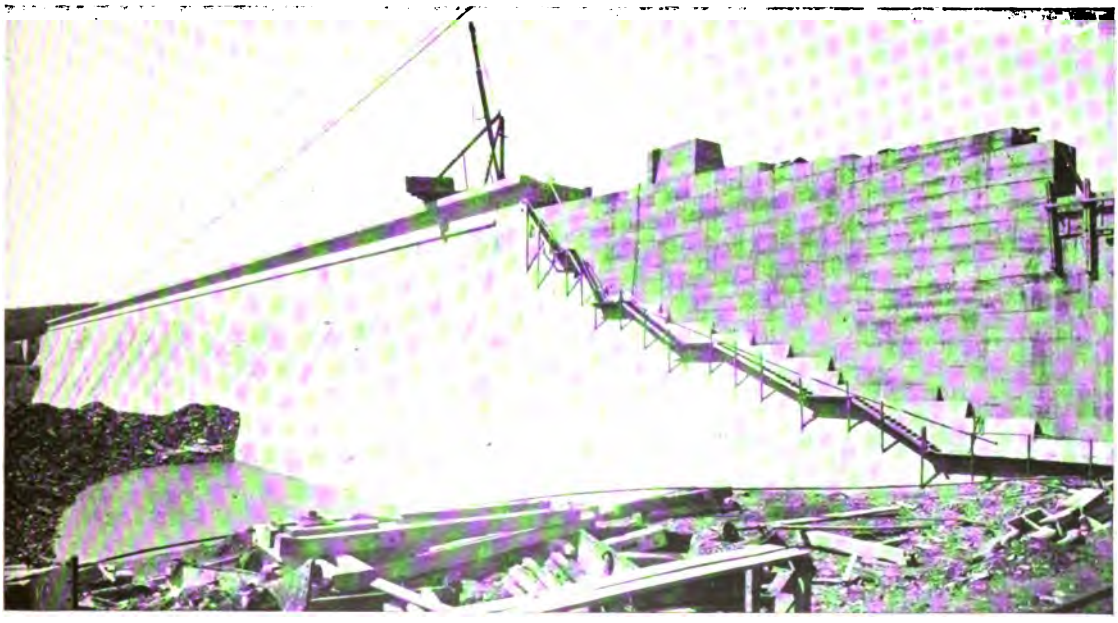
charges are always necessary to remove the "cut." About ten or a dozen sticks were used to each hole. The wires to the detonating caps protruded from the holes, and the foreman connected them to a pair of line-wires that ran back to a bulkhead, or strong oaken shelter, about 300 feet away. When everything was ready, the men would hide behind this bulkhead while the boss did the "shooting" by closing an electric switch.

The superintendent thought it a little too dangerous for us to stay there, so we went all the way back to the shaft. As we were on our way, there was a sudden crash that sounded like a pistol-shot directly overhead. Will and I both jumped a yard. We thought the dynamite had exploded. The superintendent only laughed at us.



WATERPROOFING CONCRETE TROUGH WHICH IS TO CARRY THE AQUEDUCT WATER ACROSS IRONDEQUOIT CREEK.

"That is nothing but the flaking of a piece of rock overhead," he explained; "you must remember that we are going through rock that was made ages ago, and is under enormous pressure. When we cut a big hole through rock of this kind, the pressure is relieved to some extent, and the rock actually expands into the bore. This movement results in flaking off pieces now and then. We have had flakes weighing all the way from a few ounces to a couple of hundred pounds. When the first pieces flaked off, the workmen were badly frightened, and all stampeded. As I told you before, they are a very superstitious lot. After a while, the reports became so frequent and the fall of stones so dangerous, that we had to do something to protect the men. You see, we have a wooden sheathing just under the roof



THE DOWN-STREAM FACE OF THE MASONRY PORTION OF THE OLIVE BRIDGE DAM.

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of the rock to catch these unexpected missiles. It seems odd, does n't it, that the power back of those missiles was put there millions of years ago, when the rock was hot and began cooling and contracting."

By the time he finished talking, we reached the shaft and were carried up to the surface. Suddenly, a boom and a dull roar told us that the powder had done its job down there deep in the rock. We were anxious to see what the shot had accomplished, but we were not permitted to go in again.

"Don't you know that the fumes of 'shooting' are poisonous?" asked the superintendent.

"But how about the men?" I asked. "Won't it kill them, too?"

"We pump air in there to blow the fumes out. In about five minutes, they can go back and charge the 'relief' holes. But if you went in there, it would give you an awful headache. The men get used to it, but in time even they are liable to be overcome. By the way, you ought to see how they store dynamite in New York. It is interesting. The Bureau of Combustibles will not let any one keep a large quantity of explosives in the city, particularly in congested parts, but at each shaft they use from seven to eight hundred pounds of powder per day, so they have underground magazines hewn out of solid rock. When you get back to town, call on my friend Douglas, at Shaft 13, and he will show you one of the magazines and how it is constructed."



A CONCRETE BULKHEAD IN THE TUNNEL 1100 FEET UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER.

Chapter XI

CAGING DYNAMITE

The shaft of which Mr. Douglas was the superintendent was the very one we had first seen in the park, and now, with him as our guide, we stepped into the cage and plunged down 250 feet below the surface. At one side of the tunnel, about one hundred feet from the shaft, there was a heavy mass of concrete with a low doorway in it. The opening was closed by a light, outer door, consisting of a wooden frame covered with chicken wire, alongside which a man stood on guard. Back of this there was a very massive door that was then ajar, at an angle of forty-five degrees; a pin in the floor kept it from opening any more than that. Mr. Douglas led us past these doors into a large passageway cut out of the solid rock. A few yards from the door the passageway turned abruptly, at right angles, to the left; then a few yards farther it made another turn, but to the right; a few paces more brought us to a large chamber that extended to the left again. At each turn of the passageway, there was a pocket cut in the rock in the opposite direction from the turn. In the chamber, which measured about sixteen feet high and over thirty feet long by twenty-six feet wide, there were fifteen or twenty cases of dynamite, over which was a timber roof as a guard against any pieces of stone that might be dislodged from the rock overhead and fall on the powder.

"Did you ever smell dynamite?" said Mr. Douglas, picking up a stick and holding it under my nose. I jumped back in alarm. "Oh, it won't hurt you!" he said reassuringly; "but if you smell of that sickish stuff awhile, it will give you a headache. Now if this powder should go off—" Mr. Douglas paused.

"Yes?" I said nervously.

"Oh, we do not expect such a thing ever to happen, but you never can quite tell about dynamite. If it is n't perfectly fresh, it might go off if you sneezed upon it. You know dynamite is made of nitroglycerin and gelatin. When it is exposed to extremes of heat or cold and moisture, the glycerin separates from the gelatin, and col-

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lects in little bubbles that are extremely sensitive and will go off at the least provocation.

"I remember once," continued Mr. Douglas, "when I was only a lad, my brother and I were anxious to try our hand at 'shooting.' Father was a contractor, and was doing a job out in Oregon, and we boys worked there, with the men. Well, as I was saying, one day when the men were off at lunch, we went to the dynamite house and got out a case of dynamite. The heading was all ready for the powder, and we thought we could shoot it just as well as any one else. I carried the case of dynamite over to the shaft while my brother was getting the fuses. When I got to the shaft, the bucket was up at the top, near enough, as I thought, for me to reach over and put the case of dynamite on it, even though it did weigh fifty pounds. However, as I leaned over the edge of the shaft, I kicked against a pick or a shovel that lay in my way, and this hit the bucket and pushed it out of my reach; but I had leaned so far that it was impossible for me to regain my equilibrium, and I had the alternative of dropping the fifty pounds of dynamite, or falling down the shaft with it. It did n't take me a second to make my choice, and then, as the case shot down the shaft, I ran. Yes, I did some real running. My brother saw me coming, took one glance at my face, and then he also ran some. So did the engineer of the hoisting-engine. The shaft was n't more than one hundred and eighty feet deep, but we ran long enough for that dynamite to have dropped ten times as far. Then we stopped to collect our wits. Well, sir, that powder never went off! When my father heard about it the next day, he made it the text of a sermon. All the men were lined up to hear his speech, and it certainly made an impression upon me. 'I want you to understand,' says he, 'that dynamite is dangerous stuff to handle, even though a case of it did fall one hundred and eighty feet without exploding. It is dangerous stuff, I tell you, and should always be treated with respect. After that incident of yesterday, you may get the notion that all this talk about the danger of dynamite is mere nonsense, but, let me tell you, that dynamite was perfectly fresh. Two or three months from now that very same powder will be so touchy that you cannot drop a pebble on it without setting it off. The only way to handle dynamite safely is to treat it with due respect always, because you never can tell in just what condition it is.

"Well, as I was saying, if this powder here should happen to go off," resumed Mr. Douglas, with exasperating deliberation, "the explosion wave would smash into that pocket at the other end of the chamber, where it would come up against a wall of solid rock; then it would have to go off at right angles down the passage, where it would find itself in another pocket; again it would have to dart at right angles, only to dash into the third pocket, and by the time it found its way out to the door, it would have lost much of its energy, and then it would hit the door with a gentle shove of something like five hundred and forty tons, or about one million pounds. It sounds like a long story, but it would all happen like that," and he snapped his fingers. "The door would slam shut, and the poisonous fumes would be trapped inside without any way of escape. You can get some idea of the energy of dynamite when I tell you that the gases will exert a steady pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds per inch on every square inch of the chamber in the passage until they cool down. In other words, the powder which in the solid state occupied less than fifteen cubic feet, will be turned into a compressed gas occupying twenty thousand cubic



"HOLED THROUGH." THE JUNCTION OF TWO TUNNEL HEADINGS.

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feet. When the gases cool down sufficiently, we can force them out with compressed air. So you see we can let the powder explode without injuring anybody except the magazine tender. But the men outside would not be in danger, and the busy city two hundred and fifty feet above would scarcely know that anything had happened."

"But," said Will, who had been by no means convinced, "I thought nothing could stand up against such a quantity of dynamite. I don't see how any door can hold it."

"Do you know," said Mr. Douglas, "there is more energy in a pound of gasolene than in a



THE DOORWAY LEADING INTO THE DYNAMITE MAGAZINE.

pound of dynamite? But here is the difference, gasolene combustion is comparatively slow, while the chief value of dynamite is the suddenness of its explosion. It is chiefly that first explosion wave that we must guard against, and so we make it dash itself against the rock walls until it is pretty well spent. This door here" (we had come to the end of the passageway by this time), "is made to stand twice the pressure that we estimate it will be subjected to. See, it is built of heavy steel I-beams, with oak timbers twelve inches square between them; and then the doorway is set in an enormous mass of concrete. Oh, no, it could not possibly give way."

"But have you tried it?" asked Will.

"Oh, yes; we exploded half a dozen sticks just around the first bend, and it slammed the door shut, nicely, and the drain here—but I have n't shown you that yet." There was a gutter running down the center of the rock floor of the passage to carry off any moisture that might seep in. "We have to run that drain through to the outside, and that ventilating pipe you see overhead also has to have some connection with the outside, and so we have an opening under that plate in the floor and a tapered plug hanging on a guide rod just in front of the opening. Well, as I was saying, when the powder went off, it drove that plug in the drain so hard that we had to use a hydraulic jack to force it out."

"But," persisted Will, "you have never exploded a full charge of one thousand pounds, have you?"

Mr. Douglas laughed. "Look here, young man, you would make a pretty good lawyer. No, we have never tried it here, but in Europe, where the idea originated, because they have to do so much mining right under large towns, fully as much powder as that was set off once without the slightest damage to anything outside. There was a small car in front of the door of the magazine, but it was not in the least affected by the explosion."

It was wonderful, and I was glad we had seen it, but all the same it was a decided relief to step out of that deadly chamber.

Just as we emerged from the magazine, the lights in the tunnel began to wink slowly once, twice, three times.

"Hello!" exclaimed Mr. Douglas, "that is the signal to hunt for cover. They are going to shoot the heading in half a minute. We had better step into the magazine to be sure that no flying pieces of rock hit us."

"The magazine!" I cried in astonishment. Of all places on earth that was the last I would ever seek as a refuge from a blast, but I was hustled into the place before I had time to make any protest.

When we got inside, I expected them to shut the door. In fact, Will and I both tried to shut the door because we knew there was no time to lose, as Mr. Douglas had said that the shot would be fired in half a minute after the signal. But he motioned to us to desist. "We never close that door. That counterweight is put there for the very purpose of holding the door open," he said, pointing to a rope that ran from the top of the door over a pulley on the wall, and was attached to a heavy iron weight.

You can imagine our feelings. Forced to seek shelter in a cave charged with dynamite, a thousand pounds of it! What was to prevent the shock from setting it off? and then where would we be? A thousand thoughts chased through my brain in the brief moment before the explosion came.

It is a curious thing about blasting, that the sound travels through the rock much faster than it does through the air, and so there is always a warning crack an instant before the crash of the air wave reaches the ear. Just before the warning sound came, the superintendent shouted something that I did n't catch; but I saw him grab at his hat, and I followed his example, not a moment too soon. The next instant, I was engulfed

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in a terrific roar of noise and a rush of wind that all but swept me over on my back. But as I reeled, another blast came out of the magazine behind me, and pitched me forward. I thought for the moment that the dynamite had been exploded by the concussion, and I made for the door. I was conscious that the door actually swayed forward a bit, and then settled back under the pull of the counterweight. Then I saw the superintendent laughing, but he was laughing at Will, and not at me, thank Heaven Will had not been quick enough to grab his hat. The explosion wave had carried it off his head, and sent it sailing around the zigzag passageway of the magazine, but—and that was what the superintendent was laughing at—the *return* wave coming out of the magazine *brought the cap sailing back, and dropped it at his feet!*

"That is the beauty of this magazine," laughed the superintendent, picking up the dirty, bedraggled cap and handing it to Will. "If you had been out in the tunnel, your cap would have sailed off, Heaven knows where, and it might have taken you all day to find it. But here in the magazine it is sure to come back on the return wave. Even though it may be a bit dirty, you will always get your headgear back again. But we 'd better get out of this before the smoke gets too thick." Already the smell of the fumes was quite noticeable, as they were being driven out by the air that was being pumped to the heading.



"WILL HAD NOT BEEN QUICK ENOUGH TO GRAB HIS HAT."

It is a curious fact that when one is going through great dangers, whether real or imaginary, the mind is not infrequently impressed with minor details which come back very vividly to a person when he has time to think over his experiences. While I was imagining all the horrors of death in the magazine, my eyes took in a very curious phenomenon. It all came back to me as we were going up in the cage to the surface. When the first explosion wave struck us, it had seemed as if I could actually see the air wave rush into the passageway like a foggy cloud, and dash into the still air about me. But the strangest part was that, as it seemed to hit the still air, drops of water seemed to form under the electric lamp where I was standing, and fall like a scattering rain to the ground.

When I mentioned it to the superintendent, he did not think I was crazy, but told me that my fleeting impression was a fact.

"Yes," he said, "on a damp day such as this, you can actually see water squeezed out of the moist air if you happen to be standing in a very good light."

(To be continued.)

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BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE PASSING OF THE MIDDLE AGES

With Henry VII, who came riding into London wearing dead Richard of Gloucester's crown on his head, modern England may be said to have had its beginning. For now printing was coming into general use, gunpowder was being employed in warfare, and religious freedom was dawning in men's minds, faint as the earliest flush that ushers in a June morning. The homes of the people, all save the highest in the land, were still wretched enough from our point of view. Fires were built against the walls of the stone cottages, and the smoke found its way out as best it might; the furniture was of the roughest description, a log of wood served as a pillow, and under the rushes that strewed the clay floors the rubbish accumulated for months, assisting the spread of the plagues and pestilences that swept the whole known world from time to time. But people were beginning to plant carrots, salads, and other vegetables, and the great lords were forbidden to keep huge retinues of paid retainers, to do whatever wild bidding their captains might order. These thousands of men, deprived of the chance to sit about, weapon in hand, idle and vicious but well fed and watched over, were forced to go to work to earn their bread in peaceful ways, and industries began to flourish.

Henry VII does not appear to have made a striking impression on the romance writers however, possibly because he was rather a dry, cold, avaricious kind of king, under whom the country prospered, but who was neither picturesquely wicked nor admirably good.

Frank Cowper wrote a good story set in the early years of this reign, called "The Captain of the Wight." There is plenty of stir and adventure to the pages, and quite a feeling of the times. And there are two books about Perkin Warbeck, a remarkable impostor who claimed to be a son of one of the little Princes in the Tower, murdered by wicked Richard. But Perkin asserted that the elder had escaped and lived to become his father, and that Perkin was, therefore, a Plantagenet, and rightful heir to the throne.

You can fancy that this created tremendous excitement, and the book "A Trusty Rebel," by Mrs. H. Clarke, gives us Perkin at his best, making all England hum with his goings-on. Mrs. Shelley has also made this bold adventurer her hero in her story of the same period, "Perkin Warbeck." You ought to be able to find one of these books.

The last years of Henry's reign, with the young Prince Henry as the hero, are told of in E.



From photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.

HENRY VIII.
From the painting by Holbein.

Everette Greene's book "The Heir of Hascombe Hall." There are some fine scenes in the south of England and in London. A book that takes up the tale about where Greene drops it is "The Arrow of the North," by R. H. Foster (Long, 1906). This is a rousing tale, full of adventure, that you will be sure to enjoy, and it is laid in other sections of England, so that the two pretty well cover the island from the latter part of the fifteenth century on to 1513.

If the English of the sixteenth century had been as fond of giving their kings nicknames as were their ancestors, the Saxons, Henry VIII would probably have been called the Magnificent. A strapping big fellow he was, and how he loved

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cloth-of-gold and pageants, and how he made his people like him from sheer admiration of his own splendid conceit. A tyrant, but such a human sort of creature that people forgave him his bad deeds. And there is a romance of Henry's sister, Mary Tudor, which is told by Charles Major in a book you must get, though I dare say it is one that most of you know already—"When Knighthood was in Flower."

The great Wolsey belongs in this time, and this was the era of the Reformation, begun by Martin Luther. Henry did not like Luther's ideas, and replied to them in a book of his own, which drew another book from Luther, and the world was very much excited.

There are several good stories of this part of England's life. There is G. P. R. James's tale of "Darnley, or The Field of the Cloth-of-Gold," which is very romantic and full of descriptions of the looks and manners of English folk great and small, with Henry's famous meeting with Francis I of France as an important occurrence in the story. Then Charlotte Yonge has one of



From photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.

JANE SEYMOUR, WIFE OF HENRY VIII.
From the painting by Holbein.

her charming books set in this reign, with lots about Wolsey, who was, if possible, even more magnificent than the king, and certainly a far greater man. This is called "The Armourer's Apprentice," and tells how two nice lads came up from the New Forest to London to see what it



From photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.

EDWARD VI.
From the painting by Holbein.

held for them. It held a good deal, and it is all told so that you are glad to read it, and finish with a feeling that you know the things that interested people in those days as well as they did themselves.

It was King Henry VIII who was first called "Defender of the Faith," and Frank Mathew has written a story with this title (Lane, $1.50) that is said to be excellent, but I have not seen it, and can only report that it is quoted as "good." A book I have read, however, and would willingly read over, is W. Harrison Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle."

This story is as brilliant and changing as a medieval procession. All the great men and women of the time of Henry's prime come into the tale; Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour are the two heroines, while the mysterious legend of Herne the Hunter runs its ghostly way from chapter to chapter. There are two editions, both published by Dutton, one without illustrations, and the other with delightful pictures by Doré.

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Included in the body of the book is the entire history of Windsor Castle, from the mythical times when King Arthur is said to have erected a magic castle there with the help of Merlin, down to the days of Queen Victoria.

Published in Everyman's Library, where, by the way, you can often find books that are not possible to get elsewhere, are Anne Manning's two quaint and charming narratives. One, "The Household of Sir Thomas More," is supposed to be the journal of Sir Thomas's daughter, and gives a wonderful impression of actual knowledge and experience of the things narrated. The scene of the second book is laid in the latter days of Edward VI and the time of Queen Mary, and it tells, too, the brief, pathetic story of Lady Jane Grey. Its title is "The Colloquies of Edward Osborne." Do not miss these two books.

One year (1539) of Henry's reign is told in dazzling style by Ford Madox Hueffer in "The Fifth Queen." It is almost more a picture than a story, so vivid are the scenes. And another story most of you know belongs to this king's reign, Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper." The story tells a strange adventure of the young Edward, and gives, in addition, some notion of the roughness and brutality of those far-away days, making one glad of the world's progress during four hundred years. It is a little classic, a touching and beautiful story that you will not read without a few tears.

King Edward was but a child when his magnificent father died, and his reign was chiefly managed by Hereford and others of the great lords. The poor young king died at sixteen. He seems to have been good and gentle, fine of mind and spirit. He was a Protestant, as was his half-sister Elizabeth, but the successor to the throne was Mary, who was Catholic. So the Protestant faction got the king to will his throne to the Lady Jane Grey. This cost the poor young girl her life. A story that tells her sad adventures is Edith C. Kenyon's "A Queen of Nine Days."

A delightful account of some exciting occurrences in the reign of Queen Mary is told by Max Pemberton, in "I Crown Thee King." The scene is Sherwood Forest, and the hero is a Northman, Roy, Count of Brieves. There is a romance with Mary, and much of interest.

There is also a romantic tale of Elizabeth's young girlhood, a romance cut short by the execution of her lover by command of King Edward. This is also by Ainsworth, and is called "The Constable of the Tower." All of Ainsworth's books are splendid reading, and you can usually get them with a little trouble.

A story by Frank Mathew, "The Royal Sisters," gives an impression that is true and good of the stress and ill-concealed dislike between Mary and Elizabeth. It is written almost entirely in dialogue, which always makes easy reading, and the characterization is often very amusing.

The last years of Mary's reign form the background for one of Stanley J. Weyman's best books, "The Story of Francis Chudde" (Longmans, $1.25). Life in England at that time was a hazardous affair, more so than it had been during the rest of the century, and there is n't much that goes on that Francis misses. The story is well written, and Mr. Weyman took much pains to have the historic setting accurate, especially as to manners and customs. His people are thoroughly alive, his plot is exciting, and all of you will feel sorry when it is finished.

Mary died a sad and embittered woman, as these various stories will show you. Under her, England was torn with dissensions, and not a day but saw its executions, until the wretched queen came to be known as "Bloody Mary."

But a new time was coming for England. Her great days were at hand—"the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when the island was to extend its dominions to the New World, was to humble proud Spain, till then thought invincible, and was to breed a mighty race of heroes, men great in all the walks of life. The greatest playwright of the world was growing up to young manhood during the first half of the great queen's reign. Lord Bacon, deep and varied thinker, was to make his imperishable additions to literature. Raleigh, the gallant, and the splendid leader of men, was but one among a host of mighty captains and sailors and fine lords, as Spenser was the first of a noble host of poets. There seemed to be no end to what England could do or be in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

Naturally, there are many romances of this time. More than this, there are the writings of the day itself, for English has now become our own tongue, with differences too slight to trouble us of the present moment—if we should be carried back to the reign of Elizabeth, we could easily converse with the men and women we met. And so the great writers of the age place their era before us with words and thoughts of our own, so that it is no longer difficult for us to reconstruct the exact daily existence of prince and poor man, high-born lady and peasant maid.

There has never been a more picturesque time on earth than this of Elizabeth. Next month, I shall talk with you of some of the books telling her story, and England's story during her life. They are among the best of their kind.

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CURLY-WIG AND DIMPLE-CHEEK

BY ROBERT EMMET WARD

Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek
Have n't been away a week,
  But how very long it seems!—
    Longest week I 've ever known!
    All at once the house has grown
  Silent as a house of dreams!

Dimple-cheek and Curly-wig
Really are n't so very big—
  Both, in fact, are very small,
    But the space they fill—dear me!
    Now they 're gone, there seems to be
  Nothing in the world at all!

  Nobody to come and tap,
  Interrupting Grandma's nap;
  Nobody to come and plead
"'Tory!" when I want to read;
  Nobody to linger near—
"May I help you, Farver-dear?"
  Nobody to spill the ink,
    Or to streak my desk with jam—
    Really, what a goose I am
  To be sorry, don't you think?

Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek
Will be home again next week;
  But how slowly, slowly pass
    All the hours of every day
    While my darlings are away!
  Hurry home, wee lad and lass!—
Or I 'll have to go and seek
Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek!



From photograph, copyright by Newman Neave.

"Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek
Will be home again next week."

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The Two Engines

by Agnes O. Fugitt

One rainy day, Bobbie stood looking out of the window, wishing and wishing that the sun would shine again so he could go out to play. He was lonesome, and he just could n't think of anything else to do. At last he said to Mother, "Could n't you come and play with me, Mother?"

"Why, yes, Bobbie boy. What shall we play?" said Mother.

"Let 's play with my track and trains," answered Bobbie, who loved engines and trains more than anything else, and he always loved to have Mother play with him because she found so many new ways to play.

"Now let 's build two tracks around the nursery," said Mother, "and then let 's have a race, and see whose train can win."

"Oh, that will be fun!" said Bobbie. So down on the floor they went, and in just a little while the tracks were laid. And then Bobbie said, "Now which train do you want, Mother, the big one or the little one? You may take your choice."

"Why, I think I shall take the big engine and its cars," said Mother, "because, you see, I am the big engineer and you are the little one."

So they each wound their engines up tight and placed them on the tracks side by side, and then Bobbie shouted, "Ready! Go!"

Whizz! Buzz! away they went, once around, twice around; and then Mother's train came to a stop while Bobbie's flew on, three times, yes, four times around it went. "Hurrah!" said Bobbie, "I beat!"

"Well, we will have to try again," said Mother. "I can't let a little engine like that beat my big one! I am afraid mine was a lazy engine that time."

So they wound them up tight once more, and again they were off in the race. But Bobbie's little engine came out way ahead again, and Bobbie shouted, "Oh, Mother, I 'm a better engineer than you are!"

"Well, it surely looks that way, dear," said Mother, "and I am ashamed of my big engine. I am going to wind it up once more, and see what is the matter with it. Let 's see if the wheels won't tell us a little story as they spin around the track." So Mother sent it around again. "Oho!" she said, "listen to the song of the wheels. It is saying 'Whir-r-r, whir-r-r-r, I can't! I *can't!* It 's too hard. Buzz, buz-z-z-z, I can't! I *can't!*' So *that* is the trouble. It *is* a lazy engine, after all! It is an 'I *can't*' engine. Let 's listen to what your wheels sing, Bobbie." So Bobbie's little train flew around, and Bobbie and

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Mother both listened for the song of its wheels. "Yes, it sings the other song," said Mother. "Listen! 'Buzz, buzz, I can! I can! Whir-r, whir-r, I 'll try! I 'll try!' No wonder it can win the race every time. It is an 'I *can*' engine."

"Now let 's make mountain climbers of them," said Bobbie. "Yours is n't a racer, but maybe it can beat my little one pushing a car up a mountain." So they built a new track, and played that the chair was the top of the mountain, and they braced the track with blocks all the way down. "You first, Mother," said Bobbie. "See if your lazy engine can push any better than it can pull. We 'll play this is an observation-car full of people, and the engine must push it to the top."

"All right — we 're off!" said Mother. "Buzz, buzz, buz-z-z," said the big engine as it started bravely off, but half-way up the old song began — "I can't! I can't! It 's too hard. Whir-r-r!" and it started to roll back down the hill. "No use," said Mother, "mine gives right up."

Then Bobbie tried his, and with a merry song and a quick whir of wheels — "I can! I can! I 'll try! I 'll try hard! I won't give up!" it reached the top. "Good! good!" shouted Bobbie; "I won everything."

"Yes, dear, you did," said Mother; "and do you know I think little boys are just like those two engines. I wonder which one you are going to be like after this."

And Bobbie answered: "Well, not like yours, Mother. You just see!"



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NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



GREAT FLOCKS OF MAY-FLIES THAT GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF THE AIR FILLED WITH SNOWFLAKES.

A MIDSUMMER SNOW-STORM

CRAWLING along under stones in running water, swimming among the water-plants where it is quiet, or perhaps partially covered with mud at the bottom, lives a queer little creature with many of his kind. He is the larva of the May-fly, and is a lively fellow, with long, strong legs, and somewhat brush-like gills along his sides, by means of which he breathes.

Feeding upon vegetable matter, and from time to time shedding his skin as he grows larger, he remains in the water for a year, or perhaps more. At last, the day comes for his transformation; and now, leaving the mud at the bottom, he swims to the surface, the skin splits along his back, and out comes a beautiful, lace-winged insect. Flying to a near-by bush, he sheds still another skin, and now is a perfect May-fly, or shad-fly.

Though our larva has spent such a long time in the water, the beautiful May-fly that flits so joyously about in the upper air, generally has but a few hours to enjoy life; in fact, so short-lived are some of these insects, that, coming out in the evening, they do not live to see the sun rise next morning.

Often the May-flies leave the water in great swarms, filling the air and covering grass and bushes along the shore, looking just like a dense snow-storm in midsummer.—GEORGE A. KING.

Traveling down the St. Lawrence River from Lake Ontario to Quebec one summer, I had hosts of day-long companions in little May-flies that clung to my clothing or walked totteringly across my open book. The summer residents of the Thousand Islands get tired of this too-constant companionship, and look resentfully on the feeble shad-fly as an insect pest. One evening in August, 1897, my attention, with that of other strollers along the shore promenade at Lake Lucerne,



THE LARVAL FORM, THAT HAS "FRINGES" AND MAY BE KEPT IN AN AQUARIUM.

Switzerland, was called to a dense, whirling, tossing haze about a large arc-light suspended in front of the great hotel. Scores of thousands of May-flies, just issued from the still lake, were in

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SOMETIMES MAY-FLIES FLY AROUND ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN ENORMOUS NUMBERS.

violent circling flight about the blinding light, while other thousands were steadily dropping, dying or dead, from the dancing swarm to the ground. Similar sights are familiar in summer-time in this country about the lights of bridges, or lake piers and shore roads. This flying dance is the most conspicuous event in the life of the fully developed, winged May-fly, and, indeed, makes up nearly all of it. With most species of May-flies, the winged adult lives but a few hours. In the early twilight, the young May-fly floats from the bottom of the lake to the surface, or crawls up on the bank, the skin splits, the fly comes forth full-fledged, joins its thousands of issuing companions, whirls and dances, and soon flutters and falls after the eggs. It takes no food, and dies without seeing a sunrise. Sometimes the winds carry dense clouds of May-flies inland, and their bodies are scattered through the streets of lakeside villages, or in the fields and woods.



FISH EAT GREAT NUMBERS OF MAY-FLIES.

Sometimes the great swarms fall to the water's surface, and there are swept along by wind and wave, until finally cast up in thick windrows, miles long, on the lake beach. Millions of dead May-flies are thus piled up on the shores of the Great Lakes.

We call the May-flies the *Ephemeridæ* (from a Greek word that means "living but a day"), and the name truly expresses their brief existence—above water. But they have lived for a year at least before this, or for two or even three years, as wingless, aquatic creatures, clinging concealed to the under side of stones in the lake or stream bottom, or actively crawling about after their food, which consists of minute aquatic plants and animals, or bits of dead organic matter.—VERNON KELLOGG, in "American Insects."



THE MAY-FLY IN FLIGHT.

The larval forms may be obtained in small ponds or pools at almost any time of the year. Take up a mass of the decaying leaves and search between them for insects from one half to one inch long, "with fringes on the sides." These fringes are extremely interesting when viewed by the aid of a microscope.

May-fly larvæ may be kept for several months in an ordinary house aquarium where there are no fish to eat them.

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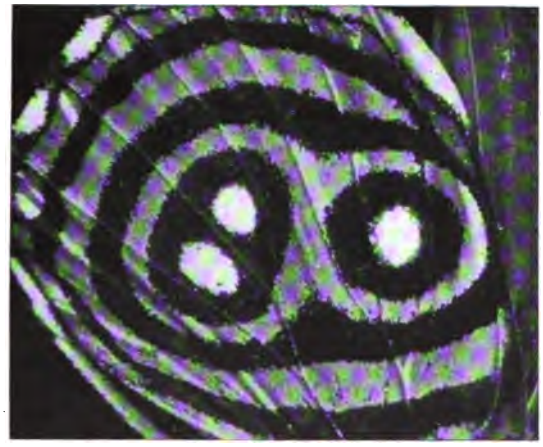
NATURE'S PICTURES AND PATTERNS

Has the reader ever noticed the pictures, patterns, and characters with which Nature has adorned the wings of certain butterflies and moths? Take the remarkable owl-butterflies,



THE OWL-BUTTERFLY.

most of which belong to tropical America. In the center of each hind wing, on the under side, is a great, eye-like spot on a mottled brown ground. Hold it so that the antennæ, or feelers, point to-



THE "80" MARKING ON THE WING.

ward you, and a remarkable resemblance to an owl's face and head is at once apparent. Test this by the photograph on this page. The beautiful "eighty" and "eighty-eight" butterflies, from South America, get their names from the numerals which have been traced by Nature upon the under side of their hind wings. So correct in



THE "WHITE W."

outline are some of these that it is difficult to believe that man has had no part in their delineation; witness the "80" shown in the accompanying photograph, which has not been touched nor altered in any way.

In another group of butterflies, the hairstreaks, or gossamer-winged, we find many with strange white markings, especially on the under side. Some are actually called "white-letter butterflies," because the marks so closely resemble letters of the alphabet. The particular butterfly shown in the photograph, which is of European origin, has a white "W" on each hind wing, and the butterfly is called "W-album," that is, "white W."

A well-known Indian butterfly goes by the name of "map" because the regularly arranged lines on its wings resemble those of latitude and longitude in an atlas. Several others found in India and Cashmere are known as "shawl butterflies," on account of the patterns and coloration



THE MAP BUTTERFLY.

on their wings. Investigation has shown that the Indian shawl-weavers have, from time immemo-

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rial, copied their designs and colors from these butterflies' wings.

The exact utility of these marks and patterns,



THE SHAWL BUTTERFLY.

and of many others which might be instanced, is mysterious; but if our knowledge were more perfect, we should probably realize that they benefit the insect, perhaps by disguising it when at rest in its natural surroundings, or in some other way assisting it to avoid its enemies. We may be sure that Nature did not work out these wonderful designs for nothing. The actual manner in which they are produced is interesting. If we look through the microscope at a butterfly's wing, we see that it is covered with small "scales" arranged like tiles on a roof. For this reason, butterflies and moths are called *Lepidoptera*, the word meaning scale-wing. These minute, colored scales are so arranged upon the wing that the particular



ONLY PODS OF THE GARDEN SNAPDRAGON.

pattern characteristic of a given kind of butterfly or moth is produced.

The last of the nature pictures, which looks like a collection of skulls in a museum, has nothing to do with insects. It represents a few pods of the well-known garden snapdragon (*Antirrhinum*) mounted upon pin-points. The three holes which seem to represent the eye sockets and the mouth cavity are the orifices through which the ripe seeds were ejected. Many strange resemblances, such as these, may be found among natural objects.—HAROLD BASTIN.

A PAIR OF BLACKBIRDS ATTACK PEOPLE

RECENTLY the people of Los Angeles, California, have been interested and astonished by the conduct of a pair of blackbirds supposed to be nesting in the grounds about the Court-House. Persons walking quietly under the palm-trees have been startled by an attack with whirring wings, sharp beaks, and hard claws. The birds, without a moment's notice, pick at the clothing or the hat, and even fly against the face. It is supposed—and this is probably so—that the birds are protecting their



"THE BIRDS PICK AT THE CLOTHING OR THE HAT."

nest from possible intrusion. The mother is positively vicious in her attacks. She does not hesitate to bite, glaring with her gold-rimmed eyes as if she would like to tear the intruder to pieces. The pair have taken a special dislike to one man, who tried to find the nest. They fly at him, hop before him on the grass, and when he moves, dart at his hat or his neck. The accompanying illustration, redrawn from a snapshot, shows their mode of attack, as they hurl themselves at him.

An account of these birds was published in a Los Angeles paper, and many persons went to the park to see them. All the visitors were gratified, for nearly every one was swept by the dash of a black wing, or felt the thrust of a sharp beak in his face, or a sudden scratch across his hand.

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In Stamford, Connecticut, on the grounds of Mr. Belden B. Brown, a pair of screech-owls attacked in a similar way people who came near the tree in which they had made their nest.

UP IN A BALLOON WITH A CAMERA

In my balloon ascension I took with me a regular No. 3 Eastman pocket folding kodak, equipped with a Goerz lens. I took pictures from all altitudes up to 5200 feet. It was a perfect day, with very little wind, consequently I had no trouble. One thing in favor of taking pictures from a balloon is the clearness of the air. The haze which



THE BALLOON IN READINESS, HELD DOWN BY SAND-BAGS.

is often noticed while on the ground is not, as a rule, more than 500 feet in thickness. Therefore, when you are at a height of four or five thousand feet, on looking down you look through this haze the narrow way, and it is not even noticeable.

The big balloon known as the "Diamond" ascended in Oakland and landed in Alviso, California. The photographs taken from the balloon show the city blocks in Oakland. From the balloon, the city seemed to be only a brown mass of roofs, with the streets sharply outlined like slender threads of light. The perfect stillness of the upper air was broken only by the voice of one of the passengers, or an occasional creaking of the cordage. Contrary to what we had supposed, the higher we ascended the warmer it became. At a height of 4800 feet, the heat was uncomfortable, and at 5200 feet, the highest point reached during the afternoon, I was compelled to take off my coat to gain relief.

When one is traveling in a balloon, there is no knowledge of its movement, except when one refers to the objects on the ground. If one looks away from the ground, it seems as if the balloon were perfectly still. When the balloon is far up in the air, it is difficult to detect any motion, even by using a powerful glass and gazing down at



A VIEW OF CITY BLOCKS.

the ground. At one time, there was but little current in the air, and we then were practically stationary. For more than an hour, the big balloon hung suspended at almost the same point in reference to the ground. The sound of the sea waves resembled the music from some great pipe-organ, so deep was the tone in the upper silences of the air. Mount Diablo and Mount Tamalpais seemed but a step away, although so diminished in size that they appeared to be no higher than ant-hills, while the low mountains in the distance swept away in a long, purple fold, with scarcely a peak. At the angle high above the hills from which we looked down, there appeared to be little unevenness to the ground.

The last part of the balloon descent was very rapid, but fortunately the basket struck the earth



FROM HIGHER UP THE HOUSES LOOK LIKE TINY TOYS.

where there was plenty of soft, marshy grass. The downward motion of the basket, combined with the onward motion, sent us rolling out in double somersaults for many yards, and we lay there for a few minutes breathless, while the balloon continued on its way. We were in a desolate spot far from any house, and so had a long walk across the marsh. C. E. MATHEWSON.

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THE GRACE OF THE GOOSE

In some unaccountable manner, the goose has become a symbol of silliness and the owl of wisdom; but the popular estimation of these birds is wrong. An owl is no wiser than any other bird —he only looks so—while a goose is not silly even in appearance. It is a graceful bird. Can anything be more pleasing than the geometrical lines of wild geese flying northward in the springtime? Naturalists, who have sought out their northern haunts, praise the skill of the geese and their methods of building nests and caring for their young. They are wise in carefully guarding their homes, and so efficient are they in doing this, that farmers very often keep them for the purpose of guarding their buildings. In this respect they are better than a watch-dog. A dog may bark at the moon or at anything else—nobody can find out what—but a goose is not so silly as that. But let an intruder attempt to enter the farm-yard or come in the vicinity of the barn where they have their homes for the night, and at once an alarm is sent out. The farmer can depend on that. He knows something is wrong, as, centuries ago, did the sentinels guarding the capitol at Rome.

No one ever did say that they are lacking in grace, because it is conceded that, when swimming, they are almost as graceful as the swan, while on land they are much more graceful, for the swan does not make a pleasing appearance in walking. It seems to be top-heavy, but the goose moves about on land as well as it does in the water. The photograph which we reproduce shows not only a remarkable pose in which all stand facing the same way, but also the variety of positions taken by their feet in walking. The picture is one of the best examples that I have seen of the grace of the goose.

TAME FLORIDA EGRETS

The following letter from a Seminole Indian chieftain of the Everglades of Florida was the



THE YOUNG HERONS TAKING FOOD FROM THE HAND.

forerunner of the gift of two young white herons, or American egrets.

My good Friend:—
Littly white Birds me send. Indians all well.
Your Good Friend,
Mr. Billie Bowlegs.

The birds, snowy white, came in a cage made of green palm stems, with a door fastened by buckskin hinges and a buckskin catch.



From photograph by Brown and Dawson.

THEY FREQUENTLY PLAY THE GAME OF "FOLLOW MY LEADER."

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Although fresh from the cypress forests of the Everglades, the wildest and shyest of birds, they at once recognized friendship, ate from my hand, and took my finger into the beak. One would eat what was given him, but the other would beat her wings, shake her head, and refuse to eat bread and milk, because she preferred beef and minnows.

A pleasing picture is made when they station themselves at the dining-room door, where they crane their long necks and wait for pieces of beef



"THEY CRANE THEIR LONG NECKS AND WAIT FOR PIECES OF BEEF."

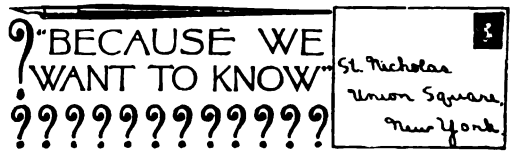
to be thrown to them, or take it from the corner of the table.

What they eat must be clean. If not, they carry it to the pool across the lawn, where they wash it.

At the end of a year, they adorned themselves in long plumes, and were beautiful enough to be the envy of any nature lover. They play at nest-building, gathering small sticks and twigs and carrying them about with much chatter.

The slaughter of the wild birds in Florida is almost too sad to dwell upon. The lawbreakers think only of the gain to be obtained from a few blood-stained aigrets, each one costing the life of the beautiful bird, and of the nestlings who die without their parent's care.

MINNIE MOORE WILLSON.



THUNDER DOES NOT SOUR MILK

FLINT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me why, whenever there is a thunder-storm, the milk sours, even if it is in a cold place?

Your interested reader,
ETTA BROWN.

It is not true, notwithstanding the popular belief, that milk that is kept cool will sour in a thunder-storm. If milk is kept perfectly cold, a thunder-storm will have no effect upon it whatsoever. Thunder-storms accompany warm weather, and warm weather promotes the growth of bacteria in milk. It frequently happens, therefore, that milk sours at about the time of a thunder-storm, but the *thunder-storm has nothing directly to do with it.* If you can keep bacteria out of the milk, which can be done by various methods, the milk will remain sweet indefinitely, and this during the whole of a summer season, when thunder-storms have an opportunity to act upon it. Dairymen find that, if the temperature and the moisture in the air are high, the milk will sour just as readily whether or not there be a thunder-shower, whereas, if the milk is kept cold, the thunder-storm has no effect upon it. It has always seemed to me possible that, if milk is just ready to sour, the conditions of the atmosphere before a thunder-storm may possibly be such as to slightly hasten the last step; but of this there is no proof, so far as I know at the present time. Experiments carried on in this laboratory and elsewhere have never been such as to indicate that electrical disturbances have any effect upon the phenomena of souring.—PROFESSOR H. W. CONN.

TIME CHANGES IN THE UNITED STATES

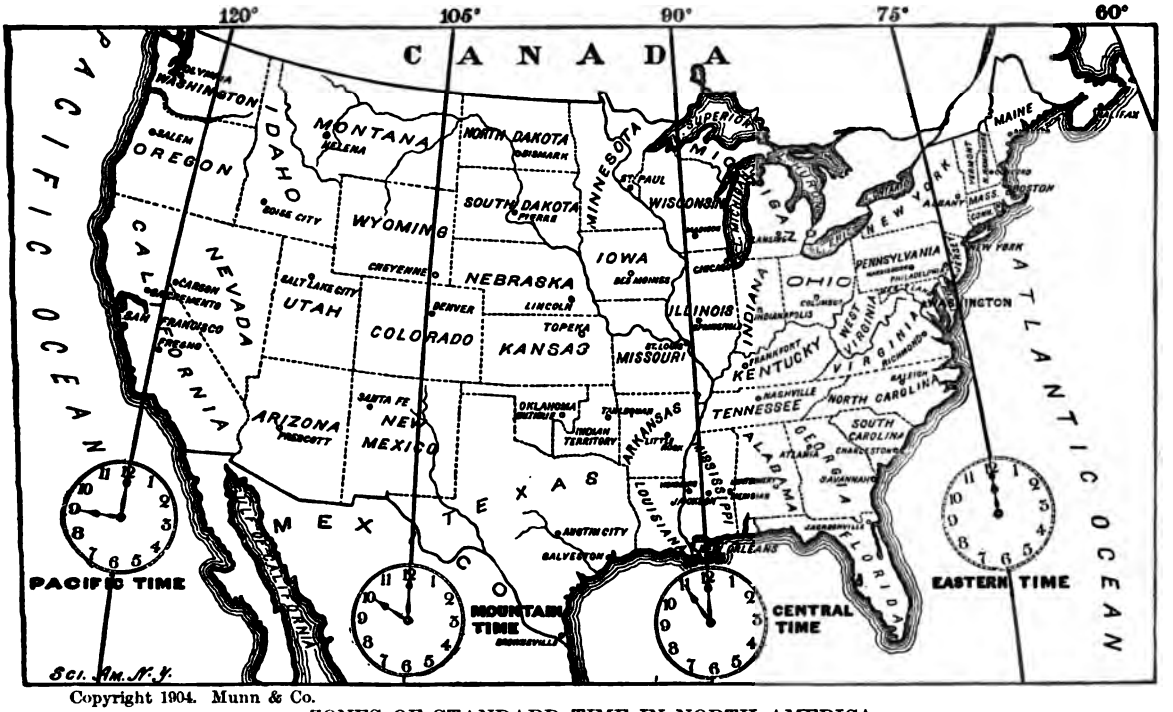
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please explain in your magazine why the time changes in different States? We would be very much obliged if you would do this for us.

Yours sincerely,
HAROLD L. GLENDENNING.

The earth turns toward the east, as we all know in seeing the sun rise in the east and set in the west. Those living in the eastern part of the United States get sunrise, therefore, much earlier than those in the western part. This difference in time is some three hours, but the earth rolls regularly, which makes the difference in time extend regularly across the United States, so that,

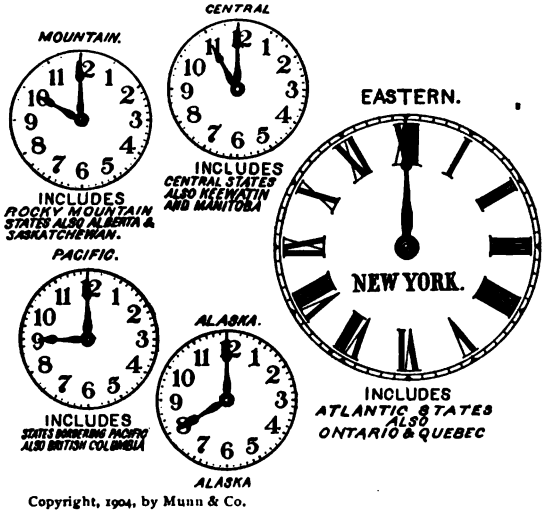
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ZONES OF STANDARD TIME IN NORTH AMERICA.

strictly speaking, there is a different time for every step westward clear across the continent.



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EACH OF THE SMALL DIALS SHOWS THE TIME IN ITS ZONE WHEN IT IS TWELVE O'CLOCK IN NEW YORK.

It would, however, not be practical to have such a gradation of time, so it has been found better to make the changes by hours rather than by set gradation, and so to prevent the confusion of having an indefinite number of different times. Therefore, the United States has been divided into four sections of so-called "Standard Time"—Eastern Time, Central Time, Mountain Time, and Pacific Time.

Standard Time was adopted in the United States on November 18, 1883.

Eastern Standard Time is used in the section, or zone, through the center of which, from north to south, runs the 75th meridian, while the regions using Central, Mountain, and Pacific Standard Time have for their central line the 90th, 105th, and 120th meridians, respectively. The line where one zone adjoins another, however, is not rigidly observed, but is regulated somewhat by the convenience of the railroads and by local usage.

WHAT TO FEED A PET MONKEY

EAST PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you give me some information about the care of our pet monkey? I have often heard that meat is not good for monkeys, but ours seems to thrive on it. Am I doing wrong to give him meat?

HELEN GARDNER.

A pet monkey should be fed on various fruits, boiled or baked potatoes, lettuce, celery, and dry bread.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

The diagrams are from the "Scientific American Reference Book," and are used by courtesy of Munn & Co., Inc., New York City.

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ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

THANKS to the lively interest and keen wits of the League contributors, the subject for the prose-writers brought us a harvest of charming little stories and essays, in general, and a veritable treasure of a greeting, in particular—the following loyal and tender tribute to the League itself. It was a kindly impulse, indeed, that prompted one of our Honor Members to give a turn at once so gracious and so clever to those three simple words "A Pleasant Journey"; and it is a joy to know that our beloved organization has come to mean—in the affections of many thousand girls and boys—all that is so beautifully set forth in this welcome contribution. With much pride—and with many thanks to its young author—we have stolen it for this page, as an ideal introduction to the League report this month.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

BY ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

To those of us who have come to the end of the bright way of the ST. NICHOLAS League, it has been a pleasant journey. It may also have been a profitable one. Whatsoever we set our hands to do, molds itself into the very stuff and fiber of our make-up. If we, then, have put the finest that is in us into our League work, we have strengthened and established that fineness, and, in some measure, added to it. But at all events, profitable or not, it could not fail of pleasantness.

Behind the contributions that come pouring in from month to month is the great silent fellowship. We are somewhat like bands of pilgrims that lighten their journey to a common goal by tales and songs. But we are unlike them in that none of us can ever know, personally, all of the rest, except through ST. NICHOLAS pages. What we have to say is for as much of the rest of the world as cares to look. For ourselves, there is a silent clasping of hands across great distances, and a subtle, but wholly pleasant, sense of comradeship.

More obvious and not less pleasant is the keen joy of competition, the matching of wits and of talents, crowned, sometimes, by the full joy of success. It is curious how the gold and silver disks are swelled in our eyes, till each is as large and as bright as the shield of Achilles, carried off as a prize from games of epic proportions.

A happy journey, indeed! For which we who have traveled it as far as we may go are indebted to the kindly Saint; whose pleasantness we hope may be enjoyed by many, many pilgrims!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 162

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Dorothy May Russell** (age 16), Albany, N. Y.; **Jean E. Freeman** (age 15), New York City. Silver badges, **Margaret Duggar** (age 16), Auburn, Ala.; **Dorothy Stroud Walworth** (age 13), Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; **Jeannette Everett Laws** (age 16), Swarthmore, Pa.; **Frances Sweeney** (age 15), Ballston Spa, N. Y.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Leisa Wilson** (age 14), St. Paul, Minn.
Silver badges, **Katharine Keiser** (age 15), Clayton, Mo.; **Arthur H. Nethercot** (age 17), Hubbard Woods, Ill.; **Ruth de Charms Seward** (age 11), New York City.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Alene Seymour Little** (age 13), Columbus, O.; **Edith Mayne** (age 13), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Charles Voorhies** (age 11), Portland, Ore.; **Katherine D. Stewart** (age 14), Bangor, Me.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Kenneth D. Smith** (age 16), West New Brighton, N. Y
Silver badges, **Elizabeth Russell** (age 17), Fort Ogden, Fla.; **Mary Marquand** (age 12), Princeton, N. J.; **Nicholas Harrison, Jr.** (age 12), Indianapolis, Ind.; **Dorothy Dickinson** (age 14), Grand Rapids, Mich.; **Rosanna D. Thorndike** (age 14), Boston, Mass.; **Margaret Cundill** (age 14), Tompkinsville, N. Y.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Constance McLaughlin** (age 15), Chicago, Ill.; **Rose M. Regan** (age 12), New York City; **Rosalind Winslow** (age 10), Auburndale, Mass.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Marion K. Valentine** (age 15), Englewood, N. J.
Silver badge, **Sophie E. Buechler** (age 14), Hoboken, N. J.



"ALL ABOARD!" BY PERSIS S. MILLER, AGE 10.



"ALL ABOARD!" BY ELIZABETH RUSSELL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

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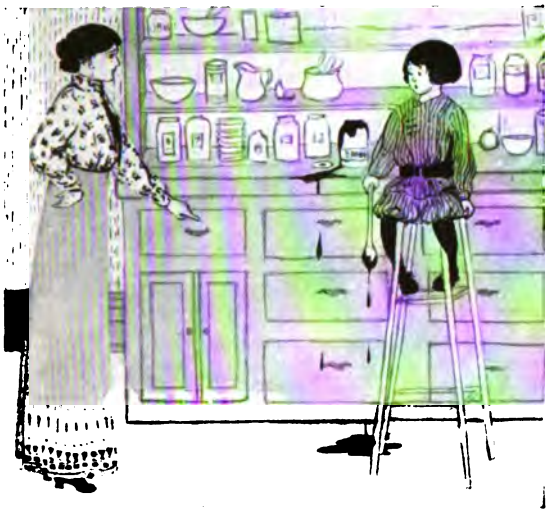
ON THE WATERS

BY LEISA WILSON (AGE 14)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won May, 1910)

We glided slow and silently
Along the glassy Yellow Sea;
The sunset's glory tinged the sky;
Gray sampans drifted slowly by;
And in the water, wondrously,
A second sunset seemed to lie.

With changing lights the water shone,
And silent as a sea of stone;
Now soft green jade, now coral pink,
And, as the sun began to sink,
It took a soft gray pearly tone,
Save where the sampan's lanterns wink.



"FACE TO FACE." BY ALENE SEYMOUR LITTLE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

BY DOROTHY MAY RUSSELL (AGE 16)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won June, 1912)

Our joys and pleasures are not measured by what we have, but by what we lack. A cup of water to a man dying of thirst would be more than untold millions to a man in perfect health.

So after a long illness, when Father told me that we were going for a trip to the mountains, it opened up vistas of pleasure that one who has never been ill and a prisoner in one room cannot understand.

Oh, the joys of that beautiful June morning as I lay back in the automobile and inhaled the perfume from a hundred flowering trees! The slowly rising sun seemed to come and greet us with promise of good cheer.

How delightful it seemed, as we reached the shade of the woods, to see the foliage, the dear old trees, and the green carpet of moss and ferns!

The wild flowers peeped through the underbrush, nodding a good morning to us. The birds sang and chirped as if they wished to welcome us to their spring festivities. A bobolink in the distance cried, "Quite right! Quite right!" I thought the same as he, that my journey was all quite right.

At noon, we lunched by a spring. Oh, how good the food tasted! Oranges never before seemed so deliciously sweet. As I sat beneath the shade of an old stately tree, which might have been the favorite rendezvous of a fairy band, I could imagine that I was a fairy princess and was drinking ambrosial nectar.

It is said that there is a recompense for every ill; if so, the remembrance of this pleasant journey somewhat compensated for the weary weeks of illness.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

(A true story)

BY MARGARET DUGGAR (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

One day last summer, Sister and I were traveling in Georgia. We had been to a house-party in Atlanta, and were on our way to another, in the southern part of the State. There were four of us girls going to the same place, so we turned two seats together and planned to enjoy the four hours' ride. At first, we amused ourselves by looking out of the windows at the beautiful peach orchards, which seemed to cover the whole country. Every now and then the scenery changed, and we passed fields of cotton white as snow save for the black heads and gay clothes of the negroes picking. Sometimes the ground along the railroad would be covered with green vines, and we could see great watermelons lying in the scorching sun.

At last, we grew tired of looking out of the windows, and began to notice our fellow-passengers. Whenever the train stopped, as it did about every fifteen minutes, some one would get on or off. There were never more than two or three to get on, and they usually got off at the next station.

As the train stopped so often, we were not surprised to find ourselves standing still beside a large watermelon patch. But there was no depot in sight, and we suddenly noticed that every man had left the car. Going to the other side of the train, we saw them all running about in the watermelon patch, and every one of them, the conductor too, came back with a great big watermelon. The train started off, and we went twice as fast. I guess the conductor must have been afraid



"ALL ABOARD!" BY KENNETH D. SMITH, AGE 16. GOLD BADGE. (SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1913.)

the farmer had seen the raid on his patch, and would come after the train.

As soon as the train was started, the conductor came into the car, bringing a watermelon about two feet long, which he had picked for us. He cut it in two, and gave us some newspapers to spread in our laps, and four pocket-knives to eat it with. And we enjoyed our unexpected treat greatly.

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ON THE WATERS

BY ELIZABETH MACDONALD (AGE 12)

Oh, has King Midas, with his touch of gold,
Stepped out of this old Grecian fairy tale,
To trail his fateful fingers in thy flood,
And change with one light touch the waters pale?

Or has the sun, condemned each eve to die,
Been granted this great boon to hold,
That his last rays should brightest be,
And turn the commonest thing to gold?



"ALL ABOARD!" BY MARY MARQUAND, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Yet, now the crested wavelets lose their hue,
The magic touch is gone, the charm is o'er;
And as the last pink cloudlet fades from view,
The evening shadows thronging reach the shore.

And the swift wind that frilled the waves with white
Blows slower, sighs, and sinks into the deep.
While with her charms the fair enchantress Night
Lulls the great ocean 'til it drops asleep.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

BY HELEN WALSH (AGE 9)

One winter, Mother, my sister, and I went to California. After leaving Helena, we changed cars in Butte, and spent a few days in Salt Lake City.

When we awoke, the morning after leaving Salt Lake, we were in the Nevada Desert. For miles nothing could be seen but sand and sage-brush. In one place only, we saw a small shack where a little boy was playing outside. This seemed a lonely place for a home.

By noon, we were high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. How clear and crisp and cold the air was! The snow was so very deep that in places only the wires and tops of the telegraph-poles could be seen. To keep the snow from covering the tracks, about forty miles of snow-sheds had been built. In one of the snow-sheds was a little cabin close to the track, where some man lived who watched the road or sent messages. And what do you think? Some little clothes were hanging on a line, so a baby must have lived there, too. At the top, there was nothing but snow and sky.

Soon we began to go downhill, leaving the snow behind us. The air grew warmer, and the grass was green. Seeing palms and orange-trees, we knew we were in California.

Late in the afternoon, our train was the first to cross the Sacramento River on a new bridge. There had been a flood, and there was water as far as we could see. The road-bed in places was held down by bags of sand. We reached Oakland at night in a pouring rain.

I think this was a pleasant journey, because we had so many kinds of weather and scenery in one day.

ON THE WATERS

BY KATHARINE KEISER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

Dark night, and not a star.
The sails are set; no breezes blow;
The sea lies like a lake below;
One lantern's gleam but serves to show
The blackness near and far.
No other light, no other sound
But the watch walking on his round;
While in the calm, slow-heaving deep,
The peaceful waters seem asleep.

A rushing wind comes from the west,
Piling great waves, whose foamy crest
Like snow in winter flies.
A deafening crash fills all the air;
Bright flames the lightning's lurid glare,
Lighting a scene of horror there
Too fierce for human eyes!
For, brightened by the tempest's blast,
Huge flames, as in some furnace vast,
O'er rope, and spar, and sail, and mast,
Roar upward to the skies.

. . . . . .

Calm, lovely, dawns the day.
A blackened wreck lies on the shore,
And in the sun laugh, as before,
The waters of the bay.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

BY JEAN E. FREEMAN (AGE 15)

Gold Badge. (*Silver Badge won November, 1912*)

It was a clear, cool Monday morning when we reluctantly packed our grips and left Oberammergau. Our quaint lodgings, and the funny, clean little town, had so won our hearts, that we were loath to leave.

We clattered down the narrow twisted streets, past the painted chalets, in our noisy carriage; and soon had left the little village behind, and were out on the highroad. The Ammer runs along that roadway, but by this time it has forgotten its dignity as a river, and is only a highland brook reflecting the sky. On either side are boundless fields of flowers, for where but in the Tyrol do flowers grow so luxuriantly? And this morning it seemed as though everything was exerting itself to charm, so that we should linger and forget that we were travelers.

As we rode along, we entered a wood; there were fawns playing along the embankment on one side, and it was all so like a fairy book that I hated to ride on.

Once we passed a peasant girl in a red bonnet. She was gathering lilies to sell in the town, but we had no time to stop or buy. Finally, we turned into a shady road, and began climbing slowly. We lost sight of the Ammer, and, looking back, the village could be seen, peaceful and drowsy in the warm sunshine of the June morning. The marble crucifix, among the forest pines on the mountain, stood out in bold relief, then gradually it faded; a flower-dotted plain took its place, and we began descending, for we were nearing Partenkirchen, our destination.

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BY NICHOLAS HARRISON, JR., AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY DICKINSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ROBERT WORMSER, AGE 12.



BY MARIE SASSE, AGE 12.



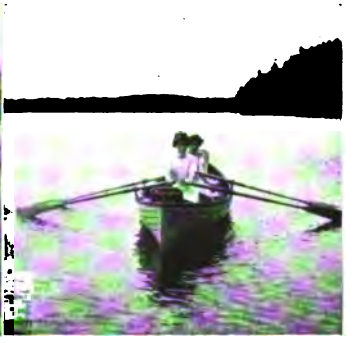
BY KATHERINE D. HAYWOOD, AGE 14.



BY FRANCES M. BELL, AGE 13.



BY VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER, AGE 14.



BY DOROTHY STEFFAN, AGE 15.



BY ROSANNA D. THORNDIKE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET CUNDILL, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"ALL ABOARD!"

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A PLEASANT JOURNEY

BY DOROTHY STROUD WALWORTH (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was late fall, and cold winds were blowing from the north, invading the cozy home of Mr. and Mrs. Robin. Mrs. Robin shivered in the chilly blast, and called to her husband, who was perched on a limb where a few



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY HARRY R. TILL, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

feeble rays of the cold sun gleamed upon his feathers. "Robin," said she, "this weather is too cold for comfort. It is high time for us to pack up and travel to the southland." "True, charming lady-of-the-shining-eyes," Robin replied; "we have delayed too long. We must leave to-morrow."

Early the next morning, they left their summer home, after putting the sign "For Rent" upon it, and before they were out of sight, a large family of sparrows had taken possession. On they flew, high above the tree-tops, where, unhindered, the sun shone pleasantly upon them. As evening approached, they arrived at the "Green Leaf Hostelry," where the proprietor, Big Crow, and his wife heartily welcomed them. The rising sun found the Robins again flying over great cities, above the glistening points of the tall steeples, skimming broad meadows and trees still decked in the remnants of their gay autumnal dress. Every evening after supper, they would sleep, sometimes till sunrise, but usually before light they arose and flew silently over the quiet earth. Now the air was warmer, and signs of green grass and leaves appeared. Still farther they flew in the warm, hazy air, until Mrs. Robin spied a clump of sweet-smelling trees that pleased her exactly. Both flew toward the earth. The sun was setting. The birds were singing their evening carol, in which the Robins joined. Their pleasant journey was at an end.

THE BUTTERFLY

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

In the beginning, when the world was fashioned,
  After the dawns and sunsets had been made,
After the hills had been adorned with verdure,
  After the meadow flowers had been arrayed,

God, looking 'round, saw, scattered all about Him,
  Gay bits of beauty,—scraps of sunset gold,
Shreds of blue sky, and specks of wild-rose petals,
  Numberless colors of a wealth untold.

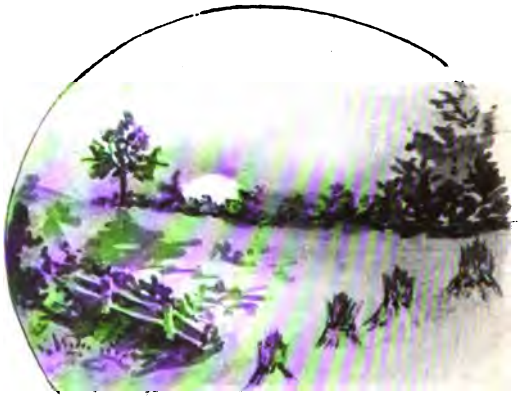
He smiled, and quickly gathered up the fragments,
  Watching them shape themselves before His eyes,
Then, opening the starry door of heaven,
  He sent to earth a flock of butterflies.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

BY JEANNETTE EVERETT LAWS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

The Glimmer-Glass!—A mystic word. The secret of the beauty of Cooper's books. I never had such a perfect realization of this as that sunny, dreamy, August day when I found myself really on the lake in the little boat *Mohican*. Nestling among the hills where roam the wild-fox and occasional wild-cat; now calm and smooth as a mirror, showing the sea-gardens many feet below; now foaming in white crests to meet the gull as he dips down and up and away; now throbbing and purple in the afterglow, such is the mystical, musical, wonderful Glimmer-Glass. But what is that yonder? A rock! There the figure of an Indian crouches low as he leans forward, listening. The nasal tones of the guide reach me, "Kingfisher's Tower, the Castle in Cooper's ——!" I stop my ears. Vividly I see the massacre at the castle. Pairs of eyes seem to burn through the line of trees, and I can almost see a canoe glide forth with its human burden. Oh, the terror and the horror and the wonder of the tale! The picture changes. Before my eyes is an Indian encampment preparing for the night. The firelight glows on the dusky faces of the women as they talk softly together. Among them sits an Indian girl—a prisoner. She is to be the wife of that powerful chief yonder who eyes her in greedy triumph. Ah, yes, but he does not know that, at that very moment, her true lover waits in the undergrowth. The weird call of the loon fills the night. It is the signal. The girl still talks composedly, but the color deepens in her lovely face. An old hag passes with her water-jug and the girl joins her. They



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY EDITH MAYNE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

are no sooner out of sight, when a figure leaps out and gags the woman, leaving the girl free. It is over in a moment. Shots follow, unearthly cries echo and re-echo. But in the wonder of the night their light bark melts away, on the mystical, musical Glimmer-Glass.

'T is ended! We are once more at the wharf at Cooperstown. Would that every boy and girl might sometime during their lives have the wonderful experience that was mine that day.

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HOW TO MAKE THE BUTTERFLY

BY ELIZABETH C. MORRISON (AGE 13)

MOTHER always is complaining.
At the way the grocer 's gaining;
'Specially on butter, for
We use about ten pounds or more.
It 's her fault, I tell her so,
For she makes good things, you know.
We have griddle-cakes and pie,
Biscuits, muffins, puddings,—my!



"FACE TO FACE." BY CHARLES VOORHIES, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Then we always make some candy,
And you bet your life it 's dandy.
So it 's plain to see just why
We always make the "Butterfly."

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

BY FRANCES SWEENEY (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE pleasantest journey I know of is to Grandma's, along a country road; and, although every object is familiar, they make me think new thoughts.

Once outside the village, I begin to look for interesting things. Nature has not been idle on this road; flowers, fruit, squirrels, birds, and sweet odors are abundant.

The first thing I see is a large pond, reflecting all the surrounding objects. It has a restful and peaceful aspect, and reminds me of happy home life. But when I take a stone to disturb the water's depths, the surface breaks into small ripples, spreading to the farthest corner and disturbing the reflected objects. Then I think how one note of discord disturbs all the inmates of a happy home.

I just begin to realize a slight thirst, when a cool, refreshing spring appears. This reminds me of the fountain of life, and, after a generous draft, I pass on with renewed strength, again reminded of the strength to do gained from friends and a perfect home.

Next I reach the top of a hill where the view is wonderful. I see far before me, even my grandmother's house nestled among the trees and the river flowing through the valley like a silver streak. Away in the distance I see the blue foothills of the Adirondacks, so peaceful and quiet. I love this quiet scene, but am told by my elders that quietness is stagnation. I wonder? But I leave it and come to a farm scene, where everything is noise and action, which must be a sign of accomplishment, if my elders are right. I love the quiet scene best. After I reach Grandma's, I do a little thinking myself, and perhaps quietness and peace have a place after the other is over. I hope so.

TO A BUTTERFLY

BY ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

QUINTESSENCE of a summer day, distilled
From gentle zephyrs, dew, and flowers' perfume,
From sunset glow, and ocean's airy spume;
Epitome of June! by thee is filled
My cup of joy; and thoughts of care are stilled,
As, swaying on some splendid, gorgeous bloom,
'Gainst vivid blue, the whole wide world thy room,
You picture more than artist's brush can build.

The poetry of life sounds forth its strains
In happier measure, and my breast dilates
With passions indescribable, delight
In my existence, thanks to Him who rains
Down blessings, manna-like, and guards our fates,—
Engendered all by thee, O Creature Bright!

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

BY JUANITA LINDSAY (AGE 8)

ONCE there was a very poor little girl who lived with her mama in a big house where lots of other poor people lived.

This little girl was a cripple.

She could not walk around and see the pretty things like other little girls. She had to sit in the chair and look at books all day, while her mama was away at work.

One day, she fell asleep in her chair, and dreamed a nice dream.

She thought she was running and playing in a pretty place full of flowers, with other boys and girls.

When she woke up, she began to cry because her dream could not be true. While she was crying, some one knocked on the door.

The little girl said, "Come in." Then a pretty lady came in.

"Why are you crying, little girl?" she asked.

"I went to sleep and dreamed I was not crippled. I would not care if I could only see some of the pretty things I saw in my dream."

Then the lady said: "Do not cry, but be a good little girl, and I will surprise you to-morrow."



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY LOUISE GRAHAM, AGE 14.

The little girl could hardly wait until the next day came to see what the good lady meant.

At last, she came in a big auto, and took the little girl for a long ride.

They rode through a pretty park, full of beautiful flowers. "Oh! this is just like my dream," she cried.

As they rode home, she thanked the lady, and told

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her she was sure no one had ever had such a pleasant journey as she had that day.

They had many more after that.



"FACE TO FACE." BY KATHERINE D. STEWART, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

IN AND ON THE WATERS

BY RUTH DE CHARMS SEWARD (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

ONE day, an old hen laid an egg,
She laid it in the grass;
But, when to eat she went away,
A duck happened to pass.

The old duck saw that pearly egg,
To hatch it was her will;
But how, how would she get it to
Her nest beside the rill?

She thought, and then she wondered,
And finally did speak.—
"I know, this is a splendid plan!
I 'll roll it with my beak."

She rolled it, gently rolled it,
Down that sloping hill;
But woe! that lovely pearly egg
Into the brook did spill.

It whirled round in the current,
And round and round did spin.
The duck went "on" the waters,
But, alas! the egg went "in"!

TO THE BUTTERFLY

BY CAROLINE F. WARE (AGE 13)

FLUTTER, flutter on your way,
Butterfly; where'er you stray,
Never need you feel dismay,
Never fear; for, come what may,
You are guarded night and day.

Guarded by that Power on high,
Watched by an unsleeping eye,
Guided as you lightly fly;
Whether day or night is by,
Never fear, O Butterfly!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Edith Pierpont Stickney
Elizabeth M. Duffield
Hélène M. Roesch
Dorothy von Olker
Sylvia Wilcox
Fredrika W. Hertel
Anna M. Sanford
Rebecca S. Hill
John K. Stafford
Elizabeth L. Baker
Grace C. Freese
Olga S. Owens
Elizabeth Horner
Cornelia Tucker
Robert B. Oliver
Clarisse S. De Bost
Edith M. Levy
Horace Woodmansee
Helen L. Beede
Evelyn G. Pullen
Catherine Waid
M. P. Means
Henrietta Perrine
Jennie E. Everden
Gerrit Henry
Dorothy Reynolds
Marjorie E. Moran
Frances Church
M. Martin
Alfred Valentine
Archie Dawson
Rosebud Segal
Mabel Harrington
Marie Humphreys
Lile E. Chew
Ruth P. Tubby
Thyrza Weston
Joseph Gallagher
Mary Daboll
Betty Stine
Mary B. Tate
Elizabeth Kales
Margaret Horton
Florence Van Auken
Grace S. Pope
V. H. Coryell
Elsie Jenssen
Eliza A. Peterson
Priscilla Robinson
Ruth C. Bawden
Alice B. Young
Josephine Bouton
Dorothy H. Leach
Mary Fishburne
Jermain Townsend
Theo. E. Wright
Elsie Stuart
Alice M. Towsley
Ruth Strassburger
Edith von Eltz
Lillian M. Smith
Adelaide H. Noll
Helen A. Winans
Margaret Ely
Rose Sokol
Dora Rivet
Fern Thompson
Harriet B. Pratt
Michael Glassman
Dorothy M. Peterson
Elise Houghton
Mary K. Jacobs
Louise C. Witherell
Alta Davis
Elizabeth Skeele
Nathaniel Dorfman
Harry J. Siegbert
Roger Bennett
Gilbert A. Spear
Sarah Goodstone
Meyer Fineberg
Hannah Ratisher
Ruth H. Crocker
Marie Kaufmann
Eleanor W. Haasis
Frances Moyet
Wilfred Wilson
Victoria M. Keiser
Marjorie Osborne
Mabel Jackson
Blanche Laub
Elmaza Fletcher
Julian Ross
Mary Wheeler
Elizabeth Talley
Lydia L. Godfrey
William F. Gardner
Kenneth Plumb
Margaret A. Plummer
Shirlie Swallow
Vera B. Hall
Arthur Lee Morsell
Ruth Flinn
Fannie W. Butterfield
S. Frances Hershey
Reneé Geoffrion
Herbert Harris
Edwina R. Pomeroy
Eugénie W. De Kalb
Elizabeth C. F. Malcolm
Sydney R. McLean
Margaret C. Bland
Lois Adams
Margaret Sherwin
Peggy Gault
Hazel M. Chapman

VERSE, 1

Louis Mead Treadwell
Nell Adams
Doris Rosalind Wilder
Adrienne Wilkes
Jean Dickinson
Dorothy C. Snyder
Elsie Emery Glenn
John C. Farrar
Doris F. Halman
Bruce T. Simonds
Emily S. Stafford
Lucile E. Fitch
Paul Garrison
Susan J. Clay
Anne Gordon
Vernie Peacock
Frances E. Cavanah

VERSE, 2

Isabel Draper
Charles H. Smith, Jr.
Betty Penny
John Callahan
Bessie Radlofsky
Wilfred Humphreys
Mildred McLaughlin
Priscilla W. Fraker
Mary C. Adams
Jessie M. Thompson
Nelson C. Munson
Elizabeth Elting
Margaret Brown
Mary S. Benson
Laura Larsen
Iman Sygman

DRAWINGS, 1

W. Irving Harris
C. Kauffung
Nat Hopkins
Kathleen Rutter
Harry E. Sharpe
Harold C. Lewis
Frances B. Gardiner
Dorothy Hughes
John P. Carleton
Catharine Tarr
Alice J. Storrow
Edgar Miller
Marian Olds
Isabella B. Howland
Louise W. Rogers



"FACE TO FACE." BY BEATRICE RITCHIE, AGE 15.

Harriet Frazier
Ann Hamilton
Mary Parker
Hannah Sasse
Florence Gallagher
Genevieve Bullock
Claire H. Roesch
Katheryn Baker
Matilde Sinclaire
Ursula Batchelder
Marjorie E. Howard
Rose Moyer
Griffith Harsh
Catherine Beck
Elizabeth Land
Francesca W. Moffat
Hazel K. Sawyer
Allen B. Mac Murphy
Margaret E. Read
Velma Truett
Helen G. Snow
Harriet A. Wickwire
Marjorie M. Carroll
Roscoe Allen
Eleanor Johnson
Norma L. Pasquay
Helen B. Jones
John B. Hopkins
Martha D. Bullitt
Lois Hopkins
Elizabeth L. Barbour
Margaret Griffith
Florence W. Towle
Ferris Neave
Marion Ellet
Catherine M. Murphy
Agnes I. Prizer
Anne S. Garrett
Margaret E. Nicolson
Julia S. Marsh
Catharine H. Grant
Morris Ress
Duane Van Vechten
Fannie Wright
Marjorie Ward
Charles Dahl
Frances Koewing

PROSE, 2

Elizabeth I. Abbot
Halah Slade
Helen Thane
Lorna Rodney

DRAWINGS, 2

Lucie E. Holt
Thomas Lyle
Edward P. Casey
Baxter Mann
T. Dean Mac Conn
Paulyne F. May

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Hazard Clarke
Elizabeth Thacher
Frank H. Murphy
Maude D. French
Raphael Venditti
Evelyn Rosenthal
Robert W. Lewis, Jr.
Jeanette B. Daly
Leo M. Petersen
Edna Rohrs
Ruth S. Abbott
Venette Milne Willard
Wilhelmina Boon
Illa Williams
Beatrice Riffard
Leonora Bulley
Mary L. Hunter
Francis S. Megargee
Margaret Anderson
Sherman Pratt
Gerald H. Loomis

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Sally Cushman
Helen M. Lancaster
David Lockwood
Willis K. Jones
Madelaine R. Brown
Fremont C. Peck
Theodosia Cushing
Violette Roberts
Katharine Chamberlain
Lois B. Long
Margaret E. Cohen
Elizabeth Pratt
Dorothy E. Bayles
Esther Reed
Beatrice Cummings
Dorothy Hawks
Elizabeth L. Merz
Harriet T. Parsons
Dorothy V. Tyson
Leona Tackabury

PUZZLES, 1

Marian Haynes
Rose M. Regan
Isidore Helfand



"FACE TO FACE." BY RUTH S. THORP, AGE 15.

Julia Van H. Slack
Lucile Hotchkiss
Mary H. Bosworth
Cornelius Shell
Rose Kaadeshevitz
Kathryn Pierce
Ellen C. Perkins
Alice M. Hughes
Elizabeth B. Bratton
Tadzis Adamowski
Daintry Notman
Doris Hunter
Oliver A. Wallace
Mary H. Thomas
Frances Eliot
Helen Dennett
Norman Fuller
Mary E. Askew
H. L. Haines, Jr.
Helen L. Bolles
Addie R. Dorsey
Fred Winsor, Jr.
Raymond D. Ray
Mary I. Farley
Henrietta H. Henning
Martha Schweizer
Jack Field
Jane W. Bliss
Margaret Cothrell
Dorothy G. Crydenwise
Joseph S. Sylvester, Jr.
John O. Crane
Gilbert Wright
Donald McAllister
Katherine Bartholomew
Marjorie Stockwell
John D. Alrich
Susan B. Nevin
Robert Needels
Chas. Marcus
John J. Miller
Gertrude McInnes
Jessica B. Noble
Sherwood Buckstaff
Gavin Watson
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Sam Bronsky
Ethel T. Boas
Duncan Scarborough
Alice Nicoll
Gladys Funck
Virginia M. Allcock
Margaret P. Spaulding
Edith S. Sloan
Marion J. Benedict
Martha Lambert
Elisabeth P. Lewis
Eleanor O'Leary

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

M. Raimund Wurlitzer
Laura Hadley
Janet W. Victorius
Helen Holbrook
Louise A. Wiggenhorn
Howard Sherman
Vincino Carrara
Margaret Hinds
Francis H. Cundill
Eugene K. Patterson
Margaret Kohn
J. Sherwin Murphy
Philip Stringer
Gymaina Hudson
Margie F. Jennison
Arthur Ochtman
Ruth H. Cutting
Drayton Casady
Estelle V. Keech
Charles Thompson
Fritz Wagner
Patrina M. Colis
Beatrice Quackenbush



"FACE TO FACE." BY FREDERICK W. AGNEW, AGE 15.

Edward Parr
Edward S. Hart, Jr.
Hilda Lord
Elinor Rodgers
Dorothy Bryant
Tom Ewing
Alma Rosenzi
Margaret Loeb
Frances K. Marlatt
Eleanor W. Bowker
Ruth Wineland
Henry S. Johnson
Martha C. Tucker
Jean F. Benswanger
Dorothy Rogers
Donald Minore
Louise D. Colville
Bertha Lachman
Ruth Kathryn Gaylord
Martha E. Hanna
Elizabeth Terry
Bernard Kurz
Margaret Blake

PUZZLES, 2

Marjorie Marks
Helena A. Irvine
Helen E. Van Aken
Kathleen O'Hanlon
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Frances Weise
Margaret Billingham
Martha Clapp
Hilda V. Libby
Pauline Coburn
Ruth Ellis
Philip S. Otis
Gabriella Cameron
Warren W. Pierson
Elizabeth Marvin
Eleanora May Bell
Howard L. Johnson
Edward S. Weyl
Elsie Lustig
Elizabeth Bennink

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 166

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 166 will close **August 10** (for foreign members **August 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **December.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Christmas Hymn," or "The Heart of the Year."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Neighbor."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Taken on a Holiday."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Busy!" or a Heading for **December.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" on page 16, or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

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THE LETTER-BOX

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was in the flood in Dayton. Many amusing things happened. A man I knew had a horse come into his front porch; he had nothing to feed it with but whisk-brooms, so he used up all he had on it.

On the first day of the flood, seven pianos bobbed merrily past our house on the swift current of water, fourteen feet deep within half an hour.

From a restaurant a few blocks away, tables all set for breakfast floated down the street. Among other things that floated into our yard was a mahogany piano-stool. Also a whole side of bacon, and, above all, a case with about four dozen pianola rolls in it. A piano lodged in the yard too, but it evidently decided to go on, for it soon floated away.

We were a regular Robinson Crusoe family surrounded by water. We saved everything we owned, including the piano, which we packed up high, for we had three or four feet of water in the first floor. We brought in from the garage a small canoe we had, and my brother paddled to the kitchen in it to get some kitchen utensils that the cook wanted.

I love your stories a great deal, especially "The Land of Mystery."

Your always interested reader,
MARIEL COLBY THRESHER (age 12).

OUR hearty thanks are due to the writer of this cordial letter from a loyal reader who styles himself "an old ST. NICHOLAS boy" and whose own boy is now an Honor Member of the League. It is flattering, indeed, and most gratifying, to know that ST. NICHOLAS has held so high a place in the interests and affection of this cultured household through so many years; and again we thank our old-time reader for his kindly tribute.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an old ST. NICHOLAS boy, one of your very first and most constant readers, from November, 1874, onward for six years. I remember with what excitement I awaited the first appearance of the new magazine "for boys and girls" after the public announcement (I was just twelve that November); and never had you a more expectant, eager, and devoted reader than I during those years. Of course, I became a "Bird Defender," and was a slavish admirer of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and proudly read my name among those who solved the puzzles. And so enthusiastic was I, that once, on a visit to New York (my home was then in Wilmington, Delaware), my father had to take me to the office where ST. NICHOLAS was published; and there I met one of my heroes, Mr. Frank R. Stockton, the story-writer. That was a proud day, and I have never forgotten it. The ST. NICHOLAS office was to me one of the principal things of interest in New York City, and I should have been much disappointed not to see it.

And those six volumes, 1874–75—1879–80,—thick volumes bound in red cloth and stamped in black and gold, a whole year to a volume—what a precious library they were!

Well, after many years, during which the bound ST. NICHOLASES rested quietly on the library shelf, the babies came—three of them—and then, in time, those same ST. NICHOLASES came out of their solitude to entertain these youngsters of the second generation; and by and by, as the years went on, these same youngsters became subscribers and regular readers, just as their father, and mother too, had been. They, in their turn, shouted, "ST. NICHOLAS has come!" after the postman's ring, and scrambled to see who should get possession of it first. As they grew older—the boy and girl and boy—they tried their hand at the puzzles, and "got their names in," and, chiefest of all, became "members of the League," and sent stories and pictures and poems, with various fortunes and success. Sometimes it was "honorable mention" they got, and then it was the publication of a gold-badge story for the girl, and later on a published story and a gold-badge poem for the younger boy. But now they are all graduates of the League. One is a third-year Rhodes scholar at Oxford University, one a public librarian in Cincinnati, and one a freshman in an American university.

I want to thank ST. NICHOLAS for its part in the education of myself and wife and our three children. We are your lifelong, loyal friends and admirers and debtors—every one of us.

And now let me give you the aftermath of a prize poem by the boy who last graduated from the League. He was seventeen last summer, but some months before, when he was yet sixteen and the summer had hardly, as yet, been heralded by spring, he wrote the sonnet "In Meadows Green" which you published in the August number. I am as thorough a lover of the rural country in summer-time as he appears to be in the poem, but in August, when I was spending several weeks in the country, I amused myself and him by perpetrating a city man's reply. I inclose a copy. When I sent a copy of these verses to the boy (he was then on a visit in the East), I had inadvertently left out a metrical foot from one of the lines. He noticed this, and directed my attention to the error.

I venture to send these little poems, to show you what was going on, a few months ago, in one ST. NICHOLAS family. We found it an entertaining diversion for ourselves thus to stimulate and criticize one another in a small literary way, and I report the experience as possibly of some interest to others.

Very sincerely yours,
EDWARD HENRY ECKEL.

IN MEADOWS GREEN

(*Original poem, published in* ST. NICHOLAS *for August, 1912*)

IN meadows green, knotweed and mullen grow,
And dandelion, flower of brightest gold.
Ten thousand humming, buzzing insects hold
Gay carnival, while to each bloom they go.
As balmy summer breezes softly blow,
Shy meadow-larks and noisy blackbirds, bold,
Trill ceaselessly their joyous songs, world-old
Yet ever new; and lazy cattle low.

On meadow grass, thro' warm sunshiny days
In sultry summer, do I love to lie,
And dream, or read, or merely rest and gaze
Into the fair blue sky, where clouds sail by;
A peaceful, calm, yet ever-shifting scene.
So would I spend my days—in meadows green.

ALBERT REYNOLDS ECKEL.

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IN MEADOWS GREEN

(With variations gay—a city man's reply)

In meadows green, burdock and thistles grow,
And noisome weeds and nettles flaunt their heads.
Mosquitos by the thousand from their beds
Arise to meet me wheresoe'er I go.
Beneath the sultry sun, reluctant blasts
Of furnace heat across the meadows float;
The crow and catbird shriek their tuneless note;
The bull a frenzied eye upon me casts.

Let him lie down in meadows green who will,
And dream, or read, or merely rest and gaze,
But I have had of meadows green my fill,
Their thorns, and "chiggers," and the scorching blaze.
For peaceful calm and ever-shifting scene,
Give me the city—not the meadows green.

Rev. Edward Henry Eckel.

Coopersville, Mich.

Dear St. Nicholas: Although I have taken you for over two years, I have never written to say how much I enjoyed you. To me the boys' stories are as enjoyable as the girls', and "Nature and Science" is fine. I also enjoy the stories of great men.

Coopersville is not a very large place, but is about fifteen miles from the city of Grand Rapids, on an electric road. Coopersville is quite an old place, and there are mammoth maple-trees in all the streets.

I am fourteen years of age, and expect to finish the eighth grade this spring.

Your interested reader,

Nathalie Nelson.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

My Dear St. Nicholas: I have enjoyed reading your magazine very much, and also like the Letter-Box very much.

My mother and father are both missionaries, and are in Bolivia now. I have a sister and two brothers in South America. They are all younger than I am. My sister is eleven; and one brother is four, and the other two. I miss them all.

I have spent almost all my life in Chile, South America, and I wanted to write to you something about South America. I went to Chile when I was a little over a year old, and stayed there until I was twelve years of age. First we went to Concepción, and there I stayed till I was seven years of age. And then my mother and father moved to Iquique, and this is the place I am going to tell you about. If you hunt this up on the map, you will see that Iquique lies in the "Desert of Atacama." There are nothing but bare hills and the ocean. The view from the school is very beautiful. We could see all the ships coming in port. We lived very near the ocean. It seldom rains there. I lived there about four years, and I think it just rained about two times while I was there; and when it does rain, it makes it very inconvenient.

The houses there are not built for rain. The rain comes right in the houses. On top of the houses there is what we call an "Asotea"—a place where we go on very hot days. It rains so seldom at Iquique that men have to go around watering the streets in great big wagons, so as to make it not so dusty. Every morning, also, they have to water the trees and flowers, or they will not grow. They are not nearly as pretty as the trees and flowers we see in the United States. The trees are so small. Almost nothing grows there. Everything has to be shipped in to Iquique.

The schools are somewhat like ours, but it is very hard to teach the children, especially the girls. My mother had to teach over a hundred. You cannot make the girls stop talking. They talk all the time. My mother taught in a girls' school, and my father was the head of one of the boys' schools. I could not go to school very much down there. I learned the Spanish language quite well while I was in South America, and I knew how to speak Spanish better than English. But now I have forgotten almost all that I learned of the Spanish language. Mother wanted me to keep it up, as she said it might help me when I went to high school and studied other languages. I am always sorry now that, when my sister was home, I did not keep it up.

When I was twelve years old, my mother brought us to Pennsylvania. I stayed in Pennsylvania till I was fourteen years old; then Mother returned to South America, as Father had remained there when we came to the United States. I was sent to school here. There are thirty-three girls in the school. We all have very nice times.

From your interested reader,

Almira Herman (age 15).

New York, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: Last night, we tried a very hard thing, and it was only your puzzles which helped us to keep awake. The thing was trying to keep awake all night, and we were very glad of your interesting puzzles and stories. We kept awake until four o'clock, at which time we fell asleep without meaning to. We woke up at half-past six.

From your interested readers,

Mabel Satterlee,
Sarah Sturges.

P.S. We are both eleven and a half years old.

Joliet, Ill.

Dear St. Nicholas: You have come into our home for four years now, being a Christmas gift each year, and a very acceptable one. It must be that people here do not write many letters, as I have never seen one, and I turn to the Letter-box first each month.

Joliet has a population of some forty thousand within the city limits. There are about one half that number just outside. There are twenty-seven languages spoken here. Joliet is, as one might judge, a mill town. Steel products are the chief industry. The Illinois Steel Company has large works here. There is a branch of the American Steel and Wire Company here also, and in the town of Rockdale, five miles south, there is a factory where fire-proof brick is made. This brick is known all over the world, for one of our men, in search of the finest fire-proof brick in the world, while in England, was told to go home and use our own brick, the best there is. Joliet is situated on the banks of the Des Plaines River, about forty miles southwest of Chicago. Improvements are fast coming to Joliet. Last fall, a nice Union Station was opened. We have elevated tracks.

The Joliet Township High School has the finest equipment of any high school in the State outside of Chicago, and it surpasses some of hers. The attendance this year, both night- and day-school, is something over a thousand pupils, coming from outside the township to join us. Our corps of teachers is wonderful, the history department and the mathematics being best. Our supply of necessaries in the way of maps and colored plates is fine. We have a lantern, and the classes are taught much by the pictures. Our English history

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teacher; in teaching Norman architecture, brought clay, and had the classes make the sections of a castle she had seen in her travels in England, and she put them together.

Your interested reader,
LISBETH R. YOUNG (age 16).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of my little fox-terrier, "Patsy."

The cutest thing he did was to go to bed himself.

Always, at eight o'clock, he would jump up from the fire, and would hunt around until he found his own pillow, and then he would carry it in his mouth to a dark little closet where he had chosen his own bed.

He had a very bad trait—he would run away; and when we came home from Maine, he ran away, and has never been heard from since.

Although he was a very bad dog, I liked him the best of any dog we have had, and I always call him "The Dear Departed." Your loving reader,
MARJORIE MACDOUGALL (age 13).

BANGKOK, SIAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading your magazine very much, and it was indeed a pleasant surprise, on receiving the April number, to find something concerning the kingdom of Siam, in which I am now living.

I see from reading the article about the Siamese stamp, that you do not know what the scroll at the left side means. On examining it closely, you notice that each figure has on a printed crown. The objects represent the Siamese angels Towabút and Towáda.

I have seen His Majesty Somdech Chao Fa Maka Vajiravudh several times of late. He has a very pleasing face.

The one-, two-, three-, five-, six-, twelve-, and fourteen-satang stamps are the most common. They have a great many more stamps in circulation. The onetical stamp is also rather common.

The majority of people studying the language find it very difficult. As I was born in Siam, I do not think it is very hard.

I have been here a little over four months, and expect to return to San Francisco next year about the first of April, which is the beginning of the hot season. I like Bangkok very much except during the hot season at night.

Father is agent for the American Bible Society here.
Your loving reader,
MADORA MARGARET IRWIN (age 12).

FROGMORE, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As a lot of children have written to you about their homes, I should like to tell you about mine.

I think it is the loveliest place in the world. Our plantation is on St. Helena Island, South Carolina. They grow Sea-Island cotton here. I used to hear about the sea-islands, and never knew I lived on one.

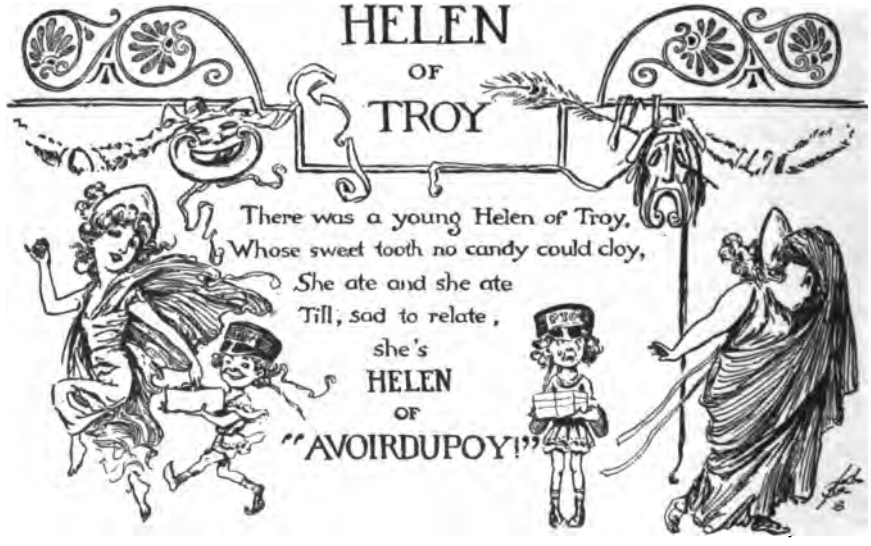
Our garden runs right down to the water's edge, and when there are very high tides, the water comes in a little way.

Just in front of the house, there is a small island that you can get to by means of a causeway. It is about three acres large, and covered with pine woods and palmettoes. You can't imagine what a nice place it makes to read and play in.

One day, my sister and I took a book over there, and climbed into a tree to read. It was a very interesting book, and we did n't stop until it was finished. When we came down, however, we found a river several feet deep between us and the house. The tide had come up. Fortunately, there was an old boat near by, and we managed to get home in that.

Before I close, I should like to say how much I enjoy sending things to the League. I write something each month, and you don't know what a nice "thrilly" feeling it gives you to "see yourself in print."

Very truly yours,
ELIZABETH MACDONALD (age 11).



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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

CONNECTED CENTRAL ACROSTICS. I. 1. Tapir. 2. Peach. 3. Fancy. 4. Ledge. 5. Adorn. 6. Carol. 7. Spark. Centrals: Pandora. II. 1. Paper. 2. Scene. 3. Marsh. 4. Oasis. 5. Bleat. 6. Cause. 7. Easel. Centrals: Perseus. III. 1. Caper. 2. Elect. 3. Dogma. 4. Heart. 5. Disks. 6. Gauze. 7. Dusty. Centrals: Pegasus. IV. 1. Kopie. 2. Amend. 3. Tansy. 4. Opera. 5. Talon. 6. Among. 7. Japan. 8. Pleat. Centrals: Penelope. V. 1. Lucid. 2. Grape. 3. Tulip. 4. Delve. 5. Maize. 6. Waste. 7. Putty. 8. Doors. Centrals: Callisto. VI. 1. Droop. 2. Early. 3. Vapor. 4. Abhor. 5. Tread. 6. Gauge. 7. Pasha. Centrals: Orpheus. VII. 1. Timid. 2. Creak. 3. Arrow. 4. Uncle. 5. Feuds. 6. Perch. 7. Rhyme. Centrals: Mercury. VIII. 1. Saber. 2. Crane. 3. Macaw. 4. Paced. 5. Sahib. 6. Gaudy. 7. Taste. Centrals: Bacchus.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Dotard. 2. Orator. 3. Tattle. 4. Attila. 5. Roller. 6. Dreary.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Fourth of July, Independence. Cross-words: 1. Fungi. 2. Often. 3. Unwed. 4. Rouse. 5. Troop. 6. House. 7. Ocean. 8. Found. 9. Judge. 10. Urban. 11. Lyric. 12. Yodle.

NOVEL ZIGZAGS. Cæsar, Hesiod, Cicero, Lysias, Vergil, Sappho, Horace, Pindar. Cross-words: 1. Chests. 2. Canvas. 3. Corner. 4. Beside. 5. Tendon. 6. Herald. 7. Nicest. 8. Minors. 9. Casino 10. Lesion. 11. Sylvan. 12. Leaves. 13. Target. 14. Lentil. 15. Vessel. 16. Dipper. 17. Marshy. 18. Stucco. 19. Forage. 20. Police. 21. Humble. 22. Tender. 23. Pillar. 24. Pepper.

A PATRIOTIC PUZZLE. Thomas Jefferson, John Adams. Cross-words: 1. Handle. 2. Fossil. 3. Hammer. 4. Swords. 5. Jacket. 6. Falcon. 7. Jaguar.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE. Cross-words: I. 1. Mishaps. 2. Stale. 3. Ant. 4. C. 5. Cot. 6. Rocks. 7. Dickers. II. 1. Steward. 2. Frost. 3. Ale. 4. C. 5. Top. 6. Batch. 7. Settler. III. 1. Drastic. 2. Ashes. 3. Set. 4. R. 5. Imp. 6. Scale. 7. Regnant. IV. 1. Catcher. 2. Heart. 3. Art. 4. R. 5. Hot. 6. Pilot. 7. Tableau. Centrals: Hancock, Wolcott, Sherman, Carroll.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Walter Scott, Robert Burns. Cross-words: 1. Wonder. 2. Maroon. 3. Balboa. 4. Beetle. 5. Draper. 6. Temper. 7. Obtuse. 8. Trucks. 9. Chords. 10. Attend. 11. Tennis.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Washington.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. Gettysburg. 1–12, Pennsylvania; 13–22, Robert E. Lee; 23–27, Meade. Cross-words: 1. Gleam. 2. Verse. 3. Lethe. 4. Dirty. 5. Noisy. 6. Rates. 7. Snubs. 8. Prune. 9. Brake. 10. Glory.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Edgar A. Poe. 1–8, The Raven; 9–18, Annabel Lee; 19–25, Ulalume; 26–33, The Bells. Cross-words: 1. Ellen. 2. Delta. 3. Glebe. 4. Abuse. 5. Rheum. 6. Allan. 7. Paean. 8. Other. 9. Event.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 10 from "Chums"—Sophie E. Buechler—Marion K. Valentine—Florence S. Carter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 10 from Theodore H. Ames, 10—Claire A. Hepner, 10—"Marcapan," 9—Angie Lyne, 9—Lothrop Bartlett, 8—Mary L. Ingles, 7—Henry J. Mali and George B. Cabot, 7—Joe Earnest, 6—Eleanor Tietjen, 3—Lawrence Hawkins, 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I AM composed of fifty-eight letters, and form a quotation from Tennyson.

1. My 12–5–56–35–54 is a geometrical figure.
2. My 39–52–21–30–9–41–22 is a monomaniac.
3. My 44–19–40–26–6 is a Saxon lord.
4. My 37–20–47–1 is long and thin.
5. My 36–7–55–14 is a kind of tree.
6. My 17–24–46–10–27–58 is eradicated.
7. My 18–2–48–28–13–32 is lightly colored.
8. My 45–11–31–4–33–25–51–38 is beautiful.
9. My 43–49–8–16–57–50 is dread.
10. My 3–23–42–34–15–53–29 is ideas.

CONSTANCE MC LAUGHLIN (age 15).

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

AN R, and an N, and U, W, A,
You mix with four T's in just the right way.
Three S's, two O's, and two H's and E's.
The four words they make cover all lands and seas.

ROSE M. REGAN (age 12).

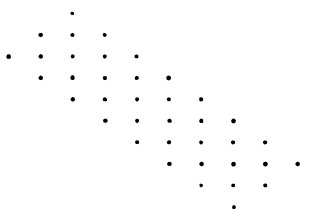
NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a famous knight of the round table, the fourth row of letters the name of his dog.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Compact. 2. Severity. 3. A large river of India. 4. Of a yellowish red color. 5. The whole amount. 6. Inflexible. 7. Solitary. 8. Rhythm.

ALPHEUS B. STICKNEY, *2d* (age 9), *League Member*.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE



IN solving, follow the above diagram, though the puzzle has thirty cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS (beginning with the upper single letter): 1. In ribbon. 2. A place for keeping grain or other supplies. 3. To clinch. 4. A black. 5. A vagabond. 6. The Latin word for all. 7. To throw. 8. To reconnoiter. 9. Pertaining to mankind. 10. A pig-like mammal. 11. Darkness. 12. A thin fluid secreted by the mucous glands. 13. A garment worn by the ancients. 14. Mingled. 15. A kind of tree. 16. Ventures. 17. A kind of riddle. 18. Ill-natured. 19. A kind of boat. 20. Coupled. 21. Part of a flower. 22. Small valleys. 23. Lawful. 24. Flavor. 25. One who

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forfeits. 26. Kingly. 27. Rages. 28. A tropical fruit. 29. A sorrowful cry. 30. In ribbon.

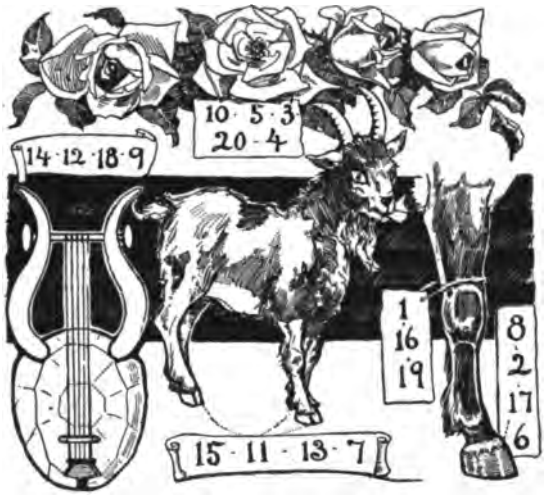
MARGARET M. BENNEY (age 15), *Honor Member.*

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

When the words described are rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a Canadian city.

Cross-words: 1. A province of Canada. 2. A Mexican city where a battle was fought in 1846. 3. The capital of a country of South America. 4. The capital of a country of South Africa. 5. A Belgian village that gave its name to a famous battle. 6. A seaport of Scotland. 7. A large bay in Lake Huron. 8. A country of western Europe.

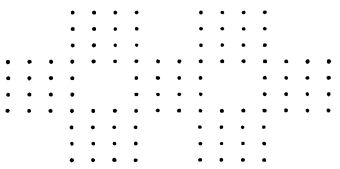
RUTH BROWNE (age 12), *League Member.*



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this puzzle the key-words are pictured. The answer, containing twenty letters, spells a famous event that took place in August more than a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

CONNECTED SQUARES



I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. Nearly all. 2. A kind of arch. 3. Observed. 4. A kind of shelter.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. A very beautiful stone. 2. The angular summit of anything. 3. Half. 4. Any departure.

III. Left-hand Square: 1. For fear that. 2. Through all time. 3. Withered. 4. A vegetable growth.

IV. Central Square: 1. Lacerated. 2. A Roman poet. 3. Prevailing. 4. A delightful region.

V. Right-hand Square: 1. Pendants. 2. Capable. 3. To stain. 4. Places.

VI. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. A large lake. 2. The fourth of an acre. 3. A very small quantity. 4. A kind of cheese.

VII. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. Dozes. 2. A musical instrument. 3. A chief magistrate. 4. A prophet.

W. M. V.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My *first* is in thread, but not in spool;
My *second* 's in hot, but not in cool;
My *third* is in mirror, but not in glass;
My *fourth* is in tunnel, but not in pass;
My *fifth* is in moist, but not in damp;
My *sixth* is in home, but not in camp;
My *whole* is a bird with a speckled breast.
I 'll leave it to you to find out the rest.

ROSALIND WINSLOW (age 10).

INTERLOCKING SQUARES

The finals of the two left-hand squares form the primals of the two right-hand squares.

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* * * * * · · · ·
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* * * * * · · · ·
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· · · · * * * * *
· · · · * * * * *

I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. Speed. 2. A performer. 3. A gem. 4. Bracing. 5. To set up.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. Upright. 2. A wanderer. 3. To escape. 4. Yields. 5. A ringlet.

III. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. To rear. 2. A king. 3. High in spirits. 4. A constellation. 5. A lock of hair.

IV. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. A ringlet. 2. To stretch forth. 3. Zealous. 4. Part of a play. 5. A scold.

GUSTAV DIECHMANN (age 13), *League Member.*



ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC

In this puzzle the cross-words (of unequal length) are pictured instead of described. When correctly guessed, the first letters of the words in the order given, spell the name of a famous painter.

ROSALIND ORR ENGLISH (age 10), *League Member.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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"Put in six of the Vegetable, she says."

And many of his customers say the same thing. In fact this is how most of the practical housewives always order

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

Everybody likes it so much and wants it so often—with its fresh, wholesome, right-out-of-the-garden flavor—that you save time, and avoid disappointment by having a supply always on hand.

Hadn't you better order this nourishing satisfying Campbell "kind" *today?*

Why not phone your order right now? *Your money back if not satisfied.*



"Twas Campbell's Soup
That made me bold
To breast the foaming sea,
However cold
The waters rolled
'Twas warm inside of me."

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

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Velvet Grip

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER

Made in many styles for women and children—you can tell it by the

HUMP LOOP
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
CLOTH COVERED BASE

Holds more threads of the hose—does not cut the yarn or cause drop-stitches.

Sold Everywhere
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers,
BOSTON MASS.



Child's Sample Pair, 16c postpaid; give age



The proper aid nature requires — provided daily at breakfast—pure, delicious, and nutritious. Containing all the elements necessary to the development of brain and body. Natural forces in young people kept keenly alert to every requirement of study, exercise, and work.

At Leading Grocers

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

New York

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

Afternoon tea served in the Luncheon Restaurant, three to six





The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano

A Personal Word From "The Man Behind The Name"

"We are building for the future. By concentrating every effort to secure the highest efficiency throughout our organization, by constantly studying the best methods of piano-building and by using that knowledge, we give to the making of each **Steger & Sons** Piano and the Steger Natural Player-Piano the greatest care in workmanship, years of experience and the finest materials the world can supply, realizing that our future growth and progress depend upon the artistic worth and durability of every instrument sent forth from our factories." John V. Steger.



19 Story Steger Bldg.

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

When you buy a **Steger & Sons** Piano you pay for no commission or allowances or extras. You pay only the factory cost, plus a small profit, and you get an instrument of excellent qualities, which will provide the highest type of pleasure for your home-circle.

Steger & Sons Pianos easily take rank with the finest products of Europe and America. They are made in the great Steger piano-factories at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

PLANS FOR PAYMENT THAT MAKE BUYING CONVENIENT

The Steger Idea Approval Plan. Send for our catalog and other interesting literature, which explain it. Sent free on request.

Steger & Sons
PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Steger Building, Chicago, Illinois.



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THE joy of the Sea-shore and Woods is Soft, Easy Walking. You can keep that Easy Step even on hard Pavements with

O'Sullivan's

Heels of New Live Rubber

50c attached at any shoe store or cobbler shop.

If you prefer, send us 35c in stamps and a tracing of your heel, and we will mail you a pair.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co.

131 Hudson St., New York

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ST. NICHOLAS Can Help You Get A Pony Like This One



JUST such a gentle little fellow as this for your very own. How often have Papa and Mama said they could not give you a pony? But here is an opportunity to *earn* one yourself—and when they see you are in earnest, they will be glad to help.

How? By gaining new friends for ST. NICHOLAS. Loving this dear old magazine as you do, it should not be difficult for you to persuade other boys and girls you know to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS. If you can get fifty new subscriptions the pony will be yours. We believe you can do it. School is over, and you will have lots of time during the long summer vacation to earn this splendid playmate. If Father knew how little it costs to keep and feed ponies, how useful they are, and what rugged health they bring to their little masters, he would sit right down and write a letter to all your uncles and aunts and make them help you to win it by subscribing to this delightful magazine.

But, then, there are lots of other ways of getting subscribers—and that 's where we are going to help you when you write and tell us you are going to try for the prize. The cart and harness, or saddle if you prefer, for extra subscribers. We will tell you about them when you write.

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Or Perhaps You Would Prefer One of These Pets



For all-round fun, long walks in the country, romps in the woods, visits to the brook, and all kinds of out-door sports, the Airedale is the very best companion. He is a splendid watch-dog, quick and eager to learn—is faithful and kind to children.



This is a picture of two sturdy Scotch terriers. They are small enough for the City home and large enough to romp with in the country. They are fond of children, gentle in disposition, and extremely faithful. For hunting small game they are unequaled. A boy or girl who owns a "Scottie" has a firm friend.



Here is a fine, thoroughbred bull terrier. These dogs are as a rule mild-tempered, hardy, strong, and intelligent, and their gentle, faithful disposition, contrary to a somewhat general impression, makes them ideal companions for children as well as for adults.



This beautiful white Scotch collie, as you see, is a great chum for the children. Collies are so brave and kind that they are fine companions in the country as well as at home. They are gentle and yet always ready for a romp. They are very intelligent, can be taught many tricks, and are one of the best all-round dogs for boys and girls. As watch-dogs and protectors, they have proven their worth many times.



One of these beautiful kittens will be given for ten new subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS. There are many kinds—some with long hair and some with short—beautiful Persian cats, tortoise shell, shaded silver, smoke, and pure white, with blue, hazel, and amber eyes. Some have beautiful long tails, and all are finely bred. They make beautiful pets, and are lovable and affectionate.

Any one of these dogs will be given for twenty-five new subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS.

OF course you want a pony and are willing to work hard to get him. It is going to take perseverance and the overcoming of disappointments before you get the fifty subscriptions, but then, of course, you realize that nothing is easy that is worth while, and a pony certainly is worth while.

Unless you are sure at the present moment just where you can get those fifty subscribers, I think it would be wiser for you to start with the intention of winning a fancy cat for ten new subscribers. Then, when you have earned that, try to get enough for one of the dogs shown on this page, and it will then not seem quite so difficult to obtain the balance for the pony. The best of it all is, that even if you do not win the pony, there is a splendid chance for you to win a fine dog or cat.

It is likely that many of you will say: "Yes, I would like to have a pet, but how about a place to keep him, the expense of feeding," etc. Many times it is not as difficult as you think—particularly in the case of the pony. We have investigated and will tell you about it if you ask us.

I do hope that you will be in earnest and will not go into the matter without thinking it over carefully and making all your plans.

We will be able to tell you many ways to start work, but first of all you must make up your mind not to let any difficulties stop you from owning this pony before the summer is over. If you try hard enough, he surely will be yours, and you will love him all the more because you have earned him yourself.

Write your letter today and address it to

The Pet Man,
St. Nicholas Magazine,
Union Square, New York.

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Give baby a Mennen Rub



IF your baby is restless and sleepless, there is nothing so soothing as a Mennen Rub. When impossible to give baby a bath, a Mennen Rub should be given and will be found just as effective.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Sample Box 4c in stamps.

GERHARD MENNEN CO. *NEWARK, N. J.*

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"



In World-wide Use for Over a Century.

PROBABLY your grandmother used it; surely your mother does. Possibly you use it yourself, and know how cooling and refreshing it is in the Bath and Basin, how reviving on the Handkerchief, how truly indispensable in the Bath-room and on the Dressing-table. If you do not,—try it and see what you are missing. :: ::

Ask Your Druggist for It. Accept no Substitute!

Sample size mailed for six cents in stamps. Ask for our booklet, "Health and Beauty."

Lanman & Kemp, 135 Water St., New York

KEEPS THINGS "JUST LIKE NEW"



YOU can keep nearly everything in home, office or store always perfectly oiled, "clean as a whistle," polished bright as new and as free from rust and tarnish as the day it was bought.

Try 3-in-One for sewing machines, clocks, cameras, typewriters, furniture, bathroom fixtures, electric fans, lawn mowers, guns, fishing rods and reels, etc.

Three sizes — 10c, 25c and 50c. Sold at all good stores.

Free Write for generous sample and Dictionary — FREE!

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.

42QW Broadway **New York**

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Best for the Boy!

Tom, Bob, Jim, listen here: Tell Father you really ought to know how to handle a gun properly —for others' safety and your own.

He'd let you have one if he realized what a "*man-maker*" rifle-shooting is. How it trains your eye and nerves; makes you alert, careful, self-reliant; keeps you outdoors and gives you such bully good fun and excitement.

BOY SCOUT CARTRIDGES

of course, are the ones you'd use. They're so accurate, sure-fire and clean to handle that no boy nor Boy Scout would want anything else.

We call them "Boy Scout" because they've got the Boy Scout spirit. They're trustworthy, do what they ought to do, help you to shoot straight and make good scores. They're the cartridges with clean, high-grade powder and our famous "non-mercuric" priming which makes it sure-fire and accurate and is so much better for your gun-barrel.

Sit right down now and write for

"How to Use Firearms"

It's our free book for boys and Boy Scouts, and their families, too. It shows the fun of camping out and living outdoors with your gun. How to aim and clean it. How it makes you strong and manly. Teaches you to concentrate your mind and to keep your eye on the "bull," wherever you are. Thousands of fellows are enjoying their copies; write for yours *now*.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.
Dept. 22 Lowell, Massachusetts

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial

For Sale Everywhere



Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.

AYVAD MAN'F'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.



ESKAY'S FOOD

Makes Vigorous Babies

"Our Doctor advised me to put baby on 'Eskay's Food' when he was two weeks old," writes Mrs. Langill, 13 E. 7th St., Brooklyn.

"His development has been perfect. He cut his teeth without trouble, and is as strong and vigorous as a little carpenter.

"His thirteen-month-old sister has also been on 'Eskay's' since birth, and is equally healthy."

Why *will* mothers let baby "worry along" when he shows he is not being nourished?

Fresh cow's milk modified with "Eskay's" solved the problem for thousands of mothers.

"ASK YOUR DOCTOR"

Smith, Kline & French Co., 462 Arch St., Philadelphia

GENTLEMEN: — Please send me free 10 feedings of Eskay's Food and your helpful book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

Name .....

Street and Number .....

City and State .....

TEN FEEDINGS FREE

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St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 140.

Time to hand in answers is up August 10. Prize-winners announced in the October issue.

Oh! Dire Disaster!

We admit it.

Alexander has made a mistake! He has gone on his vacation to recuperate and try to forget the disgrace.

Yet, in fairness to him, we must say it was not altogether his error.

The drawing he brought into us for the July competition contained an "I" on the top line between the squares "mer" and "un." We know this because we carefully checked the work. We sent it over to the man who takes drawings and makes copies of them on metal (engravings) for printing, and it was he who carelessly allowed the machine, which bores out all the rough places on this metal plate, to dig out the "I." Where Alexander made his fatal mistake was in not checking up the metal plate after it came back from the engraver.

Of course, the puzzle could not be solved according to the rules given.

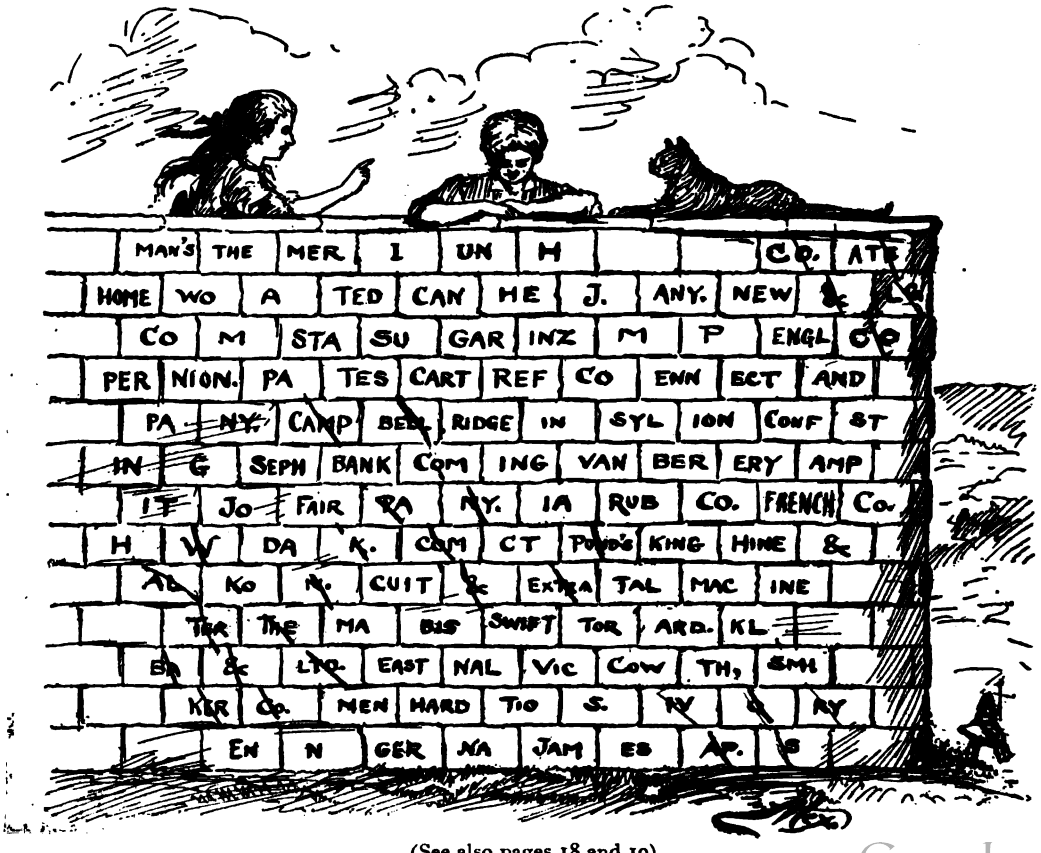
So, instead of running a new competition, we are going to print the same one over again, with a corrected picture.

When the Judges were consulted regarding this matter, they all agreed that this was the only fair thing they could do. We are sorry not to have a brand-new competition this month, but there are lots of boys and girls, we imagine, who are greatly confused over this horrible error which unfortunately escaped our attention.

If you have already answered the competition in the July number and were confused by the omission of the letter "I," please work your puzzle over again, and if you do not think you can improve upon your verse, we will take the one you have already sent in and attach it to your correct solution of the puzzle.

The Judges also wish to call your attention to the fact that any reader, at any time, can compete in both the advertising competition and in the regular League competition in the same month. The League rule about entering into only one competition is not meant to apply to the advertising competition of any number, so let us hear from you even if you compete at the same time in a League competition.

For convenience, we are reprinting the competition, corrected, which appeared in our July issue.



(See also pages 18 and 19).

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A "F-A-I-R-Y" STORY

CHAPTER VI

(*This story began in the March issue of this year*)

"PLAIN enough," said little Adver Tisement,—"we will call it *Fairy Soap*." So they formed a long line and danced lightly over each cake, and on each one the dainty footprints traced F-A-I-R-Y. The next thing was to carry it down to the brink of the stream, and many a weary trip it cost the little fellows. Backward and forward they trotted until the edge of the stream was lined with glistening cakes of Fairy Soap.

Then the Queen ordered ten Fairies to jump aboard each cake; to each was fitted a mast and a silken sail. Now the Fairy band struck up a merry tune, the Queen waved her golden wand, the remaining Fairies with a mighty rush launched the whole fleet upon the broad stream of "Facts" which divides the Fairy Kingdom from the Mortal Kingdom.

The sun shone on the gay silken sails, the Fairy pennants fluttered from the sterns, the rainbow colors of the Fairies' dresses flashed against the white decks. **All the terrible monsters that go swimming around in this dangerous stream of "Facts" were so stunned by such beauty and radiance that they dove straight to the very bottom, and the wonderful fleet sailed safely across, leaving a dancing path of glistening soap bubbles in its wake.**

Now, how the Fairies got back to Fairyland, I cannot tell, for *that's* a secret! But now you know how your Fairy Soap reaches *you*. When it is floating around slowly in your own big bath-tub, be careful! 'cause there might be a Fairy on it. And don't you think, after all the trouble those generous little Fairies took, you ought to be very proud of it? and always have "A Little 'Fairy' in *your* Home!" I do!

(*The End*)

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO
Makers of Fairy Soap

If you will write The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago, and tell them what you think of their Fairy Soap story, they will send you a copy of their Juvenile History of the United States, free of charge.

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NEW!

The Dan Beard Blanket!

For Boy Scouts and Other Campers

This Dan Beard is a great, big, warm blanket that is a delight to roll up in. It is a perfect protection against the night chill of Spring or Fall.

A great, big, splendid blanket like this Dan Beard is half the joy of a night in the open. With this blanket along, the boy will be as snug as can be, and the parents happy and contented with the knowledge that it is a

Dan Beard Blanket

An all-wool Filling. A Cotton Warp. 62 in. x 82 in. Weight five pounds. In blue only. Price . . . . . $3.00 Weight when packed for Parcel Post shipment, 6 lbs.

Makers of blankets, sellers of blankets, and men who have known blankets intimately for years tell us that this is the best $3.00 blanket they have ever seen, and Dan Beard himself says so too, and allows us to use his name exclusively in the sale of this blanket.

There is only one Dan Beard, and there is only one Dan Beard Blanket made, and this is it at $3.00. It will last many seasons.

JOHN WANAMAKER
New York

Here is the way to find the answers. In the picture you see a wall of blocks of stone or bricks (from Aleck's drawing we can't tell which), and on them are letters or parts of words and names.

Start at any one and go to one touching it; add what is on each to what you have already found on preceding blocks. Spell out in this way the names of advertisers or advertised articles, all in the June ST. NICHOLAS. Thus, in in the lower right-hand corner, starting at the block marked IV, you move to the one marked O. Thence to R Y, to S, to O, to A P; and you know what *that* spells.

There are (including the example given) twenty answers to be found. Put these in strict alphabetical order, and number them. Such a firm, for instance, as the B. F. Goodrich Co. would be listed among the "B's" and not among the "G's."

You will find that the puzzle gives you all the punctuation points to write the names just as they are printed on the advertising pages of the June ST. NICHOLAS.

Instead of writing a letter this month to determine rank in the case of those who submit equally correct lists, we are going to ask you to write a four-line verse ending with the following words:

. . . . . advertise
. . . . . would
. . . . . readers' eyes
. . . . . good.

The prizes and rules are the same as usual:

One First Prize, $5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most clever verse.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (140).

3. Submit answers by August 10, 1913. Do not send answers in pencil. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Write on one side of your paper only, and when your answer requires two or more sheets of paper, fasten them together.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 140, ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, Union Square, New York.

(See also pages 16 and 19).

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REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 138

Ninety-two per cent. of those who sent in answers to the questions asked in this competition failed on No. 4—"What advertisements (note the *s*) mention Sea Island?" Only 8 per cent. found the complete answer, which is Holeproof Hosiery Company and Pennsylvania Rubber Co.

Some of the 8 per cent. as well as many of the 92 per cent. wrote the word "Company" where "Co." was correct, or "Co." where the advertisement clearly read "Company." Still others overlooked the fact that "Confectionery" was not spelled with an "a" and that the makers of Fairy Soap are "*The* N. K. Fairbank Company."

The Judges can recall no competition within recent years which called forth so varied and such interesting questions as you have asked about advertised goods. As a whole, they indicate how much the advertisers neglected to say in their messages to you boys and girls. With a very few exceptions, all were common-sense questions. And right here we want you to note that we are *always* glad to answer sensible questions about anything advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. Very often, we imagine, you do not write us because you think we have not the time to consider your suggestions or questions. This is absolutely wrong. We are always glad to hear from you, and very often we get valuable help from your letters.

We have asked those best able to answer your questions to write you a letter; and if you don't receive just the information you want, write us again. The Advertising Department of ST. NICHOLAS considers every one of you who take part in its competitions as an especial friend; and as we all enjoy helping friends, you may put us to the test at any time.

Here is a list of our winning friends this month:

One First Prize, $5.00:

Elizabeth M. Doane, age 15, Illinois.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each:

Louise Gram Hansen, age 22, Norway.
Gilbert King, age 14, Washington, D. C.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each:

Rowland Shepardson, age 15, Massachusetts.
Elizabeth Byrnes, age 11, California.
Mabel Macferran, age 10, Pennsylvania.

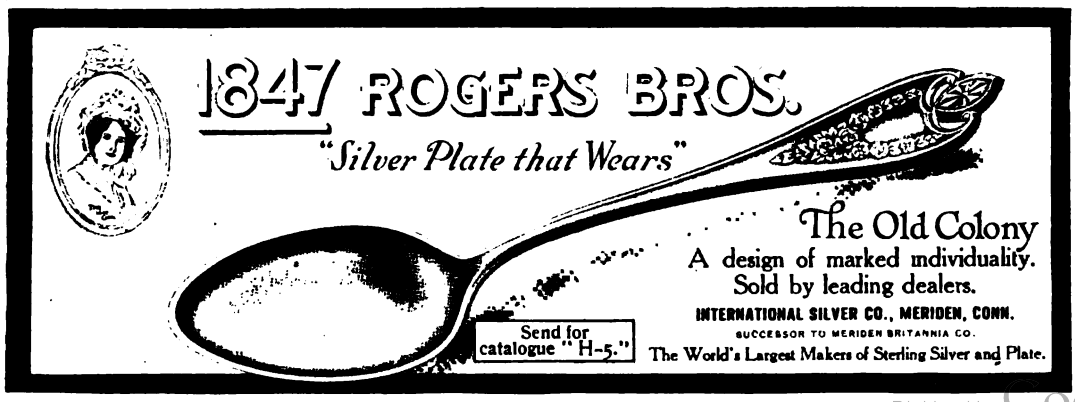
Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each:

Dorothy M. Rogers, age 18, Massachusetts.
Ruth Hill, age 16, Vermont.
Florence E. Wallace, age 12, Ohio.
Ernestine Fitz Maurice, age 13, Pennsylvania.
Eloise May Switzler, age 13, New Mexico.
J. Howard Flather, age 12, New Hampshire.
Harold Harper, age 13, Pennsylvania.
Margaret C. Baker, age 13, Minnesota.
Walter L. Wright, Jr., age 13, Pennsylvania.
Eleanor Pyatt, age 14, Connecticut.

Honorable Mention for unique work:

Leslye I. Thomas, age 14, New York.

(See also pages 16 and 18.)



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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ THE Baltimore Provisional Stamp was issued in 1845. There are two values, the five- and ten-cent, and both are issued on white and bluish paper. The bluish paper is the commoner. The stamp is a long, narrow piece of paper on which is printed a facsimile of the signature of James M. Buchanan, and below the name appears the value—five cents or ten cents, as the case may be. There was also a series of envelops issued which differ somewhat from the regular stamp. Eleven varieties of the five-cent adhesives, and three varieties of the ten-cent are known. The writer does not know how many copies of each are in existence, but you are mistaken in thinking that there are only two. The stamps are very valuable, but the value of any single specimen would depend greatly upon its condition. ¶ Not long ago we published an article upon the various ways of increasing one's collection by purchasing. As you are just beginning to collect, we would advise you to send to one or more of our advertisers for lists of packets and sets. Buy as large a packet as your purse will permit. If you do not wish to spend a large amount of money at one time, look in the circulars received for a series of what are called "non-duplicating" packets. Buy from this list, checking off each time the ones ordered, so as not to get the same one twice. When you have bought the entire list, study your dealer's list of sets, comparing it with the spaces in your album which remain vacant. The cheaper stamps can be purchased more economically through packets and sets than in any other way. ¶ The perforation-gage is really a necessity. Such a gage may be purchased from any of our advertisers for five or ten cents. The perforation-gage was invented about 1886 by Dr. Le Grand, a famous stamp-collector of Paris. He called it the odontometer. As not only the number of perforations but also the lengths of the sides of the stamps vary, he took as a standard of measurement the number of points which occur within a space of two millimeters. That is, a stamp which is perforated 14 does not mean that there are fourteen holes or points either on the side or the top of the stamp, but that there are fourteen points within the space of two millimeters. ¶ In the center of Russian stamps is the Russian double eagle; directly beneath this are two post-horns. In the earlier issues these post-horns appear alone, but in the later issues are crossed by two arrow-headed lines. It is to these lines that the catalogue alludes when it says "thunderbolts across post-horns." ¶ It is difficult to tell the difference between engraved and lithographed stamps. Usually the latter have a coarser or more blurred appearance. The engraved stamp is usually the finer work. But there is another way to distinguish the stamps of Guatemala issued in the year 1886 from the later engraved set. In the upper corner of the stamp appears a locomotive and steamship; in the lithographed stamp the sky round these is made up of lines nearly uniform—so much so that in some specimens it is hard to tell where sky ends and land and sea begin. In the stamps of the engraved series, the lines of sky are not uniform; in the left upper corner four, and in the right six, lines are noticeably heavier than any of the others, and there is a marked distinction between land and sky. These heavy lines will locate for you the stamps of each series, and the distinction between the dull blue and light blue, the brown and yellow-brown mentioned in the catalogue, will be more apparent to you.

TO PARENTS

WHILE this page is really for the children, we often have inquiries from the grown-ups. Often these question the advisability of stamp-collecting; question the wisdom of expending money upon the bits of waste paper called stamps. Few seem to realize how much valuable education is incidentally acquired in the pursuit of stamp-collecting. The boy who has a large stamp-collection is sure to be well posted in his geography; this is the first and simplest way in which this pursuit broadens the mind. Many a mother has poured over the atlas with her son to see how China looked on the map. And why? Just because the lad had a Chinese stamp. He is not studying—oh no! He is playing stamps. But there is fixed indelibly in his mind how China appears on the map. From the geographical to the historical interest is but a step. The portraits of the rulers, the surcharges with their various meanings, the pictures of places and products shown upon the stamps—all help to swell the fund of general knowledge which is being absorbed, not through study, but through play. The knowledge of coins, of the relative values of the dollar, the shilling, the gulden, franc, lire, mark, the boy will acquire because it will help him to know his stamps. The study broadens as the boy's collection grows. He learns to observe the slight variations in shades, in water-marks, in sizes of perforations, to detect differences in designs and printing. This gradually growing habit of observation, this keenness to note dissimilarities, is a valuable asset to the future professional or business man. And this is acquired in the play of stamp-collecting. Again we have recently had brought to our attention a new phase of its value. A reader of these pages became interested in stamp-collecting just as the family was emigrating to their summer home. Paterfamilias saw opportunities in the enthusiasm of his son. He rented a type-writer for the summer, and, when the family returned, the boy, about ten years of age, had learned a number of things—he could run the machine very creditably; he could write to any stamp dealer a very businesslike letter; he was thoroughly familiar with all the various methods of remitting money for his purchases, by inland exchange, drafts, personal checks, postal notes, express orders, etc., having sent to every stamp advertiser in ST. NICHOLAS money in every way that his father could suggest; and all this he had learned while at play with his stamps; learned it in such a way that he will never forget it. There seems no limit to the channels of education through which a boy's enthusiasm for stamp-collecting may be used to lead him. Time spent in studying stamps is time well spent for boy or girl. It profitably fills many a leisure hour that might otherwise be wasted in some less praiseworthy pursuit.

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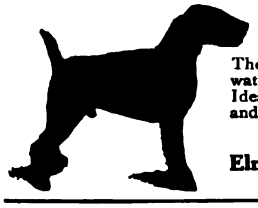


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VOL. XL. No. 11 SEPTEMBER, 1913 PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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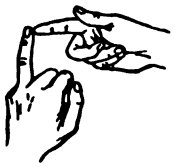


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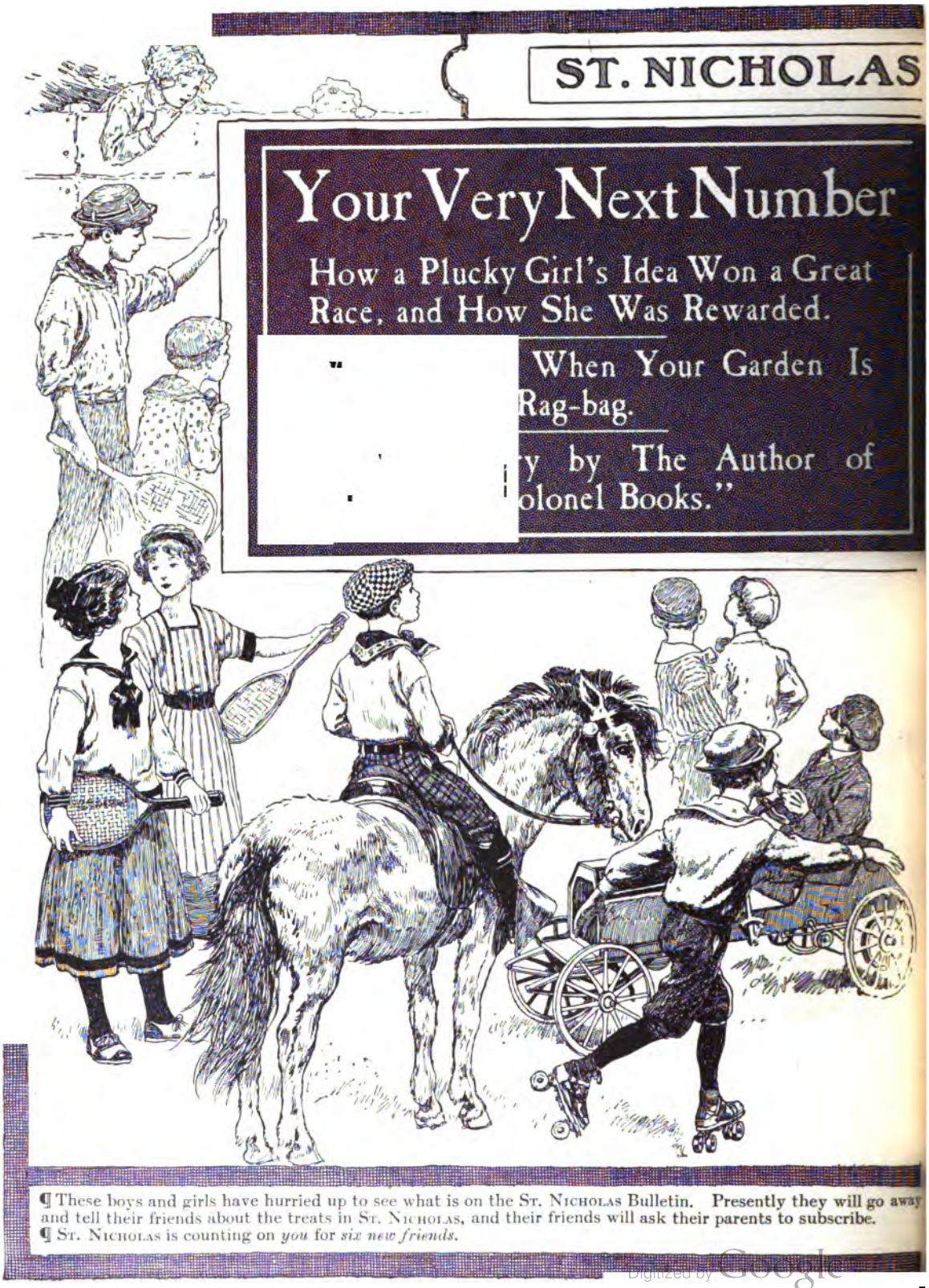
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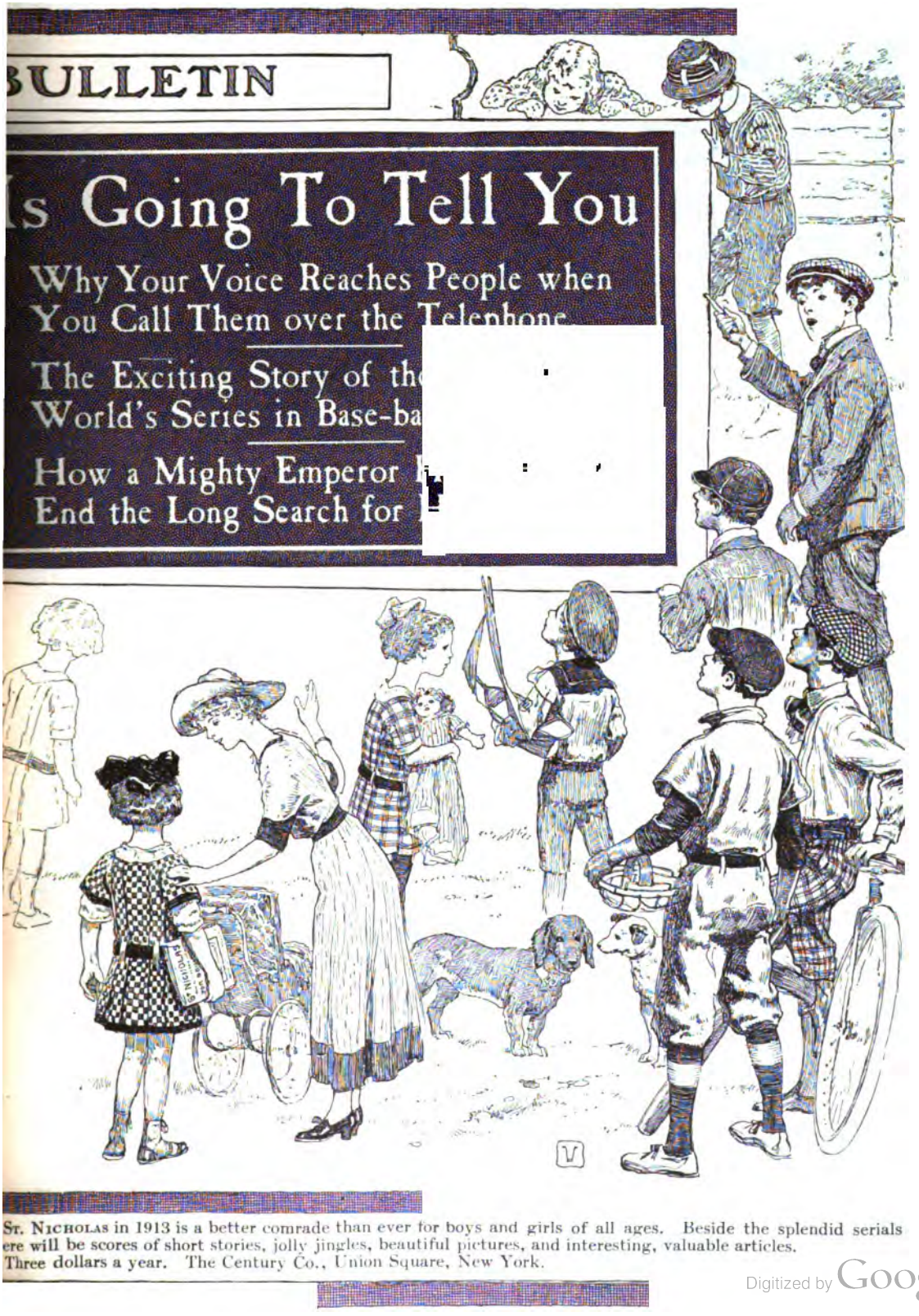
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Drawn by Arthur Rackham.

A TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

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THE LITTLE DOCTOR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL SEPTEMBER, 1913 NO. 11



RAINBOW COLORS

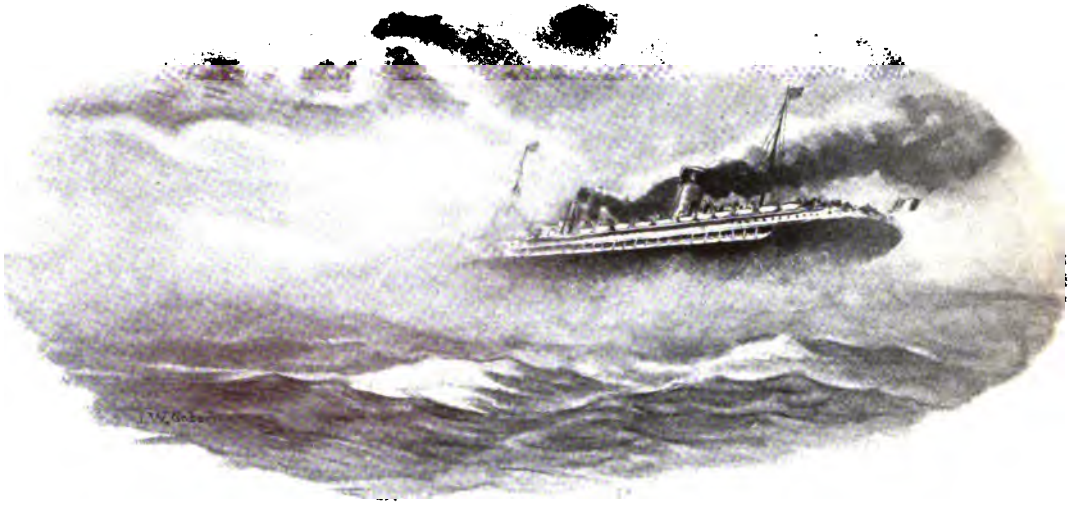
BY MABEL LIVINGSTON FRANK

RED makes me think of apples bright
All shining in the morning light,
Of poppies nodding in the breeze,
And cherries on the cherry-trees;
But Orange comes with autumn days,
With goldenrod and aster sprays;
It makes me think of harvest skies,
And pantries filled with pumpkin-pies.
Bright Yellow makes me think of gold,
The shining stars the clouds unfold,
The sun wrapped up in summer haze,
And all the dandelion days.

Green is the color I love best,
Because it shades the sparrow's nest;
It shelters all the woodlands fair,
And little children playing there.
Blue makes me think of bending skies,
And gentians with their fast-closed eyes;
Of bluets where the river flows,
And all my baby-ribbon bows.
But Violet is soft and dim,
And solemn as an evening hymn;
And Grandma loves it best, I know,
Of all the colors in the Bow.

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BOBBY AND THE FIRST OFFICER

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

Because Bobby's uncle and aunt lived in France, he had spent several of his summers abroad, and could chatter French nearly as quickly as his foreign cousins; so when he was twelve, and crossed on *La Normandie* to Havre, he was able to talk to the officers and the crew in their own language, and he enjoyed himself very much indeed, for the Frenchmen were extremely kind to him, and showed him all over the ship. There were not many passengers that trip, for it was early in the season, and, as Bobby was the only boy in the first cabin, he was delighted to strike up a friendship with the "Mousse." This was the little fellow who was learning to be a sailor, and who helped the deck-steward, and polished the brasses, and swept the decks, and ran up the rigging like a cat, to Bobby's great envy. Then there was Pierre, an old sailor who looked after the Mousse and taught him his work, and told Bobby many wonderful tales, when he was off duty and could smoke his pipe in a sunny spot while the boys lay at his feet and listened, round-eyed; for the Mousse was only a few months older than Bobby, and had not been at sea long enough to get accustomed to sailors' yarns.

But when *La Normandie* was half-way across, trouble arose for Bobby and the Mousse. One of the little sailor's duties was to carry away the plates of those who preferred to lunch on deck, and among these was Bobby's mother. She had sent away a plateful of pink ice-cream which she did n't want, and it so happened that Bobby, running up from lunch, ran full into the Mousse, carrying it off, and the whole plateful very nearly slid to the deck.

"Hello," cried Bobby, seizing the Mousse as he steadied himself after the collision. "What are you doing with that?"

"I have just removed it from the lap of Madame, your mother," said the Mousse, most politely. "She does not desire to eat it, it seems. How strange!"

"It 's great!" said Bobby, in his school-boy French. "Let 's finish it off."

"*Hélas!*" said the little Mousse, sorrowfully. "It is not allowed for us to eat from the plates. Very gladly would I, but I dare not."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Bobby. "If that 's Mother's ice-cream, then it belongs to me, just as well as to her, and if I give it to you—come on, you can have the spoon, and I 'll take the fork."

The Mousse yielded. All his life he had wanted to taste ice-cream, and this was pink! Promptly the boys curled up on deck in a sheltered corner and fell to, and Bobby generously let the Mousse have nearly the whole plateful. But, just as they were finishing, a shadow fell over them, and an angry hand plucked the Mousse to his feet with a jerk. "*Scélérat!*" said the First Officer, and he said it angrily; "what does this mean?"

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The Mousse's rosy cheeks went quite pale under the tan. He dropped the spoon with a clatter, and he saluted most correctly, but said never a word.

"Little animal!" said the officer, severely; "report yourself for duty, and go aloft to-morrow morning from four to eight bells!"

Still the Mousse stood at attention and never a word said he. The First Officer looked very large and very angry, and Bobby was horribly scared, but he scrambled to his feet and did the proper thing. "If you please, sir," he stammered, "it was n't his fault. It was I. I told him to eat it because it was Mother's, and so I 'm the one that ought to be punished."

"That concerns your parents," said the First Officer, glaring at Bobby. "You should be punished if it concerned me. For him—he has heard!"

And the First Officer strode away, very stiff indeed.

"What a brute!" said Bobby, sympathetically. "I 'm awfully sorry, Mousse; I suppose I 'd better go and get punished myself. What a nuisance!"

He kicked viciously at the plate, jammed his hands in his pockets, and turned toward the sailor-boy. But what did he see? The Mousse had slunk down in a forlorn heap, and was sniffling miserably.

"Two hours to-morrow morning," he sobbed. "*Hélas!* and Pierre had promised me that I should sleep to-morrow since I must work to-night. And it is so cold in the crow's-nest in the morning. Miserable that I am! Why did I come to sea? I was to have slept to-morrow morning! *Hélas!*"

A brilliant idea seized Bobby. To climb to the crow's-nest, the little walled-in platform which is half-way up the foremast, had been his ambition for years. Here was a chance to gratify his desire and to square matters with the Mousse. He explained his plan in a hurried whisper, to which the Mousse listened at first hopelessly, and then with growing excitement. Finally they separated, bursting with importance, and carefully avoiding the notice of any one who might have interfered with their plans for the morning.

The next day dawned gray and cold. About half-past five, a little blue figure might have been seen slipping along the corridors and into the cabin where Bobby was fast asleep. Fifteen minutes later, two little blue figures, curiously alike in sailor-blouses, long trousers, and cloth caps, emerged from the cabin and gained the deck unobserved. Here they separated, the Mousse diving down into the forecastle to continue his interrupted sleep, and Bobby, very strange in his



"A RIPPLE BROKE INTO LIGHT UNDER THE RISING SUN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

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thick clothes, making his way toward the rigging, his heart in his mouth, and his eyes still full of sleep. However, the sight of the crow's-nest, looking very high and far in the misty dawn, woke him up with a start, and, taking a good hold on his courage, he began to climb. For an active boy, well used to gymnasium work, there was nothing very difficult in the ascent, for the sea was flat, and Bobby knew enough not to look downward. So he crawled up the broad ladder, slowly and cautiously indeed, but so successfully that, in a few minutes, he was crawling into the crow's-nest and jeering at old Pierre, who was on the watch.

"You can't go down," sang Bobby, in high glee; "the Mousse said you were n't to leave here till eight o'clock, and so you can't report me till it 's all over, and what 's the use of bothering then? And the Mousse is asleep, and is n't it fine up here! I think I 'll come every day."

Old Pierre, secretly delighted at the boy's audacity, submitted after a few grumblings and warnings of what would happen if the fraud were detected, and Bobby looked out over the sea, and decided, on the spot, to be a sailor. Very far and wide the sea stretched below him, flat and dull except where two fishing boats tossed on the lazy swell not far away, or a ripple broke into light under the rising sun. The keen air whipped the color into Bobby's cheeks, and he hugged himself with delight as he rehearsed the telling of the tale next winter to an admiring audience. He, Bobby, had stood the watch on a great liner, had kept the lookout through a gray dawn, and if anything had loomed up before the ship he, Bobby, would have been the one to save her by reporting it. Pierre was left discreetly in the background in Bobby's imaginings. But in every proper tale there is a villain who makes trouble for the hero, and at this moment he came on the scene.

Six bells had just struck when the First Officer stepped onto the bridge and signaled to the crow's-nest. The day before a big wave had come into his porthole and wet all his belongings, and he was moving into another cabin until his own should be dry. It had occurred to him to remit the last half of the Mousse's punishment, in order that the lad might move his things before the regular work of the day began. Therefore, he signaled the crow's-nest, and called to the supposed Mousse to come down.

"Glory!" exclaimed Bobby, "what shall I do?"

Pierre said things under his breath, and pulled fiercely at his mustaches.

"You must obey, *mon petit*," he said. "Go then, my child. He will not eat thee if thou tell him it was a jest."

But Bobby was very sure that the First Officer was not a person who would appreciate a jest.

Sorrowfully he turned away, and, kneeling on the platform, felt for the top rung with his feet. Very gingerly he let himself down, and began to crawl backward. Somehow this was much worse than climbing up. The sea had risen a little, and Bobby could see the great mast swaying gently up and down across the sky. He shut his eyes for a minute, but a fearful sense of emptiness came over him, and he hastily opened them again. The First Officer was calling to him angrily to hasten, but poor Bobby was not worrying about the First Officer just then. Every time he put his foot down, he felt the void below all through him, and every time he shifted his hands, his head swam with a dizzying fear. Suddenly his knees began to shake, his breath came in gasps, and he glanced down to see where he was. The next instant he was lying flattened along the rigging incapable of another movement. It was in vain that the officer called to him from below, and that Pierre leaned over from above with an anxious face and whispered encouragement to him—Bobby was clinging for his life, and had no intention of moving. The end of it was that Pierre explained the matter in jerky shouts, and the officer ran up the rigging and pulled the amateur Mousse down till he stood him on the deck, where Bobby, after a valiant attempt to gulp down his feelings, collapsed in a limp heap, and sobbed with shame and rage. And then the First Officer, he whom Bobby had called a brute, carried the boy into his cabin, and patted him on the shoulder, and told him how he, the First Officer, had felt just the same way when he first went aloft.

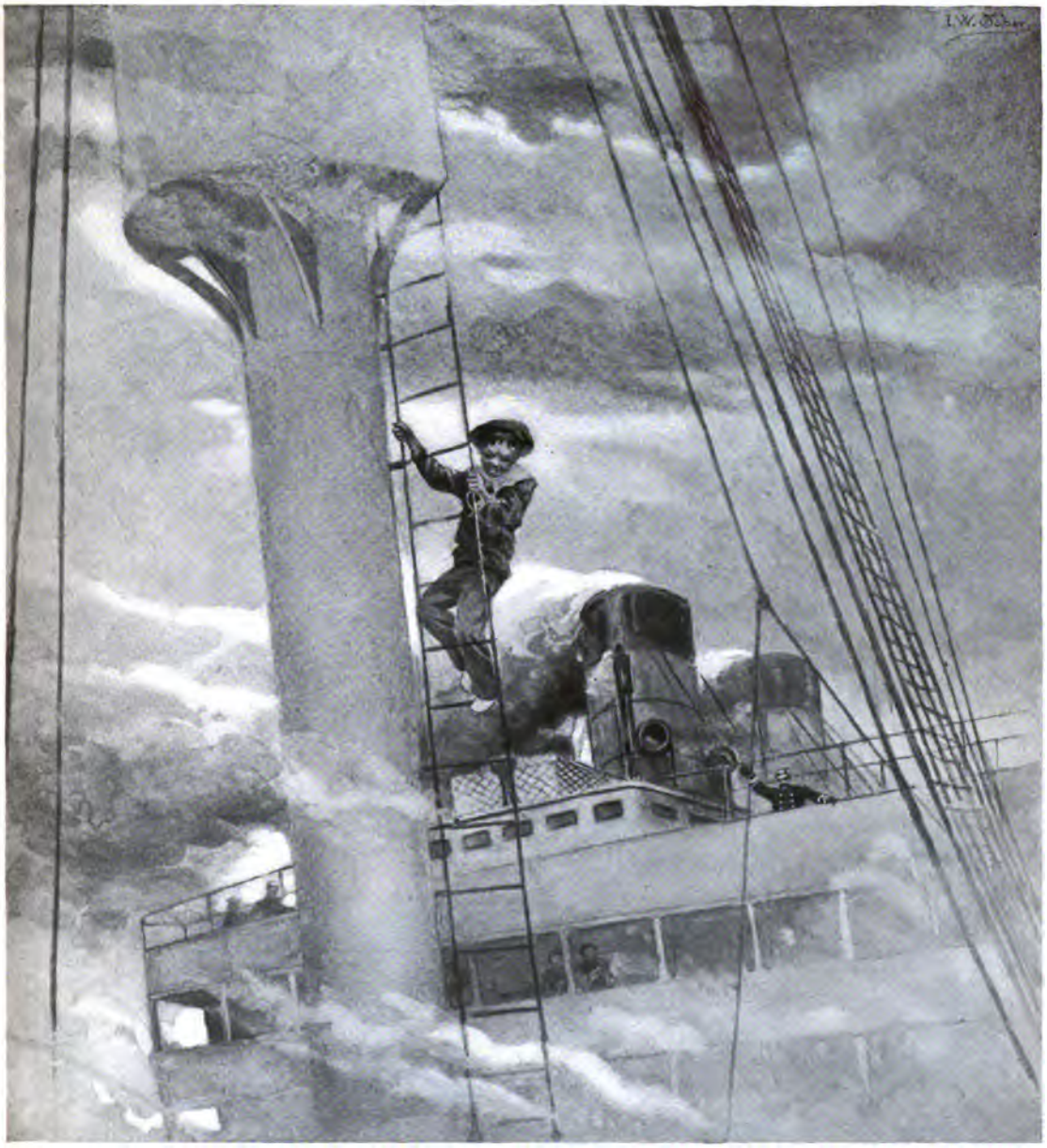
"Th-thank you very much," said Bobby, gratefully, when he felt able to speak without disgracing himself. "I 'm awfully sorry I 've been such a dunce, and I—I hope you won't punish the Mousse, because it was really my fault all along. It really was."

"Discipline is discipline," said the First Officer, looking very stiff again. "He shall do masthead duty for three hours to-day, and learn to obey. And Monsieur, your father, shall decide upon your punishment. And when that is over, it will give me great pleasure, if I have his permission, to instruct you in the art of climbing a rigging, for I can very plainly see that you have a courageous heart which will lead you into great trouble if you are not cared for."

And Bobby was sorrier than ever that he had called him a brute.

Then they marched off to Bobby's father, who was just going in to breakfast, and was not at all moved by the entreaties of Bobby's mother, who

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"SUDDENLY HIS KNEES BEGAN TO SHAKE, HIS BREATH CAME IN GASPS, AND HE GLANCED DOWN."

thought the boy had already had his punishment. "Go and get those absurd clothes off!" said Bobby's father to his son, who was very badly in need of breakfast. "And when you are respectable again and have had your breakfast, you may write out six irregular verbs for me, for I noticed you made several mistakes in talking to the officer just now."

That meant two hours' work, but Bobby did n't care. Something else was on his mind.

"Yes, Father," he said meekly. "And—and—when we get home, you won't tell the fellows about my not being able to come down, will you?"

But by that time it was Bobby who was telling the whole story. For they came back on *La Normandie* in the autumn, and, long before they reached New York, Bobby was running up and down the rigging as quickly as the Mousse himself, and his dearest friend was none other than the First Officer, whom he had once called a brute.

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The Fairy's Gift

by Adalena F. Dyer

I

In a nice country school,
When school-houses were red,
Every child kept the rule
And was truthful, 't was said;
So the tale I relate,
With the aid of my pen,
I am willing to state
Is as true now as then.
It happened when fairies
Were common as bees,
A thing that quite rare is
In days such as these.

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II

Those school children knew
That a beautiful fay
Lived on honey and dew
Barely three miles away.
Such a wee, airy sprite—
As, of course, you all know—
Can all troubles set right,
And good fortune bestow.

III

So those wise girls and boys
Resolved, one summer day,
With much laughter and noise,
All to visit the fay.

They skipped down the lane,
And they climbed the steep hill,
They crossed the wide plain,
And the brook by the mill;
They toiled through a snady
Sweet thicket of rose,
And found the wee lady
In graceful repose.

IV

The children gazed at her
Agape and stock-still,





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'T was a delicate matter
To make known their will;
But she seemed very gracious,
Her smile sweetly shone,
So the boy most audacious
Their errand made known.

This wand, my sole dower,
Though pretty, forsooth,
Has only one power—
Revealing the truth."
She then touched them, saying,
"When near or afar,
When working or playing,
Appear what you are!"



V

"You wish wealth and beauty,"
The fay sighed, "I see;
But there 's only one duty
That 's given to me.

VI

None knew what she meant,
But with laughter and fun,
They rushed homeward content,
With a skip and a run;
Till they reached Sunny Brook,
And gazed into its tide,
When, with one puzzled look,
Each one laughed—or else cried!

VII

There were cry-baby Maud,
Anna fretful and queer,
Richard sulky and odd,
And Ruth loving and dear;
Eugene pert and cruel,
And Mabel a shrew,
And Ernest a jewel,
Kind, manly, and true,—
Mirrored plain in the brook.
Some were fair and serene,
Others shrank from the look
Of a face warped and mean.
But tears and dejection
And loud, angry cries
Made worse the reflection
Which met their sad eyes.

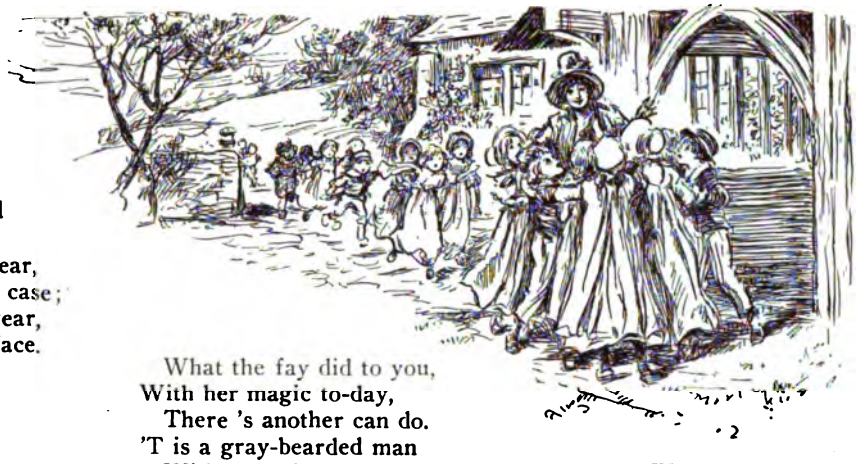
VIII

"Let 's go back to teacher!
Stop crying!" said Ruth.
"As soon as we reach her,
She 'll know what 's the truth.
Very quickly she 'll tell
How to cure our sad plight,
And remove the fay's spell,
And make everything right."

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IX

To the teacher they flew,
And clung close to her side;
When they first met her view,
She too laughed—and then cried!
To their tale she gave ear,
Then she studied the case;
After what seemed a year,
A smile lighted her face.
With eyes like a star,
She called:



X

"Listen, my dears,
When you look what you are,
You 're displeased it appears.
Now, just take my advice,
'T is as plain as a book:
Be as sweet and as nice
As you all wish to look.
'T is the only safe way.
What the fay did to you,
With her magic to-day,
There 's another can do.
'T is a gray-bearded man
With a scythe and a glass,
And it 's always his plan
To make each lad and lass
Appear just what they are;
And it 's useless to try
His true magic to bar,
Or escape his keen eye.
Therefore, laugh and keep wary!
Be noble and true!
And thus make the fairy
A good friend to you."

XI

So they joined hands and sang,
As they danced in a ring,
Till the old school-house rang
With the mirth of the thing.
And so handsome they grew,
That no county or state
Such another school knew,—
As old records relate.

THE moral is staring
You straight in the face,
And has the same bearing
As when this took place.



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Photograph by Brown Bros.

TYPICAL LONDON FIRE SCENE, SHOWING "HORSE LADDER-ESCAPE" AND "AËRIAL" EXTENSION LADDER IN USE.

GLIMPSES OF FOREIGN FIRE-BRIGADES

BY CHARLES T. HILL

AUTHOR OF "FIGHTING A FIRE"

LAST summer I asked a prominent merchant of Lausanne, Switzerland, when his town had had its last serious fire. "Not in three years," he replied. I was moved to ask this question because I had found the fire apparatus in padlocked barns, or stations, with the keys in the hands of the police, who attended to the fire-fighting; and this seemed, as compared to the remarkably quick methods employed in America, a somewhat dangerous form of fire protection. Lausanne is a town of about 50,000 population, and I wondered how many American cities of a like size could boast of only one serious fire in three years. Not many, I imagine.

In Lucerne, a smaller city in Switzerland, of about 40,000 population, the conditions were practically the same, with the exception that each stable containing the fire apparatus had a notice posted on the door stating that the keys could be found in the neighboring hotels and drug-shops, and the citizens were expected to take out the engines in the event of a fire, while the firemen (volunteers) came on "call," the alarm being sounded on all the church bells. Lucerne is a well-known tourist center, heavily populated during the summer months, and has many large shops filled with very inflammable material, and a great many very old buildings; and yet this place had had only two fires of any size within two years!

While I was attending the morning drill of the Central Fire Station at Dresden, in Saxony, the

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captain in command told me that the city had, on an average, about six alarms of fire a week. I casually remarked that we had twenty-five *a day* in New York. He looked at me with wonderment and doubt, and when I repeated that we actually had between twenty and thirty alarms of fire a day in the Borough of Manhattan alone, he threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Thank heaven, it is not as bad as that here, or our beautiful city would be destroyed!"

And so we find, thanks to superior building construction, less hurry and rush in business methods, and a wholesome regard on the part of the citizens for certain rigid laws covering the use of explosives and materials of all kinds which usually cause fire, the lot of the foreign fire-fighter is not as strenuous as that of his brother fireman on this side of the water. Because of the excellent character of the buildings abroad fires burn slowly, and rarely extend beyond the room or floor in which they start. Here, on the other hand, the conditions are entirely different. Our fires are larger, more destructive, and more frequent, compelling us to support not only the most effective, but most expensive, fire-departments in the world; and yet, in spite of all this, our annual fire losses are from ten to twenty times more than those of any country in Europe.

Better building laws and the universal adoption of fire-prevention ordinances, are going to change all this for us, in time, but as yet our annual fire loss stuns the average European by its enormous total.

In London, the fire-department comes under the supervision of the city authorities, the London County Council looking after the administration of the "Metropolitan Fire-Brigade," as it is



AN ENGLISH FIRE-ENGINE.

called; and this brigade, in management and routine work, is not unlike many large American fire-departments, though the apparatus used is radically different. A naval officer has always been chief of the London fire-brigade, and the firemen are usually recruited from the marine service, a time-honored custom giving preference to men who have been at least five years at sea.



A MODERN LONDON FIRE STATION.

It is argued that the work of a fireman is of a nature more readily performed by a sailor, who is not only accustomed to danger and exposure of all kinds, but is trained to climbing and working in perilous positions. These new men, after passing a severe physical examination before a medical board, are put through three months' careful schooling at fire headquarters, where they are not only taught how to handle every tool and implement used in the brigade, but become skilled in life-saving work.

The fire stations in London are much larger than the engine-houses found in American cities, and some of the newer buildings in appearance are not unlike some of our better-class apartment-houses. Indeed, this is practically what they are—a kind of apartment-house or barracks for the men and their families, as well as a station for the apparatus and the horses; and here the firemen live, occupying little apartments of from three to five rooms, according to their rank and position. They are, therefore, in the houses and on duty at all times, with the exception of one day's leave of absence in every fifteen.

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Enough firemen are found in each London fire station to make up three of our fire-companies, but only one third of these men are in service or on "call-duty" at a time, the rest being held in reserve to answer any other alarms which might come in, or to reinforce the first detachment leaving the house should their "call" prove to be a bad fire. And the men of each squad or detachment on "call-duty" are supposed to be fully dressed when an alarm comes in, and have only



A LONDON "HORSE LADDER-ESCAPE."

to adjust their helmets, which hang in long rows on the walls of the apparatus floor, before jumping on the engines; and no exception is made to this rule, even with the men on the last or "night tour"—from 9 P.M. until 7 A.M. This accounts for the pictures we sometimes see, showing the English firemen seated along the sides of their engines, in military fashion, fully uniformed.

In some of the stations, the London fire-brigade still clings to the rather old-fashioned custom of keeping the horses standing in harness, in stables at the rear, to be led out to the apparatus by hand in event of a "call"; and this makes their "turn-out" in answer to an alarm appear to us to be a peculiarly slow one, accustomed as we are to the remarkably quick methods employed in our fire-departments. But several of the newer houses, built within the last few years, are supplied with many ingenious American time-saving devices—sliding-poles, swinging-harness, etc.,—while the horses are kept in box-stalls on the apparatus floor, in convenient running distance of the engines, all of which has considerably reduced the time consumed in turning out to an alarm.

The English fire-engine is a small affair, much smaller than our steam fire-engines, having about one half the pumping capacity of the American engines; and nearly every one in London is a combined engine and hose-wagon,—the hose being carried in a box-like compartment on each side of the machine, just back of the driver's seat. This "hose-box" serves as a convenient place for the firemen to sit while riding to the fire. Quite a number of automobile fire-engines are in service in the London brigade, big, businesslike-looking machines, about as large as some of our motor-engines, and capable of great speed while answering an alarm. As a contrast to this up-to-date equipment, a number of "manuals," or hand-engines, are in use, which ought to have been sent to the scrap-heap years ago.

In the way of ladder-trucks they are very well supplied in London, for, in addition to several "horse ladder-escapes," as they are called (a fairly long extension ladder carried on a horse-drawn truck, and which can be detached from this truck and pushed close to a building), they have a great many hand-pushed "ladder-escapes" (a shorter extension ladder of the same type and pushed by hand) scattered throughout the city, housed in substations in the principal squares and more important thoroughfares, and intended for emergency use only until the regular apparatus arrives. They have also a few "aërial" ladder-trucks carrying a very long extension ladder which can be raised, by means of an ingenious little engine using carbonic-acid gas for its motive power, to a height of eighty feet or more. But aside from use as a kind of water-tower at large fires, these aërial ladders are rarely extended to their full length, for the houses are nearly all of a uniform height, not over five or six floors, and the ordinary extension ladder is sufficiently long to reach the upper parts of these buildings.

The fire-alarm boxes, or "alarm-points," as they are known, are found at convenient corners throughout London, and consist of an iron post about as high as an ordinary hitching-post, with a little round metal box at the top containing a glass door. You break the glass in this door, pull the little handle or knob inside, and thus send in a "fire-call" to four or five of the nearest fire stations. In all American cities when a fire-alarm box is "pulled" the alarm is transmitted direct to a central-bureau, usually at fire headquarters, and



A LONDON FIRE-ALARM BOX.

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is then retransmitted, either automatically or by hand, to the engine-houses; but in London—and in every other European city—each fire station has its own alarm-bureau, in charge of an officer and several operators, these stations receiving



Photograph by Brown Bros.

RESCUE DRILL AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

only the alarms from the boxes in the immediate neighborhood. All the stations, however, are connected with each other, and with a central-bureau or headquarters, by both telegraph and telephone.

London has something like 4000 fires annually, and spends about $1,250,000 every year to support her fire-brigade. It is estimated that the city of New York (comprising the Boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond, and with about the same population as London proper) has 12,500 fires annually, and spends something over $7,500,000 to support her fire-department.

In Paris, the fire-brigade comes under the jurisdiction of the Department of War, and it is part of the French army that attends to the fire-fighting in this famous city. Two battalions of infantry, known as the "Regiment des Sapeurs Pompiers," look after this important work, and although this brigade is recruited, drilled, and commanded by various regimental officers, from a colonel down to a lieutenant, and belongs to the war department, it comes under the direct control of the Prefect of Police (Chief of Police), who is the actual head of the Paris fire-brigade.

These stations, or, as they are well named, *casernes* (barracks), are big structures filled with many firemen, on an average about 140 men in every building; and each station is equipped with numerous pieces of fire apparatus, and all are provided with a large inner court, or drill-yard, in which the men go through military evolutions twice daily, and where the new men, who are coming into the brigade continually, are taught how to handle all the various appliances used in fire-fighting. Here also the men are put through a series of calisthenic exercises two or three times a week, which, if introduced into the American fire-departments, would drive every man out of the service, so vigorous are these "stunts." In acrobatic fashion the Paris firemen are compelled to climb ropes, jump hurdles, balance themselves in mid-air on frail wooden supports, perform on horizontal bars, execute a kind of "setting-up" drill en masse, and last, but not least, climb up one of the walls of the courtyard, holding on by their finger-tips and the edges of their boots to little crevices in the wall, and falling, if they should slip, into a pile of sand at the bottom. In addition to all this they have the regulation hose, ladder, and life-saving drills of all other fire-departments.

The Paris fire stations are thoroughly up to date in equipment, for we find them fitted with sliding-poles, swinging-harness, horses kept in box-stalls within a pole's-length of the harness, automatic door-openers, and practically every quick-hitching device for which American fire-departments are noted. And in addition to steam fire-engines, aërial ladder-trucks, and hose-wagons —the latter very much of the same type as those used in this country—there are a great many automobile fire-engines in service, and quite a few of the *casernes*, or stations, are equipped entirely with motor-driven apparatus. There are also several electric fire-engines in use, prac-



A PARIS AUTO FIRE-ENGINE.

tical-looking affairs, carrying a large square tank containing 400 gallons of water, which is given the necessary pressure to reach the top of any of the buildings by means of an ingenious set of electric pumps placed at the back of the tank. As it only requires a few men to handle this en-

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gine, and the mere throwing over of a lever to get it under way, it is used at many small fires, and is sometimes the first and only piece of apparatus to leave a station in answer to an alarm, for there is no regular "assignment" of engines and ladder-trucks sent to the alarm-boxes in Paris, as is the case in our cities, and the operation of their fire-alarm system differs from that of any other city in the world.

The fire-alarm boxes are large, ornate-looking affairs, placed on the corners of the principal boulevards and streets and in the public squares, and directions on the outside of these boxes inform you that, in addition to breaking the glass door (which automatically transmits the number of the box to the nearest fire station), you must also use the telephone inside and give a description of the fire, its character, size, and location (street number if possible); and it is necessary to go through all this proceeding before the sending of an alarm is considered complete. This alarm is received in the alarm- or "watch-room," of the nearest fire station. There an operator picks up a telephone receiver and listens for your description of the fire, and he decides, according to the message received, the number of pieces and character of the apparatus which is to answer the alarm. For example, if it is only a small fire—a window-curtain or a chimney—he simply orders out one piece of apparatus, an electric engine, such as was described above, or, perhaps, a *fourgon*—a sort of hose-wagon carrying a squad of men, short ladders, hose, and tools and appliances of all kinds. If, on the other hand, the call comes from a factory or a tenement district, where rescue work may be expected, he then sends two wagon-loads of men and the *grande-echelle* (aërial ladder-truck), and if the fire appears dangerous, from the telephoned description, another ladder-truck and a steam fire-engine, or a motor-engine; but the engines are rarely used in Paris, as the water-pressure throughout the city is very fine, sufficient to reach the top of the average building; and the steamers are only sent out as a precaution, and are seldom put to work.



A PARIS SMOKE-HELMET.

The fire-hydrants in Paris, as in every other city in Europe, are of the "flush" or sunken character, instead of the post-hydrants used in our cities, and are found in depressed basins in the sidewalk, near the curb, protected with iron covers; and the location of these hydrants is carefully indicated by metal signs on the walls of the buildings near by, which not only point out the exact position of each hydrant, but tell the amount of water pressure to be found at that outlet—a feature that our firemen would welcome.

All gas or electricity entering any building in Paris comes partially under the control of the fire-brigade, and the firemen carry keys on every piece of apparatus which enables them to open a small metal plate, always found at a certain spot in the sidewalks, and thus cut off either the gas or electric service from the building immediately on their arrival at a fire.

But in addition to this very sensible supervision of the gas and electric service by the fire-brigade, the Paris firemen have the added protection in their work of a very effective type of "smoke-helmet," a device which is also used largely by the fire-brigades of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Milan, and several other cities in Europe. This is a metal helmet fastening securely around the neck of the fireman wearing it, and connected, by means of an endless hose-pipe, with a portable air-pump kept out in the street and in charge of a fellow-fireman, who controls the amount of fresh air reaching the head-piece. It is claimed that, protected with this device, a fireman can enter a heavily smoke-charged building and work for quite a while in comparative comfort. We carry a smoke-helmet on nearly all the fire apparatus in this country, somewhat similar to the European appliance, but without the independent air-pump attachment. It is rarely used, however, as our firemen claim that it is unreliable, and hampers rather than aids them in their work. But among the foreign firemen the smoke-helmet is considered a valuable protection, and is used frequently.



A PARIS FIRE-ALARM BOX.

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Among other interesting appliances which the Paris firemen have found of great assistance to them in their work there may be mentioned a portable electric search-light, carried like an ordinary hand-lantern, fitted with a powerful storage battery, and producing a very intense, and, of course, a thoroughly safe light. It is used largely for night work or in dark, smoky cellars. Also a large hand-carried electric fan, which can be operated by hydraulic power as well as electricity, using the pressure from the street hydrants for this purpose; and this fan has been found useful for clearing rooms or hallways of heavy smoke or poisonous vapors.



A BERLIN FIRE-ALARM BOX.

Paris, with a population of 2,750,000 souls, has about 1800 fires every year, and spends, annually, $575,000 to support her fire-brigade, an organization of some eighteen hundred men which can be turned into the field as two battalions of infantry at short notice. Therefore this expenditure might be said to provide two kinds of protection—military as well as civic. But splendid building laws and equally excellent laws covering the use and storage of explosives and inflammable materials of all kinds, have made the work of her firemen a comparatively easy one, and the large fire is of such rare occurrence in this famous city that the "French Pompier," using methods which appear very amusing to American visitors, is enabled to make a most satisfactory yearly showing to his Minister of War.

In Berlin, and in practically every other German city, the fire-brigade is managed upon almost the same general plan as the brigades found in London and Paris, and the apparatus, in nearly every instance of German manufacture, is very similar to that used by the English and French firemen. The men are all husky fellows, well drilled and military in appearance, and the majority are ex-soldiers, as preference is given to men who have seen army service in recruiting new members for the brigade. The fire stations are usually very large, sometimes occupying as much space as would be covered by an entire block in an American city, and nearly all of the stations are built in rectangular form, with a spacious inner court, or drill-yard, in the middle. On one side of this yard will be found the engines, ladder-trucks, etc., housed in individual compartments, or barns, and on the other the stables for the horses; while the upper part of the building on both sides is occupied as dormitories or lounging-rooms for the men, and quarters for the officers. Every station has its own fire alarm-bureau, or "watch-room," looked after by an officer and two or three operators. The "turnout" in answer to an alarm in a German fire station is very similar to an artillery drill, and is performed in the same stiff, almost automatic, manner, for the brigades are conducted on strict military lines.

The men in these stations are divided into little squads, each commanded by a petty officer, or *oberfeuerwehrmann*, as he is called, and each squad placed in charge of a separate piece of apparatus. When an alarm strikes in the "watch-room," a bell is started ringing in the quarters of the men, which sends them clattering down the long flight of stairs in their heavy leather boots, while they hastily adjust coats, belts, and helmets. Reaching the yard, each squad breaks up into two detachments, two men, the driver and his aide, running to the stable for the horses, the rest for their respective pieces of apparatus. The doors of the apparatus barns are thrown open, and the engines, ladder-trucks, and wagons are found standing there with poles detached, the latter lying on the floor directly under each machine. At



A BERLIN AUTO FIRE-ENGINE.

a command given by the petty officer the pole is lifted up, shoved back in its socket, and the king-pin dropped into place. The men then jump back to the wheels at each side, and at another command the apparatus is pushed out into the yard. By this time, the horses, fully harnessed, have been brought over from the stables by the other two men, and are backed into position beside the

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BURNING OIL WAREHOUSE ON THE WATER-FRONT, HAMBURG.

pole, the traces and pole-straps are locked, and at another command from the petty officer the driver and the rest of the men jump into their places on top of the apparatus, and salute the *brandmeister*, or commanding officer, of the station. This official, leisurely getting into a six-seated wagon with his associate officers, then gives the order to "go," and, headed by the wagon containing the chief and his aides, the procession dashes out through the arched driveway into the main thoroughfare, thus completing an exhibition which, when witnessed by Americans, usually provokes a laugh. And when I add that upon the receipt of an alarm in the "watch-room" the location of the box is written down on a large yellow paper blank, bearing the word "Feuer!" at its top; that this blank is folded carefully and sent down to the apparatus floor by means of a small hand-lift, or elevator; that it is taken therefrom by the commanding officer and read deliberately before he steps into his *feuer-wagon*, it will be seen that the Germans believe in attending to everything, even a call as urgent as an alarm of fire, in a thoroughly official and dignified manner. But in Berlin much of this military detail and pomp has been done away with, and, aided by swinging-harness and many other quick-hitching devices, the firemen make a more rapid exit in answer to a call. And once in the streets, they cover the ground at great speed, for the engines are light and the horses splendid, and every one, even the Kaiser himself, gives a clear field to the *Feuerwehr*.

It costs the Berliners, with not quite the population of Paris, $485,000 a year to maintain their excellent fire-brigade, excellent because the fire loss in this royal city is hardly more than a fifth of that in New York. But much of this remarkably low loss in the German capital is due to the careful work of the brigade in preventing any damage to property other than that caused by the actual extinguishment of the fire. As an example of the conscientious way in which the Berlin firemen attend to their labors, it may be explained that, at fires in the residential districts, where it is found possible to confine the fire to some one room, tarpaulins, or waterproof covers, are spread over the stairs and through the halls before the hose is brought into the house, and no windows are broken unless absolutely necessary. When our buildings are all as excellent as theirs, and our citizens are all working as harmoniously together to prevent fire, we may find it safe to adopt some of the deliberate and careful methods of the German firemen.

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A Pointed Suggestion



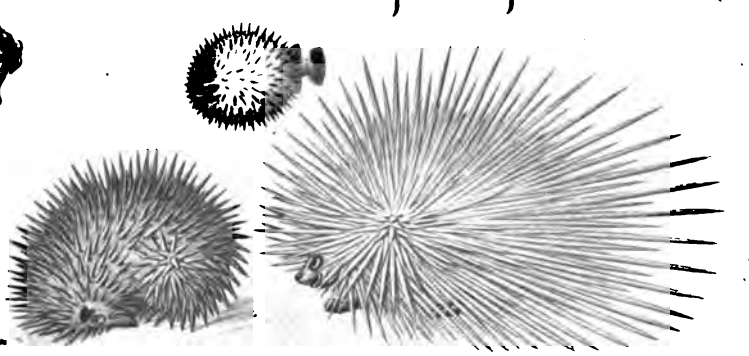
He broke the ears off of his rabbit,
He pulled the hind legs from his frog,
He smashed in the hump of his camel
And chopped off the tail of his dog.

He crushed the squawk out of his parrot,
His eagle was minus its wings,
So someone suggested they get him
A few less destructible things.



His parents considered the matter
And thought the suggestion was fine:
They got him a cast iron hedgehog
And a cute little steel porcupine.





GEORGE O. BUTLER

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Of all the little Brownies, both the pictured ones and toys,
And those in all my fairy stories, too,
There's not a single Brownie girl, they're always, *always* boys!
I think it's rather odd, myself, don't you?

Now wouldn't it be nice to have a Brownie sister, dear?
(My brother Ned and I have *lots* of fun!)
Of course, I know, a Brownie girl might *look* a little queer,
But don't you sometimes long to play with one?

GEORGE BUTLER

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BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XXI

HIS LORDSHIP, CHARLES CORNWALLIS

I TURNED the silvered paper over and over in my hands, hunting for the drawing that had been there but was there no longer, and all the while Blundell stood silent, looking at me. At length he spoke.

"When you have done this fooling, perhaps you will give me the map," he said, in a harsh voice.

"Indeed," I answered, "it was here when last I saw it, and I cannot account—"

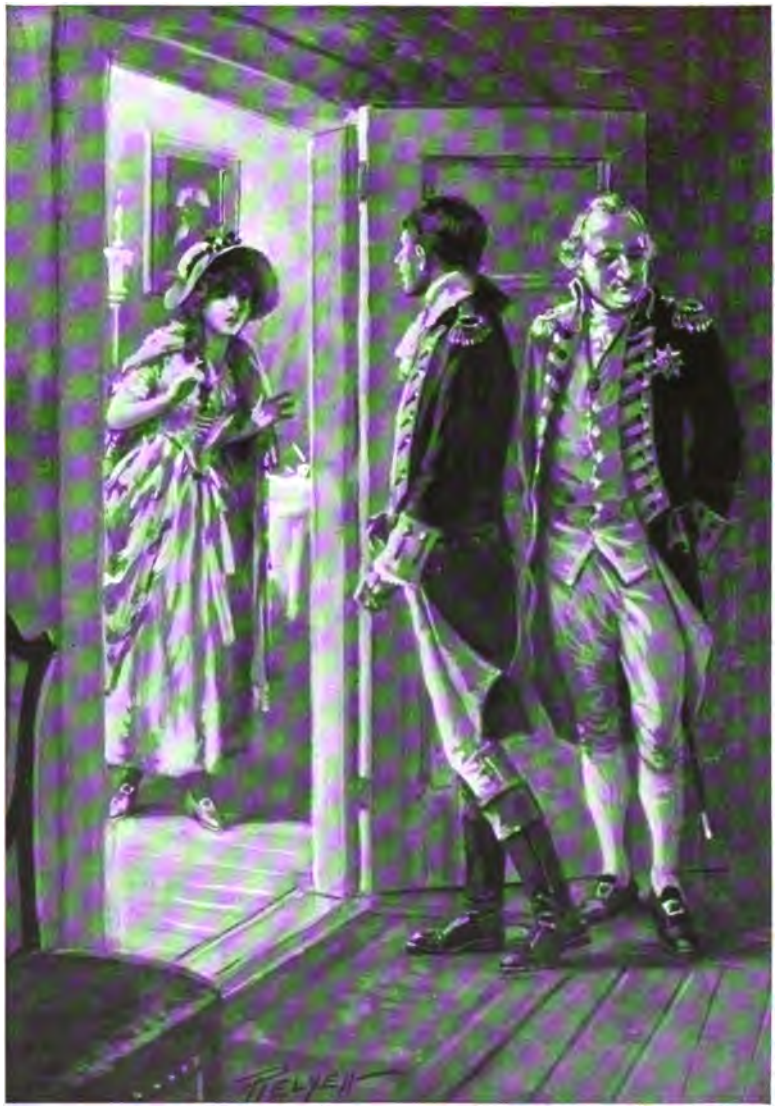
"Oh, have done! Have done!" he cried out in so angry a tone that I shrank back to be nearer Peter, who muttered something and pointed his pistol; whereat Blundell controlled himself with an effort, and went on more calmly:

"You gave me your word and I trusted you. Now let me have what I seek, for I cannot believe that you meant to deceive me."

"Indeed, I did not," I answered. "I am as much amazed as you. I thought I had it here, but I have no other map."

He gazed at me in silence for a time, trying to make up his mind whether or not to believe me. Then he snatched the papers out of my hand and again looked at them closely, holding them up to the fast-fading light, and finally threw them at my feet.

"Tricked!" he cried out. "Tricked by a girl! But it will do you little good, my lady! and, though you 've broken your word, I 'll do more than I promised. Here 's information that you, no doubt, will be glad to have. The prisoner John Travers, knowing the uncertainty of his time on earth, planned to escape this very night, and had secured a boat for that purpose. Knowledge of this came to me, and, seeing that I myself was in somewhat urgent need of leaving Yorktown, I took the boat he was kind enough to provide. He will look in vain for it, and, being recaptured,



"WITH THE WORD 'JOHN' ON MY LIPS, I FACED THE DOOR." (SEE PAGE 984.)

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his attempt will serve as an admirable excuse to hang him. There, miss, is more information than you bargained for, I warrant! Another time, you will do well not to match your wits against mine. As for the map, I 'll have it or some one will suffer. Trust me for that! And now, good day to you, Mistress Beatrice Travers. I wish you pleasing thoughts while you look toward Yorktown. Belike, if you take a spy-glass early to-morrow morning, you may see a gallows."

He moved as if to seize one of the horses, but, seeing Peter's pistol leveled resolutely at him, he turned away, and in a moment disappeared in the fast-gathering gloom.

As for me, I picked up the bits of silvered paper, only half conscious of what I did. It was as if I dreamed. Mechanically I tucked them under the silk cover, and, handing all to Peter, mounted my horse, still dazed by the events that had just passed.

It was only when I had actually started on the way back that a full realization came to me of what Blundell had said. In an instant, I had forgotten all about the map and its strange disappearance, and pulled up my horse.

"A gallows! John!" I repeated, shuddering. For it was only too plain that, if John were captured in an attempt to escape, he would be given short shrift by men like Tarleton.

Little wonder that I stopped, appalled at the thought. I had learned that John was alive, only to discover at the same time that he was in imminent danger of a disgraceful death.

"Blundell has taken his boat!" I kept repeating to myself, as if the words had some meaning that I could not grasp. And then, like a flash of inspiration, came the apparent solution of the difficulty: I must take the boat and reach Yorktown in time to prevent him from attempting to escape.

The matter seemed so clear and straightforward to me that I halted Peter at once.

"We must return to the bluff!" I said, and wheeled my horse.

Arriving there, I dismounted and scrambled down to the water's edge, to find, as I had hoped, a boat drawn up on the shore near to the place where we had first seen Blundell.

Back I went to Peter to give my orders.

"Go to Major McLane, and tell him that Mr. John is a prisoner in Yorktown, and that I have gone to him! 'T is a matter of life and death!"

I released the riding-skirt which I had worn for protection over my dress, threw it across the saddle of my horse, scrambled down the bluff again, and in a moment or two was on the river.

With the wind and current in my favor I made good time, and, as I tugged at the oars, I thought of nothing but the necessity for haste.

Nearing Yorktown, the river narrowed till it was scarce a mile wide, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw the dim outlines of a number of vessels that I judged must be British ships penned in by the French fleet lying outside the mouth of the York River.

Fearing that I might be discovered, I headed toward the shore, and began to think of where I should make a landing.

It was then that I suddenly realized that I had no knowledge of the place where John could be found. How can I describe the despair I felt at that moment? I racked my brains to discover a way out of this terrible dilemma.

At length, out of the tangle of my distraught thoughts, came a plan which held out some chance of success. I determined to go boldly into the town and obtain an interview with him, even if I had to brave Cornwallis himself. Nay, as I thought more of the matter,—and now I was rowing furiously toward the town,—it seemed to me that it was my best plan to go to the supreme authority at once, and so save delay.

I landed at the foot of the bluff, which showed black and forbidding with its surmounting batteries, and took my way up the embankment and on into the town, expecting to be challenged at every step, and at length the order came.

"Halt!" and I stopped before a grenadier with leveled musket.

"I am come to see Lord Cornwallis!" I said, in as commanding a voice as I could assume; "I have urgent business with him."

The grenadier grunted skeptically, but lowered his musket, seeing I was but a maid.

"Where have you come from?" he demanded.

"From up the river," I answered truthfully.

By this, another grenadier had come up, and, after a moment's discussion, it was decided that I should be taken to headquarters at the Nelson house, and we went farther into the little town.

I found ruin everywhere, but I paid scant heed, and, finally, we came to a building of good dimensions, but showing damage from the shells.

Here we were both stopped, and my guard, explaining the matter, went back to his post and left me to go over again with another sentry my demands to see His Lordship.

Convincing the man, at length, that my business was urgent, I was permitted to go a step farther, which carried me just inside the house. Here I was met by an officer, to whom the story was retold once more.

This gentleman shook his head.

"I regret to refuse you, Mistress," he said, "but

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't is worth my life to disturb him now. He 's in a furious temper, as well he may be, and none of us dare go near him."

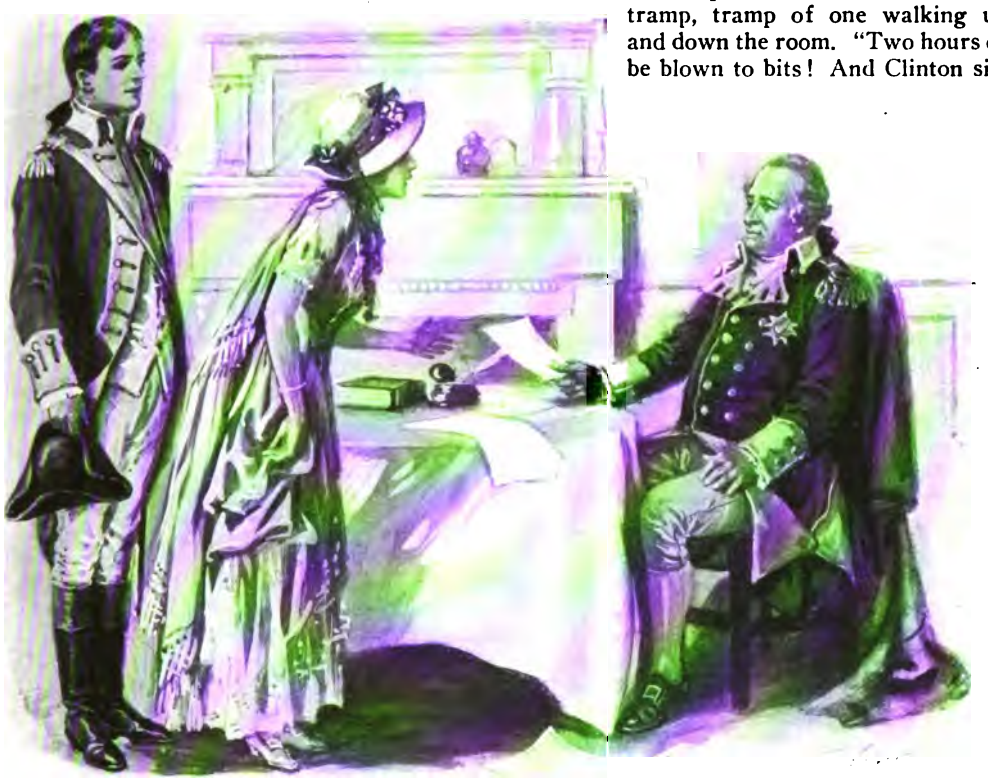
"I dare," I answered, for with all this delay my anxiety had become extreme, and these wasted minutes might be fatal. "So I beg you will tell me where he can be found. I must see him! As I said, it is a matter of life and death!"

moment I had crossed the hall and was climbing the steps.

As I reached the landing above, I was in no doubt about which door was the right one, for I heard the sound of a heavy tramping back and forth, and now and then some spoken words.

I paused at the door with my hand raised to knock, when the voice inside was lifted to a loud pitch.

"He gave me two hours, the rebel!" came the words, punctuated with the steady tramp, tramp of one walking up and down the room. "Two hours or be blown to bits! And Clinton sits



"'HERE IS A SAFE-CONDUCT FOR YOU AND THIS YOUNG MAN.'" (SEE PAGE 986.)

The officer, noting the earnestness of my manner, softened a little, but still shook his head dubiously.

"You are braver than I," he said, with a shrug. "But if," he went on, "you should find your way to the door at the head of the stairs,—and there is no one to stop you, once you pass here,—you would find His Lordship within and alone."

And with that, to my great surprise, he bowed and left me abruptly.

His meaning was plain enough, and I lost no time in putting his suggestion into effect. In a

idle in New York. Oh, fool, fool that I was to heed him! But I 'll never hand my sword to a rebel! Never! Never!"

I waited no longer, but gave the door a right good thump. The pacing to and fro stopped, and in the silence I knocked again.

"Oh, give me peace, peace!" came the cry, in a furious voice. "Go away and give me peace!" I heard a chair grate on the floor and the sound of a heavy man seating himself, and, not without some fear, I pushed the door open and entered the room.

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Cornwallis was seated at a table, the picture of intense dejection, his head bowed in his hands. He was a short, thick-set man, with hair somewhat gray, and his attitude showed that he was worn and broken.

I stood for a moment a little fearful of the task before me, but was about to address him when he raised his head and looked at me. 'T was plain he could scarce believe his eyes; then, realizing that I was, indeed, flesh and blood, he rose to his feet and made me a slight bow. Considering the circumstances, I have always remembered that his courtesy at that moment to a maid who had intruded upon him showed him to be a fine gentleman.

I made him a deep curtsey, and, to forestall the question upon his lips, I told him why I was there.

"I have come to ask a favor of Your Lordship," I said, with all the humility I could command.

"Is there any one in the land so poor that Cornwallis can do her a favor?" he questioned, in so sad a tone that even above my own anxiety I could not help but feel a deep pity for him, though at the time I did not know why he was so downcast.

"You can make me the happiest maid in all the world, an you will, Your Lordship!" I answered.

"What is it you wish?" he asked.

"To see my cousin, Captain John Travers," I replied. "'T is not much, Your Lordship. I do not ask that he be let go, but it has been so long since I have seen him and—and—"

"How knew you that he was here?" asked Cornwallis, with a wrinkled forehead.

"I learned it this afternoon, Your Lordship."

"And from whom?"

"From Captain Blundell," I began, but he cut me short.

"Why, it was he who wished the matter kept so secret," he insisted. "Where did you see Blundell?"

"Above the town," I answered. "He was not in uniform, and said that he was leaving Yorktown."

"Aye, he 's another of the rats that are ready to desert the sinking ship!" cried Cornwallis, bitterly. "So he told you, did he? I warrant 't was in no spirit of kindness, if I know the man. He asked that Captain Travers's name be kept off the list of prisoners—for some private reason, I doubt not, though he represented that the man had much valuable information that, with patience, could be procured. I have never seen Captain Travers, but I will very gladly take this occasion of granting you the favor you ask and of meeting him at the same time."

He waved me to a chair, and went out of the room. I heard him shout an order to those below, and then came the sound of running men.

"Be quick about it!" were his last words as he came back to where I was waiting.

How can I describe the anxiety of those next few minutes! Would they be in time to stop John before he attempted his escape? I hoped against hope.

Lord Cornwallis again paced the room, and almost seemed to forget my presence; then he would recollect himself and make an effort to say something pleasant, offering his regrets that I had suffered such prolonged anxiety.

"'T is, of course, one of the unfortunate necessities of war," he said; "but all 's well that ends well, and at least you will see that your cousin is not dead."

As we talked, there came the noise of numerous feet in the hallway below, an order was given, and again Cornwallis left the room.

"Release your prisoner and let him come up alone!" he commanded.

It was all I could do to smother the cry of joy that rose in my throat. I had been in time, and now I was to see John again! After all I had been through, it was as if the dead had come to life.

"Captain Travers," I heard Cornwallis say, "I bid you enter first. There is one there who is most anxious to see you."

I rose to my feet, trembling with gladness as I heard the sturdy footsteps approach, and, with the word "John" on my lips, I faced the door; but the name was never spoken, for there entered—not John Travers, but—Mark Powell!

CHAPTER XXII

THE SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN

FOR a moment, I stood looking at Mark, speechless with surprise and growing apprehension. Then I found my tongue.

"Where is Captain Travers?" I demanded, giving the boy no greeting in my anxiety for John. "There is some mistake here. They have brought the wrong prisoner."

"Nay, Miss Beatrice," Mark answered, "I am the one they hold as Captain Travers. Do you not know where he is?"

Still I did not understand.

"Captain Travers is here," I insisted; "he is a prisoner!" And just then Cornwallis came back into the room, and I appealed to him. "Your Lordship, this is not Captain Travers, but Mark Powell, a private in his regiment. There is some mistake. Pray let my cousin be brought."

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Cornwallis, with an exclamation, started for the door, but Mark stopped him.

"Nay, Your Lordship, there is no mistake. I am the prisoner you hold as Captain Travers, but, as Miss Travers has told you, I am only the private Mark Powell."

"Then where is John?" I cried.

"Have you heard naught of him?" asked Mark, and 't was plain that he was as anxious as I.

"We have heard nothing since he disappeared from Salem," I answered, as calmly as I could.

"But what has Bill Schmuck to say for himself?" asked Mark.

"We have not seen him either," I answered. "What do you know of him?"

Mark looked from me to Lord Cornwallis hesitatingly, as if he wanted to speak but dared not before the British general.

"Nay, tell your tale," said His Lordship, "I shall not use it against you, whatever it may be."

"'T is not much of a story," Mark began. "In the battle the captain was hurt badly, but Bill and I got him off to a house near by. He was senseless, you understand, all the while, but we had hope of him, and did what we could. But we had scarce gotten him settled when the country folk brought news of a band of Tarleton's stragglers who had come up, searching the houses for prisoners, and who would be on us in a minute or two. We knew something, miss, of the way Tarleton treated his prisoners. 'T was short shrift, usually, for the officers, and so, to save the captain, Bill and I stripped off his uniform and I put it on. 'T was to save him, miss, you see, for they were less likely to bother with a private."

"'T was a brave deed, Mark!" I cried, and Cornwallis stopped his walk and looked at my substitute, nodding his head up and down in agreement, though he spoke no word.

"Nay, it was my duty to save the captain," Mark went on. "He was of more worth to the cause, miss, and, besides, I owed you that and more. Well, it turned out as I hoped it would. The British came and took me for Captain Travers. The other two they thought were just privates. They took all three of us, but they counted not on being chased for twenty miles or more, and when it became too hot for them, there was talk of putting an end to us all, then and there. This, however, they dared not do, the band being in charge of a sergeant only, but Mr. Travers seemed pretty far gone, and they dumped him on the ground, meaning to leave him to die. Soon after Bill Schmuck had a fit, or pretended to have one, and again there was talk of shooting, but it scarce seemed worth while to waste the powder, and he was left lying on the road, they being as well satisfied to have none but me to bother with, whom they supposed to be the officer."

"But was Bill really sick?" I broke in upon him.

"Nay, miss, 't was but a trick of his, I 'm sure," he said. "That night, I slipped my hands out of my bonds, for by this time we had come near to the main body of the British, and the pursuit had stopped. I thought to win back to our own men, but I had ill luck. I was challenged as I went through their lines, and was followed on horseback. I knew that sooner or later they would catch me, and I wanted to get word of Captain Travers to Major McLane, but could think of no way of doing it except to send the bit of broken chain I had found in his pocket. This I thought he would recognize as belonging to Captain John, so I rushed into a hut and thrust the coin into the hands of a man there, praying him to take it to the major. Having done that, I tore out of the back door and into the woods, where they took me, after they had put a bullet in my leg."

"Good lad!" Cornwallis broke in; "but I wager they were not in the best of humors after the chase you gave them."

"You 're right," Mark agreed. "They talked of putting an end to me then and there, but thought they would get more credit if they handed me over to Tarleton, while the end would be the same. And so it would have been but for unexpected interference by an officer named Blundell. He came upon us, and, though I suspected that he knew I was not Captain John, he did not deny it, but begged that I be not executed then, but held a prisoner in secret. He came again while we were on the march, and confirmed my suspicion by telling me he would secure my liberty if I gave him news of where the captain could be found, but that, of course, I refused. Since we 've been in Yorktown I 've often seen him; but he has never asked me about the captain, seeming more interested in just being sure I was there than anything else. That 's the whole story, miss, and I hope I 've done what was right."

"Oh, you have! You have, Mark," I replied. "And I 'm very grateful for all you have tried to do, but we are farther than ever from John, and I know not which way to turn!"

"I am sorry, Mistress Travers," Lord Cornwallis said, after a moment's silence, "that your coming here has not brought you the relief you had expected. It would have been a pleasure to me to have done you a service while I was yet able, but, as that cannot be, I will at least show my good intention by letting you take this brave lad back to your lines at dawn under a flag of truce."

"Indeed, Your Lordship, I thank you for that!" I cried, and Mark saluted.

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"Ah, my dear young lady," he answered, "'t is naught, as to-morrow will show," and, sighing heavily, he seated himself and took up a pen.

"Your Lordship," I made reply, "I thank you for your generosity and courtesy. If I seem not to be properly glad, 't is because of the bitter disappointment I suffer at not finding my cousin, though it will be a great pleasure to have Mark Powell back again."

"He did a very brave deed!" said Cornwallis. "As a private he ran little risk of his life, whereas, to play the officer was courting death. But let us think of pleasanter things. Here is a safe-conduct for you and this young man. He has shown a capacity for more responsibility than is expected of a private, and, I doubt not, will receive recognition of that when he returns to your army. I have placed no restrictions upon his return, so he is quite free to go on fighting, and will always have my respect as a brave and resourceful enemy."

With that he handed me the paper with a low bow. We thanked him as well as we were able, and, knowing that he would be glad to be alone, we left him.

It had been arranged that, on the morrow, as soon as it was light, we should be taken to our lines under a flag of truce, but I began to think of the anxiety Mrs. Mummer would suffer on my account, and proposed that we return as I had come, for, with our pass, no one would stop us.

It was but a sad journey, though I tried to express gratitude for all Mark had done, yet we soon ceased to speak, and he, as well as I, was bowed down with the conviction that John could not be in the land of the living. The hope that I had kept bright all this time was beginning to grow dim, and I sat in the boat silent and depressed.

As Mark rowed rapidly back up the river I asked him about his plans to escape, and explained how the boat was taken, but he told me that Blundell was mistaken in his man, as he himself had had no thought of making such an attempt.

We plodded along over the two miles of lane that separated the river and the little house at Halfway, and when, at last, we reached it, I was so tired I could hardly lift one foot after the other.

We saw lights burning, showing that there was little sleep within, and it was a glad cry that greeted me as I entered; but the good housekeeper, seeing Mark when she expected Master John, was as bitterly disappointed as I had been.

Mark went off to report to Major McLane, who was on duty with his troop, and I to bed. I cried myself to sleep, worn out with fatigue and heartbroken with my disappointment.

I slept late the next morning, and it was near noon when I entered the little dining-room, where I found Major McLane awaiting my coming.

"I have your news from Mark Powell," he said. "You are a brave girl, and he is a brave lad. I only wish your efforts had been more successful. I shall be glad to recommend Powell for promotion."

"'T was kind of Lord Cornwallis to set him free," I said, not trusting myself to talk of John just then.

"Not so remarkably kind," answered the major, with a sniff. "Considering that Yorktown has surrendered, and that the entire garrison will march out and lay down their arms this afternoon, he has but anticipated the lad's liberty by some few hours."

"Oh, now I see why Cornwallis was so disturbed!" I exclaimed. "Nevertheless, he would have done it anyway, I am sure, and he treated me most civilly."

"I thank him for that," said the major. "I would always rather think kindly of my enemies than otherwise. Should you like to see the ceremony of the surrender?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, I think I would," I answered, rather indifferently, but he understood my feeling.

"There is a little hill from which you could see it quite well," he explained, "and if you and Peter will go there—"

"Cannot I have Mark?" I asked. "I was so unhappy last night that I could n't think; now there are some questions I would like to ask him, if you will let him come."

"Of course you can have him," cried the major, heartily. "I shall detail him to look after you. 'T is a duty, Bee, I should not object to myself were it forced upon me, and I doubt not Mark will be glad to get out of the ranks. But don't be downhearted, little woman," he went on, trying to bring back my courage, which was at its lowest ebb, "we 're no worse off than we were yesterday. Don't *you* give up hope, who have kept us all in heart. We 'll have John back yet!"

It was kind of Allan McLane, but I knew only too well that he was saying this to cheer me, and not at all because he had any faith in his encouraging words; still, I tried to smile a little, to show that I appreciated his efforts.

Mark came for me about three o'clock in the afternoon, dressed in a new uniform and looking like the fine brave fellow he was, and together we rode out to a small hill overlooking the road to Hampton, where the ceremony of the surrender was to take place.

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On the way I spoke of certain matters that had been puzzling me.

"Mark," I asked, "why should this man Blundell have saved you?"

"Indeed, Miss Beatrice," he answered, "I 've thought of that many a time, but no good answer ever came to me. Of course it had something to do with Captain John, but just how I can't make out."

"Did he ever talk to you?" I questioned.

"Not when he was alone," Mark replied. "If, perchance, there was another officer with him, he would ask me if I were ready to tell what I knew, and, when I said I had naught to tell, he would shrug his shoulders, as much as to say, 'You see, he won't speak,' and then go off. Once, when he came alone, he looked at me a long time, and then muttered to himself, 'Can he know of it?' then he shook his head and said 'Impossible!' but what he was talking about I have no notion."

"I think I know, Mark," I said. "Do you remember when Master Bart and I went off to hunt pirate treasure?"

"I 'll never forget that, miss," he answered; "it was the luckiest night of my life."

"And you know I was forced to climb the garden wall to escape old Schmuck, the Magus?"

"Yes, that was the next day while I was in the smoke-house," he replied.

"Well, Mark," I went on, "this Captain Blundell wants a map—the same that Schmuck sought. He 's been looking for it ever since, and last night he said he would tell me where Captain John was if I would give it up. I thought I had it, and promised it to him, upon which he said that Mr. Travers was a prisoner in Yorktown, or at least he made me believe it by saying there was a prisoner of that name there, which was true in a way, though he knew I was deceived."

"And did you give him the map, miss?" Mark asked.

"I was mistaken. I did not have it," I answered. "It is all very strange, and I don't understand it. It may be that Blundell, thinking Captain Travers had knowledge of the map, kept you a prisoner so that, if he captured him, he could do what he liked with him and have you executed, if necessary, to cover it up. The report would then be sent out that Captain Travers had been shot by the British as a necessary war measure, and that would clear Blundell of any responsibility in his death. Do you think that is possible?"

"It might be, miss," the lad answered thoughtfully, "but it would only be necessary if he wanted to murder Captain John—and then there 's Bill Schmuck to account for—and I don't know how."

"But, Mark," I said, "one thing is certain: Blundell knows more about what has happened to Mr. Travers than any of us. That I 'm sure of."

"Then where is this Blundell?" he asked eagerly.

"I 've let him slip through my fingers," I replied bitterly. "He left Yorktown last night, and we can count upon his being as far away as possible by now."

"I wish I had been there instead of you, miss," said Mark; "he would n't have gotten off without telling. But it would take an army to find him now,—yet I think you 're right, miss, in believing that he knows something, and—and—but I don't know what to think, and that 's a fact."

No more did I, so in silence we watched the soldiers assembling for the reception of Cornwallis's army. From the hill upon which we sat our horses, we could see all that was going forward as if it were in some great amphitheater, but I remember little of it.

The ceremony over, Mark and I sat still, looking down at the two armies marching off to their quarters and on the country people who loitered along, on their way home.

"What will the British do now, Mark?" I asked.

"Oh, they 'll fight on, I suppose," he answered. "There 'll be many to say that this will end the war, but there were just as many who said the same thing after Philadelphia was evacuated."

But I was not listening, for, as my eyes strayed over the departing throng of the spectators of that historic ceremony, my glance caught the figure of a man peering here and there, as if he were hunting for some one.

"Mark!" I cried, pointing, "look! Do you recognize who that is?"

He followed the direction of my finger until he, too, caught sight of the tall, gangling man at whom I pointed.

"'T is Schmuck, the Magus!" he cried. "Come, Miss Bee, I doubt not he knows something of this Blundell, if they are both after the same map," and, urging our horses, we galloped down the slope, my excitement growing as I realized that, after all, here was one who might give me news of him I sought. The sight of the Magus and Blundell talking together under the street lamp in Philadelphia, three years before, came vividly to my mind.

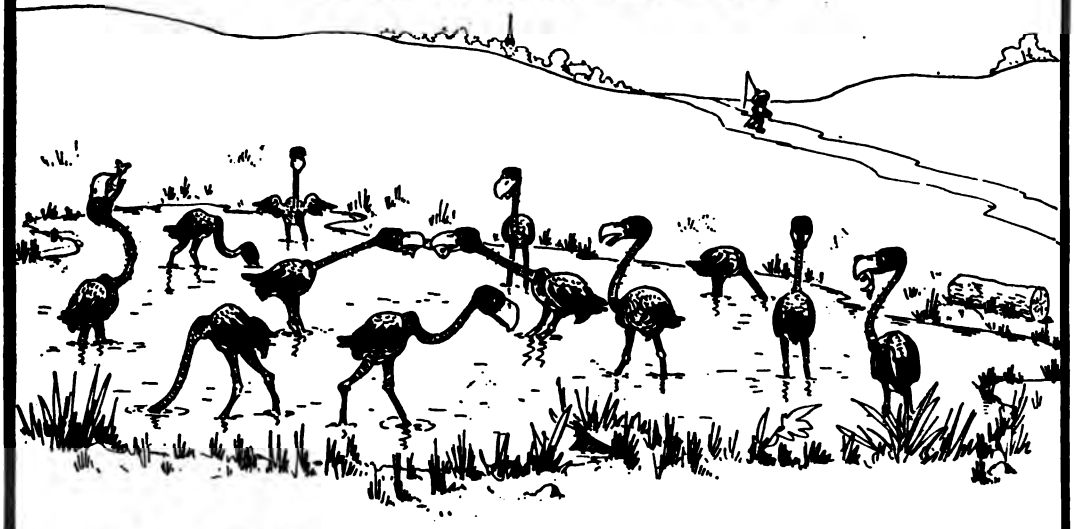
"Hurry, Mark, hurry!" I cried, and we increased our speed.

(To be concluded.)

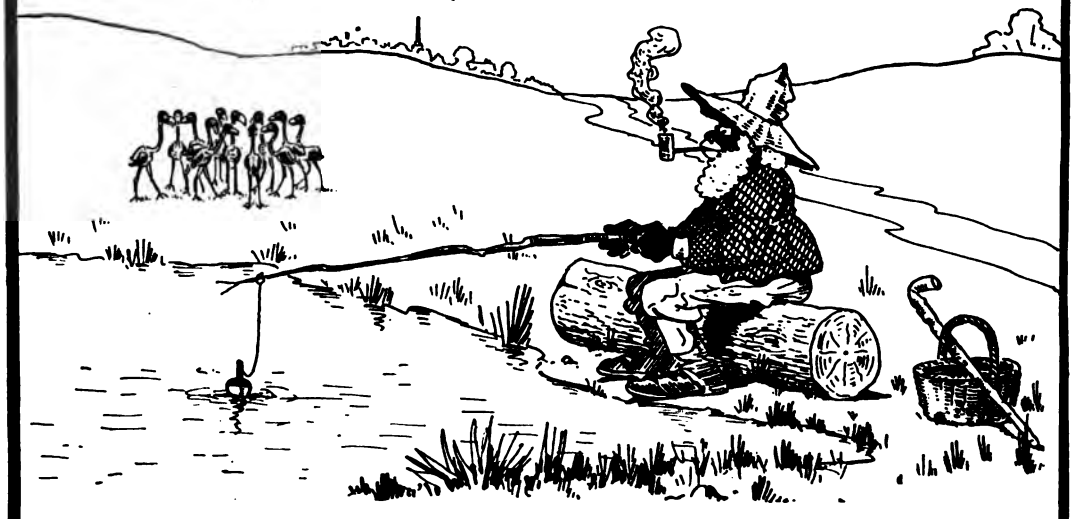
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THE CLEVER FLAMINGOS

BY DE WITT CLINTON FALLS

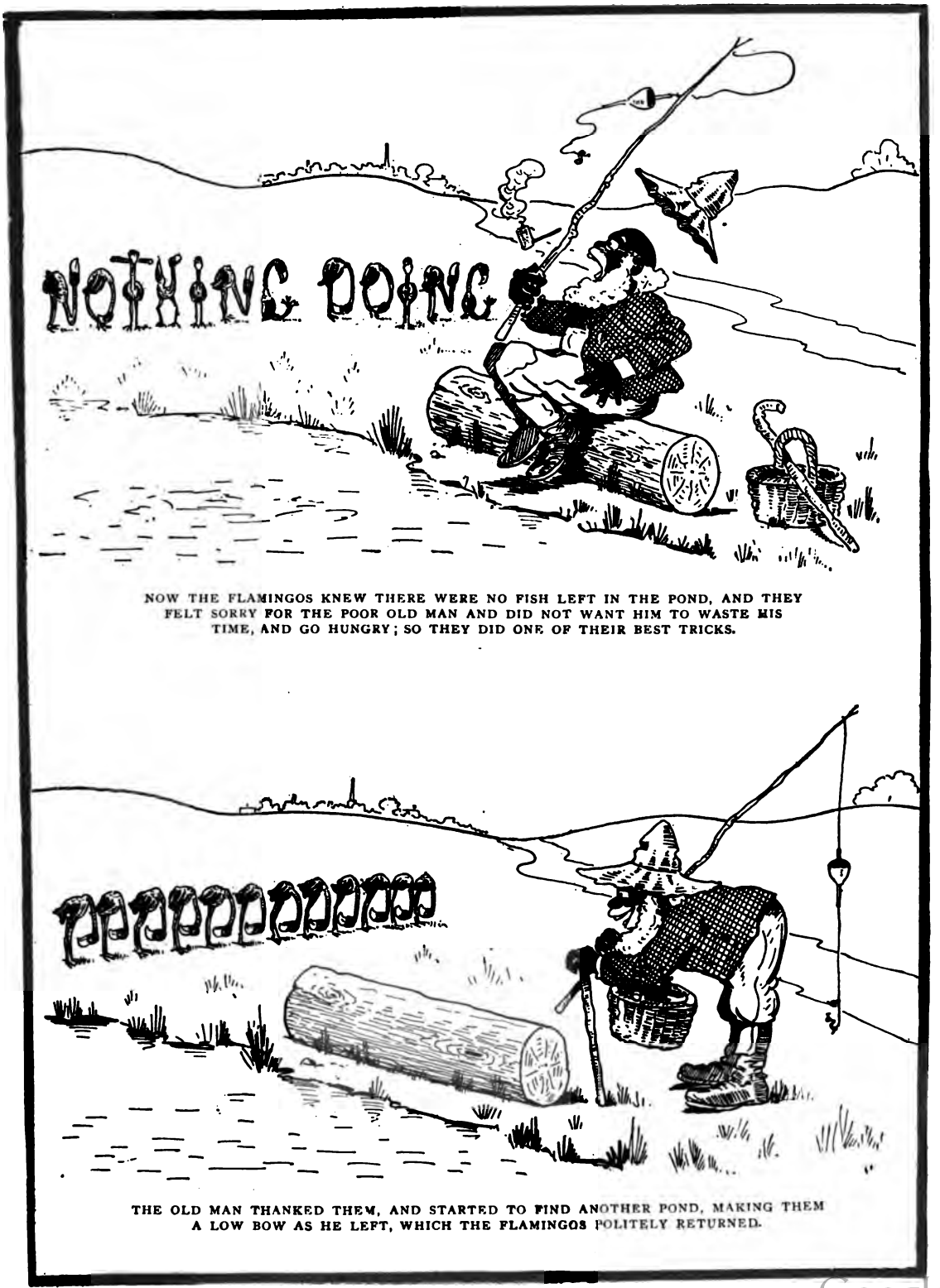


THE FLAMINGOS WERE FEEDING AT A SMALL POND, AND QUICKLY ATE UP EVERY FISH IN IT.



SOON AFTER THEY HAD FINISHED, A POOR OLD MAN CAME ALONG AND SAT DOWN TO TRY TO CATCH SOME FISH FOR HIS DINNER.

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NOW THE FLAMINGOS KNEW THERE WERE NO FISH LEFT IN THE POND, AND THEY FELT SORRY FOR THE POOR OLD MAN AND DID NOT WANT HIM TO WASTE HIS TIME, AND GO HUNGRY; SO THEY DID ONE OF THEIR BEST TRICKS.

THE OLD MAN THANKED THEM, AND STARTED TO FIND ANOTHER POND, MAKING THEM A LOW BOW AS HE LEFT, WHICH THE FLAMINGOS POLITELY RETURNED.

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THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE GREAT HIGHWAY

IN spite of Dr. Evans's forebodings, all went well with the travelers during their journey northward along the great highway. Lieutenant Cherik continued to treat his prisoners with the utmost consideration. He allowed them to select their own camping places at night and resting-places through the heat of the day, and even to make short detours for the purpose of visiting spots made historic by the Bible story. So long as they reached Damascus on the eighth day, the officer would be satisfied; they might lay out the journey as they pleased. Nor was any check put upon Jack McGreggor's picture-taking activities.

"Say, Sandy, this gentleman-prisoner business is *great!*" declared Jack. "Dandy horses, the best stuff to eat, five soldiers to take care of us, and it does n't cost us a cent! Think what this means in our scheme! Why, it 's the chance of our lives! Here 's your father choke-full of information about the country, and here we are with a little corker of a moving-picture machine, the first one that ever blew into these parts! It means two thousand dollars' worth of films before we strike Damascus! Two thousand is putting it low."

"I hope so," said Sandy; "that is to say, I suppose you know about moving pictures, but—" he was thinking of the strange vision, or message, that had come to his father under the old olive-tree.

"There 's no 'but' about it," replied McGreggor, briskly. "We 're headed for a big success—straight for it. We 're the boys who land the thing we go after. Yes, sir! Did n't we go after your father? And now it 's money—a barrel of it! Why, the people back home will go crazy over the stuff we 've got already, but wait till we strike some of these new places— What 's that town where the witch used to live?"

"The witch? Oh, the witch of Endor?"

"That 's it. We 're going there; your father said so."

Jack had conceived a profound respect for Dr. Evans, who, the boy discovered, knew all about birds and animals and wild flowers, and could tell thrilling stories of his adventures in hunting the wild boar, and fighting Asiatic cholera, and saving wretched Armenians during the massacre at Adana.

"Why, he can do anything, your governor can!" McGreggor decided enthusiastically; "and he seems to know about everything. He—he 's a peach!"

"I knew you 'd like him," smiled Sandy.

Although the boys had been in the Holy Land for weeks, it was only now, in talks with Dr. Evans as they rode along, that Jack got his first clear idea of Palestine as a whole. What a little place it was, considering its great importance in the world! New York State would divide up into five Palestines, said the doctor, and North Dakota into ten, and Texas into thirty. New Jersey was about as large as this whole theater of Bible history. New Jersey!

And what extraordinary contrasts in climate were here in this tiny land! Palestine! A rugged strip between ocean and desert—salt-water breezes meeting the parched and withering sirocco! Palestine! With the glistening peaks of Mount Hermon on its northern border, where the snow-fields never melt, then, stretching away to the south, the Jordan valley, the deepest fissure in the earth's surface, far below the level of the sea, with palms and orange groves and tropical vegetation, one of the hottest places in the world! Jack thrilled with newly awakened interest as the doctor described all this.

They camped one night near Jacob's Well and Joseph's tomb, in the historic valley between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, and here it was that the boys met (and photographed) a Moslem wedding procession, and watched the bride, her head covered with strings of silver coins, as she threw handfuls of corn to the birds, according to native custom, and then anointed the stones of the well with butter to keep off evil spirits.

Again, they camped among the date-palms and orange groves of Jenin, where Jehu raced his chariot and horses, and smote Ahaziah. And the next day they crossed the wonderful plain of Esdraelon, carpeted with rich greens and abundant flowers, and cut through by the silver thread of the river Kishon. Here, said the missionary, were things worth seeing and thinking about. On yonder slope to the east lay Cana of Galilee. There to the north, hidden by purple hills, was Nazareth. And that round-topped mountain at the edge of the plain, there where the griffin vultures and golden eagles were soaring, was Mount Tabor, the scene of a famous battle between

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French and Moslems, when the latter, in spite of superior numbers, were overcome by a trick of the great Napoleon.

What Sandy Evans remembered most distinctly about Cana of Galilee was the fact that he got about a thousand thorns in his trousers in brushing against a tall cactus hedge. And what Jack remembered about Nazareth (after they had left it behind) was its frightfully steep streets, a group of laden camels drinking at the fountain, and the friendliness of a German photographer, who supplied him with precious materials for developing his films.

As they passed through the village of Nain, a miserable cluster of mud hovels, the boys had an adventure that might easily have ended seriously. They had stopped to take a picture of what was pointed out as the widow's house, now scarcely more than a heap of stones, and, while Jack busied himself with the kodak, Harold searched about for some interesting souvenir of this sacred place. Suddenly, as he climbed along the ruined wall, he came upon a snake coiled in the sun.

"I say, Jack, here 's a snake," he called. "I 'm going to take a shot at him." And, drawing his revolver, he fired at the ugly creature from a distance of about ten feet.

"Huh! You 're a fine shot!" laughed McGreggor, as the snake wriggled away and disappeared between two large stones in the wall.

"I 'll get him out," said Evans. "Ah! see his tail! Come out here, Mr. Snake. There! I told you I 'd get him."

As he spoke, Harold seized the projecting tail, and, with a quick movement, snapped the snake out upon the ground. What would have happened next can never be known, for Dr. Evans arrived at that moment, and killed the angry reptile with a stick. Then he turned to the boys.

"You don't know what you 're doing!" he said quietly; but they saw that his face was pale.

"Why, Father, he 's only a little fellow. He is n't over two feet long."

"A little fellow!" answered the missionary. "Do you see that flat head? He 's a viper, one of the most deadly in the East!"

That night, they pitched their tents on a bare hillside near the historic village of Endor, and here they discovered many caves in the rock such as that in which the old witch must have dwelt in the days of Saul. In one of these caves they killed a great bat that measured twenty inches across the wings, a rare variety, Dr. Evans told them.

The travelers had now completed half their journey to Damascus, and no harm had befallen them. The fifth day brought them to the ruined cities that fringe the northern shore of the Sea of Tiberias, or Galilee. On the sixth day, they forded the Jordan, with a company of Moslem pilgrims, and turned to the north toward the snow-covered heights of Mount Hermon that lay straight before them, a long day's journey. And one day more would bring them to Damascus.

"I don't believe there 's going to be any trouble, Father," remarked Harold, confidently.

"I hope not, my son," replied the missionary; "but remember what I told you. It 's just as well to be prepared."

"I 'll remember," said the boy, and he thought again of those mysterious black eagles.

A little later, Harold took the precious ring from his money belt and put it on his third finger. Finding that it fitted snugly, he decided to wear it.

On the afternoon of the seventh day, the company found themselves approaching the outlying hills of the long Jebel Sunnin range, white with snow, above which mighty Hermon rears its majestic head. They decided to rest for an hour in an apricot orchard, and the boys, stretched on the ground, were just beginning to enjoy themselves under trees bending with golden fruit, when Jack espied a caravan coming down the mountain. It was a caravan of pilgrims from Damascus, Deeny said, on its way to Mecca, that most sacred city of the Moslems into which no Christian may penetrate. In an instant, the young Americans were on their feet, fired with the same idea. Here was a picture worth taking. A caravan of pilgrims going to Mecca!

A few words of explanation gave the young photographers permission to ride ahead and try to secure this coveted film. Nasr-ed-Din went with them, and a rag-tag soldier to look after a mule that carried the picture apparatus.

"We 'll have to be everlastingly foxy about this," cautioned Sandy, as they rode forward. "You know these pilgrims object to having their pictures taken."

"They 'll never know it," said McGreggor. "We 'll lie in ambush for 'em, have the machine set up in the bushes so they won't notice it, and grind the thing out as they go past."

Hurrying on, the boys selected a spot where the road turned sharply and where a cluster of oleanders on rising ground gave them exactly the vantage-point they needed. In a couple of minutes Jack's deft fingers had the apparatus ready, and Harold stood eager to help.

"Tell Deeny to keep that mule still!" said McGreggor, for the animal, annoyed by Syrian flies, was jangling his bells. "They 're coming!"

The murmur of the approaching caravan was now distinctly audible. Dogs barked, men

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shouted, and, as the line drew nearer, the anxious watchers could hear the hoarse grunting of the camels under their heavy loads and the urging of their drivers.

"Ready! Start her up!" whispered Evans, on a signal from Nasr-ed-Din, and the picture machine began to click softly.

A moment later, the caravan appeared. And what a sight it was! All the costumes of the East were passing before them in review—Arabs, Persians, Turks, Abyssinians, black, white, and yellow, men, women, and children, rich and poor, dignified pashas on stately dromedaries, half-naked slaves trudging along on foot, hundreds of camels, some of them bearing in litters pilgrims who were fat, or lazy, or sick, soldiers with flashing weapons, horsemen in gay cloaks and fantastic head-dresses, holy men, fighting men, dervishes, veiled women, and scores of beasts of burden carrying tents and boxes and provisions for the long journey through the Arabian desert.

At one moment, there came a pause in the advance, whereupon three of the dervishes, wearing black hats shaped like flower-pots, and tight-fitting white robes, began a strange whirling dance which went faster and faster, until, presently, they were spinning on their toes like three human tops.

When it was all over and the last straggler had passed on, Jack sank back with a sigh of relief.

"Say, Sandy, I want to tell you that 's some picture!" he declared. "It 's worth a thousand dollars, if it 's worth a cent. Why, those whirling dervishes alone are worth five hundred!"

After a brief rest, the boys strolled on until they came to a deep gorge at the bottom of which a rapid stream tumbled and leaped over black rocks. Suddenly, a series of quick shots was heard down the valley, bringing Nasr-ed-Din sharply to his feet.

"Hello! What 's that?"

"It sounded like a signal."

The boys looked at each other in alarm, while Deeny hurried forward to reconnoiter.

"We 'd better get back," urged McGreggor.

"Wait!" said Harold. "Deeny will find out what it means."

And in a few minutes Deeny returned, anxious-faced, to warn the boys that something had happened below. They must not delay an instant, and, mounting their horses forthwith, they started down the mountain-side as rapidly as possible, Deeny riding first, then Harold and Jack, and, last, the rag-tag soldier on the jangling mule with the picture apparatus.

"Say, Sandy," questioned McGreggor, "does Deeny know what the trouble is? Has he any idea?"

Harold shook his head gloomily, and they rode on in silence, thinking of Dr. Evans's apprehensions. 'Was this the sinister happening that the missionary had feared?

A turn in the path presently brought them to a point of ground whence they could overlook the broad valley beneath them, and now they discovered that, during their absence, Lieutenant Cherik's party had moved forward about a quarter of a mile, and were waiting at a bridge that crossed a rapid stream. Harold raised his field-glasses and made out plainly his father, the lieutenant, and the five soldiers. They were on their mounts in the midst of a group of a dozen horsemen, powerful fellows in picturesque native costume, and all well armed. Dr. Evans was talking to their leader, a man with black tassels hanging around his swarthy face.

Evans rode ahead and consulted with Deeny, who nodded reassuringly.

"I guess it 's all right, Jack," explained Sandy. "They belong to one of these Lebanon mountain tribes. Remember? Father told us about 'em."

"He called 'em scoundrels—cutthroats."

"Not all of 'em. Deeny says these fellows probably just want to be paid something for letting us go through their territory."

It turned out that Nasr-ed-Din was correct in this opinion, and all would have gone well with the travelers but for one unfortunate occurrence. As the boys rode up, Dr. Evans had just arranged, after much bargaining, that the party should pay these mountaineers ten Turkish liras (something over forty dollars) for a safe passage through this robber-infested region.

"I have seven liras here," explained the missionary, clinking some gold in his hand. Lieutenant Cherik contributed five and I had two myself, but these fellows won't take paper money, so we need three more liras."

"I 've got it," volunteered McGreggor.

"No, you don't," laughed Harold. "Here!" He took out his purse, and, selecting three shining pieces, handed them to the leader.

With a greedy smile the tasseled mountaineer received the gold, and was just lifting his hand in respectful salute, as if to say that the travelers might now proceed on their journey, when suddenly his eyes fell upon Harold's ring.

"It sin!" ("You dog!") he cried angrily, and, seizing the boy's wrist, he studied the brown seal with fierce suspicion. Then, spitting scornfully toward the stone, he thrust Harold violently from him, and, turning to his followers, gave them quick orders in a cruel, rasping voice.

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An hour later, the Americans, closely guarded, found themselves climbing the rugged heights along the shoulder of Mount Hermon. Now they were prisoners indeed, their every move watched by stern captors alike indifferent to threats and pleadings. And this tragic change in their fortunes had come about through the agency of the very ring that had saved them so wonderfully a few days before.

Chapter XXVIII

A PAIR OF DARK EYES

Now things were going badly again. Not only had the boys fallen into the hands of enemies, but they found themselves cut off from Dr. Evans and Deeny, who, for some reason, were kept under separate guard. As to Lieutenant Cherik and his soldiers, they were set contemptuously at liberty by the mountaineers, after being deprived of weapons, money, and horses. These Lebanon raiders evidently had small respect for Turkish authority.

There followed for the young Americans five hours of painful climbing up steep and dangerous ways where none but a Syrian horse, sure-footed as a goat, could carry his rider. And, to make matters worse, it presently began to rain.

"A nice hole we 're in," grumbled Jack, as his mount slipped and stumbled over the rocks.



THE APPROACH TO NAZARETH.

"That 's a wonderful ring of yours,—I don't think. You 'd better give it to a museum."

"We 'll be glad to have this ring when we get to Damascus," insisted Harold.

"Huh! When we get to Damascus! When we get to the moon! Whoa, there! I 'll go skating down this mountain in a minute! Ugh! it 's cold!"

It was nearly midnight when the boys reached an encampment of black tents, seen dimly through the night, and were led to rough bunks on which



FORDING THE JORDAN.

they threw themselves, sad and weary, and wet to the skin.

"I wish I knew what they 've done with Father and Deeny," said Evans, anxiously.

"Probably put 'em in another tent," suggested Jack.

The next morning, Harold awoke with an aching body, a stiff neck, and such a sore throat that he could not speak above a whisper. McGreggor, who was none the worse for his exposure, came loyally to his friend's assistance.

"I 'll find your father and get him in here," he said cheerfully. "He 'll fix you up in no time."

Jack bustled to the door of the tent, but was stopped unceremoniously by a keen-eyed guard in a blue-embroidered jacket, who stood outside, leaning on a long rifle. The boy made vigorous signs that his friend in the tent was ill.

"He 's sick, understand? *Malade—krank*—Sandy!" he called, "what 's the blooming Turkish word for sick?"

"Khaste!" answered Evans, weakly.

"Khaste! Khaste!" repeated Jack to the guard, with expressive gestures; but the blue-jacketed one merely scowled at him, and would neither go himself for assistance nor allow the American to go.

"This is a fine way to treat people!" stormed Jack. "We have n't had any breakfast, and they 've taken all our stuff. We have n't even got dry clothes. Hello!—" McGreggor stopped abruptly, and stood staring out through the tent door in evident admiration, while his angry frown disappeared, and an amiable smile took its place.

"What is it? What do you see?" asked Sandy, from his bunk.

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"What is it that wears big gold hoops in its ears, and has melting dark eyes, and—say, she 's looking this way—she 's sorry for us."

The cause of this outburst was a girl of about sixteen, who had suddenly appeared outside the tent. She stood for a moment, staring wonderingly at the young American; then, with a frightened gesture, she scurried away.

"I 'll wager seven dollars she 's the chief's daughter," McGreggor rattled on, "and—she 's sorry for us, and—we 'll get Deeny to talk with her, and she 'll intercede with her father and persuade him to send us in a table d'hôte breakfast and some clothes and—and then we 'll start for Damascus."

But alas for Jack's hopes! No breakfast came, and the boys found their spirits drooping as the hours passed and no one paid the slightest attention to their needs. About noon, the guard, with a surly air, gave them a jar of water and some bread in tough flat cakes—nothing else until nightfall, at which time Harold's head was throbbing with pain.

"Have n't got any fever, have you?" Jack asked. "Let 's feel your hand. By Jove! it 's hot, all right."

"If I could only see Father!" mourned Harold. "He 'd give me quinine or something, and I 'd be all right in the morning."

The boy lay silent on his rough bed for some moments, then he burst out bitterly, "Oh, if only I had n't worn that ring! If I had only kept it out of sight!"

McGreggor answered comfortingly from the other side of the tent: "It was n't your fault. The ring got us out of a hole the other time, did n't it? It ought to have helped us this time, only—it did n't. Come, now, stop worrying. Let 's go to sleep. Maybe things will be better to-morrow."

"I hope so. Good-night, old boy."

"Good-night."

For an hour, they tossed about restlessly, filled with somber thoughts. Harold lived over again in fevered memory the exciting events of recent weeks. It seemed as if he had gone through all that he could bear. He was tired and weak and lonely. If he could only speak to his father! Why had these mountaineers separated him from his father? And from Deeny?

"Can't you get to sleep, Sandy?" whispered McGreggor. "Still worrying? What about? Tell me."

Evans tried to answer cheerfully. "Oh, nothing special."

"I say, Sandy. Don't forget the chief's daughter. Her eyes just showed she was sorry for us. She 'll come to the rescue yet. Give her a chance!"

Scarcely had McGreggor spoken these words, when his faith in the unknown mountain girl received startling justification. There came a sound of low voices outside the tent, and, a moment later, Nasr-ed-Din entered softly, carrying a dim lantern and a basket of food, while over his arm were various articles of clothing. The boys sat up in bed and stared at him.

"Did I say what would happen?" beamed McGreggor. "Did I?"

In guarded tones the big Turk explained to his young master what had occurred. It was really as Jack had fancied. The severity of their imprisonment had been suddenly relieved through the interest of the young girl they had seen, and who was the daughter of one of the leading men of the band. Her name was Zahra.

"Zahra!" repeated Jack, swelling with pride. "Am I a wizard? Talk about your prophets of olden days! 'Zahra, the Bedouin's Daughter.'"

"Shut up. Let Deeny go on," reproved Harold.

Zahra, it appeared (just as Jack imagined), on learning from Nasr-ed-Din that one of the young prisoners was ill, had persuaded her father to send them food and clothing, and to allow Nasr-ed-Din to deliver a message from Dr. Evans.

The missionary's message was simply a loving word to the boys, with an assurance of his own safety. Harold was to tell Nasr-ed-Din exactly how he felt, and Dr. Evans would send some medicine.

While Harold was describing his symptoms to the old servant, McGreggor went to the tent door and looked out into the night. The stars were shining peacefully, and in the western sky the moon hung like a copper shield over the white crest of the mountains. As Jack appeared, the guard turned away indifferently.

"He 's had his orders," reflected the boy. Then he looked at the moon again, and saw that it was surrounded by two greenish circles.

"Sandy," he called, "there are two green circles around the moon."

"Get out!" scoffed Evans.

"Honest, there are! They 're as plain as anything. And right near us on the left there 's a queer little white building with a round top to it. Ask Deeny what it is."

"He says it 's the shrine of a great Moslem saint," answered Harold.

"The shrine of a great Moslem saint!" mused Jack; and, for a long time, he stood staring at this white-washed sepulcher on the mountain-side. Deeny went away and came back with the medicine, and then went away again; Harold dropped off quietly to sleep, and still Jack McGreggor stood at the tent door, frowning and finally smil-

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ing, over a pretty little problem in tactics that had flashed into his mind there in the light of the green-circled moon.

The next morning, Harold awoke refreshed and quite himself again.

"Hello, Jack," he called. "I 'm right as a dollar. Feeling fine."

McGreggor, who was already dressed, hurried to him, lifting a warning finger.

" 'Sh! You 're ill—very ill—yes, very, very."



THE CHIEF AND HIS DAUGHTER.

"Ill nothing! I tell you I 'm all right. That stuff Father sent was great. What 's the matter with you anyway?"

McGreggor sat down at his friend's bedside with an air of profound mystery.

"Sandy," he said eagerly, "I 've got a great idea, an enormous idea."

"Some way to get five meals a day?"

"No, no! I 'm not joking. I 've found a way to escape—a sure way—if you 'll help me."

"A way to escape—from here?"

"Yes, sir. You 've had all the big ideas so far on this trip, but I 've got one now, and—and—well, it 's a bird!"

Evans sat up in bed and studied his friend with great interest.

"Deeny and I talked last night about escaping, Jack. He says it can't be done."

"I can do it!"

Sandy shook his head. "These Lebanon fellows have got us watched every minute, and they 're keen as hawks."

"I don't care how keen they are."

"They expect to make a lot of ransom money out of us. Deeny says they sent off a courier to Damascus yesterday morning on a swift camel. He watched him speeding like the wind across the plain."

"Fine!" exclaimed McGreggor. "That means waiting here until the courier gets back. How many days will that be?"

"Three or four, Deeny says. Go on. What 's your idea?"

"Just a minute. Hear that?" Jack hurried to the door as a harsh wailing chant sounded from near by. "Ah! I thought so. I 'm beginning to know a few things myself. Look there!"

Harold followed his friend to the opening of the tent.

"That 's nothing; those are Turkish pilgrims—at their devotions," he said.

"At their devotions before that shrine of the Moslem saint. Am I right?"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Look at them! Look at those chaps on the camels! And that tall fellow with the bare feet standing on the prayer rug! And the other one kneeling by the water-bottle! They believe in miracles at these shrines, don't they?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"You know they do, Sandy."

"All right; what if they do?"

"We 're going to have a miracle for the special benefit of these Lebanon fellows."

"A miracle? How do you mean? Are you just talking nonsense—or what?"

"I 'll show you. In the first place, we 're going to have this tent moved along so it 's close to the shrine. The chief's daughter will fix that if she hears you are very ill, and want to be near the shrine. Deeny can persuade her to do that. That 's why I want you ill. See?"

"I don't see how any of this helps us to escape," objected Sandy.

"You 'll see in a minute. Did you hear me mention last night that the moon had two green circles around it? That 's a sign—understand? A tremendous sign."

"Rats!"

"Deeny can tell these brigands that it 's a sign,

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THE PILGRIMS BEFORE THE SHRINE.

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can't he? It *is* a sign of something—rain, perhaps. They 'll swallow it whole, sure they will. Especially the ones that guard our tent, and to-morrow night, at twelve o'clock precisely, we 'll have them all rounded up before that shrine. Understand?"

Harold reflected a moment, then he shook his head disapprovingly. "It 'll never work, Jack. Never in the world. I can see how our guards might be fooled into leaving us for a few minutes, by some fairy tale of Deeny's, but what if they did? We 'd never have time to get away. They 'd come right back again."

"No, sir. They 'll never come back. You 'll never see their heels for dust! They 'll never stop running, they 'll be so scared."

"What 's going to scare 'em?"

"The thing they 'll see—the miracle that I 've been telling you about."

"Who 's going to work this miracle?"

"I am, that is—" Jack paused, and a broad grin spread over his face. "Tell you what I 'll do, Sandy. If you 're real good, I 'll let you turn the handle."

"Turn the handle?" For a moment, Evans did not understand, and Jack watched him with keen enjoyment.

"Yep. The handle that 's going to make dervishes dance and the whole caravan circus move along that white-washed wall."

Now the light burst upon Harold.

"Moving pictures!" he cried.

Jack nodded. "Moving pictures at midnight—on the shrine, from our tent."

Harold shook his head doubtfully. "You can't do it. You have n't got your films developed,"

"I 've got the stuff to develop 'em, have n't I? Bought it in Nazareth, of the old German photographer, did n't I?"

"I know, but—"

"Maybe I 'm not an expert at this. I did n't know anything about kites, did I? Say, how long do you think it 'll take me to develop that caravan film? A week? A month? If I don't do it in two hours—right in this tent—I 'll eat it."

"You have n't got a machine to throw the pictures."

Jack smiled condescendingly. "No? What do you suppose is packed in those boxes I 've been lugging around? Prunes? Spelling-books? Why, that was part of my original scheme—to make money showing the pictures—sure it was—to Chinamen, or Zulus, or Eskimos, or anybody—going around the world. That 's why I got a stereopticon light-weight attachment with a portable calcium-oxygen outfit that cost me thirty-five dollars."

"You mean to tell me you can develop the film, and set up the apparatus, and show that caravan picture—to-morrow night?"

"Easy—if I get those boxes. And we 'll get 'em, if the gentle Zahra says so—*which she will.* Tell that guard you want to talk to Deeny. And he 'll talk to the girl; he 'll fix it."

"Wait!" objected Sandy. "Even if you do



THE COURIER TO DAMASCUS.

show the pictures, these Lebanon fellows are n't fools—they 'll get on to it."

"Not in a hundred years. Did n't your father say they 're the most ignorant and superstitious people on earth? They don't know how to read. They 've never heard of Roosevelt! They 've got no more idea what a moving picture is than—did n't your father tell us how they hang blue beads on their babies and horses to keep off the evil eye?"

"They 'll see the light of the lantern—out of our tent."

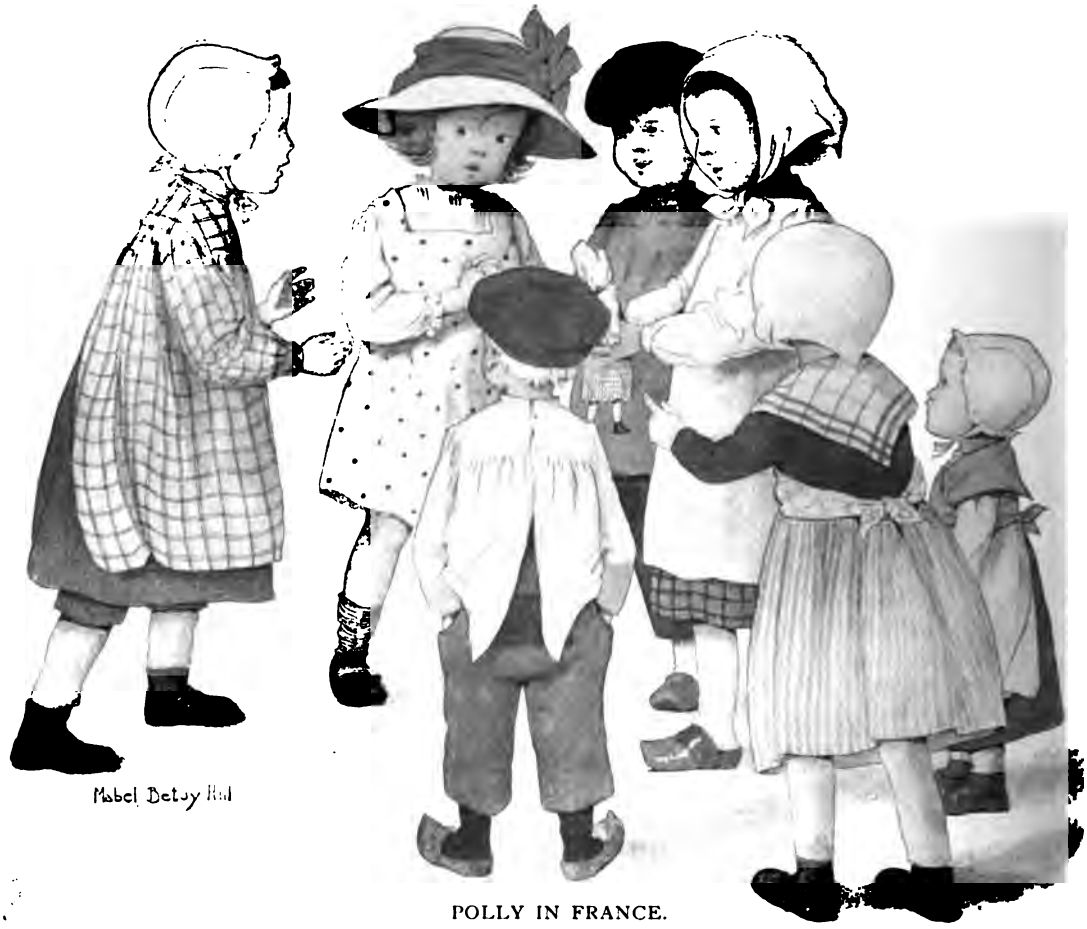
"They 'll never look at our tent. They 'll have their backs to it—they 'll be facing the shrine."

"They 'll hear the click of the machine."

"Not on your life. Half of them 'll be making so much noise, they won't hear anything. Besides, when the pictures start—on that white wall—the tomb of one of their saints, you know—why, they 'll be scared to death. We 've got to take a chance, or we 'll never get away. And even if they see the light from our tent, they 'll be afraid to come near it. It 's safe enough. I tell you, they 'll run like sheep. Can't you see 'em running? Can't you, Sandy?"

(To be concluded.)

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POLLY IN FRANCE.

She thought the children odd in France,
Our winsome little maid;
But what surprised her most of all,
They spoke French when they played!

THE HAIR-CUT MAN

BY MELVILLE CHATER

A LONG way off there came in sight
A pole with stripes of red and white.
So like a candy-stick it stood
You 'd almost think it tasted good.
We walked inside and found him there—
The barber-man who cut my hair.

And there are bottles on a shelf,
And chairs so big you lose yourself,
And picture papers hung on poles,
And painted cups in cubbyholes,
And lots of looking-glasses, too,
That show you different kinds of you.

The shiny shears went "peck-a-peck,"
As cold as ice, about my neck.
When Mother told him, "That 's enough,"
He fizzed my head with smelly stuff
And helped me down; and everywhere
About me lay my old dead hair.

And, oh, when everything was through,
I felt so clean and cool and new!
And I was bought a red balloon,
And smelled so fine all afternoon.
If I could only have my way,
I 'd get my hair cut every day!

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THE HAIR-CUT MAN.

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A NIGHTMARE

THERE was once a little girlie,
And she had an awful dream;
It really was so awful,
That she woke up with a scream!

She dreamed that all her dollies came
And climbed upon the bed—
There must have been a score or more
In groups upon the spread.

There was one-eyed "Arabella,"
And headless "Lucy Ann,"
And a most distressing cripple
Whose name was "Peter Pan."

There was "Maud," and proud "Belinda";
There was "Evelina Grace";
Each with an arm or leg off,
And a scratched and battered face.

They held a consultation
While she shivered there in bed;
Then up spake Arabella,
And this is what she said:

"You have been a cruel mother!
I say it to your shame!
We none of us can love you,
And you have been to blame.

"You 've pulled our arms and legs off!
You 've scalped us every one!
You 've often scratched our faces,
And thought that it was fun.

"Belinda 's full of needles!
You 've stuck pins in Emmy Lou!
And now we have decided
To do the same to you!"

It was then the little girlie
Awakened with a scream;
And oh, but she was thankful
To find it was a dream!

Anna May Cooper.

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The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose
illustrated by Arthur Rackham

© A. R.



Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny-goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring-a-ting tang,
And a ring-a-ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!



Jack be nimble,
And Jack be quick;
And Jack jump over
The candlestick.

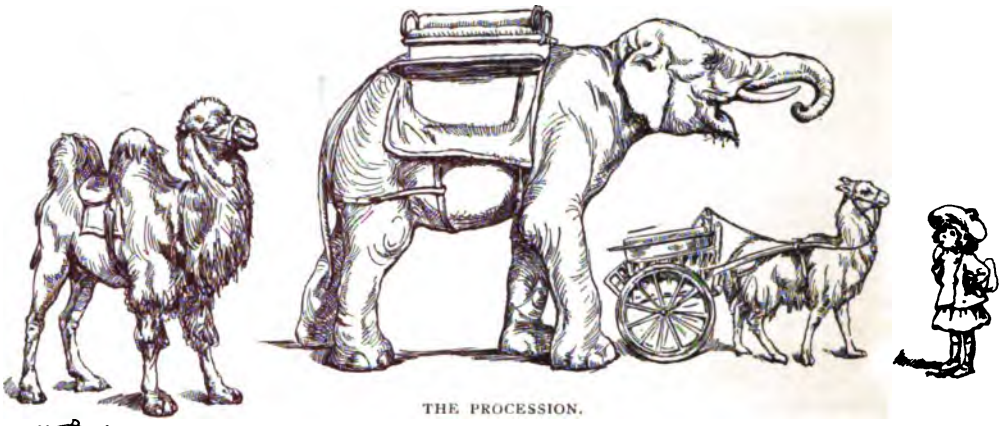


Dr. Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, right up to his middle,
And never went there again.



Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The Fly shall marry the Bumblebee.
They went to church, and married was she:
The Fly has married the Bumblebee.

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THE PROCESSION.

THE LONDON "ZOO"

BY DOROTHY FURNISS

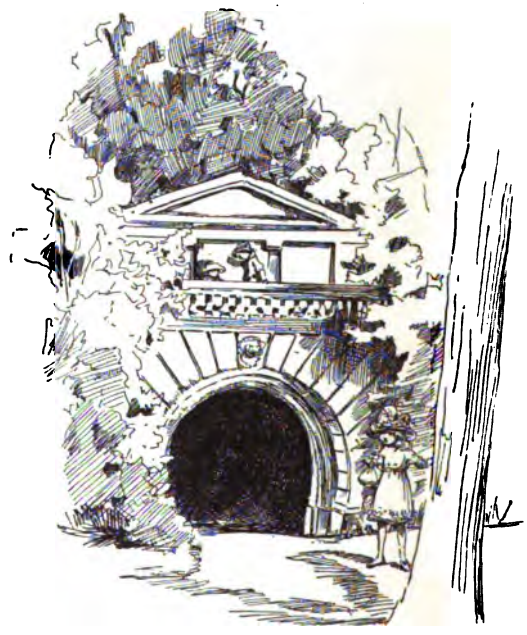
SOME years ago, there lived in England a group of little children whose parents belonged to the London Zoölogical Society. They spent their half-holidays among the elephants and camels; they patronized the band of the 1st Life Guards throughout the summer months; they knew the lions by name, and had intimate acquaintance with the monkeys. They fraternized with the keepers, and drew from them thrilling tales which they loved to recount to each other with bated breath.



AT THE ZOO, IN 1828.

One story still lingers in my mind (for I happened to be one of the favored company); we called it "The Eyes in the Tunnel."

The gardens, you must understand, are cut into two sections by a road, and the land slopes down on either side to a tunnel beneath this road, connecting the north garden with the south. In the early days of the society, a watchman, so it was said, stationed himself at night with his lantern in the tunnel. One night, as he stood in the pitchy darkness, rubbing his cold hands together, he caught the sound of approaching footsteps. Pad, pad, pad, the noise came nearer and nearer, and then, faintly glimmering, he saw two yellow eyes glaring straight into his own. He did not dare stoop to the lantern at his feet, and his whole body stiffened with terror as he realized that the *eyes were about the height of a lion's.* Every minute he expected the animal to spring upon him; and the poor watchman waited, transfixed and motionless, hardly venturing to draw a breath.



THE TUNNEL.

At last he could bear the suspense no longer,

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and, stooping down, he raised the lantern, turning the light full on the animal's face. And what do you think he saw? A great, big, woolly Mount



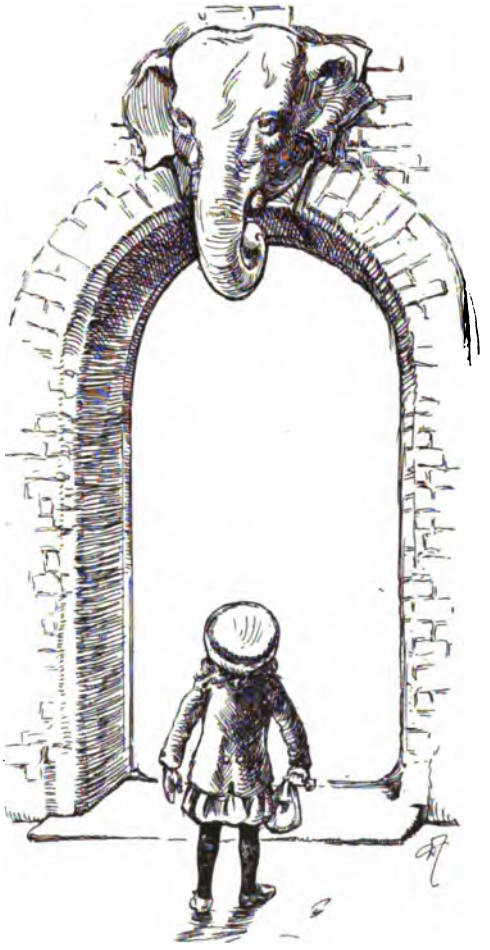
THE CAMEL HOUSE.

St. Bernard dog that had pushed under the turnstile entrance, lost himself in the grounds, and frightened himself every whit as much as he had frightened the watchman.

My earliest recollection of the elephant house was one of awful fascination. Alice, the African elephant, lived there beside her gigantic mate, Jumbo, one of the largest elephants ever seen in captivity. Jumbo was reported to be dangerous, and Alice trumpeted in such a fearsome manner that we trembled in our little shoes whenever we heard her voice. My small companions generally preferred to join me at the far entrance, whilst I, stubborn as a mule and stiff with fright, dashed through the elephant house, "just to show Alice I did n't care two straws about her silly old trumpeting!"

Poor dear Jumbo! He was the idol of the London public, and when it was arranged to sell him to Barnum's for £2000, half London went "Jumbo mad," and a judge of the High Courts was called upon to decide whether Jumbo should leave England for America. Much of this we did not know at the time, but afterward, a rumor reached us that Jumbo died a noble death, and henceforth he was enshrined in our memory as one of the heroes of the Zoo.

A curious feature of the Zoo is a long walk terminating in a broad terrace and a flight of steps. Beneath this terrace lie the bear cages. It was on this terrace, I believe, that Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent, met a bear on his morning walk. Mr. Bartlett was the tiniest man imaginable, and the bear in question was a large and dangerous animal, bent apparently on a day's "outing" and as much mischief as she could contrive. Mr. Bartlett cast about for some weapon of defense, the only object within reach being an ordinary twig broom; this he snatched up, and, with a swift, flank movement, presented it full in the face of the beast, so astonishing her that she recoiled in surprise, lost her balance, and fell



ENTRANCE TO THE ELEPHANT HOUSE.

straightway into the cage, where she was soon safely secured.

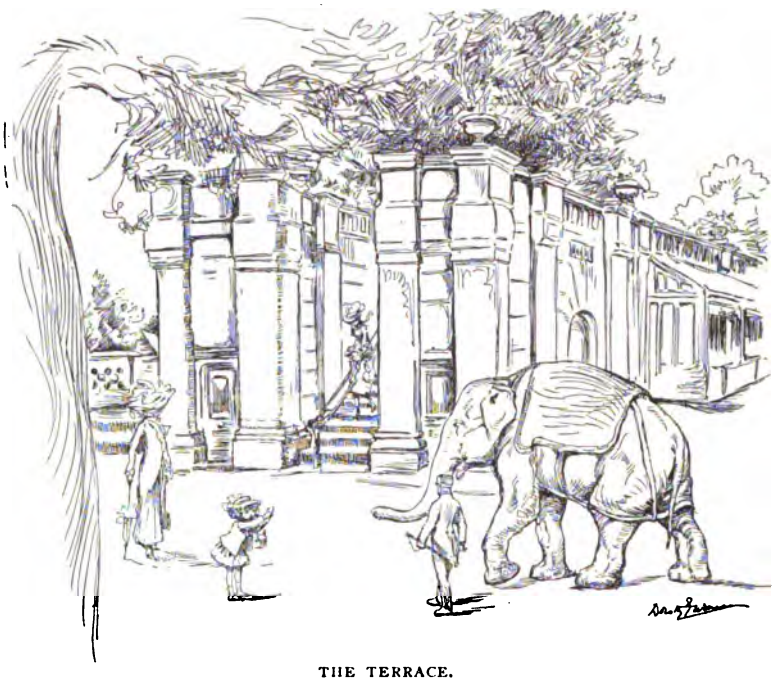
One day, a sailor presented himself at the office with "something a bit out of the ordinary." The

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"bit out of the ordinary" proved to be a huge and fierce cobra wrapped in the thinnest and most ragged of rice bags.

"Wait one second," said Mr. Bartlett, and, darting out of the room, he returned with a large fish-globe. Into this he dropped cobra, bag and all, and then explained to the astonished sailor a little of the danger.

On another occasion, Mr. Bartlett, confronted with the problem of bringing a huge gayal safely from the London Docks to the Zoölogical Gardens, a matter of four or five miles, solved it very simply by filling a large canvas bag full of salt and walking in front of the animal. The gayal, without noticing the crowded street, or the curious throng of watching people, marched contentedly along, licking the bag.



THE TERRACE.

There is nothing so useful as the knowledge of special tastes and titbits to win your way into the affections of caged animals. How we delighted to lure the monkeys from choice and expensive fruits by holding up a bunch of fresh grass, and then to watch them delicately plucking it out blade by blade and stuffing it into their pouches. And the busy harvesting we made of the acorns on the lawns! I remember offering a basket filled to the brim to a very friendly elephant, who calmly encircled the basket with his trunk, and, without spilling a single acorn, conveyed it to his cage. There he emptied the contents, munched up the basket, and then proceeded to sweep up the acorns into his capacious maw.

Spending, as we did, the greater part of our spare time in the gardens, there was hardly a nook or cranny but had some interesting association, and many a time we must have proved a source of anxiety and worry "to those put in authority over us." I know, on one occasion, a small companion was rescued from a position of some danger. Possessing a mind both logical and scientific, he was trying to prove, with the width of his minute pocket-handkerchief, the truth of the assertion that twice round an elephant's foot measured its height. I must confess, too, that if we happened to be in charge of an unfortunate friend, who, at some time or other, had infringed our childish code of honor, we were very apt to lure him, or her, round by the llama house; and llamas, you know, can prove very disagreeable at times, especially if they happen to be ill-tempered.

"The Zoo! the Zoo!
Oh, listen to the lions' roar
And to the elephant and the boar,"

sang one of my little brothers in ecstasy.

"The elephants strive with might and muscle,
While the people get on — all in a bustle,"

he added, with a wonderful touch of realism.

Indeed, I doubt if even Aladdin's cave could be more entrancing to a child than the ordinary attractions of the Zoo. For—the seals were fed at four o'clock, and the large sea-lion wound up his performance by kissing the keeper; the lions and tigers were fed at half-past three; the monitor swallowed an egg whole, shell and all; the secretary-bird darted like lightning on his prey, stabbing with his tenacious claws; the Tasmanian devils fought for their food with all the ferocity their name denoted; the penguin, dressed in scarlet cap and coat like a small Tommy Atkins, hopped along in a ludicrous manner after the fish on the lawn, and Sally, the bald-headed chimpanzee, could eat out of a cup with a spoon like any human being, count up to the number of fifteen, and choose the key of her cage without hesitation from a bunch of twenty. Jenny, the Anda-

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man monkey, could smoke a pipe, but I do not recollect her, neither do I remember Tommy Chimpanzee, he being one of the first monkeys acquired by the Zoo. He arrived, so I have been told, by coach from Bristol City, and created a great stir in his short and sad career. Theodore Hook welcomed him in verse:

The folks in town are nearly wild
To go and see the monkey child,
In garden of zoölogy,
Whose proper name is Chimpanzee.
To keep this baby free from hurt,
He 's dressed in a cap and Guernsey shirt;
They 've got him a nurse, and he sits on her knee,
And she calls him her Tommy Chimpanzee.

In the old days, the ant-eaters lived, very aptly, in the anteroom of the chimpanzee house, and the first ant-cater was purchased for £200. The secretary of 1833 happened to be passing down Broad Street, St. Giles's, when he noticed a sign displayed in a shop-window bearing these extraordinary words:

Come in and see the great antita heat a hegg.

The secretary accepted the invitation with the above result.

By this you will see that the London Zoo is no modern institution; in fact it was started as far back as 1820. Some of the original buildings are standing yet; the camel house, surmounted by the clock-tower, still rings out the visitors at sunset, as it did in the early Victorian era.

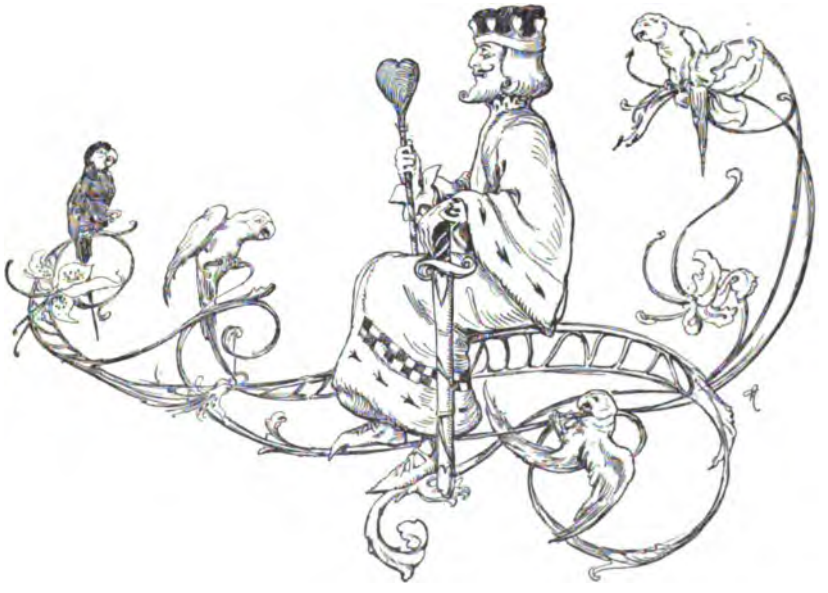
Like our National Gallery, the London Zoo is small but marvelously representative (the Bronx Zoo, I believe, is seven times as large). Everything is exquisitely kept, and the gardens from early spring to late autumn are bowered in beautiful trees, and, being within reach of every London visitor and only half an hour's walk from



"TOMMY CHIMPANZEE."

London's longest and busiest street—Oxford Street—everybody of note may be seen gathered on the lawns.

Among the giants connected with the society, we find Sir Humphry Davy, Darwin, Sir Richard Owen, Huxley, and the great American naturalist, Audubon. The royal family have aided and supported it since its commencement, and the late King Edward, besides being a generous donor, might often have been seen with his friends walking among the ordinary visitors. The last time I saw him in the Zoo, he was standing before a string of gay parrots that were cocking their heads at him with their claws in their cheeks, while one macaw was shouting, "Buck up! Buck up!" much to his amusement.



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"THE WORLD'S SERIES"

BY C. H. CLAUDY

Author of "The Battle of Base-Ball," "Playing the Game," etc.

FIFTH PAPER OF THE SERIES—THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

THE White Sox, World's Champions in 1906, could not stand their prosperity, and in 1907 they were outfought and outplayed by the Detroit Tigers, under the magnetic management, the gameness, and fighting spirit of Hugh Jennings.

In the National League, the Chicago Cubs, defeated for the World's Championship the year before, hung on with grim determination, and finished in front in 1907, thus gaining another opportunity to try for the coveted title of "greatest team in the world."

The first game, played at Chicago, promised an exciting series—promised, indeed, much more than the series yielded. For this first game was a tie, going to twelve innings and ending on account of darkness. It was a good example of how an exciting, heartbreaking, brilliant game can be played with so-called "poor base-ball." Errors on both sides made it a see-saw contest, and either team might have won but for errors—though this game will be longest remembered as lost to Detroit because Schmidt, their catcher, dropped a third strike.

The Cubs led, 1 to 0, to the eighth inning. Here a fumble by Tinker allowed Schaefer to reach first, while Jones got to third. Then, second base being unguarded, Schaefer calmly stole it, and the Cubs wrangled as to whose fault it was. Crawford took advantage of a fast one and scored both runners, pulling up on third on a foolish throw in from the outfield. Then Cobb (as you may imagine!) banged the ball hard right at the pitcher, and though Overall handled it cleanly, his throw to Kling was poor, and Crawford had time to recover third, whence he scored on Rossman's fly.

Three to one in the ninth made things look dark for the Cubs. But the team played on. A hit; a hit batsman; a fumble; and the bases were filled with raging Cubs. Chance scored on an infield out, and the score was 3 to 2!

Then came Donovan's Waterloo—Detroit's great and game pitcher losing through his catcher's error. For with two out, the Tigers felt that the game was safe. And just then Donovan struck out Howard, Chicago's pinch-hitter! But, alas! Schmidt did n't hold the ball—it struck the side of his glove and rolled to the stands, and Steinfeldt scored the tying run!

That was all for that game, though they played it out to twelve innings, when the light became too poor for them to continue. To be just to the Cubs, let it be recorded that when Schmidt had another passed ball, which would surely have scored Slagle from third, Steinfeldt interfered with the play, and Slagle was declared out. Again, Schaefer made one of the sensational plays of the day, leaping in the air to get what looked like a sure base-hit from Chance's bat, and turning it into a double play. The game was a tie, in spite of the fact that, although the Tigers led in the ninth, it is generally conceded that the Cubs should have won.

But the Cubs were not to be denied merely because they did not win the opener, and the rest of the series was all their own. They came back on the morrow, and, with Pfeister pitching against Mullin, captured the first win by a score of 3 to 1. The Tigers made ten hits and the Cubs but eight; but the story is told when it is said that the Cubs stole six times on Payne, and the Tigers stole on Kling, the great—not once! The banishment from the game of Jennings, who kicked on what looked like a bad decision, seemed to dispirit his men, and not even the hidden-ball trick, cunningly played by Schaefer, could bring them back to form. This school-boy antic was loudly applauded; but Slagle, who was caught off third, and his coaches, who should have warned him that Schaefer had not returned the little pop-fly he had caught, were furious with themselves and each other.

But there was no getting away from that 3 to 1 score, and after the fourth inning it was largely a pitchers' battle, with each keeping even with his opponent to the end.

Perhaps it is worth noting that Cobb, in this game, got his first World's Series base-hit!

Nor was the next day to be better, for the Detroits. This time it was a 5 to 1 score which the Cubs piled up, Ruelbach being invincible in the pinches; and neither Seiver nor Killian was able to check the now enthusiastic Cubs. Luck broke against the Tigers, too. Jones muffed a fly which netted two runs, and interfered with one which Crawford could easily have had, letting in another score. But as the Tigers could get only one run, and the Cubs took five, it is hardly fair

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to say the Tigers would have won had Jones made no errors!

With every confidence on one side, and apparent discouragement on the other, the two teams took the field for the fourth game, with the result foreshadowed by what had gone before. This time, it was 6 to 1 in favor of the Cubs, Donovan pitching for the Tigers (and justifying his nickname of "Wild Bill"), while Overall, for the Cubs, pitched in masterly fashion, and deserved a shut-out, even though the Tigers' one run, made in the fourth, came from two clean hits, a single by Rossman and a triple by Cobb. But the Cubs bunted, ran bases, stole, outfielded and outhit the Tigers, and the result was never in doubt. One of the features of the game was Schulte's getting a "near hit" by Donovan on the first bound, and throwing in from the outfield in time to retire the pitcher at first, a play seldom made, and one which only a very fast man can achieve.

With the score three games to nothing against them, partizans of the American League yet hoped for a final stand which would give their champions at least a game to their credit. But the final struggle was the most disheartening of all, since the Cubs, playing at Detroit, shut out the Tigers on their own grounds, winning the game by a score of 2 to 0,—and the series by the score of four wins and one tie!

Again it was decisively demonstrated that the Cubs were the better team, and that the Tigers were weak behind the bat. Schmidt had not stopped Cub runners; Payne could not hold them to the bases; nor could Archer (who was later on to be a star behind the bat) keep the Chicago team from pilfering. Mullin pitched a masterly game, but so did "Three-fingered" Brown, and, with equal pitching, the better team won!

Cobb, for the first time, showed a flash of his ability, stealing second on a slight fumble, and then third—that is, he raced for third, and had it cleanly stolen, since Kling's throw was poor. But Cobb overslid half a foot, and was out before he could get back. Seven hits for each team tells the pitching story. Four stolen bases for the Cubs against two by the Tigers, and two errors for Detroit and none for Chicago, added to three bases on balls from Mullin against one from Brown, tell the whole tale. Detroit received credit for doing all it could, but there is no doubt that they lost the series for the good and sufficient reason that the Cubs were much the better team.

The total attendance at the series was 78,068, for which $101,728.50 was paid by the enthusiastic fans. That attendance and receipts fell behind the previous year must be attributed to two of the games being played in the smaller city of Detroit, as well as to some unkind weather conditions, and not to any real diminution of true World's Series enthusiasm.

Nor was better luck to attend the American League next year—nor yet the next. In 1908, Detroit faced Chicago again, although both teams had won out in their Leagues by the narrowest of margins. This was the year of the "tight race," when New York and Chicago, in the National League, had but a game between them, and when the White Sox, of the American League, under Fielder Jones, missed the pennant by a hair.

The first game of the fifth World's Series was a whirlwind affair, resulting in the huge score of 10 to 6, the Cubs winning out by a grand ninth-inning rally, which netted them five runs. Most of the game was played in a cold, drizzling rain, which dampened the players but not the enthusiasm, and which made fielding difficult and base-hits plentiful. The game was brilliantly played on both sides, in spite of the score, each team having the lead and losing it, the final victors coming from behind to win. The battle was distinctly one of heavy artillery, the Cubs winning because they battered out fourteen base-hits to the Tigers' ten. Chance used three pitchers, Ruelbach weakening in the seventh, Overall proving a fantastic joke, and Brown finishing the game; while for Jennings, Killian and Summers did the hurling, the first-named lasting not quite three innings. The game was well played, considering the condition of the grounds, and mud is to be blamed chiefly for the three errors by Detroit and two by Chicago.

The second game of this set has always been a classic in base-ball history, for it was in this contest that "Wild Bill" Donovan pitched wonderfully for seven innings, while Chance played his "waiting game," hoping to tire him out. Overall, be it noted, pitched as masterly a game, but did n't get pounded in the eighth!

Up to that fatal inning, neither side had scored. Only twenty-two men had faced Donovan in the first seven innings. One had made a base-hit; two had reached first base: none got as far as second. To be sure, the Tigers had n't scored, but they had threatened, and Overall looked anxious.

But in the eighth, in that twinkling of an eye which is the chance of base-ball, the whole complexion of the conflict changed; the true "spirit of the game," which is that of the totally unexpected, manifested itself. In the eighth, Steinfeldt started by striking out. Then Hoffman got on first by means of a scratchy single, and Chance

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tipped the word, "Now, *hit.*" Tinker was the executioner. Guessing right, taking a mighty toe hold and swinging hard, he landed the ball in the far bleachers, scoring a home run, and driving Hoffman in ahead of him!

That really won the game. But the Cubs, tasting base-hits, were not satisfied, and had more damage to do. Kling doubled immediately. Overall grounded, and Kling took third, whence he came home on Sheckard's single. Sheckard immediately stole second, Evers bunted and beat the ball to first and stole second while the ball was tossed back to the pitcher—to the hilarity of the fans. Then up came Schulte, who drove two men home with a triple, and scored on a wild pitch. It was no longer a battle, or a retreat, but—a rout!

The Tigers threatened in the ninth, but it was a feeble threat. Jones was passed, took second on Crawford's out, and came home on Cobb's single. But Rossman hit into a double play, and the game was over; and the Cubs once more started on their victorious march to the World's Championship.

The third game, played at Chicago, was meat and drink to the Detroits. For the first time in a World's Series contest, they won their game—won it, too, in no fluky manner, but in a way so decisive that even Chicago supporters praised them for their gameness. Mullin pitched for Detroit, and gave an exhibition of nerve and calmness which has clung to him ever since. In the face of poor support, he stuck to his task, and saw victory snatched from the very maw of another defeat. Had it not been for errors, he would have scored a shut-out, as the Cubs could do but little with his quick-breaking curve, and his speed was blinding. His steadiness and control were splendid, and his coolness, in the face of one discouraging inning, wonderful. He gave but seven hits during the game, while his teammates battered out twelve against Pfeister and one from Ruelbach.

It was 1 to 0 at the beginning of the fourth, the Tigers having gained a run in the first. But the fourth was all Cubs. Sheckard struck out, but Evers drew a pass. Mullin caught him off first, but he gained second safely on Rossman's poor throw. Chance singled him home, and stole second himself. Steinfeldt grounded to Coughlin, who threw badly to Rossman, and Chance never stopped until he had crossed the plate, Rossman's throw again being wild. Steinfeldt pulled up on third, but he might as well have stayed on first, as Hoffman made a triple.

The real explosion of fireworks came in the sixth. A pass, a single, and a bunt filled the bases with Tigers. Crawford chose this time to single, and Cobb beat out a bunt, and the score was tied with the bases full and none out! Just why the Chicago infield chose to play in for Rossman with the chance of a double play in sight, no one has explained. Result, a high bounder over Evers, and two more runs! Finally, after a double play, which caught Cobb at the plate, Thomas doubled, and the fifth run of the inning came in. Just to show they could, the Tigers took two more in the eighth, but they were not necessary; the Detroits had already won their game.

Yet it was but a flash in the pan, a dash of the true Tiger spirit to show they really were a ball team. The Cubs came back in the next game with blood in their eyes, and shut out the hapless Detroits, 3 to 0!

In this game, the honors must go to Brown, and the Cub infield, for sensational work. It was in this game that Brown made his famous play at third base. Two were on in the fourth, none were out, and Cobb was up. Cobb wanted to bunt, and Brown not only let him bunt, but gave him the ball he bunts best. But before that he had cautioned Steinfeldt not to play the bunt, but to stay upon third base. Even as he pitched, Brown darted toward the third-base line, grabbed Cobb's perfect bunt, and had forced O'Leary at third, a play which brought the stands to their feet, and which has gone down into base-ball history as one of the most spectacular of all the World's Series plays. Kling followed it up with a spectacular throw, catching Crawford neatly off second, and the Tigers' spirits were broken. The hungry Cubs gathered nine hits from Summers and two from Winter (any one knows it is easier to get hits in hot weather than in cold!), while four feeble little hits were all that Brown allowed the Detroit players. Add to this five stolen bases, all garnered by the Cubs, and marvelous fielding by Brown and the infield, and the reason for the shut-out is plain to be seen!

Nor was the morrow's game to bring back the Michigan team's self-respect. The fourth victory for the Cubs was again a shut-out, this time 2 to 0, the same score by which the same team had won the World's Championship from the same contender in the previous year. It was truly a case of history repeating itself!

The game was a poor one. Donovan pitched badly, and the Tigers played as if they felt it was but a dull form which they must go through. Neither team was "on its toes," the one apparently because it knew it did n't have to be, the other because it knew there was no use—and it did n't want to be. The result was

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a featureless contest. The historian is put to a hard task to find anything of special interest in this game. Perhaps the incident most worthy of note was the oddity of a pitcher getting four strike-outs in one inning! It happened in the first. McIntyre had walked, and O'Leary struck out, trying to bunt. This was strike-out number one for this inning. Crawford singled, and Cobb, also trying to bunt, failed twice, and sat down after a wide swing. Strike-out number two! Rossman struck out also, but his third strike was at a wild pitch, and he was safe at first in spite of his third strike. This can be called strike-out number three. Schaefer then completed the fun by striking out, giving Overall the peculiar record of four strike-outs in one inning! If this inning can be called a threat to score, Detroit threatened. They did threaten in the fifth, when they got a man on second and one on third with only one out, but O'Leary's little pop-fly and Crawford's strike-out ended the sudden rally. Chicago's one run in the first was enough, but, to be sure, they made another in the fifth, which ended an uninteresting game of ball, for such games are quite possible even in a World's Series.



DONOVAN, ONE OF DETROIT'S GREAT PITCHERS IN THE WORLD'S SERIES OF 1907.



BROWN, OF THE CHICAGO "CUBS," IN 1907.

The attendance of the series was but 62,232, and the receipts fell to $94,975. The pennant



COBB, OF DETROIT.

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race had been too close in both Leagues for much enthusiasm to be left, and the repetition of the previous pennant winners and the foregone conclusion as to the outcome kept the interest from being very keen.



SCHULTE, OF THE CHICAGO "CUBS."

But the monotony and despondency into which the World's Series was falling were blown away forever, in 1909, when one of the most brilliant struggles in the history of the game took place. The Detroit team once again finished in front—their third consecutive pennant win in the American League, and, with two World's Series behind them, went to Pittsburgh to meet the Pirates, winners in the National League, full of confidence and vim, determined to take the honors this year.

The first game resulted in a win for the Pirates by the score of 4 to 1. But, in spite of the fact that the Tigers again seemed outclassed, it is history that only a wonderful catch by Leach of Cobb's terrific line-drive with two on bases, saved the score from being tied.

The Tigers led up to the fourth, having secured one lone run; but in the fourth Clarke, of Pittsburgh, hit one of Mullin's curves for a home run, tying the score. Meanwhile Adams, though yielding one run through wildness, was puzzling the visitors greatly. Be it noted that this young pitcher, new to fast company and in his first World's Series, was steadied and helped by one of the greatest catchers in the game, while the Detroit back-stop, good catcher though he was, had already demonstrated that he was not of World's Series caliber.

Wagner shared with Leach the fielding honors, having six difficult chances, all of which he handled as if they were easy. The game was not especially brilliant or noteworthy, save that the Tigers seemed nervous and wrought up, and that Pittsburgh showed fielding of a class which would make any team anxious. The attendance broke the record for any one World's Series game, 29,264 paying for the privilege of invading Forbes field.

But the Tigers had a "come back" the next day, when, in one of the most remarkable plays in the history of the game, Pittsburgh was put to rout and the Tigers romped off the field, winners by the score of 7 to 2.

The game started badly for the Tigers. The Pirates scored twice in the first inning by clean hitting. But Donovan settled down, and pitched



WAGNER, OF THE PITTSBURGH "PIRATES."

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a great game thereafter, while Camnitz—alas, not the Camnitz he was before a sickness which had weakened him—lasted not three innings. He was taken out with two runs scored and with two on the bases in the third, and Willis went in to take up the burden.

Now Willis was insufficiently warmed up, and he went into the game at a trying time. There was a tied score. There was Cobb on third base—and Cobb worries any pitcher. And Cobb noted that Willis had a long motion, and studied that motion while the pitcher pitched his five balls before starting to work on Moriarty. Never waiting to give Willis a chance to send one ball home, Cobb started for the plate with Willis's first wind-up. Willis faltered, hesitated, changed his motion, and threw home, too late to catch the flying Cobb, who slid around Moriarty and out of Gibson's reach, putting his team in the lead and scoring the first "steal home" ever accomplished in a World's Series.



MULLIN, THE MASTERLY PITCHER OF THE DETROIT "TIGERS."

Pandemonium reigned. The Pittsburgh fans cheered as wildly as if it had been a Pirate winning the game. The Detroit rooters were in an absolute frenzy. No one who has not seen such



CRAWFORD, OF DETROIT.

a play can conceive of the enthusiasm which greeted this brilliant feat. To make it complete, Schmidt, too, distinguished himself in this game, getting two hits, and "showing up" the great Wagner, who tried to steal third and was thrown out by so wide a margin that he was laughed at by his own friends among the spectators.

But then Wagner even surpassed himself the next day, in which a red-hot game finished 8 to 6 for Pittsburgh. In this game, Wagner made four hits, fielded brilliantly, and stole three bases, as if to show that, if his great rival might steal home, still he was not altogether to be eclipsed by the flying outfielder.

In spite of the fact that they were playing in Detroit, the Pittsburghers refused to feel other-

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wise than at home, and promptly chased five runs over the plate in the first inning! But Detroit also refused to be discouraged, and made four runs in the seventh and two in the ninth. Meanwhile, however, Pittsburgh had increased its lead to a total of eight—and it was no use. The game was replete with sensational fielding, Wagner, indeed, could claim this victory, even as Cobb's steal home had won for Detroit the day before.

But the Tigers came right back, and, just to show what they could do, blanked the Pirates, 5 to 0. Mullin pitched brilliant ball, allowing but four hits and striking out ten men. Leifield, for Pittsburgh, could n't puzzle the Tigers, who collected seven hits from him, but Phillippe, the veteran, who took up the work in the eighth, was as crafty as of old, and gave but two hits and no runs. Wagner, who had starred the day before, was struck out by Mullin with two on bases!



ADAMS, OF PITTSBURGH, THE SUCCESSFUL YOUNG PITCHER OF THE WORLD'S SERIES OF 1909.

The next battle was staged at Pittsburgh, and a heavy-hitting affair it was, with the final score 8 to 4 in favor of the Smoky City team. Summers, for Detroit, was found for ten hits in seven innings—Willett, his successor, escaped without giving any. Detroit collected six hits from Adams, but in spite of the fact that they tied the score in the sixth in the midst of a great demonstration, the young pitcher won, for his teammates gained four more runs in the next inning, and Detroit scored only once more, when Crawford made the longest home run of the series.

With the odds against them, Detroit faced Pittsburgh in the sixth game of this series with grim determination. Their determination won for them, too, by the narrow score of 5 to 4, with the Pirates leading all the way.

The series was now three games all, and all records for excitement, for attendance, and for receipts had been broken. The seventh game, played at Detroit, was absolutely decisive and a poor finish to a great series, for the Pirates won by the overwhelming score of 8 to 0. "Babe" Adams again held the Lake Side team in the hollow of his hand, while Donovan and Mullin, exhausted by previous efforts, yielded hits and runs at the will of the visitors. The game was not exciting, although it finished the most exciting series yet staged. The visitors to the Michigan city scored two in the second, two in the fourth, three in the sixth, and one in the eighth, and Detroit could not overcome the Pittsburgh's lead.

The attendance at the 1909 games was 145,295, with a total income of $188,302.50, largest at that time of any series, and showing that the tense excitement of the long-drawn-out series, the spectacular plays which were made, and the size of the scores, were all factors in the immense popularity of these after-season games.

THUS, for three successive times, were the American League champions defeated, and the National League fans took it as proof conclusive that the National League teams were the better of the two. They pointed to the four World's Championships as proof, compared with but two World's Championships for the American League.

But the future told another tale. For the next three years, the championship, and the right to compete in the World's Series, was taken out of the hands of the game but unlucky and outclassed Tigers. Discouraged by three failures, the Detroits lost the American League championship, and their successors gave an exhibition of ball-playing to the National League champions which refuted the idea of better teams in the old League than the new, once and for all.

The final paper of this series will tell of the classic struggles of 1910, 1911, and 1912.

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"THE FRESHMAN FREAK"

BY MARGARET WARDE

Author of the "Betty Wales" stories



"I SAY, Polly, have you seen Kitty West's room-mate?" Clarissa Martin shot herself and the question through the open door of the fourth floor double that she shared with Polly Livingston, assured, apparently, that Polly, though not visible, was within hearing distance.

"I really could n't tell you," Polly's voice answered her calmly from the depths of their big closet. "I 've seen any number of girls who might occupy that exalted position. Did you have a jolly ride?"

"Yes, only Jane's horse bolted, and she fell off again," explained Clarissa, easily. "So we brought her home and met Kitty, and went with her for an ice. And she told us all about it. Promise me, Polly, that you 'll never, never, have nervous prostration at the last minute and decide not to come back to college, and leave me to room with a left-over freshman freak."

"I have n't observed any acute symptoms of nervous prostration in myself so far." Polly appeared in the door of the closet, with a broad smile on her face, a white canvas shoe in one hand, and a tennis racket in the other. "So Kitty 's drawn a freak for a room-mate, has she, in the place of her adoring and well-trained Mary? Well, I 'm sincerely sorry for the freak."

"Oh, if you 're going to take that tone!" Clarissa's shapely shoulders completed the sentence very effectively.

But Polly only laughed. "Should you like to room with the airs and graces of Kitty West?" she demanded.

Clarissa considered. "Well, of course, Kitty has her little ways; she 's very difficult at times. But—oh, wait till you 've seen her—the freak, I mean."

"Hopeless, is she?" asked Polly, idly, swinging the tennis racket dangerously near Clarissa's head.

Clarissa dodged and nodded. "Perfectly. Short hair and freckles, and the most awful clothes; and when Kitty asked about her family, she answered up as if she was proud of it, and said that her father was a machinist and her mother did fine embroidery. And when Kitty could n't help looking horrified, she giggled, and said that anyhow her clothes were all imported, so they were good enough for Harris College, if she was n't. Whereas her clothes are frights."

"Whereas you 're getting to be almost as big a snob as Kitty West, Clarissa," declared Polly, amiably. "I like freckles, I don't mind short hair, and clothes don't count. As for the family, they don't count either at Harris, and, besides, I just love the way she owned up to them. I don't understand why she should talk about imported clothes, but I like that, too, because it sounds so perfectly silly; and when Kitty takes a lofty tone, she always makes me say perfectly silly things. I 'm glad the freak rooms in our hall, and I 'm going right away to ask her to have a game of tennis."

"Wait till you see her and her imported clothes," warned Clarissa. "Of course if you think you 're popular enough to devote yourself to patronizing freaks, why, go ahead. Only remember that I warned you." Clarissa flounced into the chair in front of her desk, and bent over its litter of papers with a comical air of absorption.

Polly watched her for a minute, a queer little smile puckering the corners of her generous mouth. Then she tossed her a cheerful, "All right, deary. You 've warned me that I 'm going to my doom. Good-by," and strode off down the corridor. Clarissa longed to follow and find out whether Polly really turned off to Kitty's room, or whether the high tragedy of her parting speech

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was only an empty threat; but pride forbade. So she did not see Polly bang unceremoniously on Kitty's door and open it in response to a prompt "Come in," that was unmistakably *not* Kitty's.

The freshman freak was sitting in a sort of temporary attitude on the edge of her bed. Polly's keen glance detected a suspicious redness about her eyelids and a damp spot to match on one of the pillows.

"Good afternoon," said Polly, cheerfully. "I suppose you are Kitty's new room-mate—I don't know your name. Mine is Polly Livingston."

"Margaret Colburn," supplied the freshman in businesslike fashion. "Miss West has gone to a thing she calls Chemistry Rab—no, that 's not right. Chemistry Lab—thank you. She wanted me to ask you to wait just a few minutes."

"Oh, but I did n't come to see Kitty," explained Polly, hastily. "I came to see you."

Miss Colburn was unaffectedly pleased and amused. "You must excuse me," she begged. "You see, I don't know any one here, and Miss West said a girl was coming for her, so I followed my awfully bad habit of jumping to a conclusion. Won't you sit down?"

"I will unless you 'd rather come out and play tennis," agreed Polly. "Or we might take a walk. It 's such a glorious afternoon."

Miss Colburn gave her short hair an impatient toss. "Oh, I should love some tennis!" she began wistfully. "Only Miss West asked me to see this friend for her." She paused, looked pleadingly at Polly, and burst out with her perplexity: "Tell me, is it customary for freshmen to—to—"

"Fag for their sophomore room-mates?" supplied Polly, with a laugh. "No, it certainly is n't, but Kitty West will try to make you think it is, so you 'd better protest immediately, if not sooner. Kitty does n't exactly mean to impose on people, but she just loves to be waited on."

Miss Colburn looked much relieved. "Then I can refuse next time, but, to-day, perhaps I ought to stay in."

"No, indeed!" laughed Polly. "For I 'll show you how to fix things." She scribbled a few words on a sheet of Kitty's best note-paper. "Back in a minute. Please wait. K. West." "Now pin that up on the door so fashion, and we 're off. Have you a racket here, Miss Colburn? Because if not I can borrow."

But the freshman freak had a racket and half a dozen brand-new tennis-balls, an evidence of extravagance in a machinist's daughter that made Polly wonder a little and resolve to suggest to the freshman, when they knew each other better, that Kitty's standards of elegance were by no means Harris's standards.

Polly got back from her tennis in time to give what she called a breathless imitation of dressing for dinner.

"The freshman freak plays a great game of tennis," she told Clarissa, who had decided, as she always did, when given time to think it over, that it was silly to quarrel with Polly. "She beat me two love sets. I should n't wonder if she were the college champion."

"How did her imported clothes look on the court?" inquired Clarissa, saucily.

Polly laughed. "They are pretty awful, are n't they? The very worst kind of ready-mades. I think Kitty must have misunderstood, though. She 's nice as can be; jolly and funny, and not a bit stand-offish, and yet not too fresh either."

"I saw you from the window stopping to talk to the Fenwick twins," said Clarissa. "How did they act?"

Polly frowned. "Horrid little snobs! Sweet as honey until I said she was Kitty's room-mate, and then,—icebergs. Kitty 's evidently been chattering to everybody. She could n't help noticing, but she did n't let it fuss her much."

"It would fuss me a good deal, if my father was a machinist and my mother took in fine sewing, to be introduced by the only child of a prominent senator to the daughters of a bishop. I should n't want to come to a school where I had to feel inferior all the time."

"The nice part of her is that she does n't feel inferior," explained Polly, patiently.

"Probably she 's lived all her life in a little town or village somewhere where such things are n't considered," speculated Clarissa. "But they do count here, Polly Livingston, whatever you may think."

Polly smiled wisely, and let Clarissa discover for herself that the machinist's family lived in New York.

That fact was practically all that Polly or any one else found out about Margaret Colburn's home or family. After her initial disclosures to Kitty, she became singularly reticent about herself. It leaked out by accident that she had a brother at college somewhere. When Kitty asked what college, Miss Colburn ignored the question. It also developed that her dreadful clothes were really imported; Kitty had found the mark of a big foreign shop on some of the worst.

"Probably she has English cousins who send her their left-over things," Kitty told her little circle; but Clarissa Martin pointed out that left-overs would look worn.

"Her clothes are perfectly new," she said. "But they don't fit, and they 're horribly cheap and ugly, or they look so, you must admit."

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At first, Kitty had tried valiantly to make use of the infant terrible, as she dubbed her. When Miss Colburn, nerved by Polly's assurance that there was no fagging at Harris, politely refused to copy themes, sew in ruches, or run errands, Kitty sighed for the days of her lost Mary, and ignored her successor as completely as possible. the much-talked-of freak to the freshman frolic and tactfully introduced her to just the girls who would see that she was really not a freak at all, but one of the jolliest freshmen in the class, with nicer manners than Kitty West, and who would not care about silly things like clothes and freckles and the way her father earned his living.



"'THE FRESHMAN FREAK PLAYS A GREAT GAME OF TENNIS,' POLLY TOLD CLARISSA."

It takes pluck to room with a girl who never speaks to you unless she is absolutely obliged to. Once Miss Colburn wrote to her college brother that she could n't stand it any longer; but writing it all down made her feel so much better, that she tore up the letter. Polly Livingston was her great solace; except for Polly, she would never have stood out that first term. For Polly took

Margaret accepted Polly's invitations to spreads and walks and various college festivities in what Clarissa considered altogether too matter-of-course a fashion.

"She 's not half grateful enough," Clarissa protested. "She acts as if she had always expected you and people like you to be nice to her."

"That 's one reason why I keep on being nice

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to her," said Polly, simply. "She understands that I like her, and that we 're friends, and that 's all there is about it. If she was everlastingly making a fuss and thanking me, I should soon stop, I can tell you, even if Kitty does act like a pelican."

But in spite of all Polly's kindness, Margaret Colburn had a hard time of it. Her class happened to contain an unusually large element of snobbishness, skilfully captained by Kitty West's cousin Sarah. Kitty told Sarah about her roommate, and Sarah told her freshman friends. From the first, Margaret was a "marked man," like the class beauty, the indelible ink heiress, and the girl who went walking alone and wrote poetry. In spite of this unpleasant prominence, she made friends, some in the classroom, some on the tennis-courts, others, when the season for indoor sports arrived, at the gymnasium, where she proved herself as good at basket-ball as at tennis.

When the time came for choosing the class team to play the sophomores in the big game of the year, it was plain that Margaret would be chosen.

"And we don't want her," said Sarah West, assertively, to a crowd of her friends. "Of course she can play—a blacksmith's daughter ought to be a lusty athlete—but she 'd 'slug,' as the boys say, when she got a chance. I know she would."

"Indeed she would n't," piped up a shrill-voiced, thin little girl who could jump higher than any one in the class. "She is n't that kind. She 's what my brother calls 'dead game.' "

This made everybody laugh, but it did not change Sarah's intention of keeping Margaret off the team at all hazards. The day before the names were to be announced, Sarah dropped casually in upon the gym director, who happened to be an old family friend.

"Too bad Sue Hazard was conditioned in math, was n't it?" she began, after a few minutes. "She makes a stunning guard."

The gym director, who knew something of Sarah's methods, looked annoyed. "Don't ask me who 's going on the team, Sally, for I can't tell you."

"I won't," Sarah promised glibly. "I don't care much, now that Sue 's out of it, and that Margaret Colburn. Time for my class. Good-by."



"'NO,' SHE EXPLAINED, 'WE 'RE TO GO DOWN IN THE AUTO.'"
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Sarah's hint acted upon the absent-minded gym director exactly as the wily Sarah had meant it should. When she revised her list just before carrying it out to read to the morning classes, she crossed out Sue's name. Then she glanced back to Margaret Colburn's, and crossed that out too, under the firm impression that the registrar, and not Sarah, had insisted upon the omission.

When Margaret heard the names of the team, she shut her lips tight and tried not to mind. She had been so sure—the girls had said— But the gym director was explaining it: the surplus of good material had never been so embarrassing. She was sorry, too, that the rule about conditioned girls not playing had affected the make-up

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of the team. That meant Sue. Not until evening did Margaret discover that it also meant her, when the shrill-voiced little freshman who could jump, and who was consequently to play center, asked what her condition was in.

"I have n't any," said Margaret, simply, and the little freshman stared.

"But I heard," she piped excitedly. "The gym director as good as said—"

"Then she was mistaken," said Margaret, "because I have no condition. I suppose she knew that some of the girls did n't want me to play on the team, and thought it better to avoid friction."

"Well, she has n't avoided it, I guess," piped the freshman, and went off to interview the gym director, who, in her turn, hastened to apologize to Margaret, and to explain that the mistake should be corrected at once.

But Margaret shook her head. "I don't care about being on. I 'm only glad that somebody wanted me enough to explain, and that you think I play well. Yes, I shall be delighted to substitute on the sub-team whenever they want me."

When Polly Livingston told her that she was a silly to have given up the fun of being on the team, and that she would be sorry enough when the big game was played, she only wrinkled her freckled face into a jolly laugh.

"But by that time, Polly dear, it will be almost time for my own game to come off."

"Oh, tennis, you mean," sniffed Polly. "Of course you 'll win the tournament, but that 's not at all the same thing. A girl who 's on the team can have just anything she wants here at Harris."

"I know that," said Margaret. "That 's why I 'm not sure that it would be just according to rule for me to be on. Oh, don't ask me to explain, Polly dear, because I can't. Just wait till next term."

Polly waited more patiently in view of the fact that the tide seemed to have turned in Margaret's favor. Even Sarah West had to admit that she was "very decent" to stick by the teams as she did, after she had been barred from them. She was a positive genius at inventing signals and cross-plays.

"If we win, it will be her doing," declared the shrill-voiced freshman. "She 's lots better than the junior coaches, any day."

And when the great game had been gallantly fought and bravely lost, Margaret shared with the captain and the junior coach the honor of being carried around the gym on the sub-team's shoulders.

When Margaret came back after the spring vacation, she brought a new trunk with her. It was a very large and very expensive-looking trunk—not at all the kind that one associates with a machinist's daughter. But Margaret's wardrobe was as meager and as ugly as ever—in fact, it was exactly the same. Kitty West made a great many scornful comments on the contrast between the trunk and its contents, but being singularly unobservant, she failed to discover that it went up to the trunk-room locked and strapped and exactly as full as when it had arrived.

The spring holiday, May 30, fell on a Saturday that year. Early in the week before, Margaret appeared one afternoon at Polly's door.

"May I come in?" she asked, with a doubtful glance at Clarissa, who had never been really gracious to the freshman freak.

"Of course," Polly assured her cordially. "Clarissa is n't studying anything. She 's only composing a note to a particular friend of hers at Harvard."

Margaret came to the point at once. "Have you any plans for Memorial Day, Polly? Because I want you so much to go off with me for the week-end. The others I 'm asking are all freshmen, but we 'll try very hard to live up to you."

Polly smiled her expansive smile. "I should love to go off on a freshman jaunt, but I 'm afraid I 've nearly committed myself to Kitty's tally-ho party. Have I, Clarissa?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," Clarissa told her, rather stiffly. "That is"—Clarissa was always truthful—"I thought you said you would let her know to-night."

"So I did," nodded Polly. "Well then, Margaret, I 'd much rather go with you and your freshmen. Is it a walking party, or what?"

Margaret flushed a little. "No," she explained, "we 're to go down in the auto. Father and Mother are coming up on Friday, so that we can start early Saturday morning and have most of the day and Sunday by the sea. We have a summer place on Eastern Point, you know,—that is, of course you don't know,—and my brother John is coming from New Haven in his car, with some of his friends."

Polly Livingston had a reputation for being equal to any emergency, and now she proved her right to it. "That will be great, Margaret!" she declared cordially, exactly as she would have received a similar proposal from Kitty West or the indelible ink heiress. Then she caught sight of Clarissa's face, blank with incredulous amazement, and she tried to picture Kitty's expression when this latest aspect of her freak room-mate should be brought to her attention. That was too much even for Polly. She was convulsed with mirth. "Oh, Margaret," she gasped, "it 's so—so

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funny—I don't suppose you know that Kitty told everybody—Oh, dear, I 'm being awfully rude and personal, but I thought—we all thought that you—"

"That we did n't have an automobile or a summer place," Margaret took her up gaily. "Did Kitty repeat my exact words about the family affairs?"

"Your father is a machinist and your mother does fine embroidery," gurgled Polly, "and your clothes—"

Margaret blushed very red. "I 'm afraid it was n't nice of me, but she was so dreadfully patronizing. Please don't think I 'm perfectly horrid, Polly."

"Oh, I know Kitty and her disconcerting little ways," Polly assured her hastily. "Only please, please explain. We 're bursting with curiosity."

"Well," began Margaret, "you see, we were abroad all last summer, and Father and I stayed on in Switzerland until the very last minute to do a last big climb, and when we got to the steamer, two hours before we sailed, our trunks were lost. So we rushed out and bought things. Of course the shops were nothing much, and those terrible clothes and my hair—I 'd had a fever in the spring—put it into my brother John's head to dare me to do it."

"To do what, please?" demanded Clarissa.

"Why, to keep on wearing the frightful things, and to more or less live up to them. You see, I 've always been rather fond of pretty clothes, and I wailed a good deal about being seen on the boat in such horrors. That made John say that girls are all snobs, and think a lot about clothes and money and all that. I said he was wrong. Then he said that if I wore those clothes to Harris, and nobody knew who I was, I would be labeled freak at once, and have a perfectly hateful time—that I 'd been popular at school chiefly because of all the things that Father had been able to give me. Well, I did n't know a soul here, and I was sure he was wrong, so I agreed to try it till the end of May." She smiled reminiscently. "He was n't altogether wrong, I 'm afraid, but just the same, I 'm not one bit sorry that I took his old dare."

"Are n't you ever coming to the machinist part?" demanded Polly.

"Why, John and I thought those things up to say in emergencies, and it 's lucky we did, because of Kitty's curiosity about the family tree. Father is crazy about his cars and motor-boats, and he really can repair them better than any chauffeur or engineer we ever had; and the only thing Mother does is fancy-work. I was ashamed after I 'd told Kitty—it was n't quite square, I 'm afraid, and I never mentioned it to any one else, but I judge you all heard."

Polly nodded cheerfully. "It must have given you a queer feeling," she observed, "a good deal like acting in a play."

Margaret laughed. "It did. I did n't realize when I began how much I was in for—how many things I must give up to be consistent. But I 'm not sorry. I 've learned a lot about other people, and a lot more about myself—not all of it pleasant." Margaret rose to go. "I 've got some decent clothes for Saturday and the rest of the term," she announced, "and I think I can manage to put up my hair. And—and thank you, Polly, for everything."

"Oh, that 's all right," Polly assured her, with a comprehending little pat on the shoulder; "that 's all right!"

When she was quite out of earshot, Polly turned to Clarissa. "Don't you think," she asked gravely, "that you and Kitty had better found a Harris anti-snob society to the memory of her freak room-mate?"



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GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

V. THE STORY OF THE ENCHANTED CASKETS AND THEIR INVISIBLE KEY

BY GRACE TABOR

"Heigh-o! and welladay!
Work we well as others play."

"I bind in the new moon's ray,"
"And I the blue of sky by day";
"We hold fast the starlight bright,"
"And I distil the mists of night";
"I catch the fleecy clouds in flight."

"Work we, each, with all our might,
To fit, and — join — and —"

THE words grew fainter suddenly, and the little song died away into a soft humming that might have been the sound of leaves, or of the wind blowing through pine boughs. But that was not because the work had faltered; no, indeed! It was probably the busiest place that any one ever saw, and the workers were probably busier, happier, and more earnest than any other workers ever were in the world.

For they were packing the caskets; and there were thousands and thousands of them to be filled. Of course, they were going to be allowed time enough to do it, but, after all, there was not a moment to lose, for they must have the very clearest, bluest of the sky, the purest of the moonbeams, the whitest clouds, and the sweetest —oh, the very sweetest, most delicious, and wonderful fragrance of the night mist; nothing less would satisfy them; so, of course, they had to be ready to gather the choicest of these as they came along.

And then all these things had to be folded so neatly. My, but that was a task! This way and that way the gossamer fabric, into which they turned, was laid carefully into place in the little casket set apart for it; and such wonderful packing as this never has been nor ever will be done with anything else.

"I overheard Hans say this morning that some were way behind," said one of the little green-clad workers to a neighbor who was beginning to show signs of weariness. "Who do you suppose it can be that 's to blame?"

"Well, I don't know, but I don't care so long as it 's not I. I 've done my part," with a sigh, "and I think that our job is about finished."

Which was the truth; and the very next day, this same Hans, in going by, discovered that their work *was* done—the little casket was all packed

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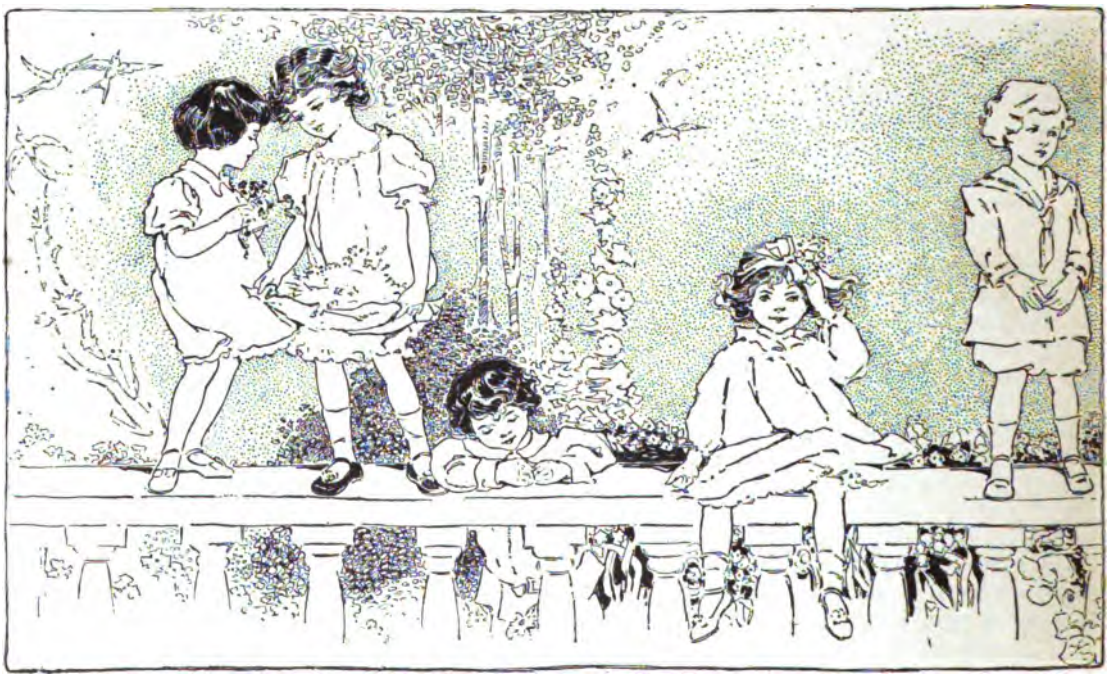
and locked and sealed—and all the workers gone. So very soon it made its long journey over many leagues of sea, in company with many other caskets very like it, and many more that were not in the least the same. Every one was packed as full, however, as this one; but, of course, different workers do their work differently, and it could hardly be expected, nor, indeed, is it to be desired, that any two should be alike.

Naturally, with all their precious contents, these caskets are very cunningly closed and made fast; and there is n't any human being in the world that can unlock one unless he is initiated, and knows the secrets and the rites and ceremonies of the wind and sun and rain, and will perform his part faithfully. They are not in the least difficult to learn, however, as you will see. Here they are:

First of all, you must have a great faith, and never despise the casket itself for its poor appearance. And you must handle it very carefully, notwithstanding its rough, grubby look, for its precious contents are easily injured. Then you must store it away quite out of sight, where it will be safe from any person even taking the least peep at it. Of course, there is no place where a thing can be put that will insure such seclusion excepting right down into the ground, so it follows that there is just one place of storage; and all there is to the great secret of unlocking these caskets is the willingness to put them away thus, to put them away at just the right time, and to *leave them alone.*

I wonder if you know how many beautiful kinds of flowers come packed up in these little chests? And I wonder if you know that we are so stupid generally that we think these little chests are nothing but bulbs? Well, that is the truth—and we are a stupid lot! For a bulb is really one of the most wonderful things that nature produces. It contains within itself, under its brown jacket, or the dried-looking little scales that cover it, all of the flowers which it produces the next summer. After it has done blossoming, its green leaves go right to work to pack up the blossoms for next year; so, you see, unless these green leaves are allowed to remain undisturbed, something is surely going to be wrong with any bulb when another season comes around. This I am speaking about especially here, because I want to warn you against putting bulbs in any place where their leaves are likely to be cut off before they have "ripened." You will recall that the little green-clad workers went away when their work was done; that is, the leaves dried up to nothing.

This is the time to plant bulbs—from now on until cold weather comes. The earliest ones are beginning to come from Holland, where bulbs are raised for all the world; and although it is not well to get them into the ground so early that they grow a great deal before winter comes, it is



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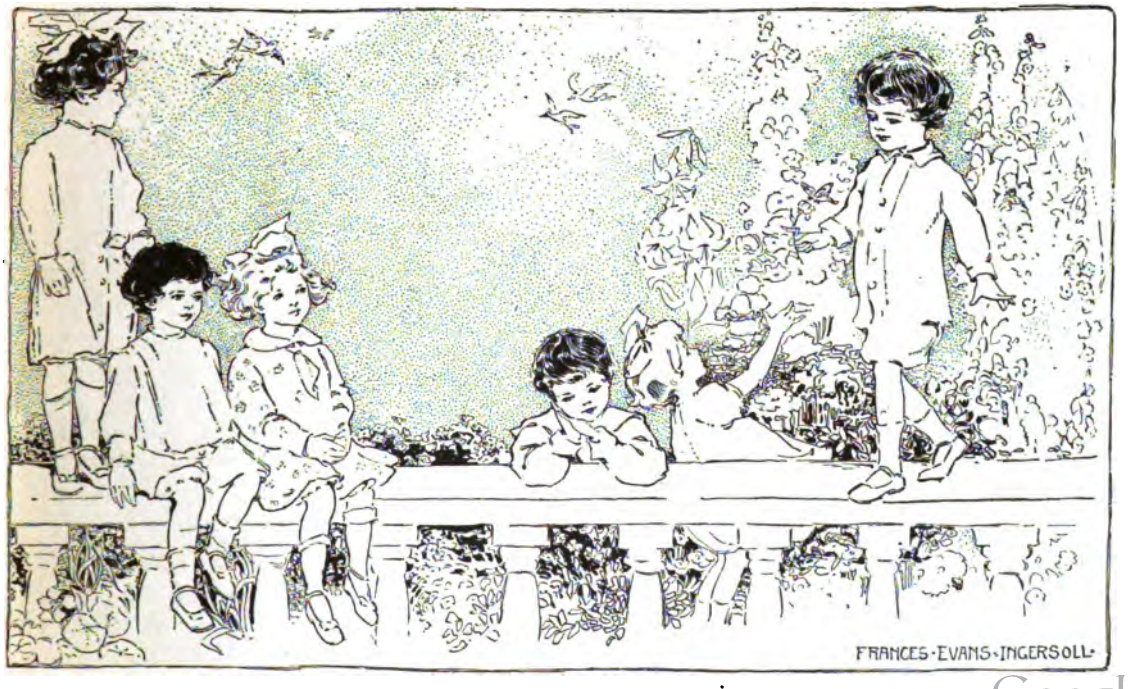
well to plant them early enough to give them a chance to grow roots and settle themselves well into their new quarters before frost locks up the ground.

Of course you will want crocus, first of all. Put a long row of these at the front edge of your borders—and I should choose the assorted colors, if I were you. They seem to be so much gayer and brighter in the early spring than just one color. Then there must be some hyacinths, and a great many daffodils, and jonquils, and narcissus. These are the five standard varieties—and even if you have not much space that you are willing to give up to them, you can have at least one of each. In a little while, this one will have developed into a nice little clump without your giving it any further attention.

But single clumps and bulbs are not enough, to my way of thinking. And there is another way of planting them that I love and that I am sure you will love after you have tried it. To be sure, you cannot use just the same things; but that makes it all the more interesting. All over the lawn you can scatter the little bulbs of squills; the name under which you will buy these is *Scilla Sibirica*. Fifty or a hundred of these little bulbs can be put into the lawn, and will continue to live there many years—and they have the most wonderful bright blue blossoms, early in the spring, when the grass is just getting to be a tender green. Of course, I do not mean that they shall be planted regularly; that would spoil the effect. They are to be scattered all about just as dandelions scatter themselves. I find the easiest way to do this is to put them in a pail and hold the pail up high, giving it a little toss and spilling them out, so that they will roll about; then plant them just where they fall.

Wherever it is shady or partly shady on the lawn, you can put bulbs of snowdrops in this same way; but snowdrops cannot live through the summer on ground where the sun shines. They are very tender little bulbs, and the heat of it burns them right up. Under trees, however, and especially under evergreen-trees, they love to grow. And a planting of fifty will multiply and spread into hundreds and even thousands in the course of time. This way of planting is called naturalizing, and many flowers are adapted to it besides the two bulb plants which I have just mentioned. Narcissus and all the rest can be naturalized wherever the grass is not cut before the end of June—that is, in an orchard or meadow, or, indeed, anywhere excepting on the lawn.

Now to the actual planting of the bulbs—the preparation of the soil, and all that. Their jackets are usually pretty tender, and they should not be where it is wet, nor should any fertilizer or manure ever touch them. For this reason, you must be very careful, and plant them exactly according to directions. Dig a hole five times as deep as the thickness of the bulb up and down;



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of course you will have to make it quite a bit larger around than the bulb. Into this hole put either some nice, clean sand or some coal ashes, enough to fill up one fifth of its depth, leaving it four times as deep as the bulb. Then set the bulb on this little mattress of sand, root side down; sprinkle a little sand in around it nearly up to its top, and fill in the earth above it. If you are going to use manure, you must dig even deeper than this, and put the manure under the sand bed; but in ordinarily good soil, such as that where the flowers have been during the summer, you will not need to put any additional fertilizer.

Of course, the bulbs that are to be naturalized on the lawn are very small, and digging down five times their own depth does not mean that a very deep hole need be dug. Even for these, however, I should advise a little sand bed, for this insures the bulb itself being kept dry. The key which unlocks these little chests is warmth, not moisture.

Besides the things already mentioned, I should have some lilies if I were you, for these will blossom along in the summer, long after the spring bulbs have "ripened their tops" and withdrawn to the under-world. *Lilium speciosum* is a very hardy and a very beautiful lily, and a half-dozen bulbs of this somewhere along the border will be well worth planting. The flowers are a pale pinkish white, with little maroon freckles on them. Lily bulbs must be set deeper than any other kind, and they must be made *absolutely* secure against standing in water. So it is well to cover them completely with the sand as well as to put it under them; and they should go down five times their own depth, from their tops to the surface of the ground. This is because their stems sometimes take root on their way up out of the ground, so that there are two sets of roots—the ones from underneath the bulb away down deep, and the ones from the stem near the surface.

It is, of course, always a temptation, in buying anything, to get the greatest number possible for the money; but in buying bulbs this is a great mistake. There is a very real reason why small ones of any species are not worth as much as the larger. Every bulb *must* contain all that it is going to produce the next season after planting. Bulbs that are called "seconds" are the small, not fully matured, specimens that are dug up along with the first grade. Really to make these smaller bulbs capable of producing the full number of flowers, they should be planted and tended for two or three seasons. For instance, a perfect hyacinth bulb of full size has taken five years of careful attention on the part of the grower in Holland. First, as a little bulblet produced at the side of the parent bulb—as an offshoot—it has been gathered and then stored for one winter, planted out and allowed to grow all summer, dug up and stored another winter, planted out again, and so on until it has reached its utmost size. Then at last it is dug up and shipped to America—and, of course, it is not going to be sold for the same amount of money that a little half-grown bulb will bring.

All this planting and digging up may, of course, be done right in your own garden—or, indeed, the bulb may be planted as a very tiny offshoot, and left right there, without digging up, to grow to maturity. If you are quite willing to wait until they have had time to be made fuller and more complete by the work of two or three seasons, there is no reason why you should not buy the second or even the third grade.

Now is the time to gather seeds of all that you want to save for next summer. Many things will seed themselves right where they stand in the garden, and you can encourage this by taking the little hand weeder and loosening the surface soil around the old plants. Sweet-williams come up in the greatest abundance in this way, and many other hardy perennials as well. Poppies can be depended upon usually to do the same; but most of the other things of which we have spoken, it will be well to gather and put away in little envelops, labeled, for another spring. If you have had mixed colors in any flower, you will find some that please you much more than others, no doubt. Save the seeds of those you like the best, and in this way get rid of those you do not care for. Or here is another scheme: very likely you will find some one plant producing blossoms darker than the rest—a marigold perhaps, or poppy. All of these blossoms may not be very dark, but perhaps one will be. Mark this one by tying a thread or little ribbon about it, and save the seed only from that. Next year, sow these in a place by themselves, and again save the seeds from the darker blossoms. I have known of flowers that were almost black being finally produced in this way, and it is really a very interesting thing to experiment with.

Everything will have grown to be so large by this time that the ground of the beds and borders will be shaded sufficiently to prevent the growth of weeds and to protect it from the heat of the sun as well, so it will not be necessary to keep up the tillage quite so constantly after the middle of August. You will have to judge of this yourself, however, as some places may need it while others do not. Guard against growing careless, that is the main thing; for as soon as the gardener grows careless, the garden takes on the same air, and all the trim beauty of it is gone.

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WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER XII

TWENTY MILES UNDER THE SEA

"OH, Jim, look here! If that is n't, for all the world, like a squab on a turkey platter!"

We had gone over to the Brooklyn navy-yard, and there, at the bottom of a great big dry-dock, was a saucy little submarine.

We walked around to the gang-plank that ran across to the boat from about half-way down the stepped side of the dry-dock.

"Now, if that is n't tough!" I exclaimed. "The most interesting thing in the whole navy-yard, and they have hung a 'No Visitors' sign on it."

A happy thought struck me. "Suppose I ask Cousin Jack to try to get us a pass to go aboard one. He is a lieutenant-commander in the Navy, you know."

My request to Cousin Jack went off by the very next mail. Two weeks later, when we had almost forgotten the event, I received a letter with an official seal in the corner.

"Hurray!" I shouted, slapping Will on the back. "It 's from the Bureau of Navigation of the United States Navy, and signed by the chief of the bureau himself. He says that we may go aboard a submarine, and, what 's more, we can take a trip in one during manœuvers now being carried on off Provincetown."

That very night, we took a Fall River boat, and the next afternoon arrived at Provincetown. Armed with our permit, we took a steam-launch to the old monitor that was acting as "mother" for the fleet of submarines. The officer of the deck introduced us to the ensign who commanded one of the submarines, and he, in turn, sent for Mr. McDermott, the chief gunner's mate, and put us in his charge. The submarine was moored alongside the monitor, so he led us over the gang-plank to the narrow deck that emerged from the water. It was only five feet wide, and about sixty feet long. A steel rope ran around it and served as a hand-rail. An elliptical tower rose from the deck amidships, and from the top of this projected a hood, or conning-tower, protected with heavy plate-glass windows, for observation when the craft was running awash. There was a miniature navigator's bridge for use when sailing on the surface, and in front of this were two tubes that reached to a height of over twenty feet from the deck.

"Those are the eyes of the submarine," said our pilot. "A submarine does not wear its eyes in sockets, as we do, but on the ends of a pair of stalks, like snails or crabs."

Of course that excited our curiosity, and we fired a broadside of questions at him. "Come down below," was his response, "and you can see for yourselves how the eyes work."

We crawled through a manhole in the deck and down a ladder, while I wondered if there were fire exits anywhere. That hole in the roof would make an awfully tight jam in case of trouble.

I had always imagined that the submarine was divided into separate cabins by compartments or bulkheads, and that it had an upper and lower deck; but there were no bulkheads in this boat. Mr. McDermott explained that some of the larger boats had bulkheads, but the idea of two decks was manifestly absurd in a vessel whose extreme diameter was only about twelve feet. After taking out the space occupied by the water-ballast tanks and compressed-air reservoirs, there remained a very cramped interior. I had no idea the boat was so small. We could not walk erect without hitting our heads against valve wheels, brackets, rods, and other projections depending from the roof. The crew habitually walked with heads ducked to avoid obstructions. We could see from end to end of the boat, as there were no partitions of any sort. It was marvelous how every nook and cranny was utilized to the fullest advantage. Although there were no partitions, the boat was evidently divided off by imaginary lines into different quarters. Just forward of the main hatchway was plainly the galley, for the walls were hung with brightly polished cooking utensils. Forward of the galley was a table in what proved to be the captain's quarters, while at the extreme forward end of the boat, where the torpedoes were launched, there was a complicated assemblage of wheels, dials, levers, instruments, etc., that fairly dazzled one with their high polish. Aft were the gasolene engines and dynamos, and under the floor were the storage batteries. Projecting from the ceiling just forward of the hatchway were the periscopes, or, as our guide called them, the "eyes" of the boat. A system of lenses and prisms made it possible, by looking into the eyepieces here, to see out of the top of the tubes twenty-five feet above. The periscope could be turned around to bring any point of the com-

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pass into view, while a scale in the field of vision showed in what direction the periscope was turned.

"You see," explained our guide, "we can run along twenty feet under water with only this tube sticking above the surface. It is such a small object that no one would notice it, and yet we can see perfectly all around us, and manœuver the boat in absolute safety."

"But don't you ever go deeper than that? I thought you went down to the bottom of the sea."

"Where the sea is no more than two hundred feet deep, we can go to the bottom; but below that the pressure grows too heavy, and eventually it would be enough to crush the boat. After all, it is n't necessary to go very deep. If we run along at a depth of sixty feet, we are sure to clear all shipping, and no one could possibly find us."

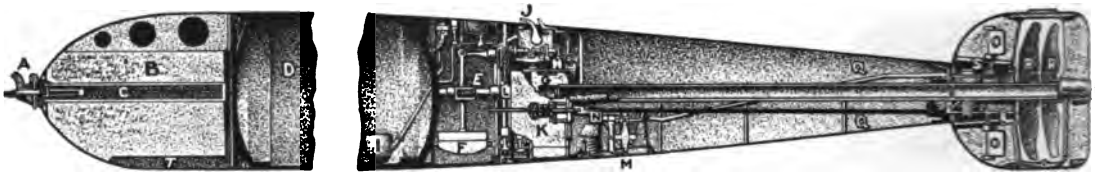
"Can you see under water?" I asked.

"No, not more than one hundred feet or so, and then very dimly, as if in a fog. When completely under water, we have to go by dead reckoning."

Just then the captain came aboard. At the word of command the gang-plank was raised, the hawsers were cast off, and the crew took up their positions. The engines were started, and we were off. Those engines certainly were interesting. Powerful little fellows they were, too. Between them they developed over 500-horse-power. Each engine drove its own propeller. We squeezed down the narrow passageway between them, and saw that the propeller-shafts passed through the electric motors which drive the vessel when completely under water. The armatures of the motors were mounted directly on the shafts, and so they revolved with the shafts when driven by the engines. But the circuit of the field windings was open, and no electric current was generated, so the armatures made no load on the shafts, but merely took the place of fly-wheels.

We climbed up through the hatchway to see what was going on without. As I stuck my head out of the manhole, I was astonished at the speed we seemed to be making. With my eye so close to the water, the waves seemed to be racing by with the speed of an express-train.

We had no sooner taken a good look at our surroundings than orders were given to strip the upper works. The masts at each end of the boat were on hinges, and they were swung down upon the deck. The bridge was dismantled and passed in sections down the hatchway. The hand rope and the stanchions that supported it were taken down, and presently the smooth, rounded back of the submarine was bare of every obstruction except the conning-tower and the periscopes. We all crept inside, and the hatch was closed behind us. There were eighteen men besides ourselves within the hold of that tiny vessel. The gasolene engines had already been stopped, and we were now running with our electric motors. It was astonishing how quiet everything was. There was only the slight hum of the motors and the sound of the spray at our bow. The quartermaster continued navigating the craft from within the conning-tower.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF A TORPEDO ON A SUBMARINE BOAT.

A, plunger or striking-rod; B, guncotton charge; C, detonating charge; D, air-flask; E, hydrostatic valve; F, pendulum; G, turbine; H, submergence control mechanism; I, superheater; J, air-lever; K, immersion servo-motor; L, pressure regulator; M, gyroscope; N, servo-motor; O, rudders for horizontal control; P, rudders for vertical control; Q, rudder controls; R, propellers; S, shaft-gearing; T, ballast.

"Fill the main ballast tank!" called the captain. "Fill the forward trimming tank!" A moment later, "Fill the after trimming tank!"

We could hear the water rushing into the big U-shaped tank that lay under our feet and extended part way up the walls at either side of us. The pointer of a large depth-gage told us just how fast we were sinking. When we were awash, the motors, which had been stopped while the tanks were being filled, were started again.

"Why don't you run the boat with gasolene engines?" I asked the chief gunner's mate.

"Why, man alive, we have n't air enough. Those little beasts would gobble up all our air in five minutes, and then they would stop working. As a matter of fact, the engines would suffocate long before the crew. We tried that once. Everything was closed air-tight and the engines were started. They had n't run five minutes before they stopped. But we could still breathe easily, although the sensation was not very pleasant."

"Where do you get fresh air from, anyway?" asked Will.

"Fresh air? We don't get any."

"But you have compressed air to live on while you 're under water—have n't you?"

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"Oh, we have lots of compressed air, but we use it for other things. We don't have any other air to breathe, except what is shut up in here with us. There is enough air in this hold to last us comfortably for twelve hours, and, on a pinch, we could get along for twenty-four hours."

"Never!" we both exclaimed.

"Does n't it ever make you sick?" asked Will.

"Oh, no, this idea of having to have fresh air is all rubbish. It is n't the lack of oxygen that bothers us down here in the submarine, but the fumes of gasolene and oil, and particularly the gases from the battery."

There was a sharp command from our captain, in response to which the man in charge of the diving rudders turned a hand-wheel. The boat dipped and lurched forward. We watched the indicator hand travel slowly over the dial of the depth-gage. Five feet, ten feet, fifteen, eighteen, twenty—there we halted. We proceeded for a time at that depth below the surface. I climbed up into the conning-tower, but could see nothing but the dense green which completely covered us. However, the ends of the periscopes were well above the surface, and navigation was a simple matter. I was allowed to look through one of the submarine's eyes, and, while I was looking, the captain gave the command to dive. Presently, the water surged up over the top of the periscope, and instinctively I rose on tiptoes and drew in my breath, as if I were actually being submerged in the water. As we continued to sink, it was fascinating to watch the gage telling off the depth. At sixty-five feet below the surface, we came to an even keel.

"No danger of running into any boats now," said the chief gunner's mate as he looked at the gage. "I should n't be surprised if we were near the enemy. Very likely we are going to run under them, and fire our torpedoes from the other side."

We hurried forward to witness the operation of launching the torpedoes. They were unusually interesting-looking objects, shaped like cigars, with blunt forward ends, and fins at the rear crossing each other at right angles. They weighed sixteen hundred pounds each. The explosive was packed in the "war-head," or "cap," at the forward end. We were relieved to find that dummy war-heads were used for target practice, and that there were no explosives aboard. The main body



"MY, HOW ANGRY THE CAPTAIN WAS!"

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of the torpedo was filled with air under high pressure, which drove the motor that ran the propeller of the torpedo. The rudders of the torpedo were kept pointed constantly in a given direction by a gyroscope.

"It is just like a top," explained our guide. "You pick up a spinning top on the palm of your hand, and watch it stand upright even though you slant your hand this way and that. That 's how it is with the gyroscope: its axis keeps pointing in one direction, regardless of what goes on about it. To keep the torpedo at a constant depth under water, there is a rudder that is moved in one direction by a spring, and in the other by a plunger upon which the water presses. If the torpedo runs below the set depth, the water pressure will be sufficient to move the plunger up, compressing the spring and elevating the rudder. On the other hand, if it rises above a predetermined level, the water pressure is less, and the spring forces the plunger down, depressing the rudder.

"Our boat is coming to the surface now; we shall be ready to fire soon."

"Suppose we hit something," said Will, "before the periscope is out of water?"

"There *is* some danger of that, but this craft has 'ears' as well as 'eyes.'"

"Ears?"

"Yes, ears. It 's all but human. On each side, there is a diaphragm like that of a telephone. These are connected by wires to a receiver. If any sound is heard, there is a way of telling whether it is louder in one instrument than in the other, and so the captain can determine where the sound is coming from. He always listens for the noise of the propellers of a vessel or the chugging of its engines before rising to the surface."

At the forward end of the boat, there were four torpedo-tubes, two of which could be manipulated at a time. Our guide explained that the torpedoes would be placed in the tubes, the breech-blocks closed, and then the cap at the outside opened. The nose of the boat formed the cap. By turning a hand-wheel, the cap would be moved out a trifle, letting the water run into the tubes around the torpedoes, and then the cap would be turned on its axis so as to bring two holes in it into register with two of the torpedo-tubes. There was a plate inside which would indicate when the proper registry had been obtained.

The motors had been stopped for an instant, when the order came to unseat the cap and flood the tubes. Instantly, our bow tipped downward, and we lunged forward. Will and I knew there was some danger, by the look on the faces around us. We followed their gaze, and saw the indicator hand racing around to 100, 110, 120, 135 feet. By that time the engine had been started, and the man at the diving rudder-wheel brought us up so smartly that the boat leaped almost clear of the water, betraying us to the "enemy," of course.

My, how angry the captain was! He kicked up an awful row. Some one had blundered. There were no torpedoes in the tubes when the order



THE CROWDED QUARTERS OF A SUBMARINE.

to flood them was carried out. The nose of our submarine was suddenly loaded with several tons of water. Naturally we had gone down like a shot.

We dived again, but this time under control, and we manœuvered about under water for half an hour or more, so that the enemy would lose all track of us. Finally, we ventured to come up to the surface, and located the dummy vessel we were after, about three miles away. Again we dived, and headed toward the spot. When we had arrived within striking distance, the captain manœuvered the submarine so that it would point in the proper direction, not at where the enemy then was, but at the point to which he would have traveled by the time the torpedoes reached him. The torpedo-tubes had been blown clear of water after

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the blunder, and had been charged with four torpedoes. The cap was turned so as to open two of the torpedo-tubes. When all was ready, the captain pulled a cord that admitted compressed air into the tubes just behind the torpedoes, and started them on their way. At the same time, a lever in the tube sprang a trip on each torpedo that set the propeller motor running. The instant the torpedoes left us, our bow, relieved of their weight, which amounted to nearly two tons, sprang up, but was brought down very cleverly by the steersman, who manipulated the horizontal rudders. The other two torpedoes were then uncovered by turning the cap, and they were fired one at a time at the enemy. Then, having shot our bolts, we turned about, and beat a retreat to port.

Chapter XIII

BOATS THAT DEVOUR MUD

Not long after our interesting trip in the submarine, Will and I made a wonderful discovery. We found in process of construction, right at New York's front door, a great ship-canal, an enormous excavation one third the size of the Panama Canal, but, because the canal was submerged under the waters of New York Bay, it came in for very little attention on the part of the public.

We met one of the engineers who was in charge of that work at that memorable luncheon with Mr. Price, and it was at his invitation that we went down to the dredges one morning on the tug that carried their mail and supplies.

We had proceeded well past the Narrows, when the captain of the tugboat pointed ahead. "There is one of the dredges," he said.

"You don't mean that steamship?" asked Will.

"Why, yes; don't you know what a dredge looks like?"

"I have seen lots of dredges," I said, "but none of them looks like that."

"Oh, you 're thinking of bucket dredges!" said the captain. "We could n't possibly use bucket dredges here. Every time a little storm came up, we would have to tow the dredge in, or else it would pound itself to pieces against the mud-scows. These are suction dredges. There 's the same difference as between taking a glass of soda-water in spoonfuls and drawing it up with a straw."

"But what do they do with the mud? Don't they have to have scows alongside?"

"In the first place, it is n't mud, at least not much of it. It is mostly sand and gravel. What a suction dredge devours goes into bins in her own hold, then it is taken out to sea and dumped. Do you see how low she is in the water? I guess they have just been waiting for us before putting out to sea to dump their load. I see the other dredge is over at Rockaway Inlet. I 'll put you aboard this dredge, and by the time I get back from Rockaway, your boat will have dumped its load and returned."

In a few minutes, we had come alongside the dredge and climbed over the rail to her deck. The tug captain called out to a Mr. Porter, who was the engineer on board, and consigned us to his care.

The dinner-bell rang as we came aboard, but we had had dinner aboard the tug, so, while Mr. Porter was gone, we walked about the deck, trying to understand this curious vessel. Just forward of the pilot-house, there was an enormous bin filled with sand. Some water was swishing back and forth over it as we rolled gently in the ocean swell. Aft there was another bin of the same size. The bins appeared to be divided into compartments by means of partition walls, but we found later, when the bins were emptied, that this was merely the framing at the top. Running lengthwise across each bin were two shafts connected by worm-gearing to a set of screw-shafts that ran vertically. There was also a large hand-wheel on each of the vertical screw-shafts.

Presently, a couple of men came along. One had a stick with which he measured the average height of the sand in each compartment, while the other man jotted down the figures in a note-book, so as to determine the amount of sand in the bins. Then, much to our astonishment, the first man reached down into the water, pulled out a good-sized fish, and laid it flapping on the deck.

"Good to eat?" we asked him.

"Pretty good," he said; "it 's a ling. We get lots of them. In fact, we get all the fish we care to eat. We get plenty of lobsters, too."

We noticed a number of large starfish clinging to the walls of the bin, and as the man moved off I reached over to get one as a souvenir.

"Oh, look there!" exclaimed Will suddenly, pointing to an object sticking out of the sand. "Does n't that look like a revolver?"

"It surely does," I replied; "I wonder if the sand is firm enough to hold us."

I tested it with my foot, and found it was as solid as a floor, so we both jumped over the side of the bin to pick up the curious object. A revolver it really was, an ugly-looking weapon, too, and pretty badly rusted.

"Now, where in the world do you suppose that came from?" asked Will, as he sat down on the edge of the bin to examine it.

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"Pirates!" I exclaimed, in mock-heroic style.

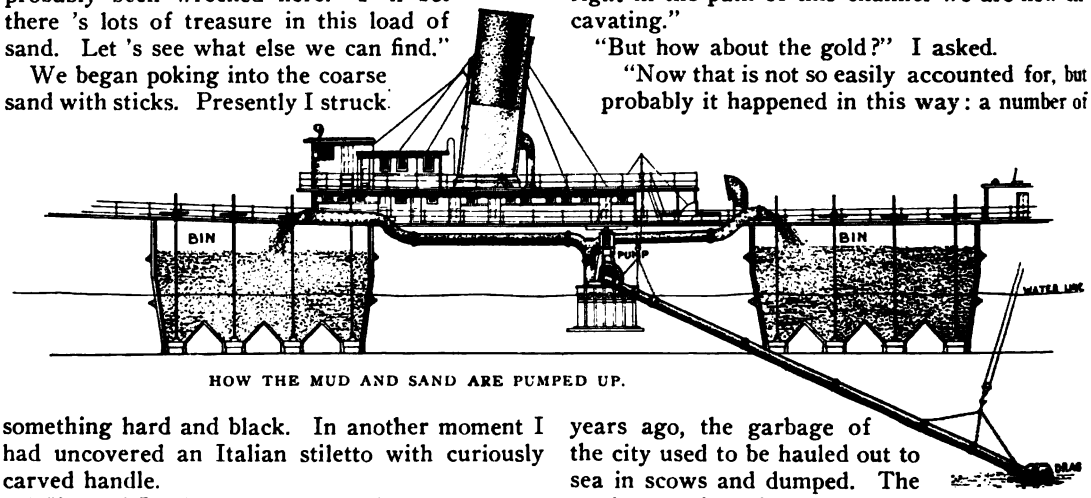
"It could n't be pirates," returned Will, taking me seriously; "the gun is too modern for that."

"Well then, smugglers maybe. Their boat has probably been wrecked here. I 'll bet there 's lots of treasure in this load of sand. Let 's see what else we can find."

We began poking into the coarse sand with sticks. Presently I struck something hard and black. In another moment I had uncovered an Italian stiletto with curiously carved handle.

"There!" I said triumphantly; "that looks like pirates now, does n't it? There is sure to be gold where you find pistols and knives."

A loud laugh interrupted me. "Ha, ha, ha! So you 've got the gold fever, have you?" laughed Mr. Porter. "You 've got your logic backward, young man; guns and knives are not an infallible sign of gold, but find your gold first, and then the firearms are sure to appear. We have found lots of firearms and daggers of every conceivable form of ugliness, but as for treasure, it 's mighty scarce, though I must admit that we have found some gold, too. It is too bad to spoil your romance, but there is no blood-curdling tale of piracy connected with those weapons, although, no doubt, they were once wielded by desperados.



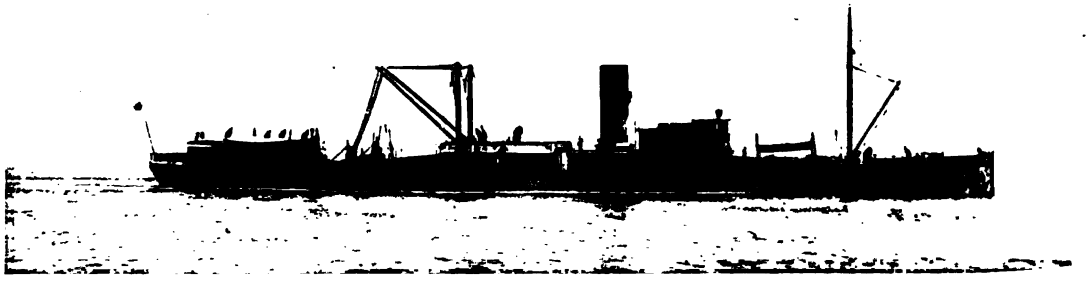
HOW THE MUD AND SAND ARE PUMPED UP.

Sometime ago, the police in New York got very busy, and started an active campaign against the carrying of concealed weapons. They rounded up the criminals and collected an enormous amount of junk. The only way of disposing of it was to throw it into the sea, but instead of taking it out to deep water, they dumped it in the Lower Bay, right in the path of this channel we are now excavating."

"But how about the gold?" I asked.

"Now that is not so easily accounted for, but probably it happened in this way: a number of years ago, the garbage of the city used to be hauled out to sea in scows and dumped. The work was done by contractors who were not overcareful to go as far as they were required to by the city authorities, and, when the patrol was not very vigilant, they would dump right into the bay. Now every one knows that valuable things sometimes find their way by accident into the garbage pail. This being the case, some of them are sure to find their way into our bins. One of the men who has been working here ever since the excavating began, has made a wonderful collection of coins. He has money from every part of the world—Spanish, Italian, Turkish, Chinese, and what not."

"I should think you would have some way of straining out the stuff," remarked Will; "there must be a mint of money in it."



ONE OF THE BOATS THAT DEVOUR MUD.

"It would n't be worth while. It would cost far more money than would ever be recovered. By the way, you had better get out of that bin

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now; we are pretty close to our dumping-grounds."

Presently, there was a rattle of machinery. The two worm-shafts began to turn, making the large hand-wheels rotate slowly, and feeding the screw-shafts downward.

"They are just 'cracking' the load," explained Mr. Porter, "to see that everything is all right before dumping."

"'Cracking!'" we exclaimed.

"Yes, they have just slightly opened the gates in the bottom of the bins to see that they are not stuck, so that, when we dump the load, all the gates will operate together."

"But you don't mean to tell us that you dump that stuff out through the bottom of the boat?"

"Certainly I do."

"But why does n't the boat sink when you let the water in?"

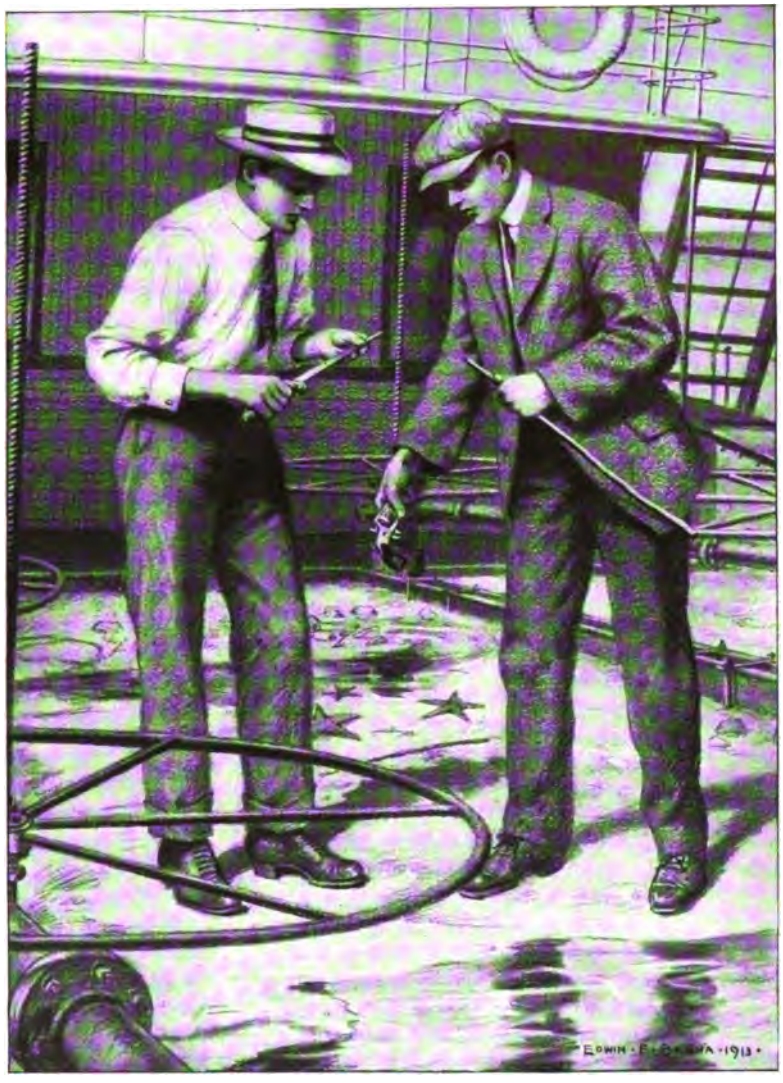
"That 's a foolish question," said Mr. Porter. "Stop and think about it a moment. Which is heavier, sand or water? Why should this boat sink if we swap a load of sand for a load of water? As the water comes in, the sand falls out, and the boat, relieved of the weight of the sand, actually rises ten feet higher out of the water."

When they were "cracking" the bins, the sand sank a trifle, but presently the worm-shafts began to turn again, and, out of troughs at each side, there was a rush of water. The sand sank rapidly, and melted away under the stream.

"They 're running the pumps now to wash down the sand," Mr. Porter explained. "It gets pretty well packed, and does not fall through the gates fast enough unless we help it along with some water."

As the sand fell away, we saw how enormous the bins were. "Each bin holds fourteen hundred cubic yards," said Mr. Porter, "and in the two bins there is something like forty-five hundred tons! But, pshaw, I don't believe that conveys any idea to you. If you had to transport this sand overland, you would have to load it on a train a mile long, made up of one hundred and seventy-five cars, to carry off what this one vessel transports so easily. And what 's more, it took us only two hours and fifty minutes to take on this load. We have been working here steadily for ten years, so you can just imagine we have sucked up quite a bit of mud and sand out of this old bay. The total excavation amounts to nearly seventy million cubic yards!"

Mr. Porter paused, evidently expecting us to



"'THAT LOOKS LIKE PIRATES NOW, DOES N'T IT?'" I SAID TRIUMPHANTLY.

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express astonishment at the figure, but it would not have impressed me as anything very extraordinary had he said billions instead of millions, because the figures were far beyond my comprehension. So I said nothing, and Will only said "U-m," in a very matter-of-fact way.

"U-m," mimicked Mr. Porter; "it does n't seem to impress you very much. Let 's put it another way. Suppose you should dump all this material in Broadway. You would choke the street from Bowling Green to Spuyten Duyvil to a depth of over two hundred feet. There, I thought I would astonish you!" laughed Mr. Porter, as he saw our mouths open with surprise; "but it 's true.

"See what a hullaballoo they are making over the Panama Canal, and yet all their excavation will not amount to much more than two hundred million cubic yards in a canal forty-five miles long, while we, with our seven-mile-under-water canal, have just about one third of that amount to haul out. Why, boys, if this channel was being excavated on land where you could see its depth and width, the papers would be full of it, and we would be having crowds of sight-seers out to watch the work. But we go on quietly, making no fuss and bluster, digging a channel nearly as wide as Central Park, and as long as from City Hall to One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth Street."

"And has all this work been done with only one dredge-boat?" Will asked.

"Oh, no! we have had four here up to a short time ago. Now the work is nearly done, so there are only two of us here in the bay. The other dredge has just left us to help out with the work on the Rockaway Inlet. Yes, the work has gone on steadily night and day, year in and year out. We come in to our dock on Saturday afternoons and have Sunday ashore, but you will find us here at any other time, plodding along and sticking to it, rain or shine. Nothing but a howling gale drives us to shelter."

All this time, the boat was steaming back rapidly up the channel. Just before we reached the spot that was to be dredged, Mr. Porter bade us look over the side of the vessel and see the enormous suction-pipes. There were two pipes, one at each side of the boat, and while we were going along, they were raised out of the water. We had not seen them before because the vessel was loaded so heavily that they were submerged. The pipes were twenty inches in diameter, and, where they entered the hull, they were fitted with swivel-joints. At the opposite end of each pipe, there was a "drag," or a sort of mouthpiece, about five feet broad, and partitioned off so that the openings in it measured about eight by nine inches.

"Anything that can go through those openings," explained Mr. Porter, "will go through all the rest of the system. No matter how heavy it is, the water will carry it right up into the bins."

"Suppose you should strike a rock bigger than eight by nine inches," I asked; "what would you do?"

"We would just dig a hole in the sand and bury it."

"Bury it!" I ejaculated.

Mr. Porter's eyes twinkled. "I astonished you again, did n't I? There are lots of stone piles along this channel. Nobody ever thought that the channel would be dug through here, and there used to be no regulation against dumping rock in the bay. We can't suck up that rock because there is too much of it, and the pieces are too large, so, as I say, we bury it. All we do is to dredge a deep hole around the stone pile fifteen or twenty feet deep, and then the survey-boat comes along with a water-jet that loosens up the pile, and topples it over into the hole."

We looked puzzled. "Yes," explained Mr. Porter, "they play a stream of water on the pile just as you might play the garden hose on a sand-hill. You can use the water-jet under water as well as anywhere else."

Presently we saw the drag lowered into the water. The pumps were started, and enormous streams of water poured, boiling and churning, out of the square conduits at each side into the bins. Soon the water turned muddy, but the river of sand we expected to see failed to appear.

"Is that what you pump up through the dredges?" Will asked.

"Yes, it is mostly water, but soon the bins will fill up, and then the water will flow over the top into an overflow channel, while the sand and mud settle to the bottom."

Mr. Porter took us below and let us see the big pumps at work. There were two centrifugal pumps about ten feet in diameter, driven by 450-horse-power engines. Every now and then, we heard a bang and a crash as a large stone was carried through by the torrent of water, while there was an almost incessant rattle of small stones through the pipes. It was extremely interesting, and quite marvelous to think of those two drags groping blindly along the bottom, devouring everything that came within their reach. Mr. Porter explained that the boat had to keep moving lest the tide or some current carry it backward, jamming the suction-pipes, and breaking them.

When we got back on deck, we found, much to our regret, that the tugboat had returned, and we had to cut our visit short.

(To be concluded.)

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BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE GREAT WAVE

HAVE you ever stood on the sea beach and watched the rollers come sweeping to the shore? If so, you have probably noticed that every now and then one of them will be bigger and nobler than the rest—will come in with a mighty thunder and a glory of high-flung foam, and, magnificent in its towering strength, dash far up on the shining sand.

Well, when you stand on the beach of time and watch the centuries as they come rolling in, you will see that ever and again one is mightier than the rest, topping them in greatness.

One of these great waves of the ocean of time was the golden age of Greece, one was the thirteenth century in Europe, and another was the sixteenth century in England, the age of Elizabeth.

Several decisions of immense importance to the entire future of England were made during Elizabeth's reign. For one thing, England became definitely a Protestant nation. For another, with the crushing of Spain in the defeat of the Great Armada, she took command of the seas, which she was henceforth to rule as her own domain. And she also became a sharer in the New World with all its tremendous possibilities, beginning that career of colonization which has given her the largest empire of the civilized world. Then, too, she took her place as creator of a great literature.

It was certainly a marvelous time, and the more one reads of it the more inspiring it becomes. England began to be wealthy under Elizabeth, not only as regards her nobility, who had often possessed great sums and lived lavishly, but as regards the lower classes, the thousands of merchants and burghers and artisans. These built themselves pretty cottages and houses of stone and brick, houses still to be seen to-day in places like Stratford-on-Avon, Chester, and other towns and villages. Chimneys came into general use, and with the chimney-corner England's famous domestic life, a life of especial comfort and charm, began to be established. Carpets were now spread on floors of wood, and pillows used. Pewter and silver replaced the wooden trenchers, windows made of glass became common in all houses, and fresh air and light the possession of even the modest little cottages, with a great improvement in the health of the nation as a consequence. People began to travel for pleasure, a wide-spread interest in other nations and in the strange places across the ocean was awake in each brave spirit, and everybody was ready for everything. So much that was amazing had already happened that there seemed no good reason why greater marvels should not occur, and adventure called aloud to every gallant lad to fare forth into a wonderful world. No one who could help it stayed at home permanently, for, as Shakspere put it, "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," and no one wanted to be behind his neighbor in intelligence.

Elizabeth, with her high courage and strong spirit, was a fit queen for such a nation. Her imagination delighted in the stir and splendor of life, and she was the inspiration of her mighty captains and sailors, as well as of the poets of genius who surrounded her. I will give you here a short quotation from the writings of a lad fresh come to London in the year 1558, who later became a bishop, which will show you how Elizabeth was beloved by her people, and how she aroused in them a desire to adventure for her sake:

> Suddenly there came a report to us (it was in December, much about five of the clock at night, and very dark) that the Queen was gone to Council, "And if you will see the Queen, you must come quickly." Then we all ran, where the Court gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. There we came, and when we had stayed there an hour and that the yard was full, there being a great number of torches, the Queen came out in great state. Then we cried, "God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!" Then the Queen turned to us and said, "God bless you all, my good people!" Then we cried again, "God bless your Majesty! God bless your Majesty!" Then the Queen said again to us, "You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince." And so, looking one upon another awhile, the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression on us, for shows and pageantry are ever best seen by torch-light, that all the way we did nothing but talk what an admirable Queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives in her service.

That brings it before one, does n't it? We see the crowded yard, the jostling citizens clad in the picturesque garments of the time, the flare of torches on wall and doorway, the faces now in light, now in shadow, a flash from a halbert or breastplate, the sound of many voices and much laughter, noise, confusion everywhere. Then the sudden hush when the queen appears, with

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her councilors behind, all splendid in lace ruffs and silk and satin garments, with gleaming jewels catching the light in points of red and green and purple and white, framed all in the archway of the wide-flung doors. The cheers of the throng, the queen's stately and yet friendly replies—it is easy to understand the warm glow of devotion in the hearts of the young men as they turned homeward from the scene.

In a nice little letter from one of my readers, Helen Johnson, of Pittsburgh, my attention is drawn to a book by Eva M. Tappin, "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth." It is an excellent story with which to begin the romance of this reign, for it pictures very clearly the things that went to the forming of her character, and the lonely and unhappy existence she was forced to lead through the enmity of her half-sister Mary, the wife of that Philip of Spain whom Elizabeth, in good season, was so thoroughly to defeat, both on the high seas and in the lowlands, as ally to William, Prince of Orange, in that prince's magnificent and successful struggle against the Spanish tyranny.

Set in the latter part of Mary's reign and the early years of Elizabeth's, is a romantic love-story by an Englishwoman, Mrs. P. C. de Crespigny, called "The Mischief of a Glove." It does not pretend to be very close to history, however, and the dialogue is in modern English.

Charles Major has written a good and exciting story on the legend of Dorothy Vernon, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." It gives in a very charming way many scenes of those days, and pictures people in a lively manner. As for the legend itself, it has long since been proved to have no shred of truth about it. Mary, Queen of Scots, comes into the book. (MacMillan, $1.50.)

One of the best known of all the books that deal with the times of great Elizabeth is Scott's "Kenilworth." In this is told the heart-touching tale of poor Amy Robsart, wife to the queen's favorite, the Earl of Leicester, a wicked and ambitious man, who believed that, with Amy out of the way, he might pretend to the hand of Elizabeth.

The tragedy of the poor young girl is vividly given to us, and there are splendid descriptions of some of those fine pageants in which the Elizabethans reveled and which they presented with wonderful skill and beauty. Nevertheless the book does not reveal the true spirit of the times, has not that mighty lift and enthusiasm which characterized them—a sort of triumphant wind of adventure and gaiety that set all hearts beating a lively measure. Amy's sorrowful fate shadows the story, and the grimmer side of the various historic personages who come upon the scene is insisted upon. But for all that, the story is a magnificent one, intensely interesting, a book to be read for its own sake no less than for its historic pictures.

One of the greatest heroes in Elizabeth's day was Drake, and many books tell of his adventures. One that is worth having is C. H. Eden's "At Sea Under Drake," for it tells about the great captain's early voyages, covering the period between 1557–1572.

Another good Drake book is by James Barnes, "Drake and His Yeomen." It is supposed to be "A true account of the character and adventures of Sir Francis Drake, as told by Matthew Maunsell, his Friend and Follower." It is excellently well told, and takes up the tale in 1572, where Eden drops it, continuing on to 1588.

Henty has written one of his characteristic books about this same hero, called "Under Drake's Flag" (Scribner's, $2), and there is a book by Robert Leighton, "Hurrah for the Spanish Main!" that is said to be very good reading and mainly accurate in its history.

Another story of fighting and adventure on the Spanish Main is by Mary Johnston, "Sir Mortimer," and it is most thrilling and picturesque.

A story that takes us straight to the court of the maiden queen is by Sir Gilbert Parker, "A Ladder of Swords," and, though the historic figures are but vaguely portrayed, the story is bright and entertaining, and gives a fair notion of the ways many things were managed four hundred years agone.

There is one book, however, that breathes the very spirit of the age, and that is Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" No better book of its sort was ever written. It catches the glorious courage, the far-flung adventure, the devotion, and high endeavor of the Elizabethan soul, and sets them living on the page. Some of the rougher and uglier side of the life is absent, to be sure, and perhaps *Amyas Leigh* is a bit too modern in some of his feelings and ideas. But he is surely as gallant and manly and lovable a hero as ever set hand to sword-hilt, and one we should be sorry never to have known. The descriptions of the tropics are particularly good, though it was not until after the book was written that Kingsley visited the West Indies.

Of all the real heroes of Elizabeth's reign, none was finer and nobler and more generally adored than Sir Philip Sidney. In him, all that was most admirable in the age was summed up. There seemed to be nothing he could not do, and do to perfection. There are two books that give us a delightful idea of this man, "Penshurst Castle,"

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by Emma Marshall, that shows us Sidney at home and surrounded by his friends, and "His Most Dear Ladye," by Beatrice Marshall, whose heroine is Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke. The manners and customs of aristocratic England are carefully depicted, and the two books should not be missed.

In Charlotte Yonge's volume of stories, "Unknown to History," there is one set in the years between 1568 and 1597 that is enchanting reading. And there is a good story by Frank Matthew, "One Queen Triumphant," that tells the sad history of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her futile struggle against Elizabeth.

A most delightful book, and one which my little reader-friend Edith Pierpont Stickney recommends, is "Master Skylark," by John Bennett (Century Co., $1.50). It relates how a young Stratford lad was assisted by Shakspere, and of how he enjoys the thrilling life that centers round the players; and it gives splendid pictures of London.

Two other excellent books are Austin Clare's "Court Cards," with the famous moss-trooper Kinmont Willy for hero, and fine scenes up in Scotland among the sheep-raiders, and A. Balfour's "By Stroke of Sword," that shows how well things went with that true adventurer, his hero. "Sons of Adversity," by L. Cope Conford, transports its readers to the lowlands with the English soldiers, and gives good portraits of their leaders, and of William of Orange and the terrible Alva.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.
FROM A PAINTING BY ZUCCHERO.

Then there is another book by Robert Leighton, "The Golden Galleon," in which Sir Richard Grenville's famous battle in the good ship *Revenge* off the Azores is told with lots of dash and local color.

And so good-by to Elizabeth, the queen who rode the great wave of English history.

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FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

A SUMMER IN A SEA-SHORE BUNGALOW

BY ROBERT EMMET WARD

1.

In summer, a bungalow down by the sea
Is the jolliest place that can possibly be!



2. You start off exploring, the very first day,



3 And soon find all sorts of queer places to play;



4. You get into bathing-suits, Sister and you, (The suits very like one another!);



5. At first, you don't like it, but, later, you do— Sea-bathing with Father and Mother.

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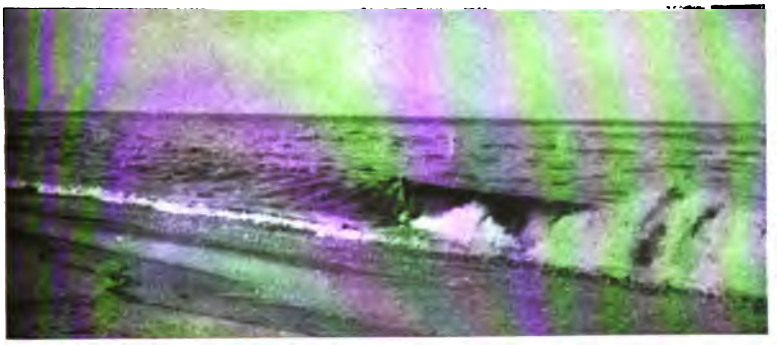
6. On the whole, though, the beach is the best place to play;
Even Mother likes playing there, day after day!



7. To sit in the sunlight with
Sister is grand,
While we dig great deep holes
in the sand.



8. But happiest summers, like birdies,
must fly!—
One morning you hear Sister say,
"Good-by, dear old beach! Dear
old ocean, good-by!"



9. And here 's how the beach looks next day!

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NATURE AND SCIENCE for Young Folks

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.



PUEBLO INDIANS TRANSPORTING THEIR HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS.
The dog is doing his share of the work. The men are using their packing baskets and head-bands.

TRANSPORTATION IN AMERICA

More than one million automobiles are now in use in this country, which means that more than one person in every hundred either own or operate one. Four hundred years ago, there was not a wheel here, not a cart, a wagon, nor anything else with wheels; nor a horse, a mule, a donkey, a domestic cow, or an ox. What did the people do without them? They did n't do much.

If we except some of the lower creatures, we may call man the first pack-animal. The ancient Pueblos, when they wished to move their possessions, had to carry them on their backs. Their only "beast of burden" was a mongrel dog. This small animal could help by carrying the lighter burdens on a pair of crossed sticks, called "travail," fastened to his girdle. It is strange that none of our early or later Indians thought of domesticating the buffalo, and of using him as a draught-animal.



A SPANISH CARRETA DRAWN BY SPANISH CATTLE.

These carts were made of wood and of very heavy timbers. They were used for agricultural purposes and for general transportation. This picture was made from a carreta preserved in the U. S. National Museum at Washington, District of Columbia.

With the invasion of the Spanish, about 1519, came the horse. The most primitive method of using him as a beast of burden, next to putting a pack on his back, is here pictured. The Spaniards also introduced the donkey, or burro, and brought with them the first wheeled vehicle, the "Spanish carreta." This was later made by the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, and was entirely of wood. This type of ox-cart is still in use in those countries where it was first introduced. Later on, the Red River cart, which was a less clumsy model, was used extensively for transporting freight over the northern plains of the Red River country. Some of these carts were provided with canvas covers, and were then used by the early settlers to transport their families across the great plains. About 1830, the four-wheeled "prairie-schooners" made their appearance. These long-bodied wagons could accommodate two families of moderate size, with all their household possessions; and a train of them, pulled by oxen, made a picturesque

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A FORKED LIMB, THE PRIMITIVE SLEDGE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.
Used for carrying supplies and game.

sight, as it slowly undulated across the western plains. The most "rapid transit" of those days was horseback riding. In places where wagons or carts had not been introduced, the Indians and the early settlers used sledges for the transportation of supplies, of which the forked limb shown above is an ingenious example. A few men could pull one of these sledges with a good-sized load, and would not be so tired as when each had a part of the load on his back.

With the more extensive settlement of the colonies, better methods of travel became necessary, and more commodious wagons were made, and the "one-horse shay" and the "doctor's gig" made travel over those rough roads more comfortable than it had ever been before. Next came the old stage-coach, the first wheeled vehicle used in this country for the transportation of the mails. These old coaches, substantially made, and hung above the wagon-frame on huge straps, were



A SIOUX INDIAN OF THE PLAINS USING THE "TRAVAIL" FOR A SMALL LOAD.
Sometimes a bunk was put on it and the children huddled within, while their mother rode the horse.

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THE OLD STAGE-COACH DRAWN BY FOUR HORSES.
This was driven regularly between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and is now in the National Museum.

pulled by teams of from four to six horses, and were in general use from the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The first railroad (the Baltimore and Ohio) came in 1829. The cars on the early trains were not cars, but coaches similar to the old horse stages, an equipment that would attract wondering attention in these days.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

MICE AND CANARIES SAVE MINERS' LIVES

IN investigating the causes of mine fires and mine explosions, it has been discovered that the presence of carbon monoxid, a poisonous gas commonly known as "white damp," which is often found in the after-damp of such explosions and fires, has caused the death of many miners. This gas is greatly feared, and is difficult to detect. A miner's lamp gives warning of almost every dangerous condition of the mine's atmosphere except of the presence of this gas. Carbon monoxid may exist in deadly quantities and the safety-lamp show no evidence of it, because a quantity too small to affect the lamp may be extremely poisonous to a living creature. After an explosion, many volunteers wish to go as far as possible into the mine to assist the official rescuers, who wear oxygen helmets and can penetrate safely and deeply into the poisonous gas. The curious discovery has been made that birds



VOLUNTEER RESCUERS WITH CANARY-BIRD IN CAGE IN A COAL-MINE WHERE DISASTER HAS TAKEN PLACE.

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and mice can do what the miner's lamp cannot—that is, they can show how far these volunteers may go with safety.



REVIVING A CANARY-BIRD WITH OXYGEN IN AN INCLOSED CAGE AFTER AN EXPERIENCE IN POISONOUS GAS.

In response to an inquiry from ST. NICHOLAS regarding this, a letter received from the Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., reads as follows:

"I may say that the canary-bird is, perhaps, the most sensitive being there is to gas poisoning in the mines. The canary will show signs of distress long before the miner notices the gas, which gives the miner an opportunity to retreat. He has five or six minutes to get to a part of the mine where there is less gas or no gas.

"The canary-bird has indirectly been responsible for the saving of a number of lives of miners in this country, as well as in other countries. In a disaster of any moment, with fifty or a hundred men in the mine, it is a physical impossibility for a rescue-crew or crews to bring out all the entombed men in time to save their lives. The members of the rescue-corps wear oxygen helmets, which permit them to breathe even in the presence of a poisonous gas. They can go anywhere in the mine without the use of the canary-bird.

"It is the volunteer rescuers, the men not wearing the helmets, who use the birds. They penetrate into the mine as far as they can with safety, and establish a base there, the purpose being to receive the injured men as they are brought through the poisonous gases by the helmeted rescuers. This permits the helmeted men to return quickly to the dangerous parts of the mine to find and rescue other men who might die for want of prompt assistance. It must be remembered that the poisonous gas does not often penetrate all through the mine, and it is possible for these volunteers to go certain distances. They carry the canary-bird, and, as long as the bird sits on his perch in comfort, there is no danger from gas to the volunteers. The moment the bird begins to flutter or fall, the volunteers move toward the outside of the mine. In the past, many volunteers have lost their lives at mine disasters through failure to detect the poisonous gases in time.

"The canary is not allowed to suffer. As soon as he shows any signs of distress, he is placed in an inclosed cage and given oxygen. When the bird is once more on the surface, he is generally as lively and happy as before he entered."

HOW THE DIVER WAS CAUGHT

THIS picture of Mr. Everett Ansley, a well-known fancy diver, was made from a canoe near





THE POSITION OF THE DIVER SUGGESTS AN AËROPLANE.

the Nautilus Club of Washington, District of Columbia. As here photographed, in the air with

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arms outstretched, he resembles a monoplane. It is called the butterfly dive.

As all young photographers know, the ordinary shutter is the little mechanism in front of the lens, which, by pressure of a lever or a bulb, opens and closes, and thus regulates the time of exposure of the film. When this kind of shutter, however, is used in photographing rapidly moving objects, indistinctness or blur results. For successful work of this character, there is a specially adapted shutter, known as the focal plane shutter, whose working is so clever that I think you will be interested in an account of it.

Imagine yourself before a window five feet high which reaches to the floor. At the top of the window, fastened to a spring roller, is an ordinary black cloth window-shade, and, fastened to a like roller at the bottom of the window, is another shade of the same sort. Let us imagine that you have pulled the top shade about half-way down and the bottom shade up so that the ends of the shades are a foot apart, and, while they are in this position, have joined these ends at their outer edges with strings. The upper and lower parts of the window are now covered by the two shades, and all the light that comes in is through the foot-wide slit, or space, you have left between the curtains. By pulling the curtains up or down, the slit can be moved and the light let in from any part of the window. Now wind around the top roller all the upper shade and the strings, joining it to the lower shade. The lower shade will then completely cover the window. Attach to the lower roller a spring which will be strong enough, when you release it, to wind around this roller the lower shade, the strings, and a portion of the upper shade. When you set it off, the spring will cause the slit to travel down the window and pull the upper shade with it until that shade completely covers the window. As the slit goes down the window, the light is let in, and we know that if it takes one second for the slit to travel down the window, the light coming through this foot-wide slit will flash upon each part of your body, as you stand in front of the window, for only one fifth of a second—that is, as it takes the slit one second to move five feet (the length of the window), it moves one foot, or its width, in one fifth of a second. Thus the length of the exposure of any part of your body to the light coming through the slit, as it goes down the window, is determined by the time it takes the spring to pull the slit from the top to the bottom of the window. This depends upon the strength or tension of the spring, and is also determined by the width of the slit. If the spring is made strong enough to pull the slit down in one twenty-fifth of a second, and the width of the slit is narrowed to one and a half inches, the exposure will be one one-thousandth of a second.

The window and the shades illustrate the working of the focal plane shutter. That shutter is composed of a frame that corresponds to a window-frame and two curtains like window-shades, but, of course, the frame and curtains of the shutter are very much smaller, and only a miniature of the contrivance we have described. In the camera, the plate is behind the shutter, just as you were back of the window. The light comes through the lens, and, as the slit comes down and lets the light in upon the plate, the exposure is made.

The focal plane shutter is made to fit any type of camera, from the little speed kodak to the large camera that requires a tripod.—WILLIAM D. WHEELER.

A PLANT LIFTS A BONE

HERE is illustrated a remarkable result in an unsuccessful effort by a plant, known as the mandrake, to grow through a bone. The hole in the bone (vertebra) was not large enough, so the leaves were folded and crumpled and the bone was carried nearly two feet from the ground.



Photograph by Carl F. Gronemann.

A MANDRAKE TRYING TO GROW THROUGH A BONE.

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STARS TWINKLE, PLANETS DO NOT

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered why a star will twinkle and a planet will keep perfectly still. And also why a planet looks bigger than a star.

Your interested reader,
GRACE HENDRICK.

Because the star is so very far away that it looks to us, even in the largest telescope, just like a bright point of light. The little beam of light from this point is broken and bent as it passes through the wet and ever-moving air which covers us. A planet appears as a disk, like the full moon, only smaller. Thus a great many beams of light from a planet come to us, all side by side; some of these are bent one way, and some another, in their passing through our air, but the disk as a whole is seldom seen greatly disturbed. Sometimes, however, when the air is very wet or the planet low in the sky, the whole cylinder of rays from the round disk is bent and broken up, and then we see the *planet* "twinkle."—ERIC DOOLITTLE.

WHY WE WALK OR TALK IN OUR SLEEP

OAKPARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why we walk and talk in our sleep?

Very truly yours,
WAYNE BRANDSTADT.

The queer thing is, if you come to think of it, not that we *should* sometimes walk and talk in our sleep, but that we should *not* walk and talk far more often than we do. For when we have clear and vivid experiences in the waking life, we act upon them at once: we say something (and speaking is a movement of the larynx), or we grasp, or point at, or walk toward, the object that has aroused the experience. Now in dreams we have just such clear and vivid experiences, and yet, as a rule, we take them quietly and passively; only very, very rarely does a healthy sleeper walk or talk in his sleep.

It is clear, then, that, in normal sleep, the ordinary daytime connection between ideas and movements is in some way broken. It is not easy to say how and where, in the nervous system, the break occurs; and you must not think of it as a physical break, but only as a blocking or heading off of nervous impulses. At all events, this break, or "dissociation," is the natural thing in healthy sleep. But if sleep is disturbed—whether temporarily, by fatigue or an indigestion, or permanently, by some form of what people call "nervousness"—then an unnatural state is set up, a state in which sleep becomes more like waking, and the break between ideas and movements is incomplete, and the sleeper walks or talks.—E. B. TITCHENER.

REGARDING THE CHINESE

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a reader of your magazine, and also a subscriber, and would like you to answer these questions. Who was the past ruler of China? Who is the present ruler, what is the present form of government, and what cause brought about the change?

Also, will you give me the names of a few of the leading men on the imperial side, and some on the anti-imperial side. And perhaps you can refer me to some book on the subject that I may be able to find in the public library.

Yours respectfully,
BEATRICE GUNDERSEN.

To those who know absolutely nothing about China and her people—alas! they are legion, especially in America—our revolution seems to be a matter of mystery and surprise. What! is such a people really capable of such a thing? What is it that awakened them so violently out of torpor? And now that their revolution has been completely successful, are they intelligent enough to



Photograph by Brown Bros.

DR. SUN YAT-SEN, THE GEORGE WASHINGTON OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA.

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carry out to a moderate success the Republican form of government? Do they understand, after all, what this form of government is?

Well, if you judge the Chinese as a whole by the standard of those you have been seeing from day to day in your towns and cities, you are certainly not far wrong in doubting our ability and intelligence. Fortunately, however, the Chinese in China—those you have never seen—are as dissimilar to the Chinese in the United States, as the Europeans in their respective countries are to those in the far East. To this a few of your own fair-minded people that have been to the Orient will readily testify; and many a writer will inform you also that the practice of governing people by the people is no new thing to the Chinese. True, our new republic may not, and cannot, be up to your ideal at first. But everything must take time to ripen. A child can be a grown-up person only by careful nurture and gradual development and growth. I learn from your constitutional and political histories that your United States, one hundred years ago, was not what it is to-day, and is only what it is to-day by unceasingly improving and reforming all parts of its system.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

PU-YI, THE LAST EMPEROR OF CHINA.

As to the causes that brought about the revolution and change, I may assure you that they were grievous and exasperating enough to stir up a people much less patriotic and sensitive than either you Americans or we Chinese. Beside them, the grievances of the thirteen colonies dwindle into comparative trivialities. The reason that we had not until now risen up and revolted is, that we are a people of the greatest patience and self-restraint in the world. Indeed, it is these qualities, instilled into us from our very babyhood, so that they have become almost our second nature, that make us, in the eyes of you westerners, dull, unimaginative, unemotional, unpatriotic, and all the rest of it. But when our patience has been sorely tried and hopelessly exhausted, our self-restraint breaks loose.

From this you see that our revolution is not a matter of mystery and surprise, after all. Only you Americans have failed to understand our people.

With this preface, I now hasten briefly to answer the questions that have been asked.

1. Who was the past ruler of China? Pu-yi, a boy something more than six years old, the tenth and last emperor of the Manchu dynasty, that reigned in China from 1644 A.D. up to February 12, 1912, when Pu-yi abdicated.

2. Who is the present ruler? Yuan Shih-kai is the present provisional president of the Republic of China. Recognized all the world over as a man of iron, in China he is disliked and suspected by many.

3. What is the present form of government? A republic, modeled, more or less, after the United States and France. Any attempt to change the present form will surely be attended with universal rebellion and much bloodshed.

4. Leading men on the Manchu side: Prince Ch'un, the regent; Prince Ching, the premier; Shih-Hsu and Hsu Shih-Chang, the grand councilors; General Yin-Chang, Minister of War, and many Manchu princes, princelings, and nobles.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE CHINESE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

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During the last days of the Manchu reign, Prince Ching was dismissed in disgrace, and Yuan Shih-kai was recalled from his home to succeed Ching. Tang Shao-Yi, a graduate of an American university, was secretary to Yuan.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

YUAN SHIH-KAI, THE PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC.

5. Leading men on the Chinese side: Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, the George Washington of the Republic of China; General Hwang-Hsing and General Li Yuan-Hung, heroes of the revolution; Wu Ting Fang, twice minister to the United States during the Manchu reign; and a large number of young Chinese, mostly students returning from Europe, America, and Japan. Our people who volunteered to fight and drive away the Manchus are styled "The People's Army." Even school and college girls volunteered to go into the fighting line, and armed and equipped themselves. They flatly refused the proposition of the Republican leaders that they reorganize into a Red Cross corps.

6. What brought about the change? Of all the causes, I can give below only a few:

(a) Foreign aggression which the Manchu Government was utterly powerless and never courageous enough to resist; and by which the Chinese have been subject to the greatest humiliation. (b) The preference given by the Government to the most ignorant and incompetent Manchus over the much more capable and experienced Chinese in everything connected with government and politics. (c) The disorder and chaos into which China was thrown by the Manchus, and the obstacles which they placed in the way of China's progress. (d) A true Christian spirit instilled into the people by foreign missionaries. (e) Western ideals, thoughts, and ways of doing things, learned by our people all over Europe and America, knowing that the old, gentle, and bookish ways of our own would be the death of China.

7. Some good books, for reference: "Sun Yat-Sen," by J. Cantlie. "Chinese Revolution," by Arthur J. Brown. "China's Revolution," by Edwin J. Dingle. "The Civilization of China," by H. G. Giles. "China, as Seen and Described by Great Writers," by Esther Singleton. "The Coming China," by J. K. Goodrich. "Changing China," by Lord and Lady G.-Cecil. "The Changing Chinese," by Professor Ross. "The Education of Women in China," by M. Burton. "China and America To-day," by Arthur H. Smith. "Things Chinese," by Dyer-Ball.

T. Y. LEO.

ASTRONOMICAL QUESTIONS

PARKESBURG, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask the following questions concerning astronomy:

1. What was the "Music of the Spheres"?
2. How many moons or satellites has each planet of the solar system?
3. How many minor planets have been discovered?

Yours truly,
ALBERT H. GERBERICH, JR. (age 15).

1. The ancients believed that there were seven great crystal spheres, one inside of the other, with the earth at the center, and these, as they turned, carried the sun, moon, stars, and the bright planets around the sky. And it was thought that as these spheres turned they produced each a different musical note, and that these notes made a harmony too ethereal for us to hear.

2. The Earth, one; Mars, two; Jupiter, eight; Saturn, ten; Uranus, four; Neptune, one; Venus and Mercury, none.

3. Seven hundred and eighty-two.

DO CROWS SIGNAL BY NUMBER OF CAWS?

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me whether crows send signals to each other by the number of caws they say or croak? I wonder, because every morning, before leaving a tree, the crows croak six times.

Your interested reader,
ROWENA MORSE.

We know that crows and other birds have a considerable variety of calls by which they can express a number of emotions, intelligible both to other kinds of birds and to one another. As to the number of caws, etc., I know of no exact data on which to base an opinion.—C. WILLIAM BEEBE.

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ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY SHIRLEY EDWARDS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

DON'T miss the opening contributions this month — for our thirteen-year-old poet, Anita Grannis, gives us a charming little lyric of the orchard, while Marjorie Cole's account of her "best summer holiday" is almost a prose poem. And these two are only the introduction for others just as excellent and notable—verses that many a grown-up writer would be glad to sign, and stories told with a skill or humor quite worthy of a far more experienced authorship. Others again, from our younger contributors, have a childish quaintness all their own, or the fun-loving inventiveness of alert young minds.

And then there are the picture-makers! We owe them a special vote of thanks this time. The shutters of their busy cameras have garnered for us a set of joyous or lovely views that seem to have "brightened the sunshine" itself, or to have glorified it with the spirit of youth looking out upon "a pleasant world"; while the workers with brush and pencil have proved themselves artists indeed. The drawings for this competition have been, in fact, exceptionally fine.

And all this, while real lessons are still a month away! It *is* "a pleasant world,"—is n't it?

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 163

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered

PROSE. Silver badges, **Marjorie D. Cole** (age 17), Los Angeles, Cal.; **Kathryn Lyman** (age 14), Hilo, Hawaii, S. I.; **Winifred Worcester** (age 13), New York City; **Germain Townsend** (age 16), Cooperstown, N. Y.; **Raymond Ray** (age 7), Roswell, New Mex.; **Ethel N. Pendleton** (age 14), Islesboro, Me.; **Lavinia Janes** (age 16), Baltimore, Md.; **Marion Weinstein** (age 14), Terre Haute, Ind.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Emanuel Farbstein** (age 16), Pittsburgh, Pa.
Silver badges, **Helen D. Hill** (age 13), Lake Forest, Ill.; **Florence W. Towle** (age 14), New Brighton, N. Y.; **Ruth Merritt** (age 15), Riverside, Ill.; **Vera B. Hall** (age 15), Merrimac, Mass.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Marinella Colonna** (age 16), Naples, Italy.
Silver badges, **Shirley Edwards** (age 15), Crescent City, Cal.; **Dorothy Walter** (age 13), Menlo Park, Cal.; **Helen C. Jaeger** (age 14), Buffalo, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Willis K. Jones** (age 17), Auburn, N. Y.
Silver badges, **Helen Stuart** (age 16), Carbondale, Pa.; **Isabella B. Howland** (age 17), Brookline, Mass.; **Dorothy Smith** (age 13), Ithaca, N. Y.; **C. Norman Fitts** (age 16), Northampton, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Gladys S. Conrad** (age 13), Suffern, N. Y.; **Marian Haynes** (age 12), Fremont, O.; **J. Butler Wright, Jr.** (age 10), Brussels, Belgium; **Griffith M. Harsh** (age 14), Douglas, Ariz.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Frances E. Mills** (age 13), Jamaica, N. Y.; **Gladys H. Pew** (age 15), Los Angeles, Cal.; **Lothrop Bartlett** (age 14), Chestnut Hill, Mass.; **Ida G. Everson** (age 15), New Brighton, N. Y.



BY HELEN STUART, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY RUTH BRATTON, AGE 15.

"A PLEASANT WORLD."

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TO "MY" APPLE-TREE, IN THE ORCHARD, IN SPRING

BY ANITA L. GRANNIS (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

Wooed awake with the May-wind's singing,
Roused from thy sleep of the winter long,
Blossom thou when the birds are winging
Home again, with their gladsome song!
Robin Red, of the scarlet feather,
With his timid mate, o'er thy branches fly,
Seeking a home, as they flit together,
For their nestlings, by and by.

Joy and gladness, the whole world over
Seems to find in the orchard aisles:
Glint o' gold on the sprouting clover,
Violets where the springtime smiles.
Peace of heart, 'neath thy rosy bowers,
Find I, too, as the bluebirds sing.—
Thank Thee, God, for the happy hours
Spent with the apple-trees in spring!

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

BY MARJORIE D. COLE (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

"My best summer holiday"—what possibilities that phrase contains! Yet there are so very, very many to choose from—the month spent in the great "Painted Desert" of Arizona, where morning and evening are fire opals, and night a black zone whose depths may not



"A PLEASANT WORLD." BY WILLIS K. JONES, AGE 17. GOLD BADGE. (SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1913.)

be fathomed; that long-remembered trip abroad, with the rustic English scenes, the great snow-capped Alps, and Venice slumbering in a tranquil sea; the tour through the Eastern States, where patriotism is fired by spots of historic interest; again, the vacation in the California Sierras, where, at night, the lone mountain-lion may be heard far away in the woods. But above all, there comes to me a vision of moonlight in far-away Tahiti, that rare and beautiful island of the South Seas. Come, let me show it to you:—

Native voices, singing wild, quaint songs, die away in the distance, coming out of nowhere, returning to that nowhere whence they came. The only other sounds to break the strange silence are the mournful lapping of the waves or an occasional murmur as the night-winds sigh among the palms, on which the moon has cast her



"A PLEASANT WORLD" BY POLLY SAWYER, AGE 9.

silvery rays. Crouching forms wait to spring out from among the black shadows along the roadside, or stir stealthily amid the depths of the giant ferns. A sister island, once so distant, now made so near by the presence of night, is slumbering, black in a silver sea. Then faintly, oh, so faintly, from out the nowhere whither they went, sound the native voices, singing their wild, quaint songs of life, and love, and death.

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

BY KATHRYN LYMAN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

We left our mountain home, Ka Hale Olm, or "The House in the Mists," for a five-and-a-half-mile walk to the largest active volcano in the world. Two miles along, a beautiful road led us to the edge of the crater. We descended the steep, winding trail to the rough, barren, lava floor. On the way down, we picked and ate ohelo berries, formerly considered sacred to Pele, goddess of the volcano.

Starting along the trail, we crossed over a bridge spanning a lava crack which was opened by an earthquake in 1887. Two miles beyond this, we visited the Devil's Picture Frame, and still farther on we descended into a cave known as Pele's Reception Room, where we left our cards.

After we reached the pit, we watched the molten lava rushing and roaring, and the fountains spouting. It was so hot that we had to protect our faces with masks, and then burned our hands holding them up.

At supper-time, we walked over to a hot crack near the pit, and lowered down a wire basket filled with potatoes and bananas, a can of sausages, and a pail of coffee. In twenty minutes, the coffee was boiling and the food cooked. It all tasted much better than if it had been cooked over a kitchen stove

We went back to the pit, and watched the boiling lava for another hour. While we were there, a party of Hawaiians came to watch the fire, and we saw one large native woman throw an offering to Pele of a red silk handkerchief, a whisky flask, and some silver, into the lake of fire.

We started on our homeward tramp at seven, and reached Ka Hale Olm tired but happy at ten.

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IN AN ORCHARD

BY LUCILE E. FITCH (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

It lies beyond the distant, shadowed hills,
A verdant orchard, by an opal sea.
Restful, enchanting, beautiful, it fills
The eager heart with brimming ecstasy.
Groves of fair trees weighted with fruit and flowers,
Whispering leaves that croon faint melody,
Soft, earthy things that smell of summer showers,
Fern-lace and falling petals, bird and bee.

I hesitate to step within its groves.
It seems almost too beautiful to me,
As though a mortal touch that, careless, roves
Over these plants, would kill their artistry.
And I, in wonder of its magic spell,
Dare but to pluck one small anemone
So modest, sweet, and frail it might have well
Bloomed in the orchard of Gethsemane.



"A PLEASANT WORLD." BY ISABELLA B. HOWLAND, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

(*As told by a daisy fairy*)

BY WINIFRED WORCESTER (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

THIS is my best summer holiday, for the simple reason that it is my only one.

It was a very hot day, so, naturally, when I received an invitation from my friend Lily, asking me to spend the day, I accepted gladly.

Early on the appointed day, I jumped on my favorite cricket, and we hopped off.

Lily, who lives in a magnificent white house on a lake, called the "Water-Lily," was waiting on the edge of her pad. Soon the butler announced dinner. We had fillet of grasshopper with mosquito sauce, raw frog's eggs, and grass salad. (I *must* get the receipt for it.)

After dinner, Lily said she thought it would be nice to take a trip, so she called an old fish, who came and bit off the end of the lily-pad, and, holding it in his mouth, pushed us around the lake. Soon we came to a lovely little cove. We got out and played hide-and-seek on the bank for a long time. Then it began to rain. We looked around, but the lily-pad was gone!

Lily said she could swim home, but I don't know how, so I was in an awful plight. I told her to go, anyway, so she went.

My hair got wetter and wetter, and my petals drooped with rain. To make things worse, a horrid little frog was laughing at me. Finally, however, a nice old dragon-fly came along and put me upon a taxi-cricket, and sent me home. I was glad to be there, all right.

Thus ended my best (and only) summer holiday.

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

BY GERMAIN TOWNSEND (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

I HAD promised long before to go fishing with Jack. We had made great plans for it, and were anticipating the happiest day of the summer. When I arose that morning to find it raining, my spirits were certainly dampened at once. But I knew Jack would n't mind, and would expect me to go, rain or shine. We started at ten o'clock for our day's fishing, which I was sure would be a failure.

For two hours we sat, getting wetter and wetter, and I, for my part, crosser and crosser. Of course the fish would n't bite—they never do when I drop *my* line—and although Jack is known for his fishing ability, that skill seemed to have left him for the day.

To go home to a large family that are given to teasing and admit that you have fished one whole morning without a bite, would be wildly foolish, for you would never hear the last of it. We must have some fish some way. Suddenly, a brilliant thought entered my head: we would go up to a little brook and catch some minnows. All our troubles were quickly forgotten. They were easily caught, and soon we had a string of fish to take home—twenty-five little minnows, all shining and wriggling, were strung up my line.

When I reached home, the first question was, "How many fish did you catch?"

"Twenty-five," said I, triumphantly.

The family gasped in chorus; then I held up the minnows. They saw the joke, for not a teasing word was said.

As I think of it now, it was the happiest day of that summer, for, "All *is* well that ends well," and fish are fish, whether they are two inches—or two feet—in length!

IN THE ORCHARD

BY HELEN D. HILL (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

AMID the pink of apple bloom,
The drowsy hum of happy bee,
The soft air fills with murmur sweet,
There by the sea.

Along the wall where ivy buds
Their first, spring green begin to show,
My dog and I, in our long walks,
Are wont to go.

Or, 'neath some gnarled old apple-tree,
To dream away our idle hours,
List to the songs of birds that nest
Among the flowers,

Till twilight gray has hushed each sound,
All things have sought their den or nest;
Return we home amid the gloom—
Home to our rest.

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BY DOROTHY SMITH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH F. BRADBURY, AGE 12.



BY SARNIA MARQUAND, AGE 11.



BY EUGENE K. PATTERSON, AGE 16.



BY C. NORMAN FITTS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY HARRIET CUMMINS, AGE 12. BY SUE GOLDING, AGE 14. BY WM. C RICHARDSON, JR., AGE 14.

"A PLEASANT WORLD"

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

BY RAYMOND RAY (AGE 7)

(*Silver Badge*)

I SPENT my vacation in Colorado last summer. I climbed mountains, visited the Cave of the Winds, the Garden of the Gods, and spent many happy hours at Manitou. But I am going to tell you about the best day of all. One day out there, Mama and I walked from Stratton Park up Cheyenne Cañon to Bruin Inn and back again. We ate our dinner right by the babbling brook in Stratton Park, and when the birds saw us, they sang to us, while we divided our dinner with them. No one could have had a more delightful meal, with the blue sky overhead and the great trees all around.

After this, we started out on our pleasant journey. The mountains looked like ruins of Grecian temples; the tall, dark-green pine-trees were like Titans of ancient Greece. Three of the largest ones reminded me of Hercules, Antæus, and Enceladus. The rocks on the roadside sparkled like diamonds. We used the murmuring brook as our guide, while our only companions were the lively chipmunks and the beautiful song-birds.

We passed Bridal Falls, and at last we reached Bruin Inn, a large hotel built of logs, very quaint and rustic. Here we bought some refreshments; then we walked

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over to Helen Hunt Falls, that was named after her because she spent so much time there.

Then we walked back to Stratton Park, very tired indeed, but happy over our day's trip of seven miles.

IN THE ORCHARD

BY EMANUEL FARBSTEIN (AGE 16)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won May, 1913)

"In the Orchard" is the name
Of the only book I wrote;
This, the book that brought me fame,
Made of me a man of note.

"Never," so did critics rave,
"Was there rural book displayed
Which more information gave
On the science of the spade."

"Expert knowledge of the theme"
Was "evinced in every phrase";
Positive the fact did seem
I had "seen a farmer's days."

By their sacred quills, they swore
It was an "undoubted fact
That the author did before
Agriculturally act."

Ah, my readers, but I grieve
Statement contrary to make;
But appearance doth deceive,
It was all a great mistake;

All the knowledge I possess
From "Britannica" was read;
Mea culpa, I confess,
I am *city born and bred*.

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

BY ETHEL N. PENDLETON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

"'LEMONADE! Lemonade! Five a glass!'"

"Goodness, but lemonade never tasted so good before!"

"Oh, I say, do you see those ponies over there? Those are the ponies that drew the fairy in the parade."

"But come on! Let 's get some ice-cream and *don't* forget the peanuts!"

"Let 's go and see the cat with five heads and the man with a lion's body. And hurry, too, for the performance begins soon!"

"Now let 's look at the animals. Oh, look at the elephants! And there are the lions and camels. There is a giraffe, too!"

"Buy some of that pink pop-corn—won't you?"

"Now for the ring!"

"See those cow-boys ride—will you?"

"Oh, is n't that clown too funny for anything!"

"See! the Indians have set the cabin afire. There! the cow-boys have driven the Indians away! Hurrah! the white man is saved!"

"Come on! let 's have a ride on the merry-go-round. I choose the tiger to ride on. Whew! we *are* going!"

"Oh, dear, we 've got to get off!"

"Do let 's have just *one* more bag of peanuts!"

"And we forgot to see the trained lions!"

Oh, did any one ever have such a good time as at a circus?

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

BY LAVINIA JANES (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

I HAVE always adored reading about French kings and heroes, and I learned to know queens, favorites, ministers, princes, and members of the court, and soon felt as though some of them were personal friends. Then came the desire to go and see where they lived, and last summer that desire was fulfilled. We went to Paris first. I did not admire the paintings in the Louvre as I should, for the idea of what those old walls had seen and the wish that they could talk, sadly distracted my attention. Any one with imagination and a passion for history might realize how I felt when, for the first time, I saw those numberless places which men and nature have made famous. One does not have to love history to be awed and silenced by the majestic solemnity of Notre Dame, and the "Invalides" would cast a shadow on the lightest heart. That solitary tomb in which sleeps France's great hero, made such an impression on me that, even now, it makes me sad to think of the great loneliness of it. After a month in Paris, an automobile took us for a trip through Touraine. I saw Orléans, Chartres, and Cléry, and saw the château at Blois during a terrific thunder-storm which traced the portraits of its former inhabitants more vividly than sunshine could possibly have done. In contrast to Blois, the atmosphere of Chambord still seemed full of the gay spirit of King Francis. The strange wonders of all these glorious châteaux have given me enough to think about all my life, and I shall always call my first trip to France "my best summer holiday."



"SECRETS." BY DOROTHY WALTER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

IN THE ORCHARD

BY FLORENCE W. TOWLE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

FAR in the orchard I love to lie
Still 'neath the heavily laden trees,
And list to the bobolink's passing cry,
And the murmuring voice of the breeze.

Oh, what a land for a dreamer of dreams—
Sunlight all gold, and the shadow dark;
All the still orchard a wonderland seems,
Made for the soul of the dreamer to mark.

Here in the orchard I dream alone,
Dreams I once dreamt in the field and fen;
Once on the wings of the wind they were blown,
But now in the orchard I dream them again!

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IN THE ORCHARD

BY FLORA MC DONALD COCKRELL (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

WHEN the daffodils are blooming, and the lark begins to sing,
And all the earth is throbbing with the joy of the spring,
All the apple-trees are white,
Like the cloudlets, soft and light;
Drifting there, through the air,
The gray old trees are young again, and all the earth is fair.

When the forests all are lovely with the leafy green of June,
When the fields are fair with flowers, and their petals bright are strewn,
Then the apple-trees are green,
And the sunlight shines between,
Golden light, clear and bright,
While the long, bright hours on swift wings like sunbeams take their flight.

When autumn's breezes sweep the earth, and all the trees are red,
And the fields bring in their harvest, though sweet summer's blooms are dead,
And the thrush's voice is mute,
Yet the trees are rich in fruit
That they bear, ripe and fair,
A rich and plentiful return for all their early care.

When the snow and ice have bound the earth, and winds are drear and cold,
Then the trees are stark and barren, like a heart that has grown old;
But their murmur seems to say,
"Fear not; soon will come the day,
Dawning bright, through the night,
When hope and spring shall come and clothe us all in blossoms white!"

MY BEST SUMMER HOLIDAY

BY MARION WEINSTEIN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

VIVIAN had been there two weeks. Nothing to do all day but sit on the shore and play in the sand. "How dull the world is, after all," thought Vivian, picking up her magazine.

Mary had come and pleaded with her to run a race to the woods. Frances had even offered her a sundae if she would accompany her to Mrs. Goldbreeze's on an errand for Mother. But none of these things pleased her. Yes, Vivian's Aunt Lucy had asked her to take a stroll on the shore, and Mother had offered her a boat ride "if she 'd be good"; but these were common offers.

And when she saw Betsy walking toward her, her pretty face clouded.

"Nice day, Vivian."

"Too sunny."

"But nice for wading."

"Mother won't let me go wading."

"Lovely for a picnic."

A picnic! what a discovery! But Vivian was not wishing to be agreeable.

"Mother won't let me—"

"Mother won't let you do what, dear?" asked a smiling lady, stepping from the host of promenaders.

"A picnic? That would be lovely! I 'll order the luncheon fixed right away."

Now fully enthused, Vivian jumped up and threw her arms about her mother.

What a joyous day that was! Betsy, Vivian, their mothers, and Aunt Lucy made the picnickers.

Vivian learned the names of the trees and flowers, and filled the lunch-basket with the dainties of nature. One and all waded! Never had Vivian given up to her feelings so much.

It was a different Vivian that returned that fall to New York, a nature-loving, sweet-dispositioned girl. A perfect girl!

"Mother," Vivian whispered, when safely tucked in bed, "my best summer holiday was that day in the woods with you."

A kiss assured Vivian of a pleased mother.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARINELLA COLONNA, AGE 16. GOLD BADGE. (SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1913.)

THE ORCHARD

BY RUTH MERRITT (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN early o'er the slumb'ring earth
The sun sends forth its first bright beam,
Which filters through the orchard trees,
All white and misty like a dream,
Each leaf and blossom sparkles bright;
Each bird awakens in its nest;
I wander there, and cry aloud,
"Oh, now I love the orchard best!"

But when, on autumn afternoons,
Mysterious shadows deeply fall,
And make strange patterns on the grass
And on the old stone orchard wall,
I look up at the leafy trees,
All in their autumn garments drest;
The branches bent 'neath rosy fruit,
And then I know I love it best.

Oh what 's more sweet than, in the fall,
To climb into the gnarled old trees,
And feel across your cheek and brow
The crispy rush of autumn breeze?
To reach and pick the ripe, red fruit,
And willingly its flavor test?
In apple-time, I feel quite sure
That *then* I love the orchard best.

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IN THE ORCHARD

BY VERA B. HALL (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

One morning in the early fall,
Ere yet the sun was up,
While sparkling diamonds, large and small,
Were in each aster's cup,
And robin in the tree-tops sang
To a rosy, radiant sky,
In leafy boughs, where apples hang,
Was heard a woeful cry.

Sir Baldwin, wishing he was dead,—
He could not be consoled;
He had no hair upon his head,
Although he was not old.
The Maiden's-blush had won his heart,
He longed for wedded bliss;
But he was doomed from her to part
Only because of this.

Ben Davis in his tree did mourn,
She said *he* was too dry;
And little tiny "Crab," forlorn,
Was just about to cry.
The Wealthy apple danced in glee,
His head began to swell;
"It takes a man with coin," said he,
"To win an orchard belle."



"SECRETS." BY HELEN C. JAEGER, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

IN THE ORCHARD

BY EMILY S. STAFFORD (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

Deep in an orchard green, there dwelt a Fairy Queen
No mortal eye had seen, on grasses swaying;
Till, 'neath an apple-tree, did she a maiden see,
Who, when she turned to flee, spoke to her, saying,

"Be not of me afraid, I am a mortal maid
Seeking the orchard shade. Did I alarm thee?"
At this, the fairy smiled. "Tell me, O mortal child,
Are not the mortals wild? Will they not harm me?"

"Nay, nay, that is not so; they, like the orchard, grow.
I will the likeness show," answered the maiden.
"With sweetness pure and mild, so is the little child,
Like the fair blossoms wild with fragrance laden.

"When leaves and sign of fruit from orchard branches shoot,
Telling by promise mute of greater beauty,
So doth the youthful heart, with hope and promise start
To reach the goal, the mart, of life's great duty.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



SEPTEMBER 1913

LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ALISON M. KINGSBURY, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

"In autumn, trees abound with golden fruitage crowned;
Then is the orchard found her harvest reaping.
So is the life half run, gleaning the deeds well done,
Gleaning the victories won, and onward leaping.

"All life, from east to west, if past the zeal and zest,
Doth have a time of rest, ere life is ended.
Then doth the mortal wear soft crown of snowy hair,
As over orchards bare snow hath descended."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Grace C. Freese
Dorothy M. Russell
Dorothy McFarland
Virginia Nirdlinger
Katharine Crawford
Wilma Thomes
Ruth E. Prager
Elsie V. Tice
Julian L. Ross
Jean Snider
Dorothy B. Marx
Fanny A. Fleurot
Louise Taggart
Eleanor Torrey
Elizabeth Jeanes
Margaret H. Laidlaw
Dorothy Hallett
Alice P. Hackett
Elinor Childs
Virginia Oliver
Celia M. Carr
Rebecca Hill
Helen M. Goodell
Irene Caulkins
Eliza A. Peterson
Helen Bull
Claire H. Roesch
Anna R. Hoge
Richard M. Gudeman
Irene M. Evans
Robert Blumenstock
Elizabeth Ziegenfelder
Esther Mirsky
Susan C. Duffield
Jennie E. Everden
Violet Tonge
Dorothy Reynolds
Elizabeth Kennedy
Mary H. Wallace
Florence Kelley
Edith N. Coit
Thyrza Weston
Hardwicke M. Nevin
Muriel Irving
Caroline Newson

PROSE, 2

Mary L. Butler
Alma Andrews
Fanny I. May
Elizabeth Kales
Mildred Dauber
Lois A. Grant
Elizabeth Cobb
William Gardner
Edith McEwen
Elizabeth Skinner
Theodora L. Cragin
Phyllis M. Spencer
Mary M. Flock
Sarah Goodstone
Helen M. Ewing
Eugene McCoid
Iman Sygman
Edith Brodek
Ben Wigder

VERSE, 1

Elsie E. Glenn
Helen Huntington
Marjorie M. Carroll
Eleanor Johnson
Hélène M. Roesch
Edith S. Sloan
Courtenay Halsey
Sibyl R. Mandel
Harriet Frazier
Irene Mott
Laura Hadley
Margaret Metzger
William von Cleff
Arthur H. Nethercot
Marjorie Skiff
Renée Geoffrion
Sarah L. Humphreys
Christina Phelps
Isabel Rathborne
Tilton Singer
Mary T. Woods
Leonora B. Kennedy
Elsie Stuart
Hester A. Emmet
Frances M. Sweet
Clarice Franks
Adelyn L. Joseph
Fannie W. Butterfield
Margaret Lautz
Eunice Eddy
Lucile H. Quarry
Bobbie Arbogast
Barbara F. Hooker
Hope Satterthwaite
Gertrude Henry
Margaret A. Blair
Henrietta L. Perrine
Gertrude A. Graham
Olga Owens
Lorna Schrader
Louise C. Witherell
Bruce T. Simonds
Hilda F. Gaunt
Elizabeth F. Rust
June Wellman
Elizabeth Townsend
Margaret C. Bland
Emily T. Burke
Mary A. Wescott
Priscilla Fraker
Elizabeth Elting
Eugenie W. De Kalb
S. Frances Hershey
Maud Rutty

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Vesta Tompkins
Elsa A. Synnestvedt
Beatrice H. Mackenzie
Doris E. Packard

VERSE, 2

Betty Foster
Helen Krauss
Helen Page Loudenslager
Betty Penny
Helen J. Barker
Ruth Wing
Hazel Sawyer
Dorothy Joseph
Frederic Arvin
Isadore Lux

DRAWINGS, 1

Helen Chase
Alice S. Nicoll
Gertrude Tiemer
Audrey Cooper
Rebekah E. Howard
Emma Stuyvesant
Schofield Handforth
Gordon P. M. Sparling
Charles Prilik
Louise M. Graham
Robert Martin
Gretchen Hercz
Miriam Newcorn
Kathleen Rutter
Marion Monroe
U. Andrews
Frederick W. Agnew
Genevieve M. Nettleton
Helen Dennett
Richard A. Sias
Elizabeth Thompson
Etta Haultain
R. Dennistown
Margaret M. Horton
Julia S. Marsh
Eleanor Pearsall
Beatrice B. Sawyer
Katherine D. Stewart
Walter E. Antrim
Lucie C. Holt

DRAWINGS, 2

Grace Meeker
Ruth S. Thorp
Margaret M. Waite
Rose Shirvanian
Edward Parr
Rose Cushman
Katharine de B. Parsons
Mary G. Willcox
Edith M. Smith
Roxie Best
Sarah Scharg
M. C. Whiteside
Oscar Pitschman
Helen Clark
Marcia Stewart
Nellie Adams
Catharine Tarr
Andrew L. Stone, Jr.
Armand Donaldson
Lorine Czerniski
Alice M. Hughes
Jennie Hazlett

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Irvin Eppstein
Marian Caufield
Juliet Peddle
Lydia Burne
William I. Zabriskie
Nellie Melrose
Dorothy V. Tyson
Alexander Scott
Margaret Griffith
Eleanor White
Gladys E. Livermore

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Ethel Rose Mandel
Vincino Carrara
Robert Clark, Jr.
Eleanor E. Coates
Lucienne Gloricusc
Muriel G. Read
Elizabeth Pratt
Edith A. Lukens
Margaret M. Benny
Theresa Adler
Beatrice Quackenbush
Esther C. Reed
Elizabeth P. Phillips
Samuel H. Humes
Marion Kimball
Dorris Miller
Sherman Pratt
Constance Cohen
Paul Detlefsen
Richard R. Haas
Margaret K. Hinds
Lucy Grey
Caryl Peabody
Elsie Wright
Frances Childs
Helen M. Lancaster
Anna Cornell
Virginia M. Allcock
Pauline Coburn
Dorothy Steffan
Vivian Sawrage
Florence Palton
Constance Emerick
Edith Hodgman
Helen Gawthorp
Frederick Moody, Jr.
Anna G. Tremaine
Gymaina Hudson
Filbert Wright
Patrina M. Colis
J. Churchill Newcomb
Helen McDonald
Margaret Spaulding
Mary F. Atkinson



"SECRETS." BY EDITH DALLINGER PRICE, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Harriet A. Butler
Clara Holder
Helen Morton
Margery Ragle
Edw. S. Watson
Catharine Wätjen
Anne S. Garrett
Margaret Couffer
Leo M. Petersen
S. Dorothy Bell
Dorothy Fisher
Esther Harrington
Elsie G. Hirst
Miette M. Brugnot
Ethel P. Geis
Mary E. Robert
Estelle Raphael
Walter K. Bailey
Dorothy Hall
Dorothy von Olker
George W. Howe
Edward J. B. Glokner
Clarisse Spencer De Bost
Frances Riker
Margaret P. Chandler
Jessica Raymond
Catharine Bartholomay
Philip Stringer
Henry S. Colton
Ruby Burrage
Frances Weed

PUZZLES, 1

Edith Pierrepont Stickney
Margaret D. Kittinger
Helen Harper Aten
Bernard Candip
Vernie Peacock
Jean F. Benswanger
Thomas Mullaney
P. Ernest Isbell
Isidore Helfand
Bernard Kurz

PUZZLES, 2

Gertrude Wallace
Henry Greenbaum
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Rose M. Regan
Helena Jones
Dorothy Holt
Nicholas Monsarrat
Eleanor A. Janeway
Edna M. Guck
Peyton Richards
Selim Malûf

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 167

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 167 will close **September 10** (for foreign members **September 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **January.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Voice of the City," or "The Old and the New."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Road to Success," or "That Entertainment."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Come Along," or "A Friend of the Family."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "How They Ride," or a Heading for **January.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-Box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*— if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" on advertising page 18, or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

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THE LETTER-BOX

SOFIA, BULGARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for five and a half years, and have always liked you. We all look forward to the day when the next number is expected.

Sofia is not so near the field of battle as one would think. The Turks, at the beginning of the war, tried to rush the small forts on the boundary, but were unsuccessful. Many of these forts are small huts, with five men as garrison. The Turks would attack in small parties of about a dozen.

There is an amusing fact about the bloody battle of Kirk Kilisseh. The Bulgarians were ordered to charge bayonets: *"Napred na nozh!"* ("Forward with the bayonet!") The Turks were seized with a panic, for they understood it: *"Po pet na nozh!"* ("Stick five on a bayonet!") They thought the Bulgarians were about to perform a special military feat of sticking five Turks on one bayonet, and they ran. Fact!

I have a friend that was down in Adrianople during the bombardment, and he tells thrilling tales; as, for instance, as he watched the last storm of the Bulgarians upon the Turks (he was standing on a high place), the former took him for a pasha (general), and shot at him. The shots struck metal, but he got away as quickly as he could, and did not repeat the experiment.

My father, who is a missionary superintendent of the Methodist mission in Bulgaria, was down in Kirk Kilisseh as a Red Cross man, and he told many stories of hardships. He also could see, from the Bulgarian side, the fight at Adrianople. All the time, too, the horizon was illuminated by the guns at Adrianople.

Your loving reader,

EARL W. COUNT (age 13).

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a great many old hens, with little chickens, two of which I am going to tell you a story about.

My hen who is called "Speckaldy" has a family of fourteen little chicks which she is so proud of that she hires a nurse to help her take care of them all. The mother is a black-and-white-spotted hen, and the nurse is an old yellow hen. The nurse is never more than three or four feet away from her mistress. The two hens together provide food for the little ones, and keep them warm at night. The mother never allows her babies to feed with other chickens, but the pigeons eat with them every day.

MYLA HARE (age 10).

SANFORD, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day, we decided to come to Florida. We came all the way from Virginia to Florida (that is, to Jacksonville) on the train. We went to Sanford by boat. It was the first time that I had ever been in a boat of that size. We went down the St. John's River for about twelve miles, and it was lovely. On each side there were great swamps with cabbage-palmettos and palms covered with gray moss. Every now and then, we saw alligators swimming about.

In this country, great stretches of land reach for miles, wasted, with nothing but palmetto and oak shrub. A cabbage-palmetto is a tree. The reason they call it cabbage is because, in the bloom, there is a stem that is good to eat, and this tastes like cabbage. Most of the trees are pines. You can look for miles, and see almost nothing but pines. All of these are tapped. The turpentine men carry a kind of hatchet with which they chop the bark of the tree, and the sap flows into little crocks. Sometimes they tap them four or five feet high. This usually causes the death of the tree.

We live in the country three miles from town, and are always anxiously awaiting ST. NICHOLAS when the mail comes in; and whenever we want anything, we always look for it in the ST. NICHOLAS advertising pages.

My favorite story is "The Land of Mystery."

Your interested reader,

ELEANOR C. HERRING (age 9).

AT the suggestion of a grown-up friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. E. R. Carpenter, who thinks it would be helpful to the boys and girls of this generation, we reprint the following lines that were given by "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" to his ST. NICHOLAS children in July, 1875.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME

THREE little words you often see:
The Articles *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A Noun 's the name of anything,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop*, or *swing*.

An Adjective describes the Noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

In place of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
As *he* or *she*, *your* arm, *my* hand.

Verbs tell something to be done—
To *read*, *count*, *laugh*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done, the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.

The Preposition stands before
A Noun, as *in* or *through* the door.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As *"Oh!* how pretty"—*"Ah!* how wise."

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Since I have seen only one letter from an Omahan in the Letter-Box, I thought I would write and tell you about *our* city.

It, of course, is not nearly so big as Philadelphia, or New York, or even Chicago; but, just the same, it is no little Indian village. Some one from the East, who was here sometime ago, said that he heard Omaha was inhabited mostly by Indians; and he said when he came here, he expected to find cow-boys and Indians riding through the streets. You hardly ever see an Indian on the street here, and we consider it a novelty if we have the good fortune of seeing one. As for cow-boys, goodness! we 'd like to see one ourselves, as they never come here.

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Omaha has quite a large and well-built business district and many large buildings; the Woodmen of the World, the City National, and the Union Pacific buildings being the largest, or, rather, highest. We have several, I might say many, large department stores, and when one goes down-town at night and sees the lights all over, one thinks, "What a beautiful sight."

In Omaha are the third largest stock-yards, the largest farm-implement factory, and the largest smelting works.

We have such lovely parks! They are n't so large, but there are so many trees and lovely flowers. And then the boulevard! It 's very nice.

I think I have forgotten one of the most important facts—the tornado. I 'm sure I shall never forget it as long as I live. I did n't see the tornado cloud, but I heard the roar, and that was enough. I was not at home at the time, but over at my chum's for the night. We were up-stairs and the folks were down, and all of a sudden we heard a loud roar, and the lights went out, and we ran down-stairs. My chum's mother had seen the cloud, and had called for us to come down, but we had not heard her. It did not hit their house nor ours, and we are very thankful. All that night, people came running in, asking for help, and we did not sleep much.

Next day, I went around to see the ruins, and I am glad I went once, but I would not go again. One poor old man had lost his house and family. The house was laying over on its side, and he could n't talk—he just cried.

Now, every time the least little cloud comes up, every one rushes out to look, and most rush to their cellars.

I always love to read the St. Nicholas, as I am very fond of books. Your loving reader,

Margaret Matthews (age 13).

West Chester, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: We wish to thank you for the play "The Sleeping Beauty," which came out in the April number of St. Nicholas. We gave it in our garden for the benefit of The Children's Country Week. We charged fifteen cents admission, and cleared eighteen dollars.

Everybody said it was very beautiful against the background of our evergreen trees. Three wandering Italians, with a harp and violins, happened to come to town that day, and we secured them on the spot for the orchestra.

The *Sleeping Beauty* wore a simple white gown with a light green sash, and a pink tulip in her hair.

The *Shining Prince* wore a dark red suit, the cape lined with light blue, a plumed hat, and a sword at his side.

The *King* was in royal purple, with a gilt crown and scepter.

The *Queen* was in court dress, with a long train and a beautiful silver and gauze veil, borne by a page in green and white.

We introduced a court-jester in cap and bells, and he was a good addition, we thought.

Fairy Spring wore a light pink-and-green fairy costume, sprinkled with tiny rosebuds and forget-me-nots.

Golden-haired Summer was in lavender with garlands of roses and violets.

Autumn, who had dark hair, wore a yellow costume trimmed with autumn leaves.

Winter was in white, her hair sprinkled with artificial snow, and icicles hanging from every available place. Of course the fairies carried wands.

We had great fun getting up the play, and we thought our letter might help some other group of little girls to do likewise.

Our play closed with a tableau during which *Fairy Winter* recited these lines from Tennyson's "Day Dream":



From photograph by Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock.

THE COURT SCENE IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess followed him."

Thanking you again for that very beautiful play,

Very sincerely yours,

Ellen R. Hayes.

Tucson, Ariz.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am seven years old. I can read "The Nicest Place in the World," and I like it best of all.

I have a mocking-bird. He sings all day, and when Mama and Papa come home late at night, he always whistles to them.

I have two little ducks, but one belongs to my little brother Jack. And they swim and eat all day. We have a pair of banties, and we have nine banty eggs which we are going to set.

I don't believe any little girl or boy has written to you from Tucson, Arizona. Won't you please print it

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for me? I am going to take you until I get to be a great big lady like my Auntie Anne, because she did.

I like to read all the letters.

Your friend,

VIRGINIA ANNA METS.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Alas, the fatal time has come, and I must bid farewell to the League! You have been one of my earliest friends, and have been taken by our immediate family for twenty-four years. Indeed, I have three copies, given by my aunt, published in 1870. You may be sure I treasure them. Just think, they are forty-three years old!

It might interest some of the readers to know that I have had three covers of the ST. NICHOLAS framed, and for four years they have been hanging in my room. A small friend of mine became so attached to one that I gave it to her.

But though I say farewell to the League, I do not speak to the ST. NICHOLAS. Maybe some day, when I am really old, I might be clever enough to have a story or poem accepted in the magazine itself. I doubt it.

Your devoted reader, EDITH SLOAN (age 18).

PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have two cats, "Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown" and "Napoleon Bonaparte the Second."

I have two pigeons, "Stuck-up" and "Mother Pigeon."

Every morning "Caruso Swallowtail" comes and wakes me up. Caruso is a linnet, and he and his wife are building a nest over my window.

With love, ELEANOR DYER.

WESTMOUNT, P. Q., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little cocker spaniel pup, named "Roy." As there are so few black-and-white cocker spaniels, every one thinks, as he is black and white, he is not a pure pup; but he is.

Yesterday at noon, while I was taking him for a run, he found a hard biscuit, and he ate a piece of it. Then he took it in his mouth and held it there while he dug a hole and buried it, and then, after he had put it down, he pushed back the earth with his nose. He quite often has a bone outside, but he never has buried it. I have not had him quite three weeks, and he will be six months old on Thursday.

It 's a good thing that he is n't out when I am at school, for whenever a horse stops near him, he runs up in front of it, and looks like a little soldier confronting an army.

I am nearly ten, and I am in the fourth standard at school. I don't know what class that is in the United States, but I have two more years before I go to high school. We have nine examinations this month. Our school closes on the twentieth, and, oh! that will be joyful for me, for I am tired of school.

Your loving and interested reader,

KATHERINE H. DAWSON (age 9).

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for six years, I have never written to you before, and I think it is about time I let you know how much I enjoy your stories. "Beatrice of Denewood" is my favorite. but I like "The Land of Mystery" almost as well.

I have a canary called "Dick," and a rooster called "Bill" who is very pretty, and I got a prize for him at an exhibition last fall. I have also sixteen hens. One of them brought off twelve chickens the other day, and I think they are the prettiest I have seen. I believe the hen thinks so too.

My mother and father and I live with my grandmother. Her name was De Wolf, and this town, Wolfville, is named for her family, who were the first settlers. We are two miles from Grand Pré, the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline." A great many Americans come here every year to see the French well and willows, and the other points of interest. We have a college here in Wolfville called Acadia College, and there is an academy and a seminary with it. I go to the seminary.

Fearing this letter has got very long, and thanking you for the many happy hours you have given me, I remain, your affectionate reader,

MILDRED HARVEY (age 14).

WEST LAFAYETTE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A little friend of mine, in going away, desired a "train letter." I wrote her one, and also, as she wanted an original poem, I sent her this parody on a poem in your June number.

Lovingly,

BETTY DUKES.

A PARODY ON "THE LILAC-TREE"

I HATE to wash the cooking things;
I 'd gladly leave each one
With all the awkward handles
A-shining in the sun.
And all the sticky food-spots
That take the iron rings,
And all the smudgy smoke-specks
Which come on cooking things.

I 'd love to do the pink cup—
I would not care at all;
I 'd like to wash the Chinese plate
Where gaudy dragons sprawl;
I would n't mind the platter
With yellow rosebuds gay,
While the poppy plate and Wedgwood bowl,
I 'd clean *three times a day!*

The pitcher with the windmill,
And the cherry-blossom jar,—
To wash these lovely dishes
My peace would never mar.
But, oh! with bitterness of soul,
Rebelling against my lot,
I have to wash the dishes,
And scrape each pan and pot.

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

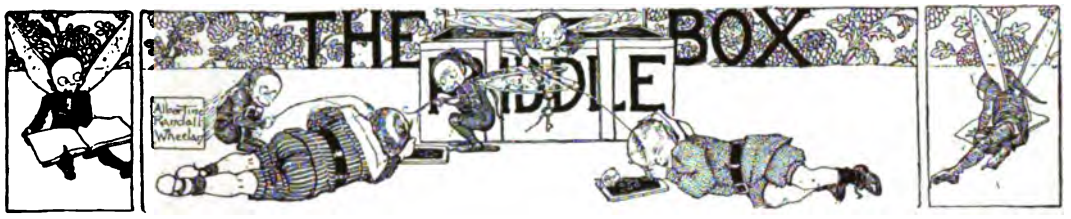
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old. I have five goldfish and eighty books. We have just moved, and I think this is something quite interesting about our goldfish.

Father brought them to the new house in a taxicab. They were about forty yards from the house when they went over a great bump. Father had the fish globe in his hands, and it fell to the floor and broke before it reached the ground. We had eight fish then, but three died in the accident. We have also two tadpoles and three snails.

Your loving friend and reader,

RUTH MARJORIE MALLETTI (age 11).

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. North, South, East, West.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Tristram; Fourth row, Houdaine. Cross-words: 1. Tight. 2. Rigor. 3. Indus. 4. Sandy. 5. Total. 6. Rigid. 7. Alone. 8. Meter.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. R. 2. Bin. 3. Rivet. 4. Negro. 5. Tramp. 6. Omnis. 7. Pitch. 8. Scout. 9. Human. 10. Tapir. 11. Night. 12. Rheum. 13. Tunic. 14. Mixed. 15. Cedar. 16. Dares. 17. Rebus. 18. Surly. 19. Sloop. 20. Yoked. 21. Petal. 22. Dales. 23. Legal. 24. Savor. 25. Loser. 26. Regal. 27. Raves. 28. Lemon. 29. Sob. 30. N.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Most. 2. Ogee. 3. Seen. 4. Tent. II. 1. Jade. 2. Apex. 3. Demi. 4. Exit. III. 1. Lest. 2. Ever. 3. Sere. 4. Tree. IV. 1. Tore. 2. Ovid. 3. Rife. 4. Eden. V. 1. Tabs. 2. Able. 3. Blot. 4. Sets. VI. 1. Erie, 2. Rood. 3. Iota. 4. Edam. VII. 1. Nods. 2. Oboe. 3. Doge. 4. Seer.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Montreal. Cross-words. 1. Manitoba. 2. Monterey. 3. Santiago. 4. Pretoria. 5. Waterloo. 6. Aberdeen. 7. Georgian. 8. Portugal.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Loss of the Royal George."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Thrush.

INTERLOCKING SQUARES. I. 1. Haste. 2. Actor. 3. Stone. 4. Tonic. 5. Erect. II. 1. Erect. 2. Rover. 3. Evade. 4. Cedes. 5. Tress. III. 1. Erect. 2. Ruler. 3. Elate. 4. Cetus. 5. Tress. IV. 1. Tress. 2. Reach. 3. Eager. 4. Scene. 5. Shrew.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Raphael. Cross-words: 1. Rose. 2. Apple. 3. Pipe. 4. Hat. 5. Arrow. 6. Eye. 7. Ladder.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 10 from "Marcapan"—Jane Anderson—Margaret C. Baker—Gustav Deichmann—Lothrop Bartlett—Gladys H. Pew—"R. V." and "C. L."—"Chums"—Frances E. Mills—Isabel Shaw—Ida G. Everson—Mary Patterson—Eleanor Manning—Mary Elizabeth Goddard.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 10 from Alan C. Dunn, 9—Frances Eaton, 9—Ruth Browne, 9—Bernard Candip, 9—Henry Seligsohn, 9—Agnes Hand, 9—Max Stolz, 9—Janet Brouse, 9—Claire A. Hepner, 9—Gladys S. Conrad, 9—R. Kenneth Everson, 9—Sophie E. Buechler, 9—Anna R. Dubach, 9—Alfred Hand, 3d, 9—Vivian Sauvage, 8—Mary L. Ingles, 8—Kathryn Lyman, 8—Jeannette Palache, 8—Grace E. Webster, 7—Pauline Girling, 7—Sophie Rosenheim, 7—Margaret Macdonald, 7—H. Mali, 7—Dorothy Wilcox, 7—Dorothy Berrall, 6—Nona Reynaud, 6—Helen Stern, 6—Elaine B. Marks, 5—May Lillian Earl, 5—Katharine K. Spencer, 4—Elizabeth Jones, 4—Marjorie W. Booth, 4—Henry G. Cartwright, Jr., 4—Lawrence F. Hawkins, 4—Carl S. Schmidt, 4—Helen A. Greene, 3—Agnes G. Jones, 3—Ida C. Schmidt, 3—Laura Morris, 2—Jean Macnab, 2—Blandina R. Worcester, 2—Jack Cohen, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from L. G.—P. E. I.—M. S.—W. I. F. L.—H. H. A.—C. K.—J. G. G.—L. E.—E. P.—A. R. D.—M. W.—M. M.—F. H.—M. S.—H. F.—V. P. W.—E. C.—J. B.—A. G.—E. W.—T. M. B.—F. L.—C. T.—J. B. T.—W. T.—I. L. G.—L. G.—D. N.—S. L.—F. B.—V. B.—K. H.—G. A.—E. R. D.—F. D. W.—M. D. J.—M. W. R.—E. R.—M. P. S.—R. C.—E. H. S.

In sending answers to puzzles in which cross-words are used, these words must be given.

BIBLICAL NOVEL ACROSTIC

* 24 7 17 2 25
* 22 15 4 8 27
* 10 12 30 26 3
* 14 18 13 9 16
* 20 6 11 28 23
* 19 1 21 5 29

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A man whose name is always associated with one of the lower animals. 2. A queen of the Old Testament. 3. One of the apostles. 4. A mother who sent her son to serve in the temple. 5. A Hebrew prophet of the time of Ahab. 6. A member of the tribe which served as assistants in the temple.

When correctly guessed and written one below another, the primals of the names described spell the name of the place where Jacob once slept; the letters from 1 to 6, the name of the queen whom the queen named in cross-word 2 succeeded; 7 to 10, the mother of six of the tribes of Israel; 11 to 18, a devoted friend of the Old Testament; 19 to 24, a prophet who succeeded his master, named in cross-word 5; 25–26–27–5–10–28, one of two sisters who lived at Bethany; 3–4–29–30, the ancestor of the Semitic race.

RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD (age 14), *Honor Member.*

DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EACH of the described words consists of eight letters. When correctly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the first letter of the first word, and ending with the last letter of the last word, will spell a name twice prominent in the history of our country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pleasing to look upon. 2. A cooking utensil. 3. A merry festival. 4. To inundate. 5. A kind of vehicle. 6. A building and its adjuncts. 7. An inquiry. 8. A kinsman.

J. BUTLER WRIGHT, JR. (age 10).

SUBTRACTED PRIMAL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

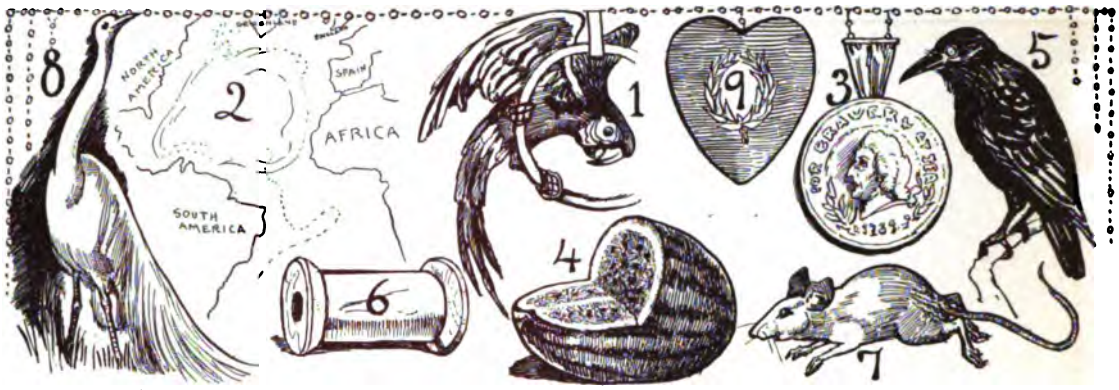
THE words formed from the names of the described States are of equal length, and, when correctly guessed in the order given, the primals of these words spell the name of the State that leads in commerce, manufacturing, and population.

EXAMPLE: Subtract three letters from a southern State, and of the remaining letters make a feminine name. Answer: Florida, Dora.

In the same way, subtract and rearrange: 1. One letter from a New England State, and make to designate. 2. One letter from the leading cotton-producing State, and make a direction. 3. Three letters from a western State, and make a side extension of a building. 4. Five letters from an eastern State, and make large evergreen trees. 5. Three letters from the State that produces the best quality of cotton, and make a kind of giant. 6. Three letters from the leading marble-producing State, and get the capital of a European country. 7. Four letters from the leading cotton- and hemp-producing State, and make an English county.

GLADYS S. CONRAD (age 13).

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ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG

EACH of the nine pictured objects may be described by a word of five letters. When rightly guessed, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter, will spell the name of an American naval officer who won a victory in September, almost a hundred years ago.

KING'S MOVE RIVER PUZZLE

1 L	2 A	3 T	4 S	5 L	6 E	7 E	8 O
9 O	10 U	11 I	12 B	13 R	14 R	15 H	16 N
17 R	18 D	19 O	20 V	21 E	22 E	23 T	24 S
25 E	26 L	27 I	28 D	29 L	30 G	31 I	32 E
33 E	34 R	35 N	36 A	37 A	38 O	39 N	40 N
41 H	42 R	43 N	44 U	45 E	46 V	47 O	48 D
49 N	50 I	51 E	52 D	53 B	54 I	55 E	56 D
57 E	58 I	59 E	60 S	61 N	62 P	63 E	64 R

BEGINNING at a certain square, move to an adjoining square until each square has been entered once. If the moves are correctly made, the letters in the succeeding squares will spell the names of twelve rivers of Europe.

LUCILE G. ROBERTSON (age 12), *League Member.*

ADDITIONS

EXAMPLE: To a small dwelling prefix a weapon, affix a measure of weight, and make an explosive. Answer: Gun-cot-ton.

In the same way, prefix and affix: 1. To received, a preposition and a number, and make neglected. 2. To decay, to lay a wager and the nickname of an English king, and make a marriage engagement. 3. To a writing implement, a vehicle and to attempt, and make a certain trade. 4. To accomplished, to be able and consumed, and make one who seeks an office. 5. To disencumbered, that on which anything rests and a lair, and make confined to a couch. 6. To a male offspring, to study with care and a small insect, and make a sound less open than a vowel. 7. To a male relative, the value expressed on the face of commercial paper and maturity, and make a minister's house. 8. To to be the matter with, a domestic animal and a small insect, and make one who attacks. 9. To the word denoting a particular person or thing, the covering of some animals and a color, and make promoted.

All the words forming the cross-words are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal through the cross-words, beginning with the left-hand upper letter, will spell the name of a king connected with America, whose name is usually mentioned with that of his consort.

CONSTANCE MC LAUGHLIN (age 15), *League Member.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

THE words described are of equal length. When correctly guessed and written one below another in the order given, the primals will spell the name of a large river, and the finals a State which it borders.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To intend. 2. Of no account. 3. To pierce with a pointed weapon. 4. Something far above us. 5. A feminine name. 6. Employs. 7. A black European bird. 8. One of the United States.

MARIAN HAYNES (age 12).

A STRING OF FISH

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. A SMOKER'S fish. 2. A valuable fish. 3. A twinkling fish. 4. A dessert fish. 5. A canine fish. 6. A warrior's fish. 7. A luminous fish. 8. A musical fish. 9. A blacksmith's fish. 10. A pet fish. 11. A colorless fish. 12. An up-to-date fish.

GRIFFITH HARSH (age 14).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

MY whole consists of forty-four letters, and forms a cheerful quotation from Shakspere.

My 34–13–32–39–11–41–26–38 is turning. My 1–15–20 is a kind of tree. My 12–18–27–8 is a sticky substance. My 2–33–31–22–42–14 is the center. My 19–3–30 is a beverage. My 4–23–37–17 is to scoff. My 35–29–36–9–24 is to attempt. My 7–43–10–44 is the wife of Zeus. My 16–6 is a word of assent. My 40–21–5–28–25 is joyous.

ALICE NICOLL (age 12), *League Member.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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The bar of Judgment

"Campbell's Tomato Soup: You are charged with being made from sound, red-ripe Jersey tomatoes, fresh from the vines; beside the other nourishing ingredients of

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"You are charged with being blended by the exclusive Campbell formula admired alike by practical housewives and exacting epicures.

"You are charged with being the most tempting, wholesome satisfying soup ever served.

"After a fair and frequent trial, we find you guilty as charged in this indictment. And you are hereby sentenced to be enjoyed regularly hereafter in the most refined and best-appointed homes".



"As sure as the fate
Of this chick-a-dee-dee
Is the hit that each plate
Of that soup makes with me."

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label



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I was talking, one day, with the driver of a giant locomotive that helps draw the "Wolverine" from New York to Chicago.

His face was tanned from exposure to the rushing wind that swept past the window of his cab. Sooty streaks showed under his clear eyes, but in them was the twinkle of the joy of living. And as he smiled, clean, white, even teeth gleamed between his lips. He smiled because he was happy in his work—and his clean, beautiful teeth were pretty good evidence of a clean life.

When Railroads and Police Departments, and Armies and Navies of many Nations demand that applicants shall have good, sound teeth, it is convincing proof that you should take care of *your* teeth.

People who use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream find that care of the teeth is not only a profitable habit, but a very pleasant one.

You too should use

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

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We'll Pay

***for your worn-out hose,* if those hose are Holeproof, by replacing worn pairs free if any pairs wear out in six months. Send for six pairs and try them. With every six pairs you get six guarantee coupons.**

More Than a Million People

now buy their hosiery this way—a million regular customers. For every pair they wear out within six months of the day they buy them, we pay them back with a new pair free. But we don't have to replace many pairs. In all of our 13 years of Holeproof, 95 per cent of the output has outlasted the guarantee. That means **24,700,000 pairs.**

Think what a wonderful record.

Send for six pairs of Holeproof and see how they 'll wear for you. They are made from the finest yarn in existence, for which we pay the top market price. You can wear them six months or longer without even having to darn them. Think of the work that saves. Think of the convenience.

We are making this year 9,000,000 pairs to meet the demand for Holeproof. Don't you want some of them?

Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We Spend $60,000

just to inspect Holeproof. Our inspectors' salaries cost that every year. But every pair is twice closely examined before it is sent out. That means perfect hosiery—no disappointment when the six pairs are received. It means, in all probability, that the hose will last longer than six months. We cannot afford to let poor hose go out for we have a great reputation at stake.

Buy six pairs of Holeproof stockings today. See how they are wearing six months from today.

Holeproof in cotton, for men, cost from $1.50 to $3 a box of six pairs. For women and children, $2 to $3 a box of six pairs. For infants, $1 a box of four pairs. All the above boxes guaranteed six months.

Silk Holeproof for men, $2 for three pairs. For women, $3 for three pairs. Three pairs guaranteed three months.

Our New Mercerized sox at $1.50 for six pairs are the latest Holeproof improvement. They have the lustre of silk and 22 per cent added strength due to our exclusive process.

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. We 'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there is no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book on Holeproof.

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can. (424)

Carl Fischl

Holeproof Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

"Wear Holeproof Hose and Find the Mend"

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors. Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

Digitized by Google



How to Make a Good School Shoe

THIS fall have O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber put on all the children's shoes. The shoes wear longer and there is no jarring pound of hard leather heels, so bad for little people. Then, too, think what a relief it will be to teachers to have no clatter of little hard heels—and to you, too, for that matter, especially on rainy days when the children romp all over the house.

Yes, there 's nothing like rubber heels, and be sure they are

O'Sullivan's

50c. attached at Shoe Stores or Cobbler Shops.
If your dealer does not have them, send us a tracing of your heel and 35c. for a pair by parcels post.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co.

131 Hudson St., New York

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NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

Nabisco Sugar Wafers meet every demand for a dainty dessert confection. Whether served with ices, custards, fruits or beverages, they are equally delightful. The sweet, creamy filling of Nabisco—the delicate wafer shells—leave nothing to be desired. Truly are they fairy sandwiches.

In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA: — Another dessert confection of enchanting goodness. Alluring squares in filled sugar-wafer form.

FESTINO:—A dessert sweet, shaped like an almond. A shell so fragile and toothsome that it melts on the tongue disclosing a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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How They Both Won the Prize

Polly and Peter Ponds were sitting in the library one morning late in August looking rather dolefully at each other. They had been having *such* a good time on the farm and just hated being cooped up in the city again, specially with going-away-to-school only a few days off.

All of a sudden Peter jumped up. "Polly Ponds," he cried, "we *are* a couple of dunces. Here we sit like bumps on a log, and each of us has a perfectly good pair of roller skates, and there is Riverside Drive a block away with nice, long, smooth asphalt walks."

Polly never said a word, but simply tumbled down-stairs for her skates, and in something like thirty-five winks they were out on the Drive, near the Sailor's Monument, at the top of a particularly nice, long, curving hill.

"Peter," cried Polly, "I can beat you to the bottom of this hill."

"Oh, you can, can you?" said Peter. "I'll just bet you anything you can't. What 'll it be?"

"I know," replied Polly, "that box of

Pond's Extract

and

Pond's Extract Vanishing Cream

and all the other nice things they make. It 's on the table in the library, and I heard Mama say that it was for us, and I want it more than you do."

"You do not, Polly Ponds," cried Peter. "It 's mine already. Come on! You be an auto and I 'll be a motorcycle. One—two—three—go!"

And off they went like two little flying grasshoppers.

Now they did n't know that just half-way down that smooth slope was a nice little round pebble waiting for Polly's left roller-skate. And somehow Polly's skate met that little pebble squarely and got awfully mixed up with it, and in half a second Polly was all mixed up with the grass beside the walk.

Peter stopped himself as soon as he could and hurried back to Polly. She was sitting up looking more scared than hurt.

"Oh, Polly," cried Peter, "*are* you hurt? I 'm awfully sorry. You can have *all* that box."

"*I'm* all right," said Polly, getting up quite spryly, "just skinned a knuckle—and I was fooling you about that box. There 's another just like it — one for each of us. Do you think Mama would let us go away with only half a box apiece?"

"That 's right," replied Peter. "Of course not. Now you trot right back home with me and do up that finger in Pond's Extract, and to-morrow it 'll be just like new."

If you boys and girls want a nice sample tube of Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream for your very own use, just write to Pond's Extract Company and ask them for one.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street - - New York

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream —Talcum Powder—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract.

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"My, how good they taste!"

That's what all the little folks say once they have tasted these dainty little "joy disks." And they couldn't eat a more satisfying and wholesome confection than delicious Necco and Hub Wafers, for the *purity* of these delicate tidbits is guaranteed and the *quality* is always the highest.

Necco Wafers

Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers

Transparent Paper Wrapper

are wrapped in dust-tight packages which contain the most tempting variety of flavors you can imagine—Lime, Lemon, Licorice, Chocolate, Clove, Cinnamon, Sassafras, Peppermint and Wintergreen. And all so pure, fresh and deliciously good that a whole package of these toothsome little wafers will never harm the kiddies.

Eliminate uncertainty and guesswork in buying candy by adopting, as your assurance of confectionery excellence, the Seal of "Necco Sweets."

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

Makers of over 500 varieties of Necco Sweets—the quality kind.

Digitized by Google



One of the chain of twenty-seven Borden Condenseries, reaching from Maine to Washington.

Cleanliness is the first thought at every Borden Plant.

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Made from pure, rich milk from clean cows, and prepared under the most rigid sanitary regulations.

As a food for infants, Eagle Brand has no equal.

Send for "Baby Book" and "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme."

BORDEN'S
CONDENSED
MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York

Est. 1857



THE BOY WHO LEADS



in any sport knows that "3-in-One" is the best oil for bicycles. Makes bearings run easily, smoothly and prevents wear—will not gum, dry out or collect dust. Cleans, polishes and prevents rust on all the metal surface.

Try on guns inside and out—trigger hammer, barrel. Also try on tools, roller skates, fishing reels, etc. A little "3-in-One" on base-ball gloves makes them soft, pliable and lasting.

FREE Write today for large free sample bottle.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42 OF, Broadway, New York



Educate Your Child at Home

Under the direction of
CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.
(Established 1897)

A unique system by means of which children from kindergarten to 12 years of age may be educated at home by the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of a school with a national reputation for training young children. For information write, stating age of child

NORMAL DEPARTMENT FOR TRAINING TEACHERS. CIRCULAR ON REQUEST.

THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 14 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.
V. M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster.

EARN THIS AIR RIFLE



For hunting or target practice. This King air rifle is sure death to small game. We will give this gun to any boy who will sell twelve novelties for us. Send for them today. We trust you. When you sell the 12 pieces at 25 cents each, return our $3, and we will immediately send you the rifle, all charges paid.

THE ELBERT H. WHITE CO., 48 SECOND AVE., NEWARK, N. J.

FUN FOR LITTLE FOLKS

We will send free to every child in America, a copy of

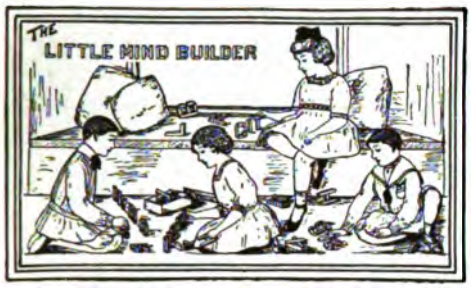
Alexander's Drawing Book

Educational and amusing to children. Interesting to mothers, because partially devoted to illustrations and descriptions of our famous shoes for children.

Send Name and Address to

ALEXANDER, 548 Fifth Avenue, New York

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A child can play and learn at the same time. Here is a toy which will enable the young mind to learn in a natural, pleasant way the letters of the alphabet and the spelling of simple words.

Little Mind Builder

is a set of block letters; it consists of a complete alphabet and a full set of numbers, four inches high, made of good, clean wood, and firmly set together. They are without paint or varnish, and are therefore absolutely harmless.

BAKER & BENNETT COMPANY
643 Broadway, New York City

If your dealer does not handle the "Little Mind Builder," send us his name and $1.25 and we will send a set by express prepaid.

Will be published in September.
On sale at all bookstores.

Harper's Aircraft Book for Boys

By
ALPHEUS HYATT VERRILL

Explains in a simple, lucid manner the principles and mechanisms involved in human flight, and tells the boys how to design and construct model aeroplanes, gliders, and man-carrying machines. Accurate, simple, up-to-date.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo, $1.00 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS

THE NEXT RAINY AFTERNOON

when you have n't anything to do, and time hangs heavily, why don't you ask your chum over to your house and start a stamp album? You have n't any idea what fun it is after you once get it going.

Perhaps your, or your chum's, mother may have some old letters or papers with stamps such as you have never seen—and they 'll do finely for a starter. And who knows? Maybe you 'll come across a precious "inverted medallion" and become the envy of all stamp enthusiasts in a day.



"O-o-o-o! Huyler's!"

Children's tastes develop early. They soon learn to prefer Huyler's.

Mother is glad to encourage them. She has preferred Huyler's all her life, and knows it is always pure and fresh. Huyler's can't hurt children.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Besides Huyler's bonbons and chocolates—the masterpieces of flavor—there are nearly fifty other kinds of Huyler's to suit every candy taste.

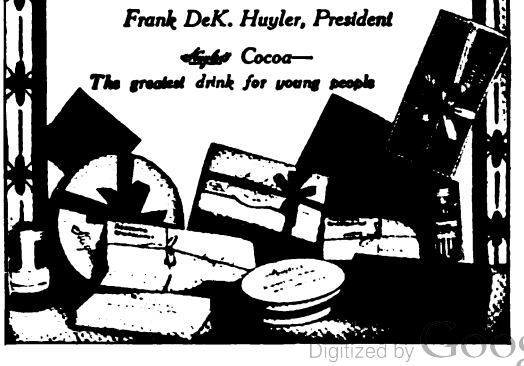
Among them are the delicious old-fashioned molasses candy, just like that we made forty years ago, fluffy marshmallows, creamy peppermints, pecan caramels, Huyler's Fresh Every Hour mixture, and the delicately flavored sticks and drops in air-tight glass jars. Which kind do you like best?

Huyler's candies are sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, write to us.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK

Frank DeK. Huyler, President

Huyler's Cocoa—
The greatest drink for young people



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Time to send in answers is up September 10. Prize-winners announced in the November number.

"I am bringing in the competition because Alexander is on his vacation," said a bright and attractive young girl as she entered the office. "I hope you don't mind. I am Alexandra, Alexander's sister, and I hoped you would print something I wrote to save him the trouble."

"And why did Alexander take a vacation?" we asked, with some curiosity.

"Why he said that the brain-workers were the ones that needed the most rest, so he has gone to the country; but he left no address for fear he might be called upon for some important business."

"We shall not bother him," was our response. And we took the competition she brought, and soon made up our minds that it was quite as good as Alexander's, for it was on a new plan. It proved to be a little story, reading as follows:

AN ADVERTISING PICNIC

We chose a grove where grew many ferns and toadstools—seats a fairy so appreciates, for in pretty places one's nature responds, extracting pleasure from the surroundings.

Among our party were Roland Black, Kay Warren, a Boy Scout, his pretty sister, with blue eyes and teeth like ivory, so appareled as to delight the eye. We went in a cart. The driver had a long Mohammedan beard. Blankets and rugs served as cushions.

"We might have taken a wheelbarrow," said the Boy Scout. "Cart ridges and horseshoes spoil roads so!" The driver was a foreigner and replied, "Me habsh no Ingleesh. Me lib by shelf, no fr'en' in 'Merica!" We asked his name, but he'd only mumble, "Me name-n-n-en!" rub his eyes and grin! So we gave it up.

Arriving, we found we had forgotten some things, and the little girl said, "Send to the store—old Peter's. Milk, chocolate, soda, he has there, and nice oranges."

Kay's food had to be fried in new lard, and, as you can't mail lards, breakfast cocoa, or post toast (I especially mean buttered!) except in tin boxes, he had brought some in his lunch case to use for frying. Fuel we bought at a little roadside shop, where the sign read: "Job A. Ker's Co., Coal & Wood Emporium."

Roland hooked some apples, but threw them away, for the little girl feared they might convict Roland of larceny.

After lunch, while resting, a sudden peal of bells reached our remote camp.

"Bells!" So up we rose, piled into the cart, not choosing seats, in some cases, 3 in one!

"O Ill Fortune, spare the town!" cried Kay, who was romantic; but near the town we learned it was a false alarm. So we talked of nature-study, and the little girl asked, "Why do owls always cry 'Tuwhit' in G? Pa persists they never change the note." But we were too sleepy to tell her.

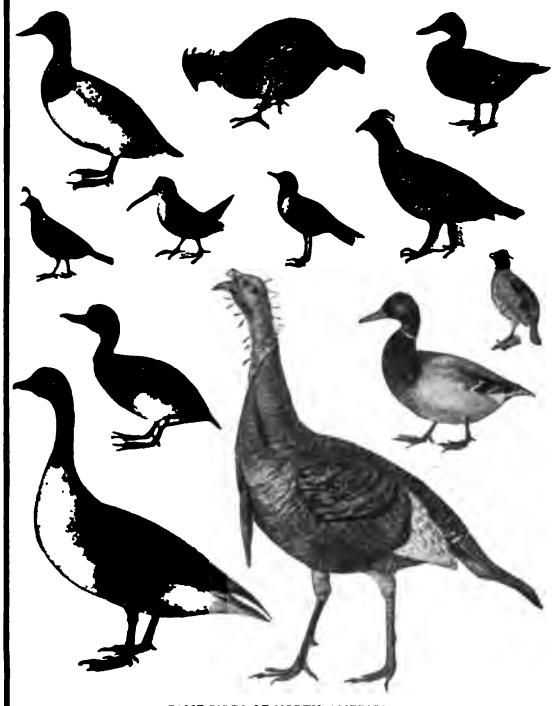
So ended our picnic. But, on reading over this story, we found hidden in it a number of things mentioned in the August ST. NICHOLAS advertisements. Who can find them?

There are sixteen in all, which are to be found, put in alphabetical order and numbered. As you will not always find them in the story written in correct form as regards capitals, punctuation, and so on, you should write them as they appear in the advertisement; but where the form given in the story is found in the advertisement, put it in that form in your answer.

THE JUDGES WISH TO TELL YOU THAT ANY READER CAN COMPETE IN BOTH THE ADVERTISING COMPETITION AND IN THE REGULAR LEAGUE COMPETITION IN THE SAME MONTH. THE LEAGUE RULE ABOUT ENTERING INTO ONLY ONE COMPETITION IS NOT MEANT TO APPLY TO THE ADVERTISING COMPETITION IN ANY NUMBER. SO LET US HEAR FROM YOU EVEN IF YOU COMPETE AT THE SAME TIME IN A LEAGUE COMPETITION.

(See also page 20.)

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GAME-BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA

woodcock (wŭd'kŏk), *n.* [< ME. *wodekoc, wode-*kok, woddecoke,* < AS. *wuducoc,* a woodcock; as *wood*[1] + *cock*[1].] 1. One of two distinct birds of the family *Scolopacidæ*, closely related to the true snipe (*Gallinago*). . . . . In the United States and Canada, *Philohela minor*, a bird . . . usually under 12 inches in length, and weighing 9 ounces or less; the under parts are whole-colored . . . . . The sexes are alike in color, but the female is considerably larger than the male, and alone reaches the maximum size and weight above given; the male is usually 10 to 11 inches long, and 16 to 17 in spread, weighing 5, 6, or 7 ounces according to condition. The bill is perfectly straight, 2½ to 3 inches long, and deeply furrowed; it is a very sensitive probe, with which the bird feels for worms in the mud by thrusting it in for its full length. The physiognomy of the woodcock is peculiar, by reason of the shape of the head, and the great size of the dark eyes, as well as their site high up and far back. The wings are short and rounded, but ample; the tail is very short, rounded, and usually held up; the legs are feathered to the heel, naked beyond; the toes are cleft quite to the base; there is a small hind toe, and the middle toe with its claw is rather longer than the tarsus. The woodcock is to some extent a nocturnal bird. It abounds in most of its range, and is one of the leading game-birds of America; it is found in bogs and swamps, wet woodlands, alder-brakes (sometimes called *woodcock-brakes* in consequence), and not seldom in quite dry fields, as corn-fields; it is migratory, but erratic and capricious in its movements, and nests throughout its range. The eggs are laid on the ground, generally in April (earlier or later according to latitude); they are less pointed than usual among waders, 1½ by 1⅛ inches in size, of a brownish-gray color, with very numerous and small chocolate-brown surface-spots and neutral-tint shell-spots; the full number is four. The woodcock has a peculiar bleating cry, and sometimes exhibits the curious habit of removing the young from danger by flying off with the chick, which is held in the parent's feet. Also called *snipe*, with or without qualifying words (see *snipe*[1], 1(*c*)), *American woodcock, little woodcock, lesser woodcock, red woodcock, wood-hen, bog-sucker, bogbird, timberdoodle, hookumpaka, night-peck, night-partridge, shrups, cock* (short for *woodcock*), and *Labrador twister*.

DO you see that perky little bird just over the turkey's bill with his long bill turned down and his short tail turned up?

What do you know about him except that he is good to eat and hard to shoot? See what the Century Dictionary tells you.

That little fellow is only one of many thousands of birds that these books tell you of—and then there are the plants and flowers and trees that they live among, and the animals that hunt them, and the insects that they hunt.

In the "Century" you will find them all—under the name you know them by—because these twelve volumes contain more articles about the birds and beasts and bugs, and more pictures of them, than the greatest natural history in the world.



The Century Dictionary Cyclopedia and Atlas

St.N-9-13

The Century Co.

Union Square New York

Please send without cost to me the story of the new edition of the Century, with specimen pages, maps, etc., and the beautiful 9 x 12 inch color plate from which the above cut was taken.

.....

.....

.....

Did you see the "Century" advertisement last month?

Watch for it next month.

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In order to decide who wins prizes when equally correct answers to the puzzles are sent, you are asked this month to select one of the advertisements you like least and compare it with one of those you like most, writing your suggestions as to how the poor one can be improved. The most interesting suggestion will earn precedence for the owner's answer.

Here are the prizes and the rules of the competition:

One First Prize, $5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most interesting suggestion.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each to the next ten.

Note: 3d and 4th prize-winners, who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS, are given special subscription rates.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (141).

3. Submit answers by September 10, 1913. Do not use a pencil. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Write your suggestion on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure your name and address is on each paper. Write on one side of your paper only, and when your answer requires more than one sheet of paper, fasten them together.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition, No. 141, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON SCHOOL HEADING COMPETITION

Through an oversight this report was omitted from our August issue. We regret exceedingly that it did not appear, as we intended it should.

Nearly fifty suggestions were sent in for the ST. NICHOLAS School Heading. There were so many good ones we had difficulty in choosing the best. At last, however, with the help of one of our artist staff, we chose Mr. Myron Kafka's heading as the prize-winning suggestion. It is shown below.

Our only regret is that we did not have more than one prize to award to many of you who did remarkable work.



(See also page 18.)

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St. Nicholas Pet Department

Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.



WHITE SCOTCH COLLIES

A **Nut Brown Maiden** with a **White Collie** or a **Tan Colored Boy** with a **White Collie** is a sight to warm the heart of any lover of outdoors. Every home should have such a combination of color and life. Collies are brave, kind, gentle, beautiful, graceful, enduring, hardy, intelligent, and active, and are ideal for city, suburb, country, or camp. Collies are intelligent and sympathetic companions for adults, beautiful, graceful, and sensitive comrades for young ladies, tireless playmates and FEARLESS PROTECTORS for children, and dauntless guards of the home or farm. Every boy and girl has an inborn right to be brought up with a faithful pet. Girls especially should have a big, strong, brave dog to attract them to outdoor play and *protect them on any occasion.* Ours are country raised (on an island) pedigree stock and are hardy, healthy, and rugged, and never require artificial heat in winter. We ship anywhere in North America. A pair will raise $150.00 worth of puppies a year. Kipling said: "Buy a pup and your money buys love unflinching that cannot lie."

THE ISLAND WHITE SCOTCH COLLIE FARMS, Oshkosh, Wisconsin



SHETLAND PONIES

Carefully trained for children's safety. Only gentle, highly-bred registered ponies in our herd. Champion stock, all colors and sizes.

SUNSET HILL FARM

F. E. LATHAM, Mgr. **PORTSMOUTH, N. H.**



"CHUMS"

Scotch Collies

Pups sired by Alarca Campaigner A. K. C. 107775 and Hartford Hope A. K. C. 86984. Sable and white beauties, males or females, 8 weeks to 4 months of age. Ideal companions to take with you to that country home, intelligent pets, faithful guardians of the children.

Hawthorn Collie Kennels

Chas. C. Ryder, Cummaquid, Mass.



Delight the Child's Heart

A Shetland Pony

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FALL and WINTER CATALOG 1913

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

STAMP-COLLECTING: A WORD TO PARENTS

TOO many parents regard stamp-collecting as merely a form of amusement for children. While it certainly does afford great pleasure, and while it certainly fills in rainy days and odd hours most satisfactorily, yet that is the least which it is capable of doing for the boys and girls who become interested in it. All the while that the lad and lassie are trying to correctly place their stamps in their albums, they are also learning one of the greatest of all lessons—keenness of observation, the ability to detect differences. The keen observer is a good speller. The boy with a large collection of stamps which he has carefully placed in his album has had not only great pleasure therefrom, but he has absorbed ideas of order and neatness, as well as of geography and history. The constant handling of stamps cannot fail to instil into the mind of the child ideas and information upon all branches of elementary education—information unconsciously obtained, and which cannot fail to help him in his school work. It is to be regretted that parents do not give their children more encouragement in their stamp-collecting, and more personal assistance in their work upon it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THIS month, we illustrate the new Paraguay, bearing the single star in the center of the design, and the new Montenegro stamp, bearing the head of Nicholas I. The head is the striking feature of the stamp, and is very similar to certain of the earlier varieties. It especially resembles them in that he is wearing the famous Kapa. This "Kapa" is a forage cap of black silk, having a crown of scarlet cloth. It is embroidered with circles of gold braid. Time has woven a popular national legend around the "Kapa." The broad black band is in perpetual mourning for those patriots who have given their lives in defense of their country; the scarlet crown represents the lake of blood shed in defense of national liberty, while five golden circles represent five centuries of Montenegrin independence. There is a golden disk upon the front, to represent the dawning of new eras of prosperity for Montenegro, the "Land of the Black Mountain."





THE FLAMING TORCH

IN 1901, Costa Rica issued a one-cent stamp in green with a center in black. The center design is a monument on which is a statue of a soldier bearing in his left hand a musket and in his right a flaming torch. In the issue of 1907, the design is practically repeated, while the one-cent of 1910 shows only the man's figure on the top of the monument. In the first two, below the center of the stamp, appears the name Juan Santa Maria. For some reason, this figure appeals to collectors more than is usual, and several inquiries have recently reached the Stamp Page—"Who is he, and what is the story?" Juan Santa Maria, who is also known as "The Hedgehog," was born in Alajuela, Costa Rica.

Usually the scenes of valor depicted upon the stamps of South or Central America refer in some way to the throwing off of the dominion of Spain. This scene, however, refers to a much later period—the early days of "filibustering" in Central America.

A notorious American, William Walker, conceived the idea of uniting the various states of Central America under his own personal rule. He succeeded well in Nicaragua, controlling that country for about two years. In one of his expeditions to gain control of Costa Rica occurred the incident of Juan Santa Maria. The forces of Walker encountered the Costa Rican army under General Canas on April 11, 1856, in or near the town of Rivas. Walker and his forces were strongly posted. They had seized upon and fortified the inn and the church building, and it was necessary to dislodge them in order to secure victory. It was proposed to set fire to the inn, which was a wooden building. In response to a call for volunteers Juan responded, and, having stipulated with General Canas that his mother should be cared for by the state in the event of his death, took the lighted torch and began his perilous journey across the open space, exposed as it was to the rifle fire of the enemy. As he neared the inn, a bullet shattered his right arm, but, seizing the torch in his left hand, he rushed forward. Just as he reached the building, he received a second and mortal wound, but before he died succeeded in setting fire to the building. Victory rested with the army of Costa Rica, and Juan's native town of Alajuela has raised a monument to his memory, while now the whole nation shows him honor by portraying his deed of valor and patriotism upon its postage-stamps.

A similar story, but with a different ending, is shown upon the five-pesos stamp of Mexico, issued in 1910. This series is largely devoted to illustrating incidents in the attempt of Mexico in 1810 to throw off the yoke of Spain. On the five-centavo stamp is a likeness of Miguel Hidalgo, the curé of the little town of Dolores, who was the prime mover and guiding spirit of the revolt. On the four-centavo (Aldamo), ten-centavo (Allende), and twenty-centavo (Abasalo) appear his three aids and abettors in the organization of the rebellion.

The people were ripe for the attempt, and soon a small army was gathered under the banners of Hidalgo. They besieged the Spaniards, who intrenched themselves in a granary at Granaditas. Here they defended themselves long and well, until it was resolved to drive them out by smoke and fire. A soldier named Pipila volunteered. He tied some large stones upon his back to protect himself from the rifle fire of the Spaniards, and, crawling upon all fours, reached the granary and set fire to it. Although Hidalgo was victorious in this battle, he and his friends were later captured and executed.

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You Can Win Any of These Pets







DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

Did you see the announcement on page 12 of last month's ST. NICHOLAS? A pure bred Shetland pony, even prettier than this picture, and as gentle and affectionate as we can find—in fact, *a St. Nicholas picked pony*—worth from $125 to $150, is the one we are going to send to *every* boy and girl who obtains 50 new subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS. Of course, for the older ones we will try to obtain bigger ponies. A strong, graceful little cart, complete with lamps and rubber tires and harness, for another 35 subscriptions; or, if you prefer a saddle and bridle, these may be won for 8 additional subscriptions.

Any of the four handsome pedigreed dogs whose pictures are shown, will be given for 25, and the beautiful Angora or fancy kitten for 10 subscriptions. Those who get 35 may have both a dog and cat if they wish. If you earn a dog or a cat and prefer some other breed than those shown, we may be able to meet your wishes.

The Saddle Pony

A pony is not only useful and a never-ceasing source of pleasure, but it is also an aid in character formation. The owner learns self-reliance, courage, judgment, and a deep love and sympathy for all animal life.

This contest is intended for young ladies and young men, as well as for the smaller ones.

While some of our younger boys and girls may want the pony-cart, we believe the best results come from horseback riding. To become a good horseman, complete command of temper and entire self-control are necessary. As an aid to health, it should be noted that riding brings nearly every muscle of the body into action. Physicians often recommend it to delicate children. A noted authority says: There is about the horse a magnetism, a strong physical presence that is imparted to one coming intimately in contact with him, as in riding.

Cost of Keeping and Feeding

Shetland ponies do not need warm stables. They may be allowed to run outside ten months out of the twelve; they have a heavier coat of hair than any other domestic animal, so this exposure does not hurt them. A rough shed is all they need, just such a one as you can build yourself.

It is a fact that hundreds of ponies are kept on contract for $12 to $15 a year. The cost of keeping them in winter is rated at about $1.50 a month, and in summer at 50 cents. A small amount of grain is usually fed in connection with shredded fodder, while with a good quality of hay the amount of grain feed is very small.

There is not much additional expense in the keeping of a Shetland pony, as animals of this breed are rarely sick enough to require the services of a veterinarian. On the soft country roads they need no shoes, but on hard roads they should be shod at least during the summer months.

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How to Secure Subscriptions

Think of it—an opportunity to get a pedigreed pet which you would probably get in no other way, just by persuading your friends to read dear, old ST. NICHOLAS regularly.

Perhaps some of you intended to work for a prize, but have not begun work. It is not too late to start now. You will probably have a month or so more to work on the contest and be enjoying your pony or dog or cat before Christmas.

Now for the way to get subscriptions:

First make up your mind that, no matter how hard it is, you are going to do some work every single day. Many times you will feel like giving it up, but if you keep at it, I am sure you can win a prize. Decide to-day to win your new pets, then write and tell us to put you on our list of people who are trying to win a prize, so that we can give you credit when one of your friends subscribes.

By writing:

Make a list of all the friends or relatives you have who do not live in town and (who don't take ST. NICHOLAS). Each day write to three or four of these people and tell them how much you love ST. NICHOLAS and enjoy reading it. Explain the pony offer and tell them they can help you to win one of these ponies by subscribing to the magazine which every one loves. Write letters to all your aunts and uncles who have families and ask them to help you. Tell them to fill out the subscription blank which we will send to you when you write us. That will take care of those you cannot see.

By visiting:

Make a list of all the boys and girls you know in your town who do not take ST. NICHOLAS. Each day, take your ST. NICHOLAS and call on these people. Tell them all about the magazine, show them the pictures and stories you like so much, and get them to love the magazine too. Point out what fun it will be to ride on your pony when you get enough subscriptions to earn it. Ask them to fill out the subscription blanks which we will send you. Make a regular business of it, and stick to it just as your father keeps working at his business. Think of every way you can to get new subscribers. Perhaps, if father and mother are willing to help you, they will subscribe in the name of four or five less fortunate boys and girls who do not have ST. NICHOLAS.

When you are away on your vacation this summer, you will meet lots of new people. Perhaps you can get 5 or 10 new subscribers this way.

If any one says ST. NICHOLAS costs a great deal, you can answer that it costs less than one cent a day—less than the cost of one newspaper every day. People who don't mind buying several newspapers think ST. NICHOLAS is expensive because it costs $3.00 all at once.

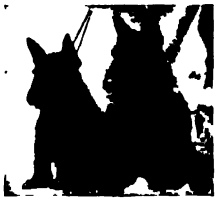
When anybody tells you he will subscribe to the magazine, ask him to send the $3.00 to us with the blank filled out. A two-years' subscription will count as two single years. Less than a year is not accepted. No renewals of present subscriptions can be considered in this contest. Only people who are not now subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS can be counted. We will take orders now to start with any issue of the magazine desired. And, by the way, ST. NICHOLAS makes an excellent Christmas present: perhaps some of your friends will want to subscribe beginning with our December number as a Christmas gift.

As soon as we can credit you with ten subscriptions, we will let you know, and you can tell us if you want a cat, or will go on trying for a dog. When you have succeeded in getting twenty-five subscriptions, we will write you again, and you can then decide if you will try for the pony.

Write to-day and get your name on the list of competitors. If you don't understand any point in the contest, write to

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St. Nicholas Magazine,
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BEGINNING SERIAL "MISS SANTA CLAUS OF THE PULL
By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON, AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE COLONEL" BO

VOL. XL., No. 12 OCTOBER, 1913 PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
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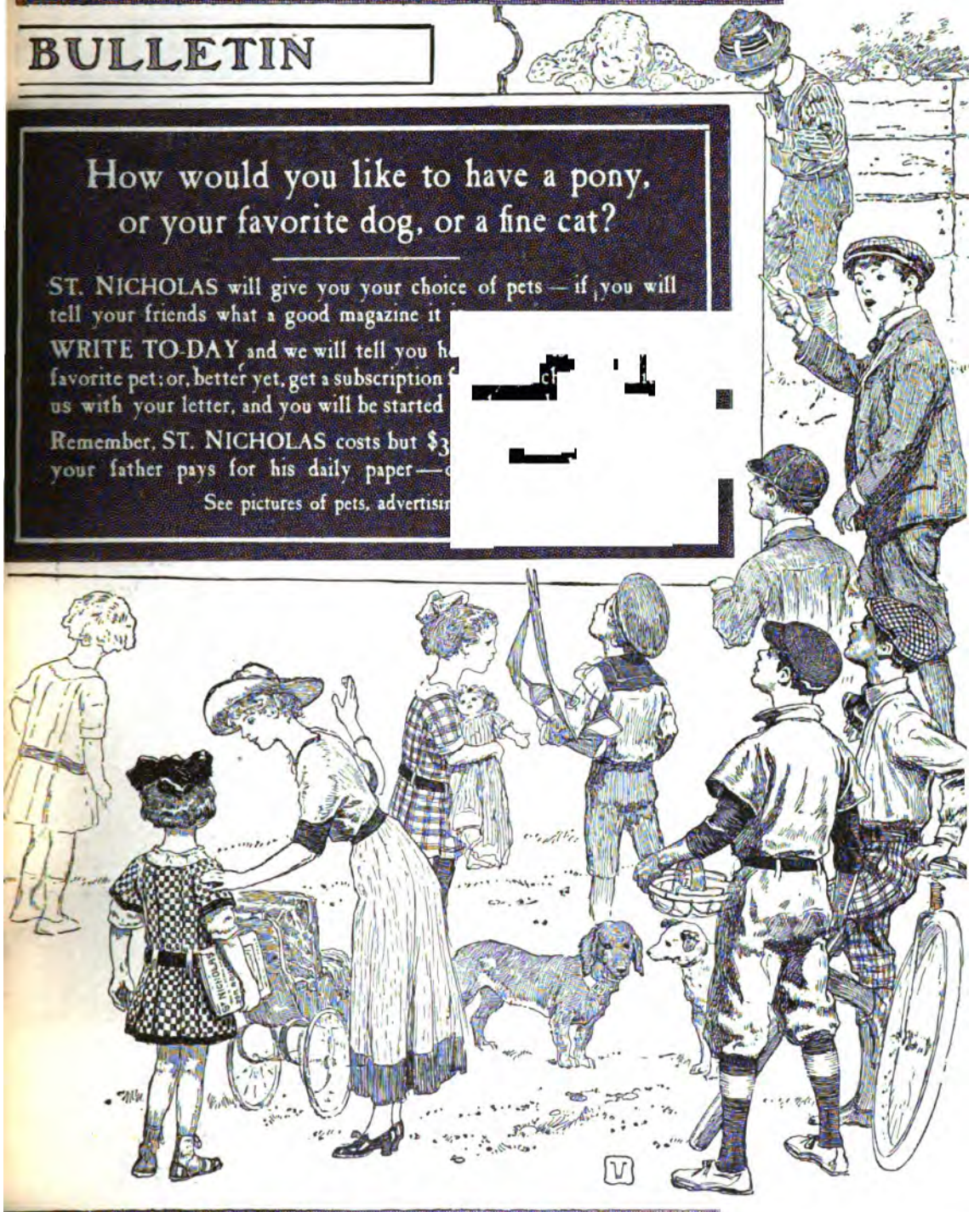
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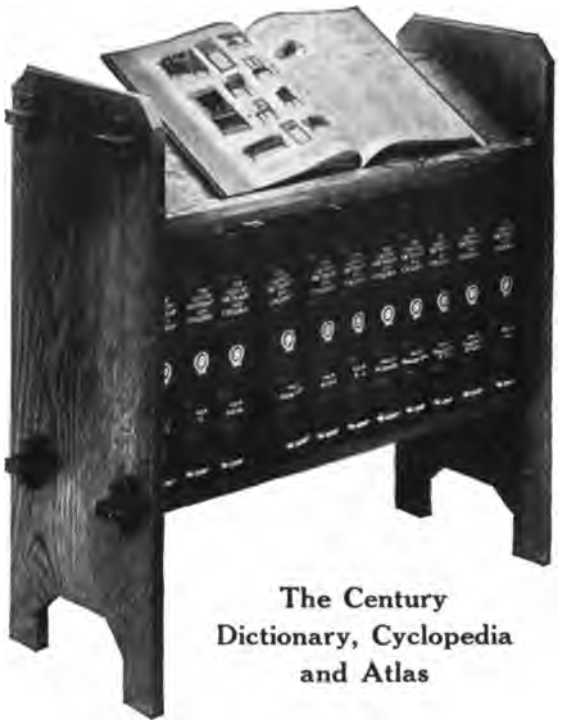
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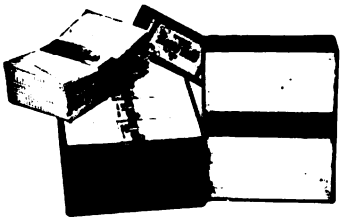
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ST. NICHOLAS

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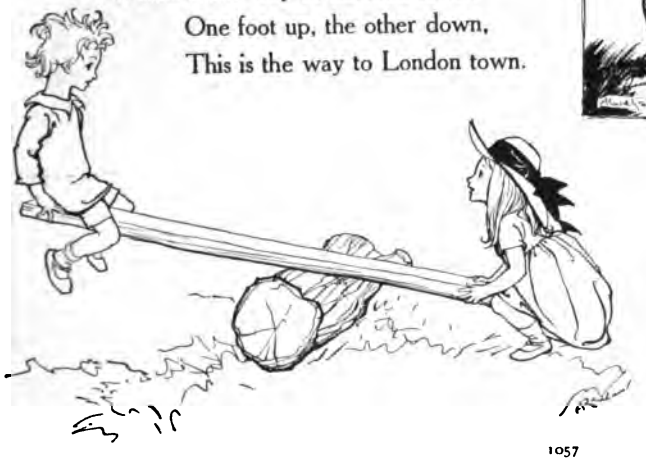
I

HEY! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



II

SEE-SAW, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other down,
This is the way to London town.



III

LADY BIRD, lady bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children have flown,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she has crept under the pudding-pan.

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HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

I

HERE we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.





II

This is the way
we wash
our hands,
Wash our
hands, wash
our hands;
This is the way
we wash
our hands,
On a cold
and frosty
morning.

III

This is the way
we wash
our clothes,
Wash our
clothes, wash
our clothes;
This is the way
we wash
our clothes,
On a cold
and frosty
morning.



IV

This is the way we go to
school,
Go to school, go to school;
This is the way we go to
school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

V

This is the way we come out of school,
Come out of school, come out of
school;
This is the way we come out of
school,
On a cold and frosty morning.



COCK A DOODLE DOO!

I

COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master 's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

II

Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She 'll dance without her shoe.

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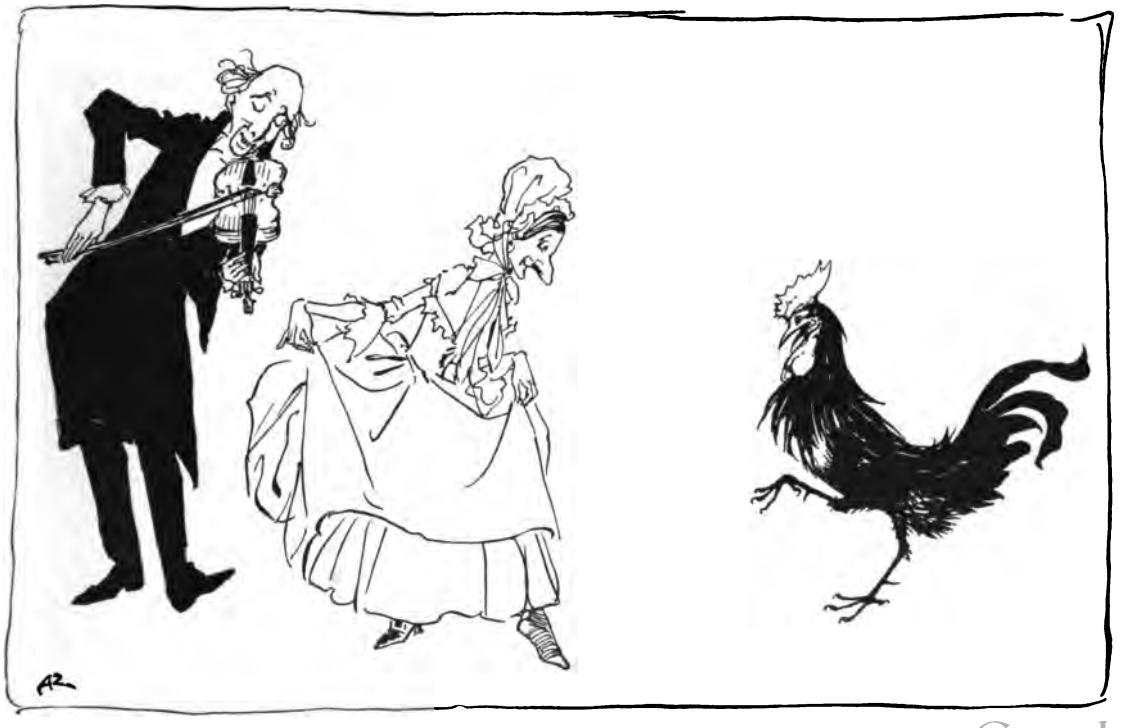


III

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master 's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo!

IV

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle doo.



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A LESSON IN PATIENCE.

FIDO: "Have n't I waited for that candy *almost* long enough?"

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Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman

BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE COLONEL" BOOKS, AND OTHER STORIES

CHAPTER I

THE EYES AND EARS UP THE CHIMNEY

THE last half-hour had seemed endless to Will'm, almost as long as the whole four years of his life. With his stubby little shoes drawn up under him, and his soft bobbed hair flapping over his ears every time the rockers tilted forward, he sat all alone in the sitting-room behind the shop, waiting and rocking.

It seemed as if everybody at the Junction wanted something that afternoon, thread, or buttons, or yarn, or the home-made doughnuts which helped out the slim stock of goods in the little notion store which had once been the parlor. And it seemed as if Grandma Neal never would finish waiting on the customers and come back to tell the rest of the story about the camels and the star; for no sooner did one person go out than another one came in. He knew, by the tinkling of the bell over the front door, every time it opened or shut.

The door between the shop and sitting-room being closed, Will'm could not hear much that was said, but several times he caught the word "Christmas," and once somebody said *"Santa Claus"* in such a loud, happy-sounding voice, that he slipped down from the chair and ran across the room to open the door a crack. It was only lately that he had begun to hear much about Santa Claus. Not until Libby started to school that fall did they know that there is such a wonderful person in the world. Of course they had heard his name, as they had heard Jack Frost's, and had seen his picture in story-books and advertisements, but they had n't known that he is really true till the other children told Libby. Now nearly every day she came home with something new she had learned about him.

Will'm must have known always about Christmas though, for he still had a piece of a rubber dog which his father had sent him on his first one, and a Teddy bear on his second. And while he could n't recall anything about those first two festivals except what Libby told him, he could remember the last one perfectly. There had been a sled, and a fire-engine that wound up with a key, and Grandma Neal had made him some cooky soldiers with red cinnamon-drop buttons on their coats.

She was n't his own grandmother, but she had taken the place of one to Libby and him, all the years he had been in the world. Their father paid their board, to be sure, and sent them presents and came to see them at long intervals when he could get away from his work; but that was so seldom that Will'm did not feel very well acquainted with him; not so well as Libby did. She was three years older, and could even remember a little bit about their mother before she went off to heaven to get well. Mrs. Neal was n't like a real grandmother in many ways. She was almost too young, for one thing. She was always very brisk and very busy, and, as she frequently remarked, she meant what she said and *she would be minded.*

That is why Will'm turned the knob so softly

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that no one noticed for a moment that the door was ajar. A black-bearded man in a rough overcoat was examining a row of dolls which dangled by their necks from a line above the show-case. He was saying jokingly:

"Well, Mrs. Neal, I 'll have to be buying some of these gimcracks before long. If this mud keeps up, no reindeer living could get out to my place, and it would n't do for the young uns to be disappointed Christmas morning."

Then he caught sight of a section of a small boy peeping through the door, for all that showed of Will'm through the crack was a narrow strip of blue overalls, which covered him from neck to knees, a round pink cheek, and one solemn eye peering out from under his thatch of straight flaxen hair like a little Skye terrier's. When the man saw that eye, he hurried to say, "Of course mud ought n't to make any difference to *Santy's* reindeer. They take the *sky road,* right over the housetops and all."

The crack widened till two eyes peeped in, shining with interest, and both stubby shoes ventured over the threshold. A familiar sniffle made Grandma Neal turn around.

"Go back to the fire, William," she said briskly. "It is n't warm enough in here for you with that cold of yours."

The order was obeyed as promptly as it was given, but with a bang of the door so rebellious and unexpected that the man laughed. There was an amused expression on the woman's face too, as she glanced up from the package she was tying to explain with an indulgent smile:

"That was n't all temper, Mr. Woods. It was part embarrassment that made him slam the door. Usually he does n't mind strangers, but he takes spells like that sometimes."

"That 's only natural," was the drawling answer. "But it is n't everybody who knows how to manage children, Mrs. Neal. I hope, now, that his stepmother, when he gets her, will understand him as well as you do. My wife tells me that the poor little kids are going to have one soon. How do they take to the notion?"

Mrs. Neal stiffened a little at the question, although he was an old friend, and his interest was natural under the circumstances. There was a slight pause, then she said:

"I have n't mentioned the subject to them yet. No use to make them cross their bridge before they get to it. I 've no doubt Molly will be good to them. She was a nice little thing when she used to go to school here at the Junction."

"It 's queer," mused the man, "how she and Bill Branfield used to think so much of each other, from their First Reader days, till both families moved away from here, and then that they should come across each other after all these years, from different States, too."

Instinctively they had lowered their voices, but Will'm, on the other side of the closed door, was making too much noise of his own to hear anything they were saying. Lying full-length on the rug in front of the fire, he battered his heels up and down on the floor and pouted. His cold made him miserable, and being sent out of the shop made him cross. If he had been allowed to stay, there 's no telling what he might have heard about those reindeer to repeat to Libby when she came home from school.

Suddenly Will'm remembered the last bit of information which she had brought home to him, and scrambling hastily up from the floor, he climbed into the rocking-chair as if something were after him:

"Santa Claus is apt to be looking down the chimney any minute to see how you 're behaving. And no matter if your lips don't show it outside, he knows when you 're all puckered up with crossness and pouting on the inside!"

At that terrible thought Will'm began to rock violently back and forth and sing. It was a choky, sniffling little tune that he sang. His voice sounded thin and far away even to his own ears, because his cold was so bad. But the thought that Santa might be listening, and would write him down as a good little boy, kept him valiantly at it for several minutes. Then because he had a way of chanting his thoughts out loud sometimes, instead of thinking them to himself, he went on, half chanting, half talking the story of the camels and the star, which he was waiting for Grandma Neal to come back and finish. He knew it as well as she did, because she had told it to him so often in the last week.

"An' the wise men rode through the night, an' they rode and they rode, an' the bells on the bridles went ting-a-ling! just like the bell on Dranma's shop door. An' the drate big star shined down on them, and went ahead to show 'em the way. An' the drate big reindeer runned along the sky road"—he was mixing Grandma Neal's story now with what he had heard through the crack in the door, and he found the mixture much more thrilling than the original recital. "An' they runned an' they runned, an' the sleigh-bells went ting-a-ling! just like the bell on Dranma's shop door. An' after a long time, they all comed to the house where the baby king was at. Nen the wise men jumped off their camels and knelt down and opened all their boxes of pretty things for him to play with. An' the reindeer knelt down on the roof where the drate big

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shining star stood still, so Santy could empty all his pack down the baby king's chimney."

It was a queer procession which wandered through Will'm's sniffling, singsong account. To the camels, sages, and herald angels, to the shepherds and the little woolly white lambs of the Judean hills, were added not only Bo-Peep and her flock, but Baa, the black sheep, and the reindeer team of an unscriptural Saint Nicholas. But it was all Holy Writ to Will'm. Presently the mere thought of angels and stars and silver bells gave him such a big, warm feeling inside, that he was brimming over with good-will to everybody.

When Libby came home from school a few minutes later, he was in the midst of his favorite game, one which he played at intervals all through the day. The game was Railroad Train, suggested naturally enough by the constant switching of cars and snorting of engines which went on all day and night at this busy junction. It was one in which he could be a star performer in each part, as he personated fireman, engineer, conductor, and passenger in turn. At the moment Libby came in, he was the engine itself, backing, puffing, and whistling, his arms going like piston-rods, and his pursed-up little mouth giving a very fair imitation of "letting off steam."

"Look out!" he called warningly. "You 'll get runned over!"

But instead of heeding his warning, Libby planted herself directly in the path of the oncoming engine, ignoring so completely the part he was playing, that he stopped short in surprise. Ordinarily, she would have fallen in with the game, but now she seemed blind and deaf to the fact that he was playing anything at all. Usually, coming in the back way, she left her muddy overshoes on the latticed porch, her lunch basket on the kitchen table, her wraps on their particular hook in the entry. She was an orderly little soul. But to-day she came in, her coat half off, her hood trailing down her back by its strings, and her thin little tails of tightly braided hair fuzzy and untied, from running bareheaded all the way home to tell the exciting news. She told it in gasps:

"You can write letters to Santa Claus—for whatever you want—and put them up the chimney—and he gets them—and whatever you ask for, he 'll bring you—if you 're good!"

Instantly the "engine" was a little boy again, all a-tingle with this new delicious mystery of Christmas-tide. He climbed up into the rocking-chair and listened, the rapt look on his face deepening. In proof of what she told, Libby had a letter all written and addressed, ready to send. One of the older girls had helped her with it at noon, and she had spent the entire afternoon recess copying it. Because she was just learning to write, she made so many mistakes that it had to be copied several times. She read it aloud to Will'm:

"Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a little shiny gold ring like the one that Maudie Peters wears.

"Yours truly,
"LIBBY BRANFIELD.

"Now, you watch, and you 'll see me send it up the chimney when I get my muddy overshoes off and my hands washed. This might be one of the times when he 'd be looking down, and it 'd be better for me to be all clean and tidy."

Breathlessly Will'm waited till she came back from the kitchen, her hands and face shining from the scrubbing she had given them with yellow laundry soap, her hair brushed primly back on each side of its parting, and her hair ribbons freshly tied. Then she knelt on the rug, the fateful missive in her hand.

"Maudie is going to ask for 'most a dozen presents," she said. "But as long as this will be Santy's first visit to this house, I 'm not going to ask for more than one thing, and you must n't, either. It would n't be polite."

"But we can ask him to bring a ring to Dranma," Will'm suggested, his face beaming at the thought. The answer was positive and terrible, out of her wisdom newly gained at both church and school.

"No, we can't! He only brings things to people who *b'leeve* in him. It 's the same way it is about going to heaven. Only those who *b'leeve* will be saved and get in."

"Dranma and Uncle Neal will go to heaven," insisted Will'm, loyally, and in a tone which suggested his willingness to hurt her if she contradicted him. Uncle Neal was "Dranma's" husband.

"Oh, of course they 'll go to *heaven* all right," was Libby's impatient answer. "They 've got faith in the Bible and the minister and the heathen and such things. But they won't get anything in their stockings because they are n't sure about there even *being* a Santa Claus! So there!"

"Well, if Santa Claus won't put anything in my Dranma Neal's stocking, he 's a mean old thing, and I don't want him to put anything in mine," began Will'm, defiantly, but was silenced by the sight of Libby's horrified face.

"Oh, brother! *Hush!*" she cried, darting a frightened glance over her shoulder toward the chimney. Then in a shocked whisper which scared Will'm worse than a loud yell would have

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done, she said impressively, "Oh, I *hope* he has n't heard you! He never would come to this house as long as he lives! And I could n't *bear* for us to find just empty stockings Christmas morning!"

There was a tense silence. And then, still on her knees, her hands still clasped over the letter, she moved a few inches nearer the fireplace. The next instant Will'm heard her call imploringly up the chimney, "Oh, dear Santa Claus, if you 're up there looking down, *please* don't mind what Will'm said. He 's so little he does n't know any better. *Please* forgive him and send us what we ask for, for Jesus' sake, Amen!"

Fascinated, Will'm watched the letter flutter up past the flames, drawn by the strong draft of the flue. Then suddenly shamed by the thought that he had been publicly prayed for, *out loud and in the daytime,* he ran to cast himself on the old lounge, face downward among the cushions.

Libby herself felt a trifle constrained after her unusual performance, and to cover her embarrassment seized the hearth broom and vigorously swept up the scraps of half-dried mud which she had tracked in a little while before. Then she stood and drummed on the window-pane a long time, looking out into the dusk which always came so surprisingly fast these short winter days, almost the very moment after the sun dropped down behind the cedar-trees.

It was a relief to both children when Grandma Neal came in with a lighted lamp. Her cheerful call to know who was going to help her set the supper-table, gave Will'm an excuse to spring up from the lounge cushions and face his little world once more in a natural and matter-of-course way. He felt safer out in the bright warm kitchen. No stern, displeased eye could possibly peer at him around the bend of that black, shining stove-pipe. There was comfort in the savory steam puffing out from under the lid of the stew-pan on the stove. There was reassurance in the clatter of the knives and forks and dishes which he and Libby put noisily in place on the table. But when Grandma Neal started where she had left off, to finish the story of the camels and the star, he interrupted quickly to ask instead for the tale of Goldilocks and the three bears. The Christmas spirit had gone out of him. He could not listen to the story of the star. It lighted the way not only of the camel caravan, but of the sky road, too, and he did n't want to be reminded of that sky road now. He was fearful that a cold displeasure might be filling the throat of the sitting-room chimney. If Santa Claus *had* happened to be listening when he called him a mean old thing, then had he ruined not only his own chances, but Libby's, too. That fear followed him all evening. It made him vaguely uncomfortable. Even when they sat down to supper it did something to his appetite, for the dumpling stew did not taste as good as usual.

Chapter II

An Adventure and a Letter

It was several days before Will'm lost that haunting fear of having displeased the great power up the chimney past all forgiveness. It began to leave him gradually as Libby grew more and more sure of her own state of favor. She was so good in school now that even the teacher said nobody could be better, no matter how hard he tried. She stayed every day to help clean the blackboards and collect the pencils. She never missed a syllable or stepped off the line in spelling class, nor asked for a drink in lesson time. And she and Maudie Peters had made it up between them not to whisper a single word until after Christmas. She was sure now that even if Santa Claus had overheard Will'm, her explanation that he was too little to know any better had made it all right.

It is probable, too, that Will'm's state of body helped his state of mind, for about this time his cold was well enough for him to play out of doors, and the thought of stars and angels and silver bells began to be agreeable again. They gave him that big, warm feeling inside again: the Christmas feeling of good-will to everybody.

One morning, he was sitting up on a post of the side-yard fence, when the passenger train number four came rushing into the station, and was switched back on a side-track right across the road from him. It was behind time, and had to wait there for orders, or till the Western Flier passed it, or for some such reason. It was a happy morning for Will'm. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as having one of these long Pullman trains stop where he could watch it. Night after night, he and Libby had flattened their faces against the sitting-room window to watch the seven o'clock Limited pass by. Through its brilliantly lighted windows they loved to see the passengers at dinner. The white tables with their gleam of glass and shine of silver and glow of shaded lights seemed wonderful to them. More wonderful still was it to be eating as unconcernedly as if one were at home, with the train jiggling the tables while it leaped across the country at its highest speed. The people who could do such things must be wonderful too.

There were times when passengers, flattening *their* faces against the glass to see why the train had stopped, caught the gleam of a cheerful home window across the road, and, holding shielding

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hands at either side of their eyes as they peered through the darkness, smiled to discover those two eager little watchers who counted the stopping of the Pullman at this junction as the greatest event of the day.

Will'm and Libby knew nearly every engineer and conductor on the road by sight, and had their own names for them. The engineer on this morning train they called Mr. Smiley, because he always had a cheerful grin for them, and sometimes a wave of his big, grimy hand. This time Mr. Smiley was too busy and too provoked by the delay to pay any attention to the small boy perched on the fence-post. Some of the passengers, finding that they might have to wait half an hour or more, began to climb out and walk up and down the road past him. Several of them, attracted by the wares in the window of the little notion shop which had once been a parlor, sauntered in and came out again, eating some of Grandma Neal's doughnuts.



"'OH, DEAR SANTA CLAUS, *PLEASE* DON'T MIND WHAT WILL'M SAID.'"

Presently Will'm noticed that everybody who passed a certain sleeping-coach stooped down and looked under it. He felt impelled to look under it himself and discover why. So he climbed down from the post and trudged along the road, kicking the rocks out of his way with stubby little shoes already scuffed from much previous kicking. At the same moment, the steward of the dining-car stepped down from the vestibuled platform and strolled slowly toward him, with his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"Hullo, son!" he remarked good-humoredly in passing, giving an amused glance at the solemn child stuffed into a gray sweater and blue mittens, with a toboggan cap pulled down over his soft bobbed hair. Usually Will'm responded to such greetings. So many people came into the shop that he was not often abashed by strangers. But this time he was so busy looking at something that dangled from the steward's vest pocket that he failed to say hullo back at him. It was what seemed to be the smallest gold watch he had ever seen, and it impressed him as very queer that the man should wear it on the outside of his pocket instead of the inside. He stopped still in the road and stared at it until the man passed him, then he turned and followed him slowly at a distance.

A few rods farther on, the steward stooped and looked under the coach, and spoke to a man who was out of sight, but who was hammering on the other side. A voice called back something about a hot-box and cutting out that coach, and, reminded of his original purpose, Will'm followed on and looked, likewise. Although he squatted down and looked for a long time, he could n't see a single box, only the legs of the man who was hammering on the other side. But just as he straightened up again, he caught the gleam of something round and shiningly golden, no bigger than a quarter, lying almost between his feet. It was a tiny baby watch like the one that swung from the steward's vest pocket.

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Thrilled by the discovery, Will'm picked it up and fondled it with both little blue mittens. It did n't tick when he held it to his ear, and he could n't open it, but he was sure that Uncle Neal could open it and start it to going, and he was sure that it was the littlest watch in the world. It never occurred to him that finding it had n't made it his own to have and to carry home, just like the rainbow-lined mussel shells that he sometimes picked up on the creek bank, or the silver dime he had once found in a wagon rut.

Then he looked up to see the steward strolling back toward him again, his hands still in his trousers' pockets. But this time no fascinating baby watch bobbed back and forth against his vest as he walked, and Will'm knew, with a sudden stab of disappointment that was as bad as earache, that the watch he was fondling could never be his to carry home and show proudly to Uncle Neal. It belonged to the man.

"Here!" he said, holding it out in the blue mitten.

"Well, I vow!" exclaimed the steward, looking down at his watch-fob, and then snatching the little disk of gold from the outstretched hand. "I would n't have lost that for hardly anything. It must have come loose when I stooped to look under the car. I think more of that than almost anything I 've got. See?"

And then Will'm saw that it was not a watch, but a little locket made to hang from a bar that was fastened to a wide black ribbon fob. The man pulled out the fob, and there, on the other end, where it had been in his pocket all the time, was a big watch as big as Will'm's fist. The locket flew open when he touched a spring, and there were two pictures inside, one of a lady, and one of a jolly, fat-cheeked baby.

"Well, little man!" exclaimed the steward, with a hearty clap on the shoulder that nearly upset him. "You don't know how big a favor you 've done me by finding that locket. You 're just about the nicest boy I 've come across yet. I 'll have to tell Santa Claus about you. What 's your name?"

Will'm told him, and pointed across to the shop when asked where he lived. At the steward's high praise, Will'm was ready to take the sky road himself, when he heard that he was to be reported to the master of the reindeer as the nicest boy the steward had come across. His disappointment vanished so quickly that he even forgot that he had been disappointed; and when the steward caught him under the arms and swung him up the steps, saying something about finding an orange, he was thrilled with a wild, brave sense of adventure.

Discovering that Will'm had never been on a Pullman since he could remember, the steward took him through the diner to the kitchen, showing him all the sights and explaining all the mysteries. It was as good as a show to watch the child's face. He had never dreamed that such roasting and broiling went on in the narrow space of the car kitchen, or that such quantities of eatables were stored away in the mammoth refrigerators which stood almost touching the red-hot ranges. Big, shining fish from far-off waters, such as the Junction had never heard of, lay blocked in ice in one compartment. Ripe red strawberries lay in another, although it was mid-December, and in Will'm's part of the world strawberries were not to be thought of before the first of June. There were more eggs than all the hens at the Junction could lay in a week, and a white-capped, white-jacketed colored man was beating up a dozen or so into a white mountain of meringue, which the passengers would eat by and by in the shape of some strange, delicious dessert, sitting at those fascinating tables he had passed on his way in.

A quarter of an hour later, when Will'm found himself on the ground again, gazing after the departing train, he was a trifle dazed with all he had seen and heard. But three things were clear in his mind: that he held in one hand a great, yellow orange, in the other a box of prize popcorn, and in his heart the precious assurance that Santa Claus would be told by one in high authority that he was a good boy.

So elated was he by this last fact that he decided on the way home to send a letter up the chimney on his own account, especially as he knew now exactly what to ask for. He had been a bit hazy on the question before. Now he knew beyond all doubt that what he wanted more than anything in the wide world was *a ride on a Pullman car*. He wanted to sit at one of those tables and eat things that had been cooked in that mysterious kitchen, at the same time that he was flying along through the night on the wings of a mighty dragon breathing out smoke and fire as it flew.

He went into the house by way of the shop so that he might make the bell go ting-a-ling. It was so delightfully like the bells on the camels, also like the bells on the sleigh which would be coming before so very long to bring him what he wanted.

Miss Sally Watts was sitting behind the counter, crocheting. To his question of "Where 's Dranma?" she answered without looking up.

"She and Mr. Neal have driven over to Westfield. They have some business at the court-

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house. She said you 're not to go off the place again till she gets back. I was to tell you when you came in. She looked everywhere to find you before she left, because she 's going to be gone till late in the afternoon. Where you been, anyhow?"

Will'm told her. Miss Sally was a neighbor who often helped in the shop at times like this, and he was always glad when such times came. It was easy to tell Miss Sally things, and presently, when a few direct questions disclosed the fact that Miss Sally "b'leeved" as he did, he asked her another question, which had been puzzling him ever since he had decided to ask for a ride on the train.

"How can Santa put a *ride* in a *stocking?*"

"I don't know," answered Miss Sally, still intent on her crocheting. "But then I don't really see how he can put anything in, sleds, or dolls, or anything of the sort. He 's a mighty mysterious man to me. But, then, probably he would n't try to put the *ride* in a stocking. He 'd send the ticket or the money to buy it with. And he *might* give it to you beforehand, and not wait for stocking-hanging time, knowing how much you want it."

All this from Miss Sally because Mrs. Neal had just told her that the children were to be sent to their father the day before Christmas, and that they were to go on a Pullman car, because the ordinary coaches did not go straight through. The children were too small to risk changing cars, and he was too busy to come for them.

Will'm stayed in the shop the rest of the morning, for Miss Sally, echoing the sentiment of everybody at the Junction, felt sorry for the poor little fellow who was soon to be sent away to a stepmother, and felt that it was her duty to do what she could toward making his world as pleasant as possible for him while she had the opportunity.

Together they ate the lunch which had been left on the pantry shelves for them. Will'm helped set it out on the table. Then he went back into the shop with Miss Sally. But his endless questions "got on her nerves" after a while, she said, and she suddenly ceased to be the good company that she had been all morning. She mended the fire in the sitting-room and told Will'm he 'd better play in there till Libby came home. It was an endless afternoon, so long that, after he had done everything that he could think of to pass the time, he decided he 'd write his own letter and send it up the chimney himself. He could n't possibly wait for Libby to come home and do it. He 'd write a picture letter. It was easier to read pictures than print, anyhow. At least for him. He slipped back into the shop long enough to get paper and a pencil from the old secretary in the corner, and then, lying on his stomach on the hearth-rug with his heels in the air, he began drawing his favorite sketch, a train of cars.



"'HERE!' HE SAID, HOLDING IT OUT IN THE BLUE MITTEN."

All that can be said of the picture is that one

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could recognize what it was meant for. The wheels were wobbly and no two of the same size, the windows zigzagged in uneven lines and were of varied shapes. The cow-catcher looked as if it could toss anything it might pick up high enough to join the cow that jumped over the moon. But it was unmistakably a train, and the long line of smoke pouring back over it from the tipsy smoke-stack showed that it was going at the top of its speed. Despite the straggling, scratchy lines, any art critic must acknowledge that it had in it that intangible quality known as life and "go."

It puzzled Will'm at first to know how to introduce himself into the picture so as to show that he was the one wanting a ride. Finally, on top of one of the cars he drew a figure supposed to represent a boy, and, after long thought, drew one just like it, except that the second figure wore a skirt. He did n't want to take the ride alone. He 'd be almost afraid to go without Libby, and he knew very well that she 'd like to go. She 'd often played "s'posen" they were riding away off to the other side of the world on one of those trains which they watched nightly pass the sitting-room window.

He wished he could spell his name and hers. He knew only the letters with which each began, and he was n't sure of either unless he could see the picture on the other side of the building block on which it was printed. The box of blocks was in the sitting-room closet. He brought it out, emptied it on the rug, and searched until he found the block bearing the picture of a lion. That was the king of beasts, and the L on the other side which stood for lion, stood also for Libby. Very slowly and painstakingly he copied the letter on his drawing, placing it directly across the girl's skirt so that there could be no mistake. Then he pawed over the blocks till he found the one with the picture of a whale. That was the king of fishes, and the W on the other side which stood for whale, stood also for William. He tried putting the W across the boy, but as each leg was represented by one straight line only, bent at right angles at the bottom to make a foot, the result was confusing. He rubbed out the legs, made them anew, and put the W over the boy's head, drawing a thin line from the end of the W to the crossed scratches representing fingers. That plainly showed that the boy and the W were one and the same, although it gave to the unenlightened the idea that the picture had something to do with flying a kite. Then he rubbed out the L on Libby's skirt and placed it over her head, likewise connecting her letter with her fingers.

The rubbing-out process gave a smudgy effect. Will'm was not satisfied with the result, and, like a true artist who counts all labor as naught which helps him toward that perfection which is his ideal, he laid aside the drawing as unworthy, and began another.

The second was better. He accomplished it with a more certain touch and with no smudges, and, filled with the joy of a creator, sat and looked at it a few minutes before starting it on its flight up the flue toward the sky road.

The great moment was over. He had just drawn back from watching it start when Libby came in. She came primly and quietly this time. She had waited to leave her overshoes on the porch, her lunch basket in the kitchen, her wraps in the entry. The white ruffled apron which she had worn all day was scarcely mussed. The bows on her narrow braids stuck out stiffly and properly. Her shoes were tied and the laces tucked in. She walked on tiptoe, and every movement showed that she was keeping up the reputation she had earned of being "so good that nobody could be any better, no matter how hard he tried." She had been that good for over a week.

Will'm ran to get the orange which had been given him that morning. He had been saving it for this moment of division. He had already opened the pop-corn box and found the prize, a little china cup no larger than a thimble, and had used it at lunch, dipping a sip at a time from his glass of milk.

The interest with which she listened to his account of finding the locket and being taken aboard the train made him feel like a hero. He hastened to increase her respect.

"Nen the man said that I was about the nicest little boy he ever saw, and he would tell Santa Claus so. An' I knew everything was all right, so I 've just sended a letter up to tell him to please give me a ride on the Pullman train."

Libby smiled in an amused, big-sister sort of way, asking how Will'm supposed anybody could read his letters. He could n't write anything but scratches.

"But it was a picture letter!" Will'm explained triumphantly. "Anybody can read picture letters." Then he proceeded to tell what he had made and how he had marked it with the initials of the lion and the whale.

To his intense surprise, Libby looked first startled, then troubled, then despairing. His heart seemed to drop down into his shoes when she exclaimed in a tragic tone:

"Well, Will'm Branfield! If you have n't gone and done it! I don't know whatever *is* going to happen to us *now!*"

Then she explained. *She* had already written

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a letter for him, with Susie Peters's help, asking in writing what she had asked before by word of mouth, that he be forgiven, and requesting that he might not find his stocking empty on Christmas morning. As to what should be in it, she had left that to Santa's generosity, because Will'm had never said what he wanted.

"And now," she added reproachfully, "I 've *told* you that we ought n't to ask for more than one thing apiece, 'cause this is the first time he 's ever been to this house, and it does n't seem polite to ask for so much from a stranger."

Will'm defended himself, his chin tilted at an angle that should have been a warning to one who could read such danger-signals.

"I only asked for one thing for me and one for you."

"Yes, but, don't you see, *I* had already asked for something for each of us, so that makes two things apiece," was the almost tearful answer.

"Well, *I* are n't to blame," persisted Will'm, "for you did n't tell me what you 'd done."

"But you ought to have waited and asked me before you sent it," insisted Libby.

"I ought n't!"

"You *ought,* I say!" This with a stamp of her foot for emphasis.

"I ought n't, Miss Smarty!" This time a saucy little tongue thrust itself out at her from Will'm's mouth, and his face was screwed into the ugliest twist he could make.

Again he had the shock of a great surprise, when Libby did not answer with a worse face. Instead, she lifted her head a little, and said, in a voice almost honey-sweet, but so loud that it seemed intended for other ears than Will'm's: "Very well, have your own way, brother, but Santa Claus knows that *I* did n't want to be greedy and ask for two things!"

William answered in what was fairly a shout: "An' he knows that *I* did n't, *neether!*"

The shout was followed by a whisper, "Say, Libby, do you s'pose he heard that?"

Libby's answer was a convincing nod.

(To be continued.)



THE FIRST CHAFING-DISH PARTY OF THE SEASON.

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THE ORC AND HIS GLOBULAR ISLAND

BY E. L. MC KINNEY



On the shore of his Globular Isle
The Orc in his slippers reposes;
You can tell he 's an Orc by his use of a fork,
And the singular color his nose is;
For he batters his fork on the edge of his porringer,
And his nose is the shade of an orange, but oranger.

Now the whole of the Globular Isle
Is of glass, and belongs to him only;
Any one that he sees must fall down on his knees,—
Yet he finds it exceedingly lonely.
For, though born with a thirst for exciting adventure, he
Has n't seen any one there for a century.

He must sit on his Globular Isle,
For 't is slippery, icy, and little.
If he stood upon that, he would simply fall flat—
And the glass is remarkably brittle.

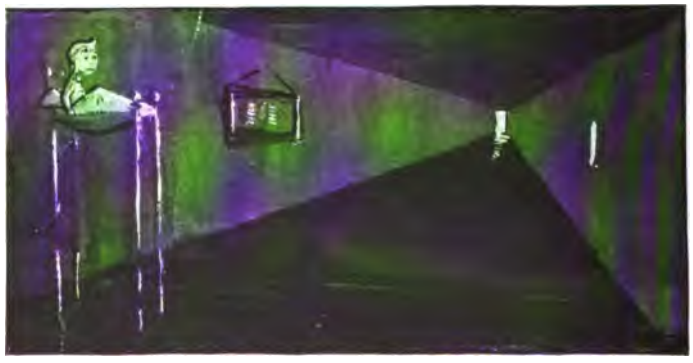
So the Orc sits quite still, and when stillness oppresses it,
It thinks up a comical riddle, and guesses it.

But the food on the Globular Isle
Is observed to be frightfully lacking.
Though he clatters with vim on his porringer's rim,
He has never got much by his whacking;
Though he batters his porringer every minute,
He 's never been known to have anything in it.

And the waves on his Globular Isle
Come a-bounding in breakers and billows.
All the night-time they break while the Orc stays awake,
Though he lies with his head on three pillows.
For he knows he must swim if they ever should reach him,
And there 's never been any one handy to teach him.

So the Orc on his Globular Isle,
Never moving, or sleeping, or eating,
Lies awake night and day near the billowy spray,
While his riddles he keeps on repeating;
And he wonders if life could be really much duller,
And just why his nose is that orangey color.

So, my child, when you wake up at night,
And you can't see the light in the hall;
When it 's yards to the floor and it 's miles to the door,
And it never gets morning at all;
If you think you are lonely, just manage to smile, and
Consider the Orc on his Globular Island.



"WHEN IT 'S YARDS TO THE FLOOR AND IT 'S MILES TO THE DOOR."

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A DAY AT A BOYS' CAMP

BY GEORGE W. ORTON

Boys' camps are becoming a notable part of the physical and mental training of many boys. The best of these camps are very well equipped. Most of them are run not only with the idea of improving the physique of the boy, but also with a system of discipline and recreation designed to develop his mind and character. There is a great variety of pleasures, according to the system followed at the respective camps. Let us take note of a typical day at one of these great outdoor resorts for health and recreation, and see how happily and profitably it is spent.



THE "SETTING-UP" EXERCISES, IN THE EARLY MORNING.

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"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning!" rang out the bugle on the morning air, and penetrated to the ears of the boys sleeping in the tents on the junior campus at Camp T——. In a moment, "Pop" Miller came tumbling out of his tent with the familiar cry, "All up! All up!" Immediately, heads were thrust from tent flaps, little forms darted out into the open, clad only in pajamas, while everywhere things livened up. Each councilor roused the boys in his tent, and in about three minutes, at others hurried off their clothes to follow their example. Only a short swim was allowed in the morning before breakfast, so the swimming enthusiasts made the most of it. Soon the cry "All out! All out!" was heard, and the boys scrambled for the shore.

After some good-natured larking at the beach house, and after two or three of the small boys had been sent back to wash up, the breakfast bell rang, and everybody made for the dining-hall or mess-house. A substantial breakfast was soon



"'ALL IN!'"

the command of "Line up!" the boys were in their positions, and the regular morning setting-up drill commenced. "Get busy there, George!" called the leader of the drill to one of the boys who was idling through his exercises. After about ten minutes of snappy free-hand and deep-breathing exercises, the boys were dismissed. They then turned to their tents, and in about five minutes put everything in order. When the tents had passed the inspection of the councilors, the boys began a race to the beach.

Arriving there, they found the members of the senior and intermediate camps, also making for the water. These also had just finished their morning setting-up exercises. "Is it 'all in' yet?" anxiously inquired "Squab" Henderson, as he poised on the end of the diving-board and looked at one of the directors of the camp. "Let 'er go!" said the latter, and immediately—splash! went twenty or thirty boys into the water, while the eaten. Each of the tables was presided over by one of the councilors, but with such a large number of boys in the hall, the sense of freedom engendered by their life in the open, and the comparative lack of restraint, things were somewhat noisy, of course, but fairly decorous.

After breakfast, the boys trooped away to their various duties or recreations. "Don't forget, fellows, that we play Camp C—— this morning in base-ball," said Charley Jones, the captain of the junior base-ball team. "All up at the field by 9.30. Don't be late, for we want to get a little practice before the game." Intermediates and seniors also had some special camp activity arranged for the morning. Promptly at 9.30, the juniors were at the field, and "Pop" Brown began lining out flies to the outfielders, while Sam Boyle, one of the seniors, took the infield in charge. Soon the visiting team arrived, having come in a launch. They were given the field for practice,

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and, a little later, the game was on. The home nine gained the lead and kept it to the end.

After giving a yell for the visitors, all filed down to the beach for the regular morning swim. As they went by the tennis-courts, the seniors were hard at a tournament, so they all stopped to watch the deciding match. Then, "All down for a swim!" was heard from the lodge, and all hands made for the water. As one of the directors came down the path to the beach, he found about half the camp anxiously waiting for him, some out on the wharf, some at the beach house, and others on the beach. The senior and intermediate four-oared crews were just returning from their regular morning practice, and when they saw the camp director coming down the path to the beach, they quickened their stroke so they would not miss any of the swim. As usual, the swimming "bugs" were lined up on the wharf, and as soon as the director hove in sight, anxious queries of "All in? All in?" were shouted at him. He paid no attention to them until he arrived at the end of the wharf, when, at a mere sign from his hand, twenty or thirty boys hit the water simultaneously. The man in charge of the beach hurried to get in his boat to patrol among the swimmers, while every one not in the water hurried off their clothes so they could join in the fun. After the first delights of the water had worn off, Councilor Andrews strolled out to the end of the wharf where the director was superintending the swimming with the aid of a monster megaphone. "Lend me the 'phone a minute, Doctor," said he. On getting the megaphone, he turned around and yelled to those in the water or in the beach house, "Hello, there, Hot Potatoes, line up here for the water-polo match! The Bermuda Onions are waiting for us." There was some scurrying from the water and the bath-house, and soon the Onions and the Potatoes were ready for the start of the daily water-polo game. Seven-minute halves were played, and there were some rare duckings and some fine exhibitions of swimming, especially by the two captains, Andrews and Jefferys, who were expert swimmers. Those not in the game watched it, or had their own fun swimming, or diving from the diving-board.



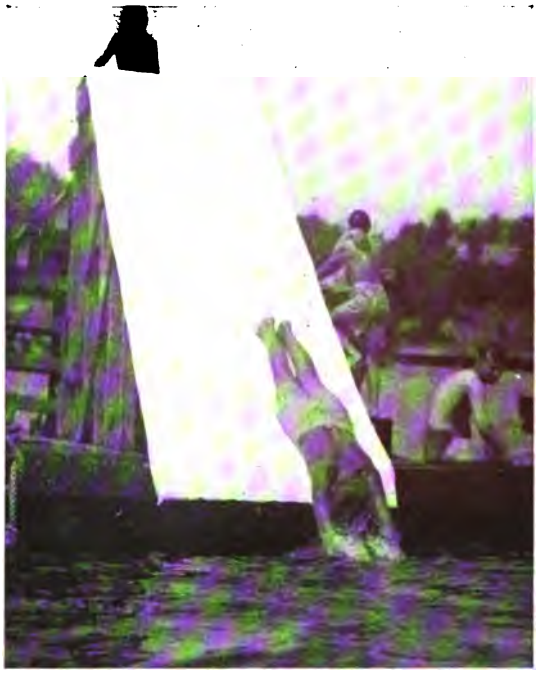
AN "INTERMEDIATE" BASE-BALL GROUP.



ONE OF THE FOUR-OARED CREWS.

After about twenty minutes, the cry "All out! All out!" was heard, and all but a few, who dallied until prodded by the director, made for shore. In three or four minutes all were in the beach house, getting dried and ready for dinner.

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"TOBOGGANING INTO THE WATER."

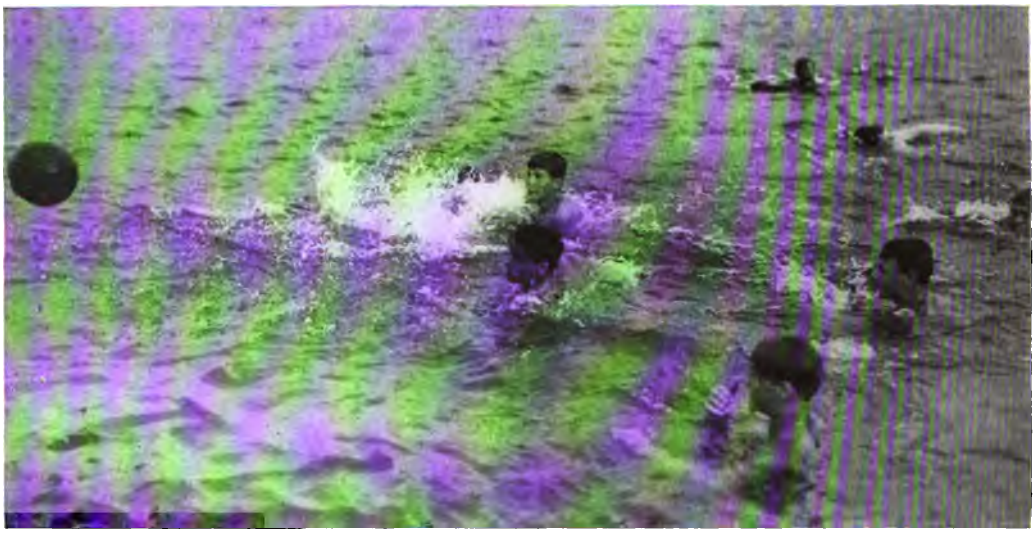
"Who 'll volunteer to help up with the ice-cream for dinner?" called out the other director of the camp. Several were ready at once, and these made for the engine-house, where the big ice-cream freezer had been taken. Hitching themselves to the cart, the boys toted the ice-cream up the hill.

When the bell rang for dinner at half-past twelve, most of the boys were waiting for it, so it took but little time to get settled. Soup, meat, two or three vegetables, bread and butter, milk or water, with ice-cream, made up the meal, every boy getting as many helpings as he required.

"Are there 'seconds' on ice-cream?" piped up one of the smaller boys. All, big and little, waited for the answer, and all were delighted when "seconds" proved the order of the day. Plenty of time was taken at this meal, and it was not until after half-past one that the boys were turned loose for the afternoon.

About half-past two, things commenced to liven up a bit. The seniors had the call on the base-ball field, as a "Blue-Gray" base-ball game was to be played, and the juniors and intermediates organized a game of bunt-ball on the lawn. Others made for the tennis-courts, or the beach for rowing, canoeing, or fishing, while still others filed off to the woods, where they were busily engaged building a real log-cabin. The rest of the boys made for the field, to watch the Blue-Gray game. All sorts of sports went on during the summer between the Blues and the Grays, into which the camp was divided.

At the beach the director again found the boys lined up ready for the word. Again, a lot of sport was had in the water. Some practised the new crawl-stroke as shown to them by the

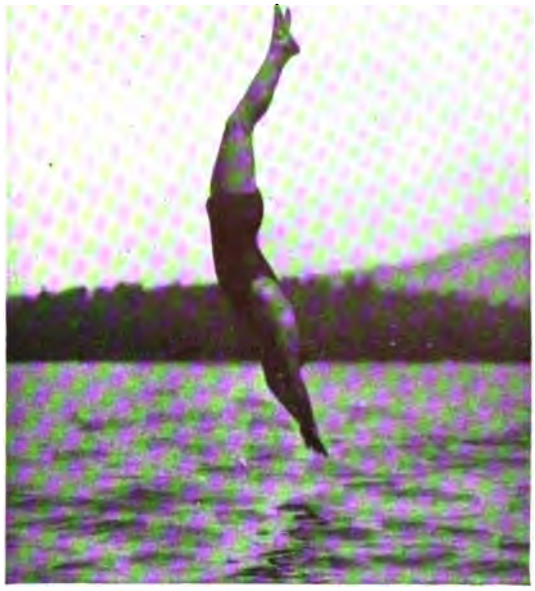


A WATER-POLO MATCH.

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crack swimmers of the camp. A few were sent off for the "canoe test," a swim of 500 yards, the passing of which would entitle them to full use of a canoe. Each of these boys was accompanied by two men in a boat, and there was always much interest to see whether the boys could make the distance. When a little fellow made it, he was given a hearty hand-shake or pat on the back by some of the older boys or councilors, and he felt he had done something worth while, as indeed he had. The confidence gained through such a test may prove just what he needs should he be tipped from a canoe during his outing. Then there was fancy diving, fast swimming, water-polo by another pair of teams, high diving from the high standards, and lots of other fun.

After a plain but hearty supper, there were field games on the campus for those who enjoyed them. Some preferred to sit on the porch and watch the fun. Others took a try at high jumping, or putting the shot, or playing quoits or tennis, or just open-air frolics. Everywhere, hearty, healthy enjoyment seemed to rule. When the twilight deepened, the boys made for the lodge. There they found some councilor busy lighting the big lights. Soon some one called for the gymnastic stunts, headed by Councilor Swan, who, at the height of a giant swing, would yell like a Comanche Indian, and make that hard stunt look like "easy picking." Others drew up around the fire and talked or told stories, while all the time some one was at the piano, and song after song was sung. Finally, everything else gave way to the piano, and some splendid choruses were enjoyed by all, the fine sopranos of the juniors giving a quality to the music that was remarkable in its effect. About half-past eight order was called for, the camp orchestra tuned up, hymn-books were gotten out, and the evening devotions began. The boys gave very good attention to the reading of the Scriptures, sang the hymns with unfeigned enjoyment, and repeated the Lord's Prayer at the conclusion of the devotions.



A FANCY DIVE.

After prayers, there was a rush for the tents. The juniors sought out their respective councilors, each of whom marched away like a hen with a lot of chickens. Still singing and larking, the boys reached the campus and got ready for bed. A little later, the bugle blew, this being the signal for "Lights out," and in a very short time the campus was still and the boys were asleep.



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CHRYSTIE'S EVENT



BY MARGARET JOHNSON

UP to the very morning of the thirtieth, there seemed to be not the shadow of a doubt that Dud Evans would win the mile in the annual field games at Glengarton Academy. He had won it twice before, and though Connolly, of the Golds, a new-comer at the school, held a record nearly equal to Dud's, nobody believed that Connolly could beat the champion in his own event, and on his own ground.

The chances were with the Blues, anyway, and that was as it should be, for the Blues were bound to win; not as a matter of empty honors merely, or even of loyalty to Mr. McQuayne, the enthusiastic young physical director, but, as the Blues would have it, of the very bone and fiber of Glengarton principles. Connolly and his following, it appeared, held views which clashed with those principles, both in sport and in scholarship, and it was felt by their supporters that nothing would go so far toward their vindication and establishment as a good smashing victory on the field.

This victory, on the night of the twenty-ninth, seemed certain. The captain of the Blues, Dick Bradford, had drawn first choice in the division of the school into two parties, and had chosen with a discretion which Burns, of the Golds, could not match. His party had, earlier in the day, carried off the lion's share of those blushing honors conferred by commencement upon the deserving in other than athletic fields; and, elated by this fact, the Blues to a man, as evening fell, arrayed themselves in purple and fine linen, so to speak, and went to the gymnasium, transformed for the occasion into a ball-room of unparalleled splendor, bubbling over with high spirits and top-heavy with pride.

Only their captain, a veteran of three years' experience, surveyed with gloom the glitter of the festive scene.

"They ought to know better than to have the dance the night before," he observed, wiping the dew of anxiety from his brow as he stood beside Chrystie in a bunting-draped nook and watched the giddy throng go by. "A fellow can't sit up half the night and gorge, and— Look at that kid, now! He 's entered in the midget class—ought to be in his bed this minute!"

The captain swooped down upon a small boy who was recklessly absorbing lemonade from the flowing bowl in the corner close by, and brought him, crimson with strangulation and embarrassment, to Chrystie's side. Chrystie smiled upon him with eyes like forget-me-nots, and the midget —otherwise James Henry Van Rensalaer, better known as "Biffles"—adored her on the spot.

Chrystie would have smiled upon a Hottentot if he had appeared before her at that moment instead of one of those elegant youths whom Dudley kept bringing to introduce to his pretty sister. She had come up to commencement this year with Aunt Jane, her mother being kept at home by some infantile ailment of five-year-old Junior's, and her father far away in Quinnibunk, Canada, and due to return just twenty-four hours too late to witness the triumphs of his son.

Aunt Jane being elderly and nervous, and commencement, to her mind, as beset with fatigues and perils as a jungle with wild beasts, was something of a care. But just now she was safely tucked away on the platform with a score of other chaperons; and Chrystie, all blue chiffon and roses in her little dancing frock, with a heart as light as her blue-slippered toes, and full of such pride as only a very modest and even timid little person can feel for a splendid and simply invincible brother, glowed till it was no wonder that Biffles instantly lost his susceptible heart.

"What is the midget going to do to-morrow?" she asked.

"Running high jump, hundred-yard dash, hurdle and relay races," answered the captain, glaring at that ambitious young athlete. "And won't win out in any of them, by the looks. Lemonade, macaroons fourteen to the dozen—he might as well have the Mexican War on his mind!"

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"Better, I should think!" laughed Chrystie. "You don't run with your mind!"

"Don't you, though," returned the captain, darkly. "You ask Dud."

"Having a good time, Sis?" called Dudley, sweeping gloriously by at that moment with the prettiest girl in the room. Chrystie nodded radiantly, but Dick was off again, distracted as a hen with a brood of ducklings.

"What in time are you fellows thinking about," he panted, coming back with Dudley in tow, "dancing your legs off like this!"

"Oh, cut it out!" cried Dudley. He threw the dark lock from his handsome forehead, and clapped his chief gaily on the back. "Wants to keep me in cotton-wool, the captain does. Wants to tie me up in tissue-paper and sachet, and put me in the top bureau drawer! What's the matter, Chrys'? Tired?"

"Not a bit!" declared Chrystie. "I was just thinking about Aunt Jane. You see, she 's got the—"

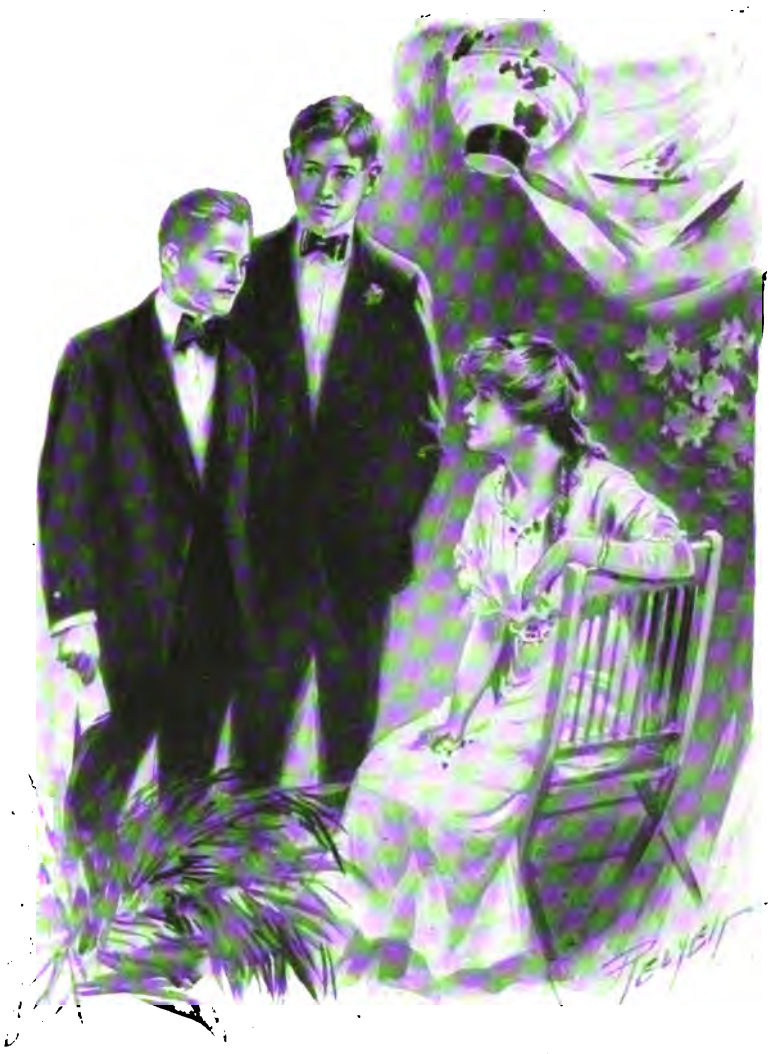
"No!" broke in the captain, with enthusiasm. "Has she, really? And we looking for it all over the place! Dud, go and get Chrystie's—er—Chrystie's fan, will you! Nellie Devon 's got it—you said Nellie Devon, did n't you, Chrys'? Great Scott, Chrystie, what a break!"

He fell gasping against the wall as Dudley disappeared, and again Chrystie opened her eyes in astonishment.

"Must n't I tell him that Aunt Jane 's got the neuralgia?" she demanded.

"Not on your life!" returned the worried captain. "I 've known less than that to break up a fellow just at the last minute. Takes it out of him, someway, and— Oh, hello, Dud! She did n't have it, after all? That 's funny! Now, if you 'll just get home and get to bed—"

The band, bursting into a fresh and lively measure, drowned Dudley's laugh of derision. In the rapid shifting of places and partners that followed, Biffles, by some mysterious concatenation of events, found himself Chrystie's chosen partner for the dance, and, covered with joy and confusion, he led her proudly forth. There was no chance of further words with Dick; but Chrystie had had her lesson. Floating away like a little tuft of blue thistledown on Biffles' sustaining arm, she looked back with a nod of reassurance at the captain. Wild horses should not



"'WHAT IS THE MIDGET GOING TO DO TO-MORROW?' SHE ASKED."

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induce her to say anything to "take it out of" Dudley, now that she understood.

That glorious moment of his triumph!—she thrilled to the memory and the vision of it as she danced: the gay crowd on the banks, the flutter of colors in the sun, the white figures moving swiftly round the track, the shouts, the cheers, the wild cry as one white figure strained slowly ahead and drew away from the rest: "Come on, Dud! Come on, boy! *Come on!*"

That cry was the last sound that rang in Chrystie's ears before she slept. The dance broke up in a blaze of glory at the stroke of twelve, and the company streamed out and woke the quiet streets of Garton with voices and laughter. Dudley saw his aunt and sister safely down to the Garton Arms, where they were quartered with many other mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts, and walked back to indulge in a final yell of triumph with a crowd of hilarious Blues before turning in. And Chrystie soothed Aunt Jane's neuralgia with sympathy and cologne water, and fell asleep, smiling, in her strange room; and silver cups and blue ribbons danced in her dreams.

Then it was that things began to happen; and when nine o'clock of a fresh and sparkling morning chimed from the church tower in the village, it found the captain of the Blues in a mood that shamed the color of his badge.

Not only had Harvey Jones slipped on a banana-skin and sprained his foot, and Pony Davis done something mysterious and probably fatal to his hand with a hammer, and Budd Appleton all but put his eyes out with an exploding bottle of ginger-pop, but the Blues had, to a man, it appeared, thrown caution to the winds at the dance, with consequences too disastrous to describe. And now, to cap the climax, here was Dud Evans completely unmanned—so the captain put it, bitterly,—by a piece of bad news which might just as well have been a dose of poison.

The captain stood on the grassy bank surrounding the field, looking down at a dingy and crumpled paper at his feet. The oval before him glinted like a great emerald under the bluest of skies; around it the track unrolled its perfect ribbon in the sun. Here and there an ambitious athlete tried out his turn, and Mr. McQuayne hurried hither and yon, seeing to all the last things. But on the bank, oblivious to the inspiration of the scene, sat Dud Evans, the center of an anxious and all but desperate group.

If Penny Wilder had not picked up a copy of the "Garton News" on his way to breakfast, and left it right under Dudley's nose at prayers; if Dudley's father had not sent word ahead that he was leaving Quinnibunk by the afternoon express on the twenty-ninth; if people were n't such idiots as to rush things into the papers without regard to consequences; if— But it was all very well for the captain to grind his teeth and say things under his breath. There it was, just the same, in great letters on the first page of the "News":

QUINNIBUNK AND GREAT NORTHERN AFTERNOON FLIER!

WRECKED ON THE BANK OF THE QUINNIBUNK RIVER! EXTENT OF DAMAGES AND LIST OF PASSENGERS NOT YET ASCERTAINED!

"'T is n't likely anybody was killed, anyway," ventured Biffles, hovering near in a vague agony, a crimson bathrobe flamboyant above his running togs. "They 're generally just—just a little—mangled, you know."

"Cheerful!" muttered the captain, as Dudley writhed under this tactful and comforting assurance.

"Only three per cent. of all railroad accidents are fatal," averred Harvey Jones, who had a painful aptitude for statistics. "The other ninety-seven— Ow!" The captain, conquering his victim after a brief but deadly struggle, turned him face downward on the grass and sat on him.

"Telephoned your folks?" he asked Dudley.

"My uncle," said Dudley. "He was n't at his office, so we can't find out anything yet. It 's a holiday, you see. We dare n't telephone Mother, because she may n't have heard; and there 's the kid sick."

"I don't believe there 's anything in it, myself," declared Dick, after a little pause.

"Neither do I," said Dudley.

"Newspapers are nothing but a pack of lies, anyhow." The captain warmed to his subject, emphasizing his words with an occasional punch at Harvey's prostrate form. "I would n't give *that*" —here the victim rose up with a howl, displacing his commander like an earthquake—"for anything in any old paper on earth," finished Dick, picking himself up with dignity.

"Neither would I," said Dudley.

They all looked at him, furtively, desperately. Then Pony Davis flung his cap abjectly to the ground. The captain jammed his hard down, hind side before, over his noble brow.

"What in time do they want to have a track-meet for, anyhow?" he burst out bitterly. "Everybody backs out just at the last minute, and then the whole thing is a blooming failure!"

"Oh, worra, worra!" said Dudley, vaguely. "I have n't backed out yet."

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"You want to," retorted the captain. "And if you do, by ginger, they 've got us beaten!"

"You think so?"

"I know it. We 'll need every point we can make to *tie* 'em, even. And what 's more, if you don't run, there 'll be a dozen more trying to crawl. 'T is n't as if you could do any good, either, staying out. I wish Mr. McQuayne would talk to you. He 'd know just what to say."



"CHRYSTIE HAD THROWN HERSELF OUT OF THE CAR AND WAS RUNNING AWAY ON HER OWN TWO FEET." (SEE PAGE 1081.)

"He has talked to me," said Dudley.

"Well, he won't any more. I asked him. He says this thing is up to us. We know what it means, and if we have n't got the sand to see it out—"

"Oh, I 'll *run!*" said Dudley.

A breeze went through the assembly. Shoulders straightened, heads lifted. Pony Davis resumed his cap, and Dick reversed his, with exultation.

"Go, tell Mr. McQuayne," he directed in a brisk aside to Budd. "Barnes and Benson, you go spread it in the dormitories. Dud 's going to run. See that Connolly knows. The rest of you midgets get down in the field and talk. Come now, get a move on, fellows! Hold on—before you go—a yell for Dud Evans! He 's the stuff! Get into it now,—one, two,—"

The air was rent with a lusty cheer, which rived also the hearts of the listening Golds, and the clans scattered.

"I sha'n't win," said Dudley, walking away with his chief's affectionate arm about his shoulders.

"Don't say it, old man," begged the captain. "Don't say it! Just keep your head about you, and—"

"Can't do it," declared Dudley, shaking that useless member despondently. "Every time I shut my eyes I see that train shooting off an embankment or jumping a switch or hitting into another train, ker-bang!"

"Don't shut your eyes," urged the captain, warmly. "Keep 'em open. Look at the—er—the scenery." He waved his arm over the adjacent landscape, where everywhere Biffles's bathrobe shone like the oriflamme of war.

"I 'll do my best," said Dudley, soberly.

If he was vaguely conscious of a hero's crown upon his head, that was no more than Chrystie's loving fancy saw there when, an hour later, her train sped past the school grounds and she caught a fleeting glimpse of the shining green dotted with white figures.

Chrystie and Aunt Jane had seen the paragraph in the morning "News." Apprised by the faithful captain of Dudley's decision—for Dudley himself was sternly remanded to his room—Chrystie had begged Aunt Jane to take the first train home with her, that she might be at her mother's side in case of need. Aunt Jane, poor dear, was nothing loath, and Dudley was to follow as soon as the

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games were over. Chrystie's thoughts were for one fervent instant with the brave runner, fighting his own anxiety over there on the field, for the honor of his school; then they left commencement, with all its joys, behind, and flew forward with the flying train.

It was but a half-hour's ride to the city of H——, and twenty minutes more by the trolley to the pretty suburb where the Evans home was. Chrystie first gave Aunt Jane into the arms of her faithful Bridget, and then ran on the two blocks to her own door. Just as she reached the gate, the doctor's horse waltzed up to the curb—the doctor's horses always waltzed—and the doctor himself sprang out of the buggy.

"How now, missy?" he called in surprise. "Thought you were up at Garton, helping Dudley run!"

"I—oh, I *was!*" stammered Chrystie, breathless. "But I thought, you see,—I came— How 's Junior, Doctor?"

"Fine as silk!" The doctor was fat and bald, but light of foot. He took Chrystie by the arm and ran up the steps with her like a boy. "I told your mother I 'd look in again this morning," he went on, opening the door, "just to ease her mind, you know, while she was gone."

"Gone!" Chrystie felt her heart fall down several miles and land somewhere with a thump.

"To meet your father in H——," said the doctor, cheerfully, throwing his overcoat into one chair and his hat into another. "Oh, you did n't know! Yes, he came sooner than he expected—got into New York this morning. There 's his telegram now." He flicked at a yellow envelop on the hall table. Chrystie sat down hard, fortunately on the overcoat and not the hat.

"Why, we thought," she gasped; "we saw—"

"Eh, what?" The doctor scowled, comprehending. "You saw that notice in the papers? I thought as much! Nothing in it, my child, not a thing. Contradicted this morning; but those little two-for-a-cent places like Garton get their news about forty-eight hours late, and wrong at that. A freight-train was dislocated or something, and your father was n't even there. Come, come, don't look like that!"

He shook his finger at her, and she began to laugh, the color coming back to her cheeks. She felt very queer and light all at once, as if somebody had lifted a tremendous weight off her heart and filled it full of air instead, like a balloon.

"Dud 's running just the same, is n't he?" asked the doctor.

"He 's running"—Chrystie lifted woeful eyes—"but, oh, Doctor, not just the same! It takes it out of you, you know, a worry like that. Dick said so. He said you might just as well give anybody a dose of poison as a piece of bad news, just before a race."

The doctor was silent. He had not always been fat and bald. It is quite probable that at that moment he recalled some golden afternoon at the old school when, slim and curly-locked and eager, he had run his race and won his cup with the best of them. "Well, well!" he said, turning away with a whimsical scowl and tramping up the stairs with his case, "I dare say Dick was right. A light heart makes light heels, no doubt of that. But—"

He got no farther, for Chrystie was after him before he reached the first landing.

"Doctor!" she said, a little catch of excitement in her voice. "Tell me, if bad news takes it out of you, would—would good news put it in?"

"Eh, what—what!" sputtered the doctor. Chrystie could have shaken him in her impatience.

"If Dud knew," she cried, "even at the last minute—would it help?"

The doctor caught the fire of her eyes. "It 's a poor rule," he began slowly, "that won't work both— Hey, there, Chrystie, child alive, what are you doing!"

Chrystie had fairly tumbled backward down the stairs in her haste. She was flinging on her coat. She was pulling the pins out of her hat and jamming it down on her head, and dancing up and down with excitement.

"He 's got to know!" she cried over and over, like a demented little phonograph. "He 's got to know!"

"Whoo-oo!" shouted the doctor, coming down with a run. "Have n't you got a telephone in the house? Wire him—call him up!"

"Call him up!" echoed Chrystie, wildly jabbing pins into her hat. "He 's out in the middle of Garton field, and so is everybody else. I 've been there at commencement before. There 's nobody at the house but the servants, and it would take *hours—*"

"How long would it take you?"

Chrystie thought frantically. "An hour, say. The mile 's next to the last event. If I could catch the 12.15—"

"Prince," said the doctor, "can catch anything short of a cannon-ball. Shall I take you over?"

For answer, Chrystie sprang to the door and flung it open. The doctor followed, chuckling like a boy. Oh, you may be sure he had run that race in the old golden, foolish days of his youth! He might have stopped Chrystie then and there in her mad career; instead, he popped her into his buggy, jumped in beside her, and gave Prince the word.

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Go! a cannon-ball was nothing to it. They grazed curbs, bounded over cobble-stones, and missed collisions by a hair's breadth at every turn. The station and the train came into sight at the same moment, with two blocks yet to go. It appeared to Chrystie that Prince made the distance in two leaps, and whether he landed on his head or not she never knew, for she only saved her own by grabbing at the dashboard in her headlong flight; and the doctor caught her on the rebound. He swung her up, and the friendly brakeman grinning on the car-step caught her, and the train moved off, all in the space of one breathless second.

"You 've lost your hat," said a kind lady in the car-seat.

"Oh, *have* I?" said Chrystie.

"And your hand-bag," continued the kind lady. "You dropped it when you got on."

Dear, dear! But the conductor knew her; and if the bag had held a million dollars, a diamond tiara, and a ticket to next Saturday's matinée, it would n't have been worth one moment's delay.

It is amazing how much one exasperating little half-hour can make of itself if it chooses. This one was about a thousand years long. At the end of that time, Chrystie sprang off the car-step, to find no carriages at the station, no one being supposed to arrive at that untimely hour; but at a little distance she perceived a dingy automobile drawn up beside the road, with a dingy boy about to crank it up for a start.

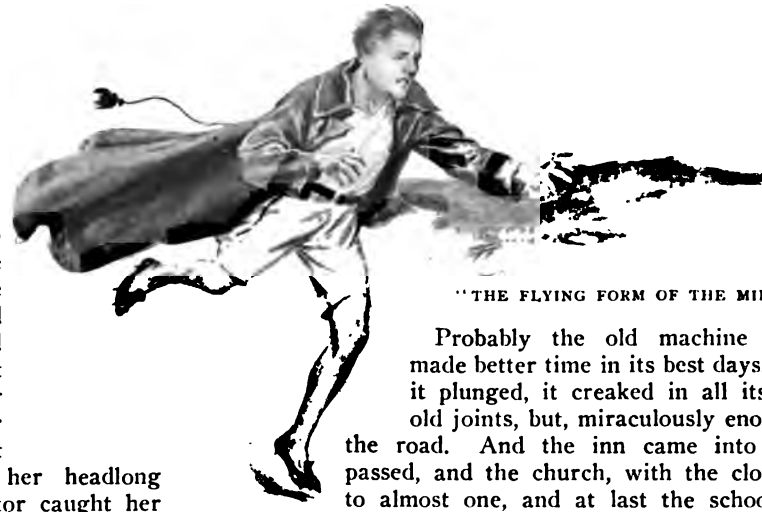
"Is this your machine?" asked Chrystie, arriving breathlessly beside him.

"Huh?" said the boy.

Chrystie abandoned the question. "Look here!" she said, desperately, "if you 'll take me up to Garton field, *quick*, I 'll give you a dollar!"

"Get in," said the boy.

The ride with the doctor was a flowery bed of ease in comparison. Chrystie, holding on for dear life, shot out of her seat at every fresh bump. "'Fraid?" asked the boy, dexterously hitting a large stone with his front wheel, and feeling her rise into the air beside him. Chrystie shook her head. "Faster!" she gasped, as she came down; and faster they went.



"THE FLYING FORM OF THE MIDGET."

Probably the old machine had never made better time in its best days. It leaped, it plunged, it creaked in all its rheumatic old joints, but, miraculously enough, it kept the road. And the inn came into sight, and passed, and the church, with the clock pointing to almost one, and at last the school buildings among the trees, and a fringe of moving color on a hilltop against the sky, which was the spectators looking down into the field on the other side. And then, bumpety-bump! click, clack! something was wrong with the machinery. The car ran wildly a few feet farther, and stopped.

"Busted!" said the boy. But before he could turn round, Chrystie had thrown herself out of the car and picked herself up again, and was running away on her own two feet faster than those feet had ever carried her before.

"Now I must remember," she panted, as she ran, "what Dud said. Arms up and head down—oh, no! Head up and arms down, and don't—Ow!"

Her foot had caught in a treacherous tangle of weed by the road, and she was down, pitched forward hard on her left arm. She got to her feet again someway, breathless, bewildered. A pain shot through her arm when she moved.

"I must try," said Chrystie, "to see if I can wiggle my fingers—"

But at that moment there came to her ears the far sound of shouts and cheers from the field, and she forgot what she ought to do; she forgot everything but those white figures which she could see now moving around the track like the little images in a mechanical toy. There was a chance—she might yet be in time; and she ran on, through the meadow, across the little bridge, up, oh, part way up that heartbreaking little knoll between her and the field. And then she tottered

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suddenly and crumpled up in a heap on the ground.

Too late, then? No! Biffles to the rescue! A flash of crimson blurred before Chrystie's eyes. Coming nearer, it resolved itself into the shape of a midget—the midget with whom she had danced the night before. He was running back with some message to the house. Chrystie lifted herself desperately and caught him by his flying robe.

"Tell Dud!" she gasped. "The captain! Tell him Dad 's all right—at home—was n't on the train!"

Biffles stared, comprehended, turned, and fled back toward the roaring field.

Things there had reached an exciting climax. I shall have to skip all the thrilling details, for which there is no room here, and say only that the Blues, having risen to the occasion beyond all expectation, a tie had been declared in all events just before the mile, amid the acclamations of the populace. First place in the succeeding event being already accorded to the Blues, the mile became the test event of the day; and Dudley—in spite of the best intentions and the most strenuous efforts, Dudley was giving out.

At the moment when Chrystie collapsed on the knoll, he was nearing the stand at the end of the third quarter, with Connolly at his shoulder and gaining at every stride. He did not see the flying form of the midget rush like a comet with a streaming crimson tail over the edge of the hill, hurl itself down the bank, and, landing on the captain's shoulders, bear that astonished officer with him to the ground. He did not hear the wild colloquy that ensued, or witness the captain's own gallant sprint back to the last turn; but as he passed that turn, hanging on grimly, his eyes dim, his breath coming in laboring gasps, falling at every stride farther behind Connolly, whose yellow ribbon now blurred maddeningly a good yard ahead on the right, he heard the captain's voice:



"HE SURGED FORWARD, AMID THE FRANTIC CRIES OF HIS FRIENDS."

"Dad 's all right, Dud! *Dad 's—all—right!* Was n't—on—the train! Get it, old man? He 's all *right!* Come on, now! Come on, and win!"

I don't know, any more than Chrystie did, why the mind should have so much to do with the business of the legs; but it is quite clear that it has. Dudley had thought he was running with all that was in him; but he was n't. There was a reserve somewhere, beyond the power of his own will to summon, that responded as if by magic to that shout of Dick's. A dragging weight lifted from his heart. A wave of fresh courage conquered his exhaustion. His eyes cleared. His feet gripped the cinders. He surged forward, amid the frantic cries of his friends, drew up inch by

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inch alongside the yellow ribbon, stayed there. The shouts grew deafening. They roared in his ears like all the thunders of the universe let loose. The yellow badge was falling behind—he knew it by that thunder.

"Come on, Dud! Come on, boy! *Come on!*"

Three seconds later, he broke the tape half a yard ahead of Connolly, and fell into the arms of his comrades, the winner of the day for the Blues.

"Did you do it?" cried Chrystie, when they got to her, half a dozen of them running breathless behind the excited Biffles. She was sitting up gamely on the grass. If she had fainted away a little in the meantime and come to again, all by herself, that was nobody's business but hers. "Was it in time?" she cried.

"In time!" shouted the delirious captain, while Dudley dropped down beside his sister. "You bet it was! But—"

"Then it 's all right," sighed Chrystie, settling softly to one side, like the foundering little craft she was. "I owe the automobile boy a dollar, Dud,—the telegram from Dad is in my pocket—and I *think*—I have broken—my arm!"

EVERY time Dudley puts the silver cup, which was presented to him that afternoon, on Chrystie's mantel, Chrystie immediately puts it back again among Dudley's other trophies; but she cannot prevent Dudley and all the rest of the household, egged on by the doctor, who began it when he was mending her arm, from alluding to that particular race, as it will doubtless go down in the annals of the Evans family, as "Chrystie's Event."



"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."
Bob (disgusted): "This is no place for *me!*"

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WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER XIV

THOUSANDS TALKING AT ONCE

THE subway was run down lower Broadway by the cut-and-cover method; that is, at night, when there was little or no traffic, the street pavement was ripped up, and in its place was laid a flooring of planks, supported on beams. Under this wooden street, men worked during the day, digging away the earth and sand, and propping up the beams as the excavation proceeded.

Tunneling a city street is no simple task under any conditions. There were sewer-pipes, gas-pipes, water-pipes, electric light and power conduits, telephone, telegraph, and fire-alarm conduits, and the conduits for the underground trolley system of the electric cars, to be avoided. The gas-mains were elevated above the streets so that there would be no danger of an explosion, should they develop a leak. Of course, the manholes or underground chambers, where connections were made with the telephone-lines, had to be torn away, exposing the lead-sheathed telephone cables. To protect these cables from the picks and shovels of careless laborers, they were wrapped thickly with burlap.

A telephone lineman was down under the planking one morning, making some new cable connections. He was pouring hot, melted paraffin on the splice to drive out all moisture before covering it with lead, when some of the oil spattered over on his fire. Before he knew it, there was a lively blaze, which caught the burlap, melted the lead off the cables, and consumed the insulation of the copper wires within. Choking with smoke and the fumes of burning insulation, the lineman staggered out of the tunnel, yelling "Fire." By the time the engines came up, the planking was burning briskly, and the firemen had their troubles getting this queer blaze under control.

The fire was all out when Will and I arrived on the scene. Pushing his way through the crowd as if he had the right, Will led the way to the opening in the planking, and disappeared quickly down a ladder. I ran down after him into the charred subway. It took several moments to adjust my eyes to the twilight below, and then the sight that met them was appalling. There were thousands and thousands of copper wires burned, torn, and fused together, and matted with splashes of lead, all mixed up in the worst snarl imaginable. How could such a tangle ever be straightened out? Did we but know it, hundreds of subscribers, at that very moment, were frantically rattling their receiver hooks, shouting for "central," threatening to report those stupid telephone operators, and sending by messenger to have their "pesky 'phones" attended to.

Already there was a force of men at work trying to repair the damage. First they cut away the snarls, and then they tested each pair of wires individually. A telephone circuit always consists of two wires twisted together, and so it was easy to tell which two wires belonged to each other. Nevertheless, it was important to test each wire of a pair, to make sure that it was electrically sound. In order to identify the pairs at the central station, a wire of a certain number would be grounded, and then the repairman, with a telegraph battery and relay connected to ground, would search through the wires until he found one which would make his telegraph instrument click. Then he would secure that wire in an index board, sticking it through a hole labeled with the number of the wire.

We watched this numbering process for a time, but soon grew tired. It was so monotonous and so hopelessly slow. The men thought so themselves, evidently, because, after a time, the order came to connect up the wires in any way possible, and they would be straightened out at the central station. There the cables would be cut again and the lines sorted out.

After we had been there some time, and were starting off to get lunch, I noticed that a man was watching us rather curiously.

"Hello," he said; "what are you doing down here?"

"Just looking on," I answered. "There was n't anybody to stop us, so we came on down."

"Well, I venture to say you never saw a sight like this before. I am sure I never did in all my telephone experience. Seven thousand wires all matted like wool! Not all telephone wires, either. We are in a general mixup with the telegraph and fire-alarm circuits, too."

"I suppose this cripples the whole city," ventured Will.

"The whole city? Ha, ha, ha! The whole city, did you say? There are five hundred thousand telephones here in this city. You just look

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at a telephone directory, that will give you some idea of the enormous extent of New York's telephone system. Do you know, we print carloads of those directories every year, and, would you believe it, they use up seven tons of ink! Why, you have no idea of what a lot of telephone wires there are buried in these streets. New York is a regular copper-mine. There are over seventeen million pounds of it and forty-four million pounds of lead in our cables."

"I suppose it is worth something, too."

"Well, I should say so! Something like twelve million dollars, all told."

"It is lucky you have it all buried underground, for people would be stealing it," I remarked.

"Unfortunately it is n't all buried. Only our city wires run in conduits, and we have an underground long-distance line running from Boston to Washington. All the rest of our wires are out in the open, and now and then some of the copper is stolen; but that does n't happen very often now, not since our experience with the wire thieves on the Jersey meadows. I suppose you read about it in the papers."

We scented a good story, and urged the man to tell us all about it, which he did very willingly.



SORTING OUT A TANGLE OF WIRES AT THE BACK OF A DISTRIBUTING FRAME.

"Well, it was the most exciting time we ever had with wire thieves. 'Cy' Hummer earned his money that trip anyway," he said, laughing heartily. "There had been a gang of thieves at work on that lonesome spot for some time. They had

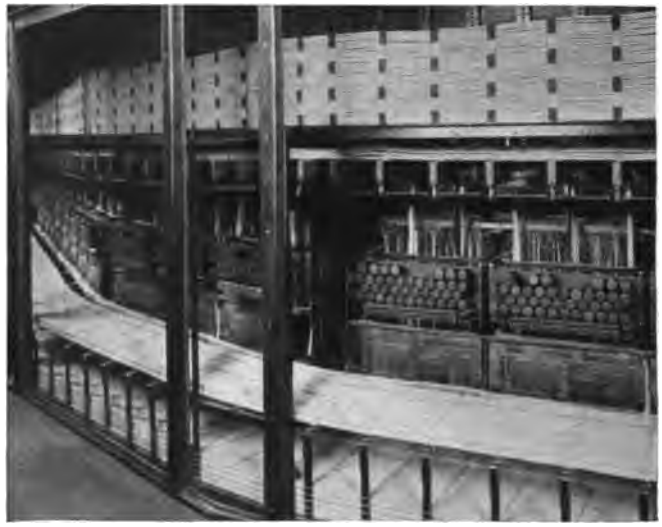


THE DISTRIBUTING FRAME WHERE THE WIRES ARE CONNECTED TO A PERFECT MAZE OF SAFETY DEVICES.

given us a lot of trouble, and we realized that something would have to be done. We knew just about where those fellows were most liable to play their little game, so we fixed up a little game of our own to match theirs. We have a private detective that beats any you ever heard of, and does n't cost anything like as much. It is an innocent-looking little mahogany box that we put on the line when we suspect trouble. The box contains a telegraph relay, a dry-battery cell, and an electric bell. We ran a current of electricity from Newark over one of our bare copper wires to this detector, which was placed in Jersey City. Then we knew that, if the wire was cut, or if any other wire crossed it, or if there was any meddling whatever, the alarm would go off in our Jersey City central, and immediately the news would be telephoned to the police at Jersey City and at Kearney. At each place there was an automobile standing ready to make a dash upon the thieves and head them off, no matter in which direction they tried to escape. We had some trouble in getting an automobile at Kearney, but a friend of mine finally located a farmer near by who had an old touring car. I went around with him to make the bargain. Cy Hummer, his name was, and he was a typical hayseed, a long, lanky fellow, chewing a straw when I saw him, just the kind of a chap that you see in the comic papers, but the queerest combination of nerve and timidity I ever ran up against. I did n't believe that he could run a car until he took us out for a spin. Well, sir, the way he sent us around corners on two wheels, shot into town, dodged around the traffic, and then raced back to the farm at a fifty-

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mile clip, running down two hens and a stray dog, all the time chewing away at that straw as if he had nothing more exciting on hand than feeding the stock,—all that, I say, took my breath away, and when I staggered out of the back seat of that vehicle, I went up to him, and said, 'Mr. Cyrus Hummer, let me shake your hand. You certainly understand your business, and I must have you for this job. I will pay you eight dollars a night to stay with your rig at the police station, ready to take them out the instant you get the alarm, and while you are out on the job, you will get four dollars an hour extra.' You should have seen Cy Hummer's eyes open at the prospect of such wealth. 'B-b-but, the thieves,' he sputtered. 'Oh, you need not worry about them,' put in my friend. 'The police will take care of them. All you need do is to drive the car. You 'd better take the job, Cy, it 's the easiest money you will ever see.' So Cy took the job, and he was there every night puttering about his machine for about two weeks. Then, about two o'clock one morning, on a particularly dark night, the alarm went off. Immediately our operator notified the Jersey City and Kearney police, and the game was on. In less than a minute, the Kearney men were tearing full speed down the road, following the telephone wires. Cy knew every inch of that road like a horse. It was well he did, because it was pretty dark, and, of course, the machine carried no lights. When they had covered about two or three miles, they made out a dark object that looked like a truck wagon drawn up along the roadside. The next instant, there was a volley of shots which smashed the wind-shield to bits, and peppered the car with buck-shot. 'Stop the car and scatter,' cried the police sergeant, but Cy had already jammed on the emergency brakes and brought the car up with such a jerk that they were all but pitched out. Then the police ran for cover, but in the meantime a second volley caught them. The sergeant got a rifle-ball in the fleshy part of his back, one of his men got a load of shot in the calf of his leg, while the other man had a clean hole drilled through the lobe of his ear with a buck-shot. As for Cy"—here the narrator had a fit of laughing—"Cy tumbled down behind the dash-board the instant he jammed on the brakes; but he was not built right for that cramped shelter. His lanky legs hung way down over the side, and a rifle-bullet cut through his trousers, grazing one of his shins. The crippled police answered very bravely with their revolvers, but what could their little pea-shooters do against rifles and shot-guns? In another moment, the



A CORNER OF THE SWITCHBOARD VIEWED FROM THE REAR. THE WHITE BANDS ABOVE AND BELOW ARE CABLES CONTAINING TELEPHONE WIRES.



THE "A" BOARD OF A BUSY CENTRAL STATION. SCORES OF GIRLS ATTENDING TO THE CALLS OF THOUSANDS OF SUBSCRIBERS.

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thieves had whipped up their horses and disappeared down the road. A quarter of an hour later, the other police arrived, gathered up the wounded, and helped to restore Cy Hummer to his senses. Poor Cy was astonished to find that his only injury was a wounded trouser-leg."

"But did n't the police head off the thieves?" I asked.

"No, and I don't quite understand it. They did n't follow the telephone-line out of town, but took another road, and then when they heard the shooting, they struck back into the meadow road, but from the Kearney end. However, we are on the track of the men now. We offered a reward at once, and only the other day a farmer reported to the Jersey City police that his neighbor's boys came in just before daybreak on the morning of the shooting with the horses all covered with perspiration, and they had two shot-guns with them. There was a man with them as well, who had a rifle, and, from the description, we have just about identified him as a lineman we 'fired' two years ago. We 'll have them before long, and send them up the river for a term. They won't be the first, either. Those chaps have learned that it 's dangerous to meddle with our lines. They are sure to be caught sooner or later. The same with our prepay stations. We used to have the cash-boxes robbed every once in a while, until we began putting in automatic alarms. Then we caught so many of the thieves that they soon gave up that kind of work as unprofitable. Some of the tricks they played were mighty ingenious."



AN OPERATOR AT THE "B" BOARD. WITHIN HER REACH ARE TEN THOUSAND AND TWO HUNDRED "JACKS."

We were anticipating another interesting story, when our new acquaintance suddenly looked at his watch.

"Great Scott! Lunch-time 's almost up!" he exclaimed. "I 'll have to chase out of here. Say, if you want to know something about telephoning, come around to my office. But don't turn up for a few days, until we get this mess of wiring all straightened out," he said, handing us his card.

Will and I had a long argument as to how many days "a few" meant. Finally, we decided that it could not be less than three, and so, on the third day, we boldly invaded Mr. Burt's office.

"Glad to see you, boys!" he said cordially. "I 'm going to take you around myself. The best place to start in is at the bottom." Mr. Burt led us out to the elevator. We stopped off at the ground floor, and went down a flight of stairs to the basement, and into the cable vault. There was nothing to see here but forty or fifty lead-covered cables.

"This is where the cables come in from the street," explained Mr. Burt, "and run to the boards up-stairs. There are six hundred pairs of wires in each cable, and they are just humming with talk."

"What, those silent cables!" I ejaculated. It seemed absurd. The stillness in that vault was almost oppressive when its echoes were not disturbed by our voices and the scraping of our feet on the concrete floor.

"Yes, they are just throbbing with life, hundreds, even thousands, all talking at once. You know we Americans do more 'phoning than any other people on earth. Why, last year, we held fourteen and a half billion conversations, and that is two thirds of the telephone talks of the whole world. A pretty big share of those conversations took place right here in New York. There are twice as many telephones in this city as in all of France, and nearly as many as in the whole of Great Britain. There is a 'phone in this country for every twelve people. If only your ears were electrical, and you could hear all the electrical vibrations passing through those cables,

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you would find those silent lines a perfect babel of noise—a sample of every tongue on earth, from Chinese to Bulgarian, shouting and scolding, laughing and weeping maybe. Very likely



THE SHIP "CHRISTIAN X," PROPELLED BY THE OIL-BURNING DIESEL ENGINE. "'WHY, IT HAS N'T ANY SMOKE-STACKS!' EXCLAIMED WILL." (SEE PAGE 1091.)

fortunes are being made and lost over these wires at this very moment, for we are very close to the financial district of the city. But we are stone-deaf to it all until the electrical waves are turned into air waves by the telephone receiver. Possibly some of these lines are carrying urgent messages as far as Chicago or St. Louis, or even Denver. I figured out that it takes twenty carloads of copper to carry your voice from New York to Chicago. So, you see, minutes are precious on our long-distance lines, and when wire thieves cut our wires, the interruption of business means more to us than the loss of the copper."

We stepped out of the cable vault into a room filled with coils and coils of cable and wire that reminded me of the tangle we had seen in the subway. Mr. Burt informed us that this was the wiring for the Manhattan Syndicate Building.

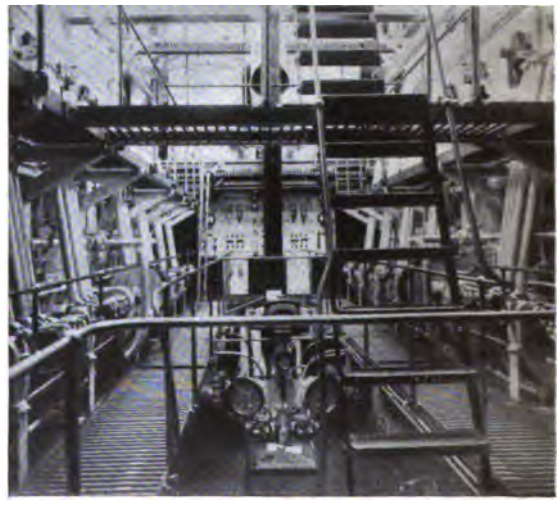
"We used to do all the work at the building," he said, "but now we save time and expense by making our layout here, and then the whole cable, with all its tap-offs, is taken to the top of the building and dropped down the cable shaft. We have it so fixed that there are the proper outlets at each floor, so that all the men have to do at the building is to make the connections at each office, as required. In a building like that, we have two hundred and thirty miles of telephone wiring, enough to reach from New York to Washington, and, as you can imagine, it takes some careful estimating to get the wires in just the right place."

On the third floor of the building, we saw how the cables open out into myriads of wires and are connected to a perfect maze of safety devices on the distributing frames. Even here, the system was perfectly cold and silent, and it was difficult to realize the feverish activity that was throbbing through those "copper nerves," as Mr. Burt called them. The distributing frames fairly dazzled us with their complexity.

"Will it sting me if I touch it?" asked Will, reaching his finger to one of the contacts.

He was rather daring, I thought, but Mr. Burt laughed. "Why, boy, you could n't feel it. Don't you know that the telephone is one of the most delicate of instruments? We use twenty-four volts to force the current through the miles of wire, but the talking currents themselves are so feeble that it takes a very sensitive apparatus to find them. They are measured in thousandths of an ampere, and you know what that is, when you can get anywhere from six to thirty amperes out of an ordinary dry-battery cell."

"But I got a pretty bad shock the other day," said Will, "when I was using the 'phone, and I felt as if I had been stung by a hornet."



THE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE "CHRISTIAN X."

"That was the ringing current. Somebody was trying to ring your bell while you had your hand on the binding-posts at the end of the receiver.

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We have to use a more powerful current to make the bell ring, but the telephone itself is so sensitive that we have to guard against any excess of current. On this frame here, we have lightning arresters, heat coils, and fuses that will melt through if too heavy a current should come over the wires, as, for instance, if any electric-light wires should happen to cross one of our wires. Over there on that frame, the wires are sorted out, arranged in groups, and connected with the switchboard above. Before we go up there, I will show you the battery room."

There, for the first time, we began to see some life. Not in the batteries themselves—they were as dead as all the rest of the system—but in a frame alongside in which there were hundreds of little can-like boxes; "line and cut-off relays," Mr. Burt called them. They were clicking one after the other, here and there, all over the frame. Mr. Burt explained that these relays switched in the extra current to light the signal-lamps at the switchboard.

"Now for the switchboards, the most interesting part of all," said Mr. Burt, as he led the way to the floor above. When he opened the door, I imagined he had taken us into a beehive. There was a steady hum, like the droning of bees. It took me a minute or two to realize that the noise was the talking of scores, yes, hundreds of girls. We could n't see them all at once, because the room was shaped like a □; but as we walked on around, we found that the entire outer wall was lined with switchboards before which the girls were seated on high stools so close to each other that they nearly touched elbows. Each one had a receiver at her ear and a horn-shaped transmitter hanging before her mouth. That left both hands free to work, and those hands were certainly busy, picking up "plugs" on the ends of cords and sticking them into holes in the board in front of them. The cords were crisscrossed all over the board, while colored lights flashed up here and there, and, above all, that droning sound. If you stopped to listen to any particular girl, you could hear her saying, "Number, please," "Audubon 12953, Cortlandt 10476," "Line is busy," etc.

"Looks pretty complicated, does n't it?"

"Well, rather," I exclaimed. "I can see that it would take a week of hard study to understand it all."

"But it is really very simple, you know," said Mr. Burt. "If you could only forget that there are thousands of circuits here, you would understand it very readily. It is the repetitions that make it seem so complicated. Now, this switchboard is divided into two parts. We call one the 'A' board, it takes up about two thirds of the room; and the other is the 'B' board. Suppose you were a subscriber connected with this central, and wished to call up some one also connected with this central. As soon as you took your receiver off the hook, a lamp would light up somewhere on the 'A' board, and any one of three or four girls who were nearest that lamp would put a plug on one end of a cord into the jack of your circuit, and say, 'Number, please.' As soon as she received the number, she would put the plug on the other end of the cord into the jack, or hole, of the number you called. Now, that is simple enough, is n't it? You see, she has within her reach the lines of all the subscribers of this central station."

"But suppose I wanted a subscriber in some other central?"

"All right. Say you wanted five thousand and something Murray Hill. Your 'A' operator would repeat the number to a 'B' operator at Murray Hill. The 'B' operator would tell the 'A' operator to use trunk line No. 8, we 'll say, and then would put the plug on the end of that trunk in the jack, or hole, bearing the number you called for."

"Do you mean every girl has five thousand of those holes, or jacks, as you call them, within reach without leaving her chair?"

"Yes, ten thousand. In each panel there are seventeen hundred jacks, and each girl can cover six panels by reaching across her neighbors. The panels in sets of six are repeated many times all along the 'B' board, so that every 'B' girl has access to every subscriber of her central station."

"It is n't so very hard to understand, after all," I admitted.

"I thought you would find it simple, and it 's quick, too, is n't it? In Paris, not long ago, a record was made of the time it takes to call up a subscriber, and the average was found to be 1 minute 20.8 seconds. Here in New York the average is eleven seconds! It takes training to do that. We have schools for the girls, and we pay them while they are learning the trade. We have schools for boys, too, who want to go into the telephone business. When you graduate from college, you had better come around. We pay students well while training them."

Will was interested at once, and asked all sorts of questions, but as for me, I kept quiet. I was n't going to college. I had no rich Uncle Edward to help me out.

Chapter XV

IGNITING OIL BY COMPRESSION

The powerful sea-going tug *Champion* was well under way before Mr. Price finished greeting his

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many friends on board and turned to us. We had received a last-moment invitation from him, by telegraph, to join the party of engineers who were going down the bay to meet the new ship *Christian X*. Why the vessel should receive such attention we had n't the least idea, but that did not deter us from accepting the invitation with alacrity, and here we were, patiently restraining our curiosity and waiting for a chance to question our host.

"Why, it 's a Diesel-engined ship, the first to visit this country," he replied, in answer to Will's query. "I suppose your Uncle Edward has told you all about Diesel engines?"

Will shook his head.

"What! did n't he tell you anything about them? Why, one of the principal objects of his visit abroad this year was to make a study of these new engines. That was why I asked you to join our party. It just occurred to me this morning at breakfast, and I sent James out with the telegram at once."

"It was awfully good of you," said Will, "and we are both anxious to see that steamer, but we don't know anything about her engines."

"Well, I should say you did n't, or you would n't call her a steamer," answered Mr. Price. "She does n't use steam at all. A Diesel engine is something like an automobile engine, only it burns oil instead of gasolene. You know how a gasolene engine works, I suppose? First the piston moves out, sucking into the cylinder a charge of mixed gasolene vapor and air; then the piston comes back, compressing the charge; then a spark ignites the gasolene, exploding it so that it drives the piston out again; and, finally, as the piston moves in once more, it forces out of the cylinder all the gases formed by the burning of the charge; after this, the process is repeated. That is what we call a four-cycle engine, because it takes four strokes of the piston to complete the cycle of operation. Only one of the four strokes is a working stroke."

"But what keeps the engine going between strokes?"

"The momentum of the fly-wheel. It is as if you had one pedal on your bicycle, and you made the machine go by giving the pedal a kick every other time around. Usually the engines are built with a number of cylinders, the pistons of which are set to work one after the other. In a four-cylinder machine, there is a kick by one or another of the four pistons at each stroke. The main trouble with the ordinary gasolene engine lies in getting just the right mixture of gasolene and air in the charge, and in igniting it with a spark; but in the Diesel engine, cheap oil is used instead of gasolene, and it is ignited without any spark or flame. How do you suppose?"

We could n't guess, of course.

"It 's like this: on the first downward stroke, pure air is drawn into the cylinder, then the piston rises and compresses that air to nearly five hundred pounds per square inch. You know that when you compress air it gets hot?"

"Oh, yes," I chimed in; "don't you remember, Will, how the paint was all blistered off the air-compressors at the aqueduct plant?"

"Yes," continued Mr. Price, "that is right; but there the pressure was very small compared with this. Why, with five hundred pounds to the inch, the temperature amounts to one thousand degrees Fahrenheit; that is, the air gets as hot as iron when it is cherry-red. Into that 'red hot' air a spray of oil is forced by a jet of air compressed to about nine hundred pounds per inch, and at once the oil bursts into a flash of flame, kicking the piston out with a powerful stroke. The next stroke clears the cylinder of gases."

"But why does n't the jet of air set the oil on fire?"

"Because it comes from a storage tank, and is cooled before it is stored."

"What I can't understand is why they don't lose a lot of power when they compress the air in the cylinder," put in Will.

Mr. Price laughed. "I knew you would ask that; every one does. The pressure in the cylinder cannot get away. The work the piston does in squeezing that air is not lost, but is all given back to it on the next stroke, and, in addition, there is the pressure of the exploding charge. There is some loss in the compressed air that sprays the oil into the cylinder, because the heat is extracted from it, and it chills the air in the cylinder; but the loss does n't amount to very much."

"What 's the advantage of an oil engine? I should think coal would be cheaper."

"Do you know how much power is wasted in steam-engines? Ninety per cent.! Why, if they could employ all the energy in the fuel, they would feed the furnaces with coal by the lump instead of by the shovelful. With these oil motors, the wasted energy is cut down to about sixty per cent. The *Christian X* has two motors, each of twelve hundred and fifty horse-power, and they use one third of a pound of oil per horse-power every hour, while a steamship would use more than a pound and a half of coal. They save one hundred and thirty dollars a day. Then there is another advantage: it is a tedious and dirty job to coal a ship, but the oil-motored ship is loaded with fuel by means of a pump, and

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the oil is stored in the double bottom, where it takes up no cargo space. Then, too, there is no boiler-room, which provides more space for the cargo, and does away with a lot of the crew."

He was interrupted by a commotion forward. Some one had sighted the *Christian X* at anchor at quarantine.

"What makes it look so queer?" exclaimed Will. "Why, it has n't any smoke-stacks!"

"Now, why should it? There is no furnace on board, and no smoke comes from the engines. That is a feature of the oil motor that would count for a great deal in a war-vessel that did not want to betray its presence to the enemy."

By the time we reached the *Christian X*, the health officers had examined the men on board, and we were free to visit the ship. No sooner had I scrambled up to the deck, than some one seized me by the coat-collar, and demanded, in a gruff voice:

"Young man, what are you doing here?"

Without waiting for an answer, he dropped me and grabbed Will, who was right behind me, and dragged him up on the deck.

We both gasped in astonishment—it was Uncle Edward!

"W-w-where did you come from?" stammered Will.

"And w-w-where did you?" mimicked Uncle Edward. "The surprise is mutual. Dr. McGreggor and I are about the only passengers on board. We have been studying the motor engines all the way across, and they have behaved beautifully. But how in the world did you happen aboard?"

While we were in the midst of our explanations, Uncle Edward caught sight of his partner.

"Oh, McGreggor," he called, "see who 's here. These are the two chaps you thought would go to the dogs if they were turned loose in New York. Here they are, keenly interested in Diesel engines, and during the last few months they have been through almost everything of any engineering importance, I hear. You must admit that my confidence in these youngsters was not misplaced."

"Wait a bit; let me cross-examine them," returned Dr. McGreggor. "How much of that one thousand dollars is left?"

"Quite a little," said Will, pulling out his check-book, which showed a balance of about $480.

"Some of it was spent at Coney Island?"

"Oh, yes, some; I could n't say how much. You know, we have had a very hot summer."

"What else have you seen?"

"Bridge-building, foundations, the aqueduct—"

"Hold on, now; what evidence have I of all this?"

"Our diary. Jim is the scribe, you know. He has an account of everything of any importance. He took notes as we went along, and then entered them in the diary at night."

"Where is your note-book, Jim?" asked Dr. McGreggor, sternly.

I handed him the book, apologizing for its scrawly condition. He looked at it perfunctorily at first, then an item caught his attention, and he began to examine the notes intently.

"Well?" interrupted Uncle Edward, after we had waited for several minutes.

"Most interesting," muttered Dr. McGreggor; "most interesting. Young gentlemen, I have no case, and I shall direct the jury to bring in a verdict in your favor."

"Hurray!" shouted Uncle Edward, patting Will on the back; "you have the right stuff in you; I knew you would n't fail me." Dr. McGreggor shook his head, and grunted something as Uncle Edward continued, "Will, I am going to put you through a stiff course in college, and make an engineer of you."

Will was radiant.

Then a most unexpected thing happened. Dr. McGreggor spoke up. "Jim is going through college, too, and I am going to meet his expenses."

I was overwhelmed. A college course for me! How I had longed for it! How impossible it seemed with Father in his present straitened circumstances! How it had hurt to think of Will's going to college while I stayed at home; for I felt certain all along that his Uncle Edward would look after him. I don't know that I comported myself very creditably, but I stammered out some sort of thanks—not a thousandth part of what I felt.

"I was planning to take care of Jim, too," said Uncle Edward. But Dr. McGreggor insisted on bearing the expenses himself. After he and Uncle Edward had talked it over at some length, it was finally conceded that Dr. McGreggor should see me through college, provided my parents did not object.

"Hello, we are under way again," exclaimed Uncle Edward, "we had better run below, or the ship will be docked before you have a chance to see the engines running."

Of what we saw down in the engine-room I have only the vaguest impression. The picture on a preceding page will tell the story better than I can. My eyes could not take in very much, for my mind was up in the clouds somewhere.

THE END.

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE POLE

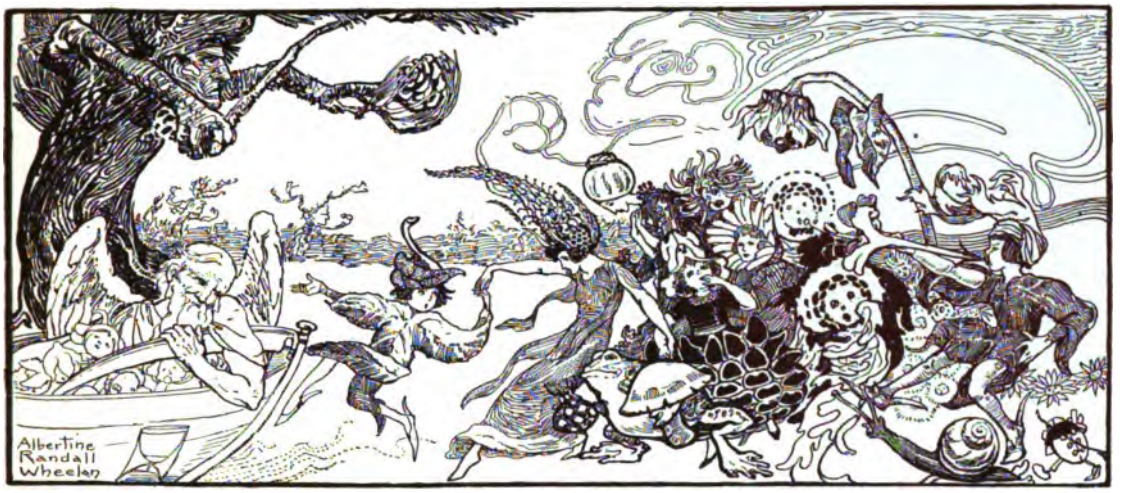


MR. LION: "Can you kindly direct me to a tonsorial parlor?"
MR. MONKEY: "Certainly—right over there. Don't you see the barber pole?"



But when Mr. Monkey sees the result of Mr. Lion's visit, he thinks it would have been better if the pole had never been discovered

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GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

VI. THE STORY OF A FAR LAND AND THE GOING HENCE

BY GRACE TABOR

"TA-TA-RA, ta-ta-ra!" blared the trumpet in silvery tones; and "All aboard—and hurry up—for the Isle of Between," cried a herald in scarlet and gold, dancing and skipping lightly along. (Almost every one would have called him a sweet-gum autumn leaf, I suppose; which only goes to show how blind it is possible to be!) "Ta-ta-ra, ta-ta-ra, ta-ta-ra!"

"My goodness!" cried a tall young veronica, "I 'm not half ready! When does it start, I wonder?"

"When the evening star has set," came the answer from very close by. And right there was another herald, without a trumpet—one clad in a velvety-purple tunic—bowing before her. Indeed, they were everywhere, all among the garden-folk, rushing about, urging the importance of haste, taking charge and directing.

"Your very life depends upon it, indeed it does," cried one, jumping up and down in a perfect fever of anxiety.

"It may not seem so now," explained another, "but General Pine-tree and his troops only succeeded in turning the invaders back after a day and a night and almost another day's desperate fighting, as you all know. And, of course, they 'll return with reinforcements as soon as they can muster them."

As a matter of fact, no one needed urging, for the sounds of that dreadful attack and repulse, and the threats and boasts that roared through it, rang in every one's ears; and the sick terror which benumbs helpless things that can neither defend themselves against a deadly peril nor flee from it, still hung over them. So the warnings were most carefully heeded, and the preparations for departure advanced apace.

Shivering horrors! how they had raged and threatened and boasted, those two—terrible North Wind and his clever, whining ally, the sharp-tongued Jack Frost. And how the faithful pines had reeled and bent and twisted in their terrific efforts to toss them back with their giant, outspread arms, as they hurled themselves forward, seeking the lives of the tender, terror-stricken little garden-folk beyond and below. Such memories made even the maddest haste seem slow.

But they were ready on time, after all; the weakest and tenderest, who were to go first, of course, waiting, indeed, to embark. And silently they slipped away, on the ships that no one can see, that sail on seas no one may know—out and away to the lovely, stilly Isle of Between; that isle that is bounded on the near side by this summer and on the far side by next; that isle which lies off the coast of the famous Land of Nod.

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"All the columbines are dead," said the small sage, somewhat disconsolately, as he sat down to luncheon the next day; "and some of the sweet-williams and the veronicas."

"Oh, no," said the big one, "they 've gone on their vacations; that 's all."

"Well, they *look* dead. Their tops are dead."

Uncle Ned laughed. "You mean," said he, "their old clothes, I presume. Yes, those they 've thrown away; and every one will come back with a brand-new outfit in the spring."

"If they 're old clothes, and thrown away, I should think they ought to go into the rag-bag," ventured the small sage, slyly.

"Right you are!" cried Uncle Ned, unexpectedly, with his hearty laugh again; "that 's just the place for 'em, and we 'll go out and put 'em there the first thing after luncheon."

Which was rather mystifying; but I 'll wager *you* don't know, either, what a garden rag-bag is! There, what did I tell you? Well, it 's the compost heap, of course, that pile of all kinds of vegetable rubbish which every careful gardener makes and keeps, to spread over beds and borders for protection sometimes, or to spread over his garden generally when it is forked over, thus returning to the soil of it a goodly proportion of what has been taken from it when the plants grew. Before you do any of the fall work of picking up and making ready for winter, therefore, you must do this much toward starting a compost heap: you must decide where it shall be located.

Choose a place that is not very far away, of course, and yet one that is not in plain view from the garden, for it is hardly to be expected of a rag-bag that it shall be decorative. Drive four stakes into the ground—four long stakes, let us say from thirty inches to three feet long, marking the corners of a square space of about four feet. Drive them down until each stands eighteen inches out of the ground; then stretch chicken wire of this width around them. Into the wire box thus made put all the dead leaves that are raked up, all clippings from the lawn, and all tops of plants when these are cut away, as they must be—which presently you shall hear about. Anything from the garden, indeed, providing that it is healthy growth and perfectly free from insect pests, should go into the compost heap; but usually I burn the tops of plants and use their ashes. This does away with the slightest chance of harboring a disease or a noxious creature of some kind, and ashes are particularly good in the compost.

Finally, late in the fall, after all the cleaning up is quite done, sprinkle lime liberally over the entire pile. This will leach down through it during the winter, and when spring comes, the whole mass will be the very finest kind of plant-food, ready to mix with the soil of flower beds or borders, or of the seed-bed, or that wherein house-plants are to be planted. The uses of compost, indeed, are almost too many to mention; and this garden "rag-bag" is as much a part of the complete gardener's equipment as his spade, or hoe, or rake.

After the last passenger has gone, on the very last ship that sails to the Isle of Between, and all the old discarded livery of last summer is lying about, faded, and ragged, and brown, and rattling in the wind; after all the busy leaves have danced gaily away from every tree and shrub; after most of the birds have gone, and everything looks bare, and still, and uninteresting, then is the time to gather the "rags." Cut away every old stem and stalk with a pair of sharp shears, right down to the ground. Rake up, and pick up, and tidy up; and then wait until the ground freezes before doing anything more.

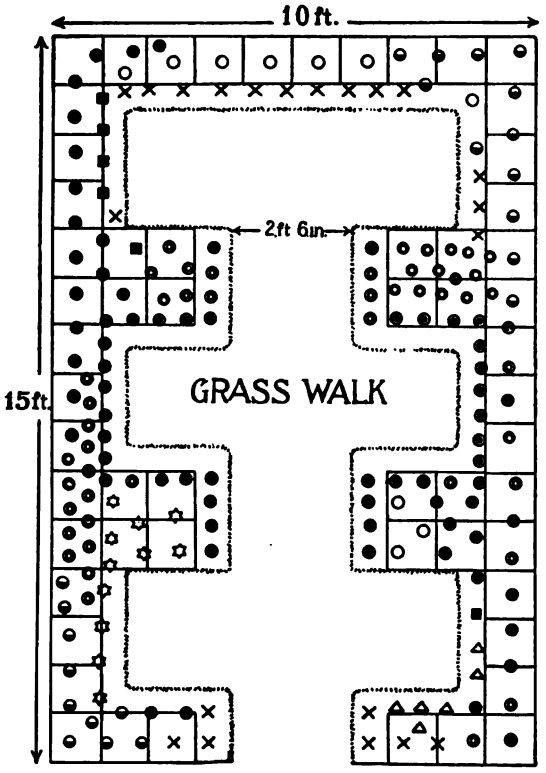
Just as soon as it is frozen, however—right away!—put the blankets on the beds. For, of course, they must have blankets, even if they are only garden beds. This seems odd—does it not?—to blanket frozen things; but, you see, the trick is to catch Jack Frost under the blankets, once he comes in, and hold him prisoner until winter is absolutely over, and he is willing—yes, indeed, anxious—to run away and *stay* away. It is when he is not caught and held fast that he does his damage, for he can slip out sometimes, even in mid-winter; and then the garden-folk are likely to mistake the season, and return too soon from their long vacation. And *then* he rushes back upon them, the treacherous rascal, and catches and kills them in no time.

There are several kinds of blankets to use on garden beds, and some are much better than others, for some hold much less water than others. Of them all, oak leaves, raked out from under big oak-trees in the woods, or from the lawn if an oak-tree grows there, are the very best of all, because they lie loosely packed, yet are thick and dense enough to be an ideal protection. If you cannot get oak leaves, however, straw will do nicely, or hay, or marsh-grass—or even stable manure, if it is old and not steaming, and has plenty of litter and straw in it.

Whatever you use, put it evenly all over the beds to a depth of four inches. Manure will hold itself in place, and so will straw or hay; but leaves are likely to blow about unless they are anchored in some way. Branches of almost anything laid across them will keep them in place; or

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you can put leaves on first and hold them down with a little manure sprinkled onto them afterward. Remember, though, that the reason they are so particularly good as a blanket is because



PLAN FOR A GARDEN OF PERENNIALS.

- ✕ *Aquilegia Canadensis* native columbine.
- ○ *Chrysanthemum* hardy pompon chrysanthemum.
- ⊙ *Dianthus barbatus* sweet-william.
- ⊖ *Digitalis grandiflora* foxglove.
- ● *Althea rosea* hollyhock.
- ● *Iberis sempervirens* hardy candytuft.
- ● *Eupatorium cœlestinum* mist flower.
- ■ *Achillea Ptarmica fl. pl.* milfoil, double flowered.
- ▲ *Primula vulgaris* primrose.
- ✿ *Gaillardia grandiflora* blanket flower (hardy).

The entire plot is 10 by 15 feet; the grass walk is 2 feet 6 inches, and 2 feet in width; the outer border of flowers is 18 inches in width.

they do not lie close together, and consequently do not retain water. Be sure, therefore, that you do nothing in anchoring them to pack them down.

This winter blanket is really a great deal more than a protective covering to keep the cold in, and the warmth out, of the ground. You know, when you walk through the woods, how deep and "springy" the ground feels under your feet. That is because every year, for more years than you can count, the trees have shed their leaves and themselves blanketed the earth above their roots; and then, when spring has come, no one has been there to take the blanket away, so gradually it has fallen to pieces, and sifted down and made way for next year's covering. This is really exactly what ought to happen to the garden beds, for there is nothing better for all kinds of plants than the humus which broken-up leaves become—as you will remember learning earlier. So, instead of putting on a blanket which must be taken off in spring (as hay or straw or even manure, unless it is very fine and well rotted), it is better to put on one that may be left. Oak leaves will take care of themselves, and fine manure may be forked under in spring; so I advise these.

The little plants from the seed-bed will be large enough to transplant into their permanent places by the middle of the month, so, of course, the permanent places must be made ready for them at once. If you are going to make a garden entirely of perennials, and are beginning it anew and apart from the summer garden or border of annuals, here is a little plan which you may like to follow. You will find it much easier to decide where each thing shall go by making a map of the garden first, and planting each thing on paper. This you can take out of doors afterward, and transfer the plan to the ground very easily, if you will get some one to measure for you two strips of wood about three feet long—or perhaps you can do it for yourself. A common yardstick will be just the thing for one, of course; if you have this, take another strip, equally light and easily handled, if possible, and cut it to the yard length, marking it off into three equal parts of one foot each.

The little plan, you see, has marks crisscrossing it. Each of the squares made by these crisscross marks represents one square foot. These one-foot squares laid off on the diagram are to be laid off on the ground, either with heavy twine stretched lengthwise and crosswise between stakes driven a foot apart on the ends and sides of the garden plot, or by means of the pair of sticks I have told you about, which may be laid down upon the ground, crossed to form one-foot squares (marked at the corners by stakes driven firmly into the ground), and moved as needed. Set the plants into these squares as the plan shows. It is not necessary to measure the distances between them if you locate them in this way, for if they are not exact it does not matter. Each group of plants is indicated by a special sign, which corresponds to that given in the list below. You will find it very easy to get them in the proper places if you lay out the entire space before you begin planting. Spade up the flower space, then take one square at a time, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, and work straight across to the right. Cross out with pencil each

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square on your plan as soon as it is planted. An inclosure of eighteen-inch chicken wire whereon sweet-peas might climb would be very nice—or you might make a little hedge of common mint. This can be kept trimmed or not, as you choose. There were ten kinds of perennials suggested for raising in the seed-bed. These ten kinds are distributed around this little garden plan so that the very best results, in color combination and general habit and size of the plants, will be realized.

I think I have said something before about not making flower beds out in the middle of the lawn. Try and learn to think of flowers as a very wonderful kind of outdoor trimming—a jeweled trimming, indeed, or a precious embroidery, or a priceless lace. Such ornament is never dropped into the middle of a breadth of some splendid material, but is always used to embellish its edges, to finish them and enrich them; or else a great mass of it is spread entirely over such material, covering it almost completely. Can you not see how this will work out in planting your flowers? How they will go into borders around the lawn, or else will be put into beds that really cover it and turn it into a little flower garden? A flower bed is truly a part of a *garden*, never a part of a lawn. If you have no place along which a border may run, therefore, plan a real little garden, and have several beds grouped together as the plan shows, rather than a single round one, or one shaped like a star or a half-moon.

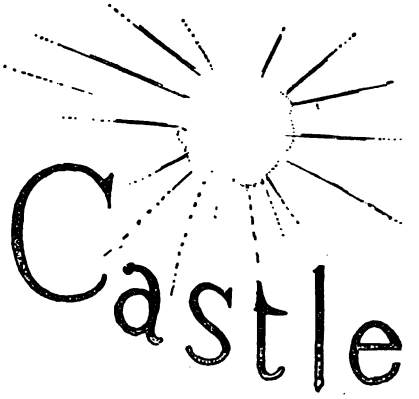
Prepare the ground in the new garden just the same as you did that for the border of annuals early in the season, breaking it up fine and making it mellow by working it over and raking out all the stones and coarse stuff. Transplant the plants from the seed-bed very carefully, and water them and look after them just as you did the others. Of course they will go on growing for several weeks before cold weather brings their "vacation"; but they will still be not much more than babies, although they may be of fairly good size, when winter finally does come. Of course you will remember that no flowers are to be expected from them until another summer.

Blanketing the ground over these is necessary to keep them in it at all, for once let Jack Frost so much as peep out after he has worked his way in among the tender rootlets that are as yet only feebly grasping the soil particles, and he will somehow work them out along with himself, unplanting them altogether.

The Fairy Castle







By Margaret A. Dole

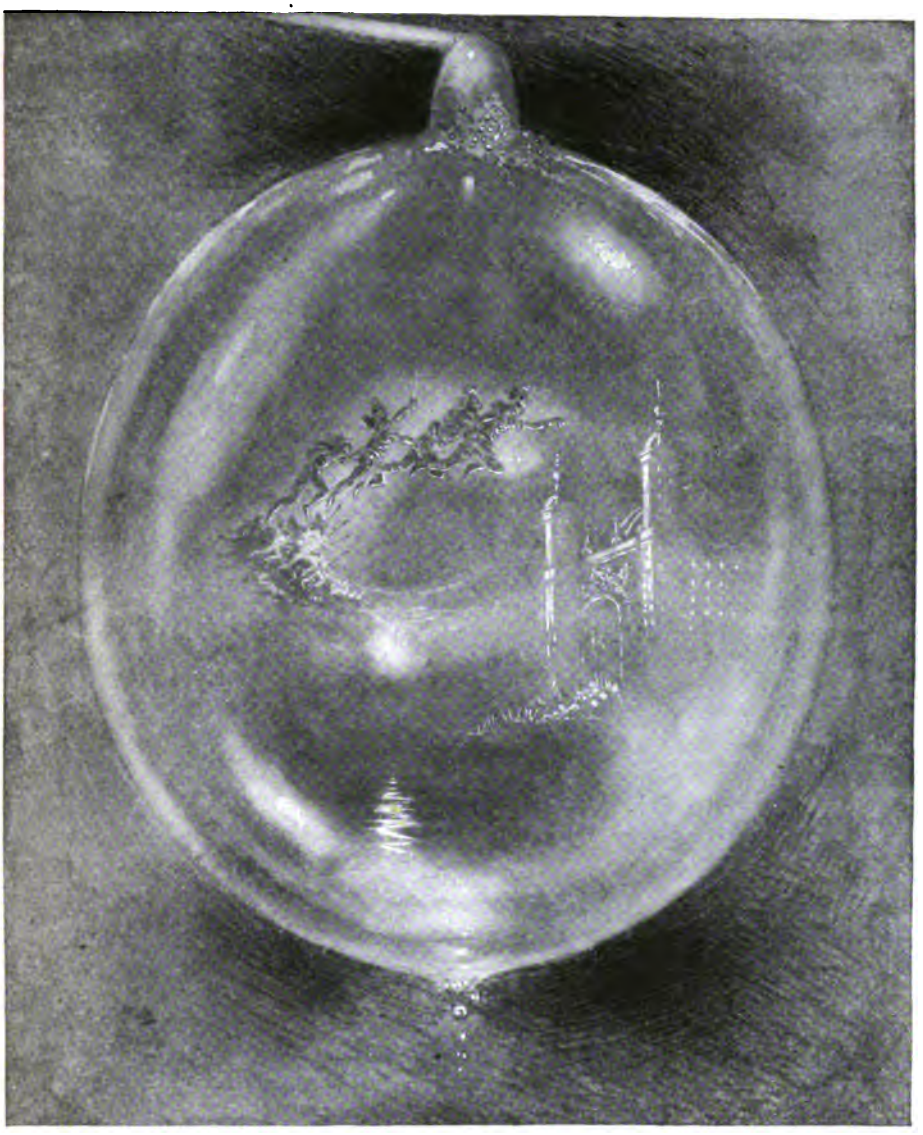
THIS is a fairy castle,
  This bubble light as air,
And if I blow it large enough,
  And use the greatest care,

The silver doors will open,
  So I can step inside;
And there I 'll find a fairy prince,
  And I 'll become his bride.

The rooms are all enchanted
  With sunbeams pink and gold,
And moonbeams, blue and silver,
  Their glittering scepters hold.

They 've gauzy wings like fire-flies,
  And dance, and sing, and play
With me, and with my fairy prince,
  Who 'll do whate'er I say.

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I 'll own the Spring of Happiness
  O'er which the castle grew,
The Fountain of Eternal Youth,
  And Beauty ever new.

But—a dragon guards the entrance,
  And when I draw too near,
He runs inside the castle,
  And makes it disappear.

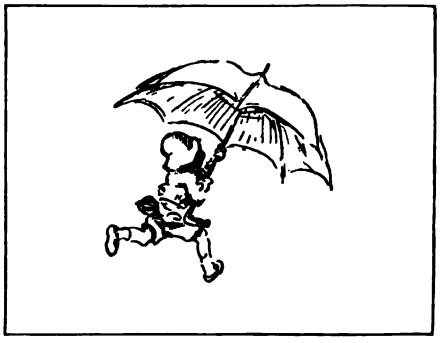


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Mother's Best Umbrella

by Lucy Lincoln Montgomery



It 's mighty hard to have to tell
About the umbrella she liked so well!

'T was standing right in the front hall,
And no one seemed to need it then.
It did n't look like rain a bit,
So I just thought I 'd borrow it
To make a tent for circus men.

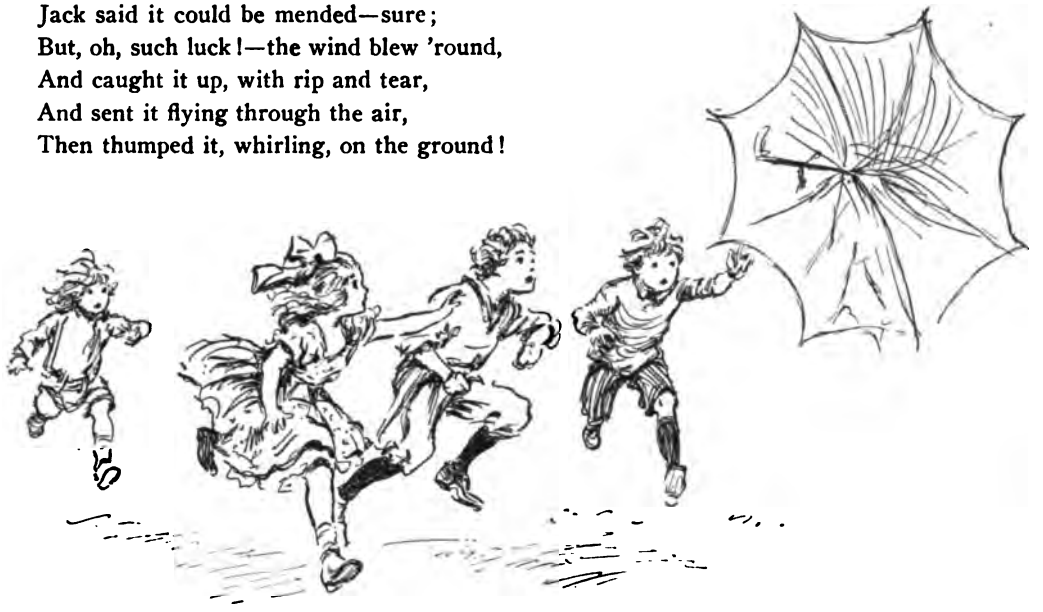
We jammed the handle in the ground,
And propped it up with Michael's hoe;
Then Tommy tied his flag on that,
While I ran off to get the cat
To be the el'phant in our show.

That pussy was the meanest thing!
Just when we 'd got her in all right,
She clawed the side of our silk tent,
And tore a whopping, great big rent,
Then scooted through it, out of sight!



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Jack said it could be mended—sure;
But, oh, such luck!—the wind blew 'round,
And caught it up, with rip and tear,
And sent it flying through the air,
Then thumped it, whirling, on the ground!



We all ran after it like mad,
Tom and me, and Jack and Ella,
When the old thing stopped, and, crash!
Every one of us went smash
Right on top of that umbrella!

I wish I knew where that man lives
That comes along the street sometimes
With old umbrellas on his back.
To get a good one from his pack,
I 'd give him my three silver dimes.

It 's tough on me and the boys and Ella,
We were all *so* careful of that umbrella!



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BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MAGUS LAUGHS

OLD Schmuck, the Magus, was some distance off, but neither of us was in doubt for a moment as to whom it was we saw. No one else could haye the same thin figure and gangling legs. As we approached, he was elbowing his way here and there, and always nearing the quarters where the paroled English officers were stationed.

We thundered down the road, but were forced to halt our pace when we came into the crowd, and, at length, Mark, giving me the reins of his animal, leaped to the ground.

"Stay here, Miss Beatrice," he said, and began to push toward Schmuck through the throng.

I watched anxiously, and saw the Magus turn a startled glance as Mark put a hand on his shoulder. There was a moment's talk between them, and it seemed as if Schmuck protested; but the evident strength and determination of my substitute settled the matter. The Magus turned, and the two came toward me.

"This is no way to treat a peaceable citizen!" he complained in a loud voice as he stopped before my horse. "I 'm no soldier to be harried this way and that. What is it you want with me?"

"Do you know aught of Captain Travers?"

At my first question Schmuck threw up his head defiantly.

"How should I know aught of him?" he demanded.

"Because it is in my mind," I told him, "that a certain British captain, named Blundell, has knowledge of my cousin, and, unless I 'm much mistaken, you know something of Blundell."

He looked up at me with a sneering smile on his lips that angered Mark.

"Have a care, Schmuck," he cried, "or you 'll have the flat of my sword across your shoulders!"

"And I shall tell His Excellency that one of his brutal soldiers has maltreated a citizen!" retorted Schmuck.

"Schmuck," I said, taking another turn in my questions, "I know that this Blundell is after the same map you wanted when you tried to catch me in the garden of Denewood, three years ago, for only last night, he told me you and he were searching for it."

At my words, Schmuck's face changed.

"Where did you see Captain Blundell last night?" he demanded, in a rough tone which was plainly due to his surprise.

"Outside of Yorktown," I replied.

"Is that the truth?" demanded the Magus; but he saw by my face that it was, and, without waiting for a reply, he raised his long arms and shook his fists in the air, the picture of rage.

"Tricked!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "Tricked! And to think that, after all these years, I should live to be cheated in this fashion. Tricked! tricked!"

"Stow your noise, Schmuck!" commanded Mark; and then to me, "It will be best, miss, to take him to your house and let him tell his tale there."

"I shall tell no tale!" he cried; but at this moment I saw the huge figure of Major McLane riding alone, and, with a word to Mark to guard the Magus, I galloped off to intercept him.

Allan McLane needed no long explanation. At the news that I thought we might learn something of John from Schmuck, he was prompt to act.

"Now, fellow!" cried he, in a big voice, "out with your tale!" And though he made no threats, Schmuck needed but a glance to know that here was one who would tolerate no evasion.

"I will tell you what I know," he said, and then added, with a touch of spirit, "I 've been tricked, otherwise you would get naught out of me."

"Is Captain Travers alive?" I asked, for the answer to that question was the most important information the Magus could give me.

"He was—two days gone," was the answer.

"And where is he?" demanded Major McLane.

"That I do not know," answered Schmuck; "but 't is something of a story, and—" he looked about him where people were crowding close, out of curiosity—" 't is somewhat public here."

The major nodded.

"Powell, take the man up on your horse. We will follow," and in this order we rode back to the cottage where we lodged.

We all went into the main room, and, after lighting the candles, Major McLane placed Mark at the door; then, giving the Magus a chair, we seated ourselves opposite him.

"Now tell us what you know of Captain Travers!" McLane began, "and be careful that your

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story is true, for were you, or forty like you, between him and me, I would cut you to pieces but I would come to him."

"Do I understand that I shall be pardoned of all guilt in the matter if I tell?" replied the Magus, evidently having taken thought of this on his way to the house.

"Man! man!" shouted the major, in his powerful voice, "do you want your neck wrung like a sparrow's? Here, for nigh six months, have I searched for news of my friend John Travers, and, now that you have come with word of him, think you I have a mind for bargaining? Out with your tale, for I am not a patient man, and 't is all I can do to keep my hands off a rogue when I am nigh one."

"Two days ago, Captain Travers was alive and well in a house in the pine woods some twenty miles from here," answered the Magus, sullenly.

"A prisoner?" I cried.

"Aye," answered the Magus, "a prisoner."

"And where is he now? That is what concerns us most," cried Allan.

"That I know not," answered the Magus.

"See that you don't try to deceive us!" exclaimed the major; and he reached forward and grasped Schmuck by the shoulder, and would have shaken him like a rat had not the man cried out.

"Nay, I am telling the truth. 'T was Blundell's plan from the beginning, though I warned him it would not serve. Listen, and I will tell you the plain tale of it."

"Go on, but waste no words in your own defense!" said Allan.

"You understand there is a map of a treasure that Blundell had knowledge of," Schmuck began, and we nodded. "Well, I knew that it came into possession of this young lady, and I tried to obtain it. We searched high and low, but unsuccessfully. After a while, Blundell inherited some money and went back to England, and I thought to see no more of him, though I still looked for the map. A year ago, he returned and rejoined the British army. He told me then that he knew the young miss did not have it, and that, failing her, it must either be in the possession of her cousin, John Travers, or in some place *he* would know of. We had never been certain who held the map, though we had searched again and again. We concluded, therefore, that Captain Travers had put it in a place of safety until the war should end, after which he would go and lift the treasure."

"But how did you get hold of him?" asked Allan McLane, breaking in upon the Magus.

"There was some luck in that," was the answer; "but I was close on his track, having followed him about until the opportunity should serve. Though, understand, there was no harm meant to him if he but gave up the map."

"Indeed!" cried Allan, grimly. *"If* he gave up the map, he was not to be harmed. A fine pair, you and your Blundell! But go on."

"After the battle of the Cowpens, I lost track of the captain for a while," Schmuck continued, "until a message was sent to me from Blundell, saying that he had captured the captain and held him prisoner at a house in Virginia. Mr. Travers and my son had come into the British camp, thinking they were making their way back to the American army.

"Since then," the Magus went on, "Captain Travers and my son, a stupid dolt, have been prisoners, though the captain might have had his liberty at any minute had he given us word of the whereabouts of the map."

"And have you been in Virginia all this time?" I asked.

"We have moved about from place to place in order to be where Captain Blundell could visit us upon occasion, and try to get the information he sought from Captain Travers."

"And he never got it, I warrant," declared McLane.

"Nay, we never did," answered the Magus. "He has always denied that he knew aught of it, though that, of course, we did not believe."

"Nevertheless it was true," I broke in. "He knows naught of it, except that you demanded it when I was on the garden wall at Denewood."

"But how did you hold Captain Travers?" asked Allan. "Unless he was so crippled that he could not walk, he would make short work of you."

"There were four stout fellows guarding the captain," said the Magus. "I was but a substitute for Blundell while he was away."

"And where is Captain Travers now?" asked Allan.

"That I do not know," answered the Magus.

"Take care," cried Allan, half rising, "do not juggle with the truth to me!"

"Nay, it is the whole truth I tell you," the Magus protested. "Blundell has been fair desperate about the business, and ready to go to any lengths to get the map from Captain Travers. He talked of starving him into telling, and—and worse; but *that* I told him plainly I would not countenance."

"'T will be remembered in your favor," growled the major; "but wait till I lay my hands on Blundell!"

"We had several angry discussions on that mat-

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ter," said the Magus, "yet I never thought he would actually take the measures he suggested. However, two days ago we were camped at a lonely spot some twenty miles from here, when word came to me from Blundell to the effect that he wished to see me at a place appointed. I started, leaving the four fellows to guard our prisoner, suspecting nothing, for such meetings had been arranged before; but, after riding half a day and thinking over the matter, I became distrustful; for I realized that if Blundell should want to put into practice upon Captain Travers what he had threatened, he would not wish me for a witness; and, moreover, once he had knowledge of the map, he would plan to cheat me of my fair share, and so, on a sudden impulse, I turned my horse and rode back as fast as it would carry me. I found the place had been deserted. No one was there, and I know not whither they have gone. Having no better plan, I hurried back here, hoping to find Blundell, but have seen no trace of him. From what the young miss tells me, he has left Yorktown, and no doubt is even now with Captain Travers. He has tricked me!" the Magus ended, in a sort of frenzy. "He will get the map, and I will be cheated of my rights."

"Nay, he will not get the map!" I exclaimed. "I have that—or—" I corrected myself as I remembered, "or I had it."

"You?" said the Magus. "Have you always had it?"

"Aye, but it is a queer thing that I do not rightly understand," I explained. "I had a part of it, drawn upon a piece of silvered paper; but, when I came to look upon it again, there was no map there."

The Magus gazed at me with a puzzled frown, but Allan McLane seemed skeptical.

Glancing at the table, I saw my little book of Maxims lying there under a news sheet, where Peter had left it when he had brought it back the night before. Taking up the book, I drew forth the two pieces of silvered paper, scrutinizing them closely, for I still could not believe that the map I had seen had disappeared. The white sides were blank, and as the edges of the two portions fitted perfectly, there was no chance that another piece could have been substituted.

"The map was on this paper a year ago," I said, with all the positiveness I could muster, and handed it to Major McLane.

"There 's naught here now," he said, after looking at it. "You must have dreamed it, Bee."

"Nay," I answered, "I 'll tell you how it happened. After Schmuck had demanded the map, declaring I had it—"

"And it was in that package," the Magus cut in; "we have absolute information that 't was wrapped about the English bank-notes. 'T was in Varnum's possession, and the package was stolen by some Hessians. There 's no doubt of that, and I myself saw you with it in your hands."

"That 's all true," I replied. "We found the bank-notes just as you say, and—"

"What was there around them?" demanded Schmuck.

"This piece of silvered paper," I answered; "but there was no drawing upon it, nor upon the paper outside, nor on the parchment in which the bills were wrapped to keep out the water. At least there was nothing at the time, for John and Bart and I searched diligently. Later, however, on this piece of the silvered paper, I found a drawing that was without doubt a chart, but when I came to look again for it, 't was gone. It sounds like a dream, but it is the truth."

Major McLane took the paper in his hands and scanned it carefully, only to shake his head, while the Magus wrinkled his forehead, as perplexed as any of us. At last his brow cleared.

"How came the paper to be torn?" he asked eagerly.

"My cousin wanted a piece to use with her curling-irons," I explained; "and finding naught else, she tore this sheet and used a portion of it."

"And was the iron hot?" cried the Magus.

"To be sure," I answered.

"Then I have the truth of it!" he cried, jumping to his feet in wild excitement. "The map is there! there!" and he pointed a bony finger at the silvered paper. "Fool that I was not to guess it. Fool! fool! And Varnum knew all the time, for he said to bring everything about the package, but took good care not to tell the secret of it. He would have robbed us all, an he had come by this silvered paper again."

"Now, what is it all about?" demanded McLane. "No doubt you are a fool, but I see no map."

"Give it to me!" cried the Magus, and, taking the two pieces in his hands, he held them close beside the flame of the candle. Allan McLane and I were gazing over his shoulder at the two papers, and, as we looked, there appeared, faint at first and then more and more distinct, the outlines of a map that seemed to grow upon the blank surface. Gradually these lines showed stronger and stronger, until, when the Magus laid them on the table, fitting the torn edges together, there was a perfect map.

"'T is magic!" I cried.

"'T is sympathetic ink," answered the Magus, "and needs but heat to bring it out for a time,

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after which it disappears again. But—but—oh!" he cried, and then, staggering back from the table, he began to laugh in a high-pitched, shrill voice that shook me with terror.

"Stop it!" cried McLane. "Stop it!"

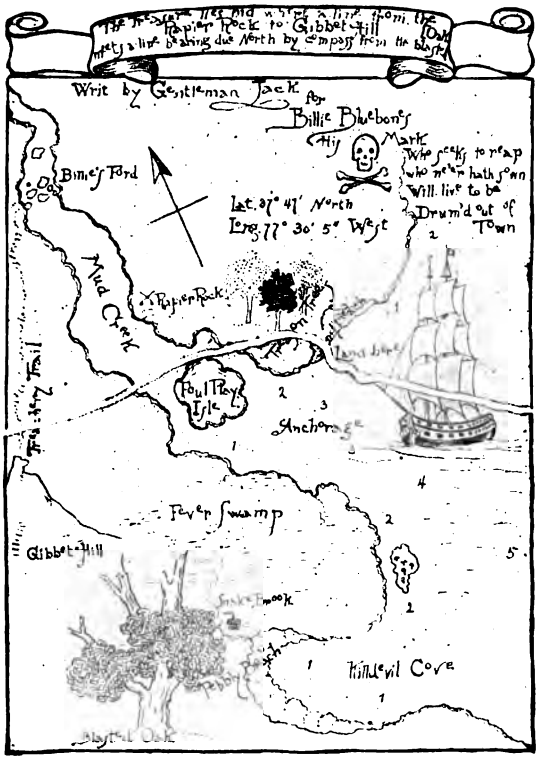
But the Magus reeled about the room like a man distraught, and gave forth his horrid laughs.

Allan McLane strode over to him, a little upset too, I think, for the Magus looked and acted like one who had suddenly lost his mind. He grasped him by the shoulder, and, with one movement, twisted him about and held him at arm's-length in front of him.

"Stop that infernal laughing!" he cried.

The Magus made an effort, but seemed past fear.

"Fools! fools! all fools!" he cried out again. "Don't you see?" he said at last, trying to control himself, and laying a hand on the map beside him. "Know you not that, for three long years, sleeping and waking, I have dreamed of finding this map? Well, here it is at last. And what do



I find? Ha! ha! Fools! fools!" he was off again, but McLane brought him quickly to his senses.

"Well, and what *did* you find?" he demanded, shaking Schmuck.

"That the treasure has already been lifted!" shouted the Magus, giving the table a thundering bang with his fist. "I am too late! The treasure has been lifted long since. Hast never heard of the pirate, Billy Bluebones? And the Englishman who was wrecked on the coast of Virginia and stumbled on his hoard? Well, look at this map. Look at it!" his voice rose to a shrill scream as he ended.

McLane and I moved to the table, and there, sure enough, were the words:

Writ by Gentleman Jack for Billie Bluebones.

There could be no doubt about it. I had heard of this treasure being lifted while I was in England, and here was the map discovered too late to be of any service.

"'T is plain enough," said Allan McLane, "but Blundell will—"

At that the Magus suddenly remembered his associate.

"And Blundell would have cheated me of it!" he cried. "Ah, it will do my eyes good when I see him read it. I 'm not the only dupe. Come, let us to him and give him the map. Let us make him pay for it. He 'll pay well, too, trust me, and then—then—ha, ha!"

But this brought me to my senses. What cared I for treasure and maps? I wanted John, and we seemed as far as ever from him.

"And where can we find Blundell?" demanded Allan McLane.

"I know not," was the answer. "As I told you, they have gone and left no trace."

"You can take us to the house you occupied, however?" said Allan.

"Aye, willingly," answered Schmuck, "but I fear it will do little good. Unless we find them soon, 't will be too late."

"He would not dare to kill him!" cried Major McLane.

The Magus shrugged. "He 's desperate." he answered.

"Powell!" ordered the major, and Mark saluted. "Go to the camp and get a dozen mounted troopers, and an extra horse for this man Schmuck. I shall expect you all in ten minutes."

Mark was out of the door before the sound of McLane's voice had died.

"What will you do?" I demanded.

"I shall take this man to the place and scour the country—I know not what else can be done," he answered, as he tightened his sword-belt and prepared for the ride before him.

"I 'm going, too," I said, and started out of the room to tell Peter to saddle my horse.

"Nonsense!" cried McLane; but I did n't reply, for there burst in through the outer door a

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tall, thin man whom, though I had not seen him for three years, I recognized at once.

It was Bill Schmuck!

Chapter XXIV

"HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!"

I GAZED at the son of the Magus for a moment, scarce comprehending what his sudden appearance signified. He was covered with mud and dust from head to foot, and staggered with fatigue.

He returned my look with bulging, weary eyes, but came to his senses quicker than I.

"Oh, Miss Beatrice!" he cried in a hoarse voice, "where is Major McLane?"

"He 's here, Bill," I answered, but the major was at the door in time to catch him, as he would have fallen.

"Captain John, Major!" murmured Bill. "He 's held captive, and Blundell has given him twenty-four hours. Then he 'll shoot him. Hurry, oh, hurry! It has taken me so long to get here, and it 's nigh fifteen miles away. Oh, hurry, hurry!"

As I flew to seek Peter, I heard McLane shouting to Mrs. Mummer,—"Fill Schmuck up as well as you can in three minutes. He 's had naught to eat all day."

When I reëntered the room, McLane had turned to the older Schmuck, and was pointing to the door.

"Get out of my sight!" he roared; "if I ever see you again, it will be the worse for you!" And the Magus disappeared as fast as his long legs could carry him.

"I see you mean to go with us," the major said shortly, as he saw me.

"I must!" I answered. "Have I not earned the right?"

"My child," he replied, "this is n't a question of right, but of getting to John, and that I intend to do with all possible despatch. I ride with Bill Schmuck, and naught shall halt my going. There will be no time for ceremony, and ladies are out of place on such an adventure, but I will see that Powell looks after you whatever happens, so that I need not have you on my mind."

"Although I mean to go," I answered, "I would not step a foot out of the house if I thought it would delay you."

"Very well," replied the major, in his bruskest manner, "I see you are set upon it, and would put my orders to naught. Well, you are a strong-minded maid and will have your way, and—and, were I in your place, I 'd doubtless do the same!" he ended with a grunt as he pulled on his gauntlets. Then the sound of galloping horses told us that the troopers had come.

"Take the chicken-leg," cried the major to Bill, "and eat it on the way!"

Peter had not yet appeared, but one shout from the major of, "Peter, you black rascal!" brought him running. I was up even before the major was in the saddle, and in a moment we were off.

At first, the road was plain enough, there being but one good way out of that peninsula.

"Tell me what it all means?" I asked Bill, as we tore along. "I know everything up to the time you were moved from the place where your father saw you last."

"Did he tell you all that happened? And did the major let him go?" cried Bill, in astonishment.

"Yes, yes! But what can you tell us, Bill?" I asked. "Did Blundell come?"

"Aye, he 's there now. Those four villains of his moved us off some five or six miles to a small deserted house, and early this morning Blundell appeared. He put me into a loft up-stairs, and I hope he thinks me safe there still. Then he sent his men to a little hut about a hundred yards away."

"And was he alone with Mr. Travers?" I asked in surprise.

"Aye, after the five of them had tied Captain John to a chair!" answered Bill, bitterly. "He 'd never trust himself alone with my master on equal terms, be sure of that. Well, miss, I lay as still as a mouse up-stairs, but the floor was rotten, and I could see and hear all that went on below. 'T is the map he wants. 'T is the map he 's asked for month after month, and what can the captain tell him? He knows naught of a map, but Blundell will not believe him, nor would my father; so Blundell stood there with the captain tied in a chair, and, taking a pistol, laid it on the table between them. 'I give you till daylight to-morrow,' he says; that was all, but the man is desperate."

Bill stopped but a moment as our horses drew apart.

"'T was then I looked for a way to get out, miss, and found a little trap leading to the roof. I climbed up and managed to catch the over-hanging branch of a tree. That made it easy to get down without making a noise, which was what I feared most. When I reached the ground, I was in two minds what to do. I wanted to get hands upon Blundell. But I was unarmed, and if he made an end of me, who would bring the news of Captain John? Well, miss, it was n't my own life I was thinking of when I started to find our army. I had word that around Yorktown would be the likely place to get help, and so I ran on till I came to you."

"'T was fine of you, Bill!" I cried; "but I see

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"'LOOK AT THIS MAP. LOOK AT IT!'"

no reason for such anxiety. Blundell said tomorrow morning, and we 'll be there long before that."

"Aye, miss, that 's true enough if he don't miss me," Bill explained. "If he finds me gone, he 'll know well enough that I will try to bring help, and he will settle the matter sooner. That 's what 's worrying me, and the major can't go any too fast to please me."

As if to answer his words, there came a command from the head of our little company.

"Schmuck, come forward here!" and Bill left me to lead the way.

"Powell, drop back to Miss Travers!" I heard the next order given, and then, in short, sharp sentences, "Men, we begin to ride now. We 're going to get Captain Travers, who is held prisoner. And we have n't any time to waste. Don't spare your animals. Forward, at the double!"

I heard a murmur of surprise and a muttered word or two among the troopers, but at the command, "Column right!" we all plunged into a lane, shaded by overhanging trees and black as night.

We had been going at a good pace before, or so I thought, but this was my first experience with McLane's light-horse. Now I saw nothing but an occasional patch of sky showing light through the trees.

The rush of wind across my face, the hurry and bustle of it all, and perhaps, more than anything else, the consciousness that about me were men who would stop at nothing, who, like the one leading us, spoke little and dared everything; all these things served to stimulate me, and, in spite of my anxiety, there was a certain elation about this swift and reckless ride that touched something within me, and gave me understanding of how Allan McLane and his like rode blindly and gaily, taking their lives in their hands, and courting death with joy in their hearts.

On we went at racing speed, mile after mile, with hardly a word uttered. The rush and rattle of it began to take on a sort of rhythm, until I ceased thinking of anything, and but listened to the music of our going.

"Hurry! hurry! hurry!" That was the burden of all those many sounds that made up the rush and roar of our progress.

"Hurry! hurry! hurry!" The horses galloped it, the sabers struck out the words in unison.

"Hurry! hurry! hurry!" My heart was beat-

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ing to the same measure, and I lost consciousness of all else as we tore along, mile after mile, toward him for whose life I would have given my own.

I came to myself with a start.

"Halt!" was the command, and, with a jangle of metal, we stopped.

"Now, men," said the major, in an undertone, "no noise. We go at a footpace and must not warn those we seek. Forward!"

Half a mile farther on, we dismounted and left our horses. We covered some distance more before I caught the gleam of a lighted window.

I had moved ahead, and was beside the major, who had Bill on his other hand. "Where is the hut?" he whispered to Bill.

"'T is above the house," was the answer, and we went on past the light till we discovered another faint gleam among the trees.

"There it is, sir," said Bill.

"Surround the hut and take the men without a sound!" the major commanded in an undertone; "and you stay back," he added to me. Which I did, for I could see no use in incumbering the troopers; but I noted that Mark Powell stayed at my side.

The men moved forward with drawn swords, till I lost sight of them. I heard naught, but of a sudden a broad light showed as the door of the hut was opened and the dark forms of our men rushed in upon the unsuspecting inmates.

A moment later, the soldiers came out, the major's huge figure showing above the others, and all began to move stealthily toward the house. There was only Blundell to deal with now, I felt certain, and beside, I could no longer restrain myself. In a moment, I was beside Allan as he made all haste toward the main house.

We heard no sound as we approached, and my heart began to beat with apprehension. Perhaps, after all, we were too late, and Blundell had done his worst and gone. I would have run, but I feared, as did the major, that the man, if taken by surprise, might become desperate and carry out his threat in sheer panic or revenge.

And so we seemed to crawl forward, trying as best we could to pick our way in the darkness, but at last we arrived so near that we heard the sound of talking inside the house.

"Now that your man is gone, I have no time to waste," said Blundell, for I knew that voice too well to be mistaken. "Tell me, for I 'll not ask you again, where is the map?"

Then came John's voice, and I thought I should drop with gladness at the sound.

"I 've told you a thousand times, man, that I know naught of this map you talk of."

"And I know you have it!" Blundell burst out with wrath, and by this time we were at the window and saw all that was within.

John was seated before a table with his back to us, tied hand and foot to his chair, and before him, the glow from the candles lighting up his cruel face, stood Blundell, while on the table between them lay a pistol.

"I 'm not fooling now, Travers. Mark that!" Blundell was saying. "'T is now the map or your life, I pledge you my word, for I 've gone too far to draw back. Will you give it to me?"

He leaned half across the table, putting his hand significantly on the pistol as he looked at John, and so intent was he on the answer he awaited, that when the door was softly opened by the major, he heard it not.

'T was like a play to me, as I saw Allan McLane enter behind Blundell, his pistol before him, so that he might forestall any dangerous move upon the other's part; and John saw him too, for while the British officer menaced him with death, he suddenly threw up his head and laughed aloud at the top of his voice. This evidently hid the sound of Allan's approach, for Blundell knew naught of it.

"Oh, you laugh, do you?" he cried. "You laugh, you insolent rebel! Well, we 'll have an end of laughing now," and he would have lifted the pistol, but Allan McLane was upon him, and a great hand clutched him at the back of the neck and swung him around in a twinkling.

"You dog!" cried the major, and his voice boomed through the house. "Fighting your private battles while you are drawing pay from His Majesty, King George of England!" And he flung Blundell from him into the hands of his troopers, who had followed him in.

And all the while John was laughing, tied as he was to the chair, laughing as though he had never seen anything more amusing.

"Well, what are you roaring at?" cried McLane, as he crossed the room to loosen John's bonds. "There 's naught funny about it, and if you 'd been searching high and low for a man for nigh on six months, thinking him dead and then finding him, would you laugh?"

But this only made John laugh the more.

"Oh, Allan," he stuttered, between his bursts of mirth, "if you could have seen yourself, tiptoeing in. Oh, ho! You are so big that 't was like a black bear dancing a minuet."

The major stood up with a great frown on his face, as if he were much offended.

"So that 's the gratitude you have for me, is it? I look like a bear dancing a minuet, do I? Well, sir, suppose you sit right where you are

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until you get over your feeling of jollity!" and he walked toward the door, nodding to the troopers to go out and take their prisoner with them.

John, still tied, became grave in a minute.

"Oh, Allan," he cried, "you 're not offended, really. 'T was the finest sight I ever saw in my life, when you stepped in at the door there. Come now, let me loose."

"Nay," answered McLane, at the threshold, "bears are bad hands at untying knots; and as for fine sights, you 'll see a finer one before you 're loose," he added, with a great show of anger.



"'OH, YOU LAUGH, DO YOU?' HE CRIED."

"Have done with your fooling," cried John; but McLane turned his back upon him, and, leaving the room, in a moment was at my side.

"In to him!" he whispered in my ear, and thrust a knife into my hands. "I wager he won't call you a bear, the ungrateful young puppy! But, Bee," he added, "he 's all right, I think, and not harmed by his confinement. 'T is good to see him, hey?" and all the love Allan McLane had for John Travers was in those words.

John was still crying aloud for Allan as I entered the room and stood for a moment in the doorway.

"Bee, is it you?" he said, in an awed voice, as if he were not sure; and then, being sure, he cried out to me: "Oh, Bee, Bee, you have come back to me!"

I crossed the room and cut the ropes, and he was on his feet, looking down at me with my hands in his.

"What brought you back?" he asked, a little tremulously.

"Do you have to ask?" I answered, but hurried on. "They told me you were dead, John, but I would not believe them, and came to America to find you. They were all sure you were dead, even Allan, but when your piece of the lucky sixpence came to me—"

"You have it?" he cried.

"Yes, Mark found it in your coat pocket," I answered.

"Then will you give it back to me?" he begged. "Don't you remember, Bee, Admiral Howe said that when the pieces were again parted, two should be made one?"

"Yes," I whispered, "I remember."

"And do you know, now, what he meant?" John went on, his voice low and earnest.

I could not speak, but nodded "Yes," looking up at him; and in my face he saw what I had no wish to hide, and so he took me in his arms and kissed me.

THE END.

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IN SPITE OF APPEARANCES

BY ROBERT EMMET WARD

It does me good to gaze upon
The portrait of Granduncle John—
An "ambrotype," when he was nine;
It seems to me there could not be
A boy so heavenly good as he—
That early relative of mine!

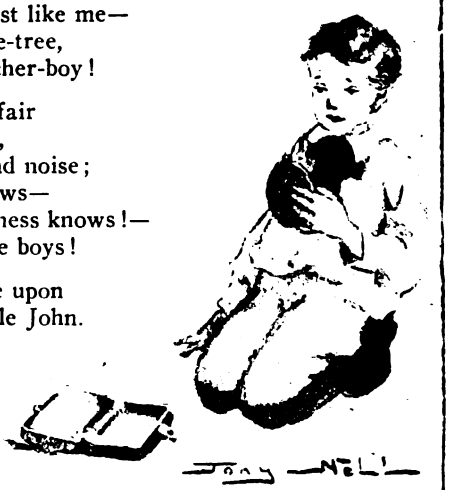
His hair, in heavy silken curls
As long and golden as a girl's,
Lies softly on his ivory brow;
His lifted eyes are grave and wise,
And blue and calm as summer skies—
No boy I know looks that way now!

When I 'm particularly bad,
I look at that angelic lad;
In times of penance I enjoy
The tale that he once—just like me—
Was cornered up an apple-tree,
And fiercely fought the butcher-boy!

The only thing that seems unfair
Is that he had that saintly air,
And yet was fond of fun and noise;
But I suppose it only shows—
And it 's a comfort, goodness knows!—
In spite of looks, boys will be boys!

That 's why I like to gaze upon
The portrait of Granduncle John.





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"THE WORLD'S SERIES"

BY C. H. CLAUDY

Author of "The Battle of Base-ball," "Playing the Game," etc.

SIXTH PAPER OF THE SERIES—THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

THE World's Series of 1910 was between Chicago and Philadelphia, and Chance's men were confident that, as New York had beaten the Athletics decisively in 1905, and they had beaten New York, therefore they would win the coveted title.

But the Athletics of 1910 were not the Athletics of 1905. To be sure, Bender was still counted as one of their strongest pitchers; but the infield and outfield were greatly changed, and a painful surprise was in store for the men from the Windy City.

The first game was played in Philadelphia, and Philadelphia won it by the decisive score of 4 to 1! There was no doubt as to the reasons, which were four in number. The first reason was Bender, who allowed three hits! The second was Overall, of the Cubs, who allowed six in three innings, before he was relieved by McIntyre, who allowed but one hit in six innings! The other two reasons were named Collins and Baker, the latter showing the National Leaguers, for the first time, that war-club which has since become historic, and than which no bat in either League is more dreaded in critical pinches.

The American Leaguers outpitched, outhit, and outplayed their rivals, even though they made two errors to the Cubs' one. For the fielding of Collins, who turned three base-hits into assists, and who made two put-outs, as well as getting a hit and scoring a run, and the performance of Baker, who also scored a run, made three put-outs, and had two assists, one of them spectacular, proved that in these players the Athletics had two stars of the first magnitude. The Cubs did nothing particularly worthy of praise, except to threaten in the ninth, when they scored their solitary run. Indeed, had Thomas held on to a foul which he muffed, Bender might well have pitched a one-hit game. Up to the ninth, no Cub saw second base, and with hitting like Baker's and pitching like Bender's, there seemed no doubt of the result.

If the first game was an easy victory, won by a team playing better than its rival, the second was a rout. The final score was 9 to 3, the biggest World's Series score yet made against the Cubs. And when it is recorded that Coombs was found for nine hits, gave nine bases on balls, and that his team made three errors, it is the more remarkable. It might puzzle a strategist to figure out how the equivalent of twenty-one base-hits could result in but three runs! However, the explanation is easy. When men got on bases, Coombs tightened up and disposed of the batters, no less than fourteen Cubs being left on bases during the game. When he could not do that, the Cubs obligingly hit into a double play, three being made against them in the game.



COOMBS, OF THE PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS.

And then Brown—"Miner" Brown, "Three-fingered" Brown—fell by the wayside in the seventh inning! He struck out six men during the

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game, and pitched in masterly fashion until he went to pieces. But he yielded fourteen hits, six of which were doubles; and that tells the story. Richie, his successor, allowed but one hit; but the damage had been done.

Collins was the undoubted star of the game, however, having six assists and four put-outs, getting three hits, two stolen bases, and scoring two runs. He was a marvel on the field, and practically carried the game on his own shoulders, surprising not only the National Leaguers, but his own League and team.

With a one-day intermission, the teams took the field again in Chicago. Having made fifteen hits the day before, the Athletics saw no good reason why they should not do it again. They promptly did it, with a total of twelve runs. To be sure, the Cubs scored savagely, and made five



PLANK, OF THE ATHLETICS.

runs; but Coombs had no need to worry with his team scoring in double figures. Barry, of the Athletics, distinguished himself at short-stop, handling several difficult chances in beautiful style, getting three hits, and making three runs.

The fourth contest was the only really high-



CRANDALL, OF THE NEW YORK "GIANTS."

class and exciting game of the series. The Cubs won it, 4 to 3 in the tenth, after as dramatic a situation as a ball-field ever presented.

Bender, who pitched for Philadelphia, was somewhat unsteady, but good in the pinches until the last, when he weakened; Cole, who started for Chicago, gave nine hits in eight innings, but also was good at critical moments. He was taken out to let Kling hit for him, and Brown took his place.

The score was tied in the ninth, the Cubs coming from behind. To be beaten four times in a row, to be blanked for the series, and to give the rival Athletics a record which had never before been made and that might stand for all time —with the score 3 to 2 against them in the ninth inning—the Cubs *had* to score a run in that ninth! So they scored it! Schulte, first up, doubled! Imagine the excitement. Hoffman bunted, and Schulte took third on the play. Imagine the shrieks of the crowd. Chance was hit

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on the hand by a pitched ball but not allowed to take his base on balls. Conceive, if you can, of the exclamations hurled at the umpire! To show



TESREAU, OF THE "GIANTS."

his displeasure, Chance tripled, sending Schulte home—and the score was tied! Imagine—no, you cannot imagine the pandemonium which followed. Then Zimmerman flew out to Barry, and Steinfeldt was the victim of the most spectacular play of the day, when he lifted a foul that dropped into a spectator's box. That is, it *would* have dropped into a box but for Baker, who tore after it on a run, stopped short, leaped up and in, and caught the ball, thus preventing the possible winning of the game right there!

The situation was just as acute in the tenth. The Cubs again must have a run or be forever disgraced. They *had* to win *one* game. So they won it! A double, a fielder's choice sending Archer to third, and Sheckard's single did it.

The final game was a ball game up to the eighth inning—after that it was a procession of Athletics crossing the plate.

Coombs opposed Brown, and it was a pitchers' battle with the Athletics leading, 2 to 1, in the eighth. Then it was decided, beyond all doubt.

The Athletics got through their entire series with an even dozen players, only two pitchers being used, Bender and Coombs.

The attendance in this series was 124,222, and the receipts $173,980—a record when it is considered that only five games were played.

In 1911, the Athletics were again victorious, the canny Connie Mack managing to maintain his team in the same standard of excellence which had won the pennant the previous year. Meanwhile, McGraw had been building up the Giants, and, in 1911, first tasted again the sweets of League championship, denied the New Yorkers since 1905.

So the same teams which fought it out for the greatest honor of base-ball in the earlier year of the Giants' success, faced each other again in 1911. The New York team was outfought and



DEVORE, FORMERLY OF THE "GIANTS."

outplayed, and, at the end of the series, Philadelphia had revenged that early defeat by four games to two.

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As once before, Mathewson pitched against Bender, and, as once before, Mathewson won, the final score of 2 to 1 in favor of New York



WAGNER, SHORT-STOP OF THE BOSTON "RED SOX."

representing a fine, close game, well played, and remarkable for its pitching excellence. Six hits off Mathewson, five off Bender, show how evenly they were matched. But Collins, the idol of 1910, made an error which gave the Giants their first score, and the bats of Meyers and Devore turned out two hits which decided the game. Outside of the masterly pitching, the game was of little interest from a spectacular standpoint, unless the eager crowd of 38,281, the greatest crowd which ever witnessed any ball game before or since, can be termed spectacular.

But the Athletics came back strongly the next day in Philadelphia on their own grounds, winning 3 to 1. Here Baker, who had failed in a pinch in the previous game, brought victory with the first of those mighty home runs which were to make him famous. Plank, for Philadelphia, and Marquard, the Giants' lanky left-hander, had a pitching duel, the Athletics getting but four hits, while Plank allowed five. New York offended with three errors, but, although a run resulted from bad play in the first, Baker's home run, scoring Collins ahead of him, would have won the game. Only in the sixth did the Philadelphia players bunch hits on Marquard. Then Collins, having doubled, with two out, was scored when Baker lifted his fifteenth home run of the season over the fence, and broke up the contest!

Carefully played, replete with fine, if not spectacular, playing, in spite of New York's errors, the game was almost a repetition of the first in that it was a pitchers' battle, and anybody's game so far as the moundsmen were concerned. New York fans grumbled their dissatisfaction—"Anybody could win a game with a home run!"

But—just to show he was not a fluky home-run hitter, Baker, in the next game, played in New York, made another home run, off Mathewson at the one particular time when it would do the most good—and the most harm! It was Mathewson—the Giants' standby—who was pitching



BEDIENT, PITCHER OF THE "RED SOX."

against Coombs—"Iron-man" Coombs. In the ninth inning, the score was 1 to 0 in favor of the Giants.

But, in the midst of all the enthusiasm of this

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apparently won game, Frank Baker arrives at the plate, and sends the ball flying far, for another home run, tying the score!

That home run was too much for the great New York pitcher—for Coombs outlasted him. The game ended in the eleventh inning, with darkness almost upon the field. To the end, Coombs allowed but three hits; Mathewson, faltering at the finish, gave a total of nine.

So the game which should have been a shut-out for "Matty," was tied and ran to the eleventh, when both teams scored; but the Athletics twice to New York's once. Collins singled with one out, Baker (again!) got an infield hit, and took second as Collins went to third. Fletcher fumbled Murphy's drive, and Collins scored, Baker pulling up at the third base whence he scored on Davis's single. In the Giants' half, Herzog doubled, and later scored, as Collins fumbled Becker's ball, the latter batting for Mathewson. Becker then tried to steal and was out, Lapp to Collins, and the game was over.

Then came the weather! It rained and rained and rained! It was a full week before the fourth game could be played; and there were those who thought the rain favored New York, giving Mathewson a much needed rest. But when play was resumed, Mathewson pitching against Bender again, the Indian upset tradition by winning, 4 to 2. The hard part of it was, from a New York standpoint, that New York scored in the first inning, and led, 2 to 0, to the fourth. But here a succession of base-hits laid the Giants' hopes in the dust, three runs counting, the Giants' support wilting with their star pitcher. Just to make it sure, the Philadelphia lads scored once more, this time in the fifth; but it was not needed. Seven hits off Bender, eleven off Mathewson, and one error for the victors and three for the vanquished, tell the story.

The Giants did take one more game, for, though outplayed, they were game to the core. But the one game helped them little.

It was played in New York, and was a game with one of those dizzy finishes that live in the memory. For Philadelphia scored three runs in the third, by a home run, from Oldring's bat this time, and when two men were on bases. Those three runs represented all of Philadelphia's scoring. The Giants scored one in the seventh, but the game seemed lost to New York. In the ninth inning, however, with two down and but one more out needed to secure both the game and the championship, the Giants came with a rush from behind and tied the score! It was one of the great moments of base-ball, and the hero of the day was Crandall, a pitcher, sent in as a pinch-hitter in the seventh, who remained to pitch in place of Ames, who had replaced Marquard. It was in this ninth inning, with two gone and one on base, that Crandall hit a mighty wallop which scored Fletcher—he himself scoring a moment later, when Devore let loose a single in the right place. That tied the score, and the Athletics, with victory thus slipping from their grasp, were plainly worried. The tenth was no better for them, though Plank relieved Coombs in the box. Doyle doubled, was safe at third on a sacrifice, and scored the winning run on a sacrifice fly, to the wild delight of the spectators. The decision did not rest with the pitchers in this game.

However, Philadelphia's star was still in the ascendant. The final game is hardly worth writing of, it was so one-sided. By a score of thirteen to two, the Philadelphia boys took the base-ball title. Thirteen runs, thirteen base-hits they made! New York could do little with Bender, four hits for two runs being all they got, in spite of the fact that the Philadelphia players made five errors.

One hundred and seventy-nine thousand, eight hundred and fifty-one people paid $342,164.50 to see the games of this series, the greatest attendance and receipts recorded, up to that time, in World's Series base-ball.

The series of 1912 is, as yet, too fresh in the minds of the base-ball public to need recounting with much detail. It was a remarkable series in many ways. Boston had forged ahead early in the year in the American League, and Washington, up to that year a seventh and eighth place "Cellar Champion," had rushed to the front, garnered seventeen straight games at one time, and pushed the hitherto champion Athletics into third place. Boston was thus relieved of beating out the champions, and went into the World's Series without having had a slump all the year. New York had made a remarkable race of it, Marquard's nineteen straight wins being a feature, and the pitching of Tesreau, the biggest pitcher in the game, a factor in their winning of the National League pennant.

Then these two teams proceeded to play the longest series under the seven-rule game ever staged, to fight it out in detail and in bitterness of spirit, and to upset all ideas of how the series should result.

The first game, played in New York, was won by the Red Sox. It was a slashing contest, replete with spectacular plays and with little slips scoring runs. The key to the game was Wood's pitching—little "Smoky Joe" having the New York batters at his mercy much of the time, besides getting a run, and ending the game with

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two spectacular strike-outs with men on the bases and a hit meaning the game!

Tesreau pitched and pitched well, allowing five of the six hits the Red Sox took, Crandall, who relieved him, giving but one hit. Wood allowed eight hits, but was strong in the pinches. Stahl and Fletcher each made an error; but the game was a good game all through.

In Boston, the next game ended in an eleven-inning tie, Mathewson pitching a magnificent game all through. He gave ten hits, while Collins, Hall, and Bedient yielded eleven. The score was 6 to 6, and it looks as if Boston should have won, having at one time a three-run lead, and the Giants making six errors altogether. But McGraw's men fought to some purpose, since they overcame the lead which their own misplays had given their opponents.

Nor did the Giants stop at a tie. The next game, in Boston, was a two-to-one affair in favor of the New York team, O'Brien being opposed to Marquard, with Bedient finishing for Boston. Only a ninth-inning rally by the American League team kept Marquard from the glory of a shut-out, New York scoring two runs, one in the second and one in the fifth.

Yet New York would have lost the game but for a bit of bad coaching on Boston's part and a most wonderful and spectacular catch by Devore. Devore had been moved over into right field for this game. Cady hit a long, long, *long* fly which looked like almost any kind of a hit, and the two men on at the time cantered home with the winning runs, for so it *seemed*. Meanwhile, Devore, whose speed in the field is remarkable, was spurning the ground. No one knows just how, but in some way he got the ball over his shoulder at a dead run—and it was all over! The one run Boston got in the ninth was not enough by one!

In New York, the next game went to Boston, Wood again pitching his team to victory, again against Tesreau. But the bright particular honors go to Wagner, whose work in short field was wonderful.

Wagner had six chances, and made the only error. But his two stops in the fifth and one in the eighth were plays on seemingly sure base-hits, his feat in the eighth, when he ran far over behind second and cut off a hit from Devore, bringing the stands to their feet in cheers for the enemy's fine work. Boston scored in the second, fourth, and ninth, and New York only in the seventh. Wood gave nine hits and Tesreau and Ames but eight; but Tesreau let in a run with a wild pitch. It was a splendidly played game, in which Wood helped with two hits as well as with his pitching.

Again, in Boston, the Red Sox were victorious, Bedient holding his team in the race against "Matty," whose pitching was masterly. The score was 3 to 1 again, and Mathewson would have had the winning end of it but for the withering of his support. Boston got five hits, all in the first three innings, and Doyle made a costly error. New York got but four hits, and Boston made no errors. That tells the story.

But now New York showed quality and "class" of the highest character, and the base-ball world gives them due meed of credit for a wonderful performance. They had to take two games in succession to tie, and it seemed hopeless. But they proceeded to do it. In the next game, in New York, they forgot all about World's Series caution, and played with reckless daring.

O'Brien, who pitched for Boston the first inning, had stage-fright. He made a balk with men on third and first, and thus presented Gotham with its first run. Then he got rattled, his team joined him, and when the inning was over, behold, five runs for New York, a total of six hits making it possible! Boston scored two later, but Marquard held them safe all the way, giving but seven hits to the eleven O'Brien and Collins allowed.

The next game was a victory indeed! Eleven to four was the score, and it was all New York! The famous Joe Wood lasted but a single inning, and seven of the eight men who faced him made hits! Hall finished the game, and permitted nine hits to thirty-two men, which was better. Boston made two errors to New York's three, and each side had a home run; but the base-hits tell the story. Why Wood went to pieces may never be known, but the little star certainly "went up in the air," and the game was hardly a game—it was simply a drubbing for the vanquished Red Sox.

Then came the *real* fireworks—the deciding game, played in Boston, finishing 3 to 2 for Boston, in the tenth—and decided by *errors!* Boston offended four times—New York three. Bedient started and gave six hits in seven innings; Wood finished and gave three hits in three innings. Mathewson opposed the pair and pitched a beautiful game, giving seven hits. It was New York's game but for two errors. One of these was Snodgrass's historic muff of an easy fly; the other was Merkle's failure to start for a foul and Meyers's failure to catch it. The one put Engle on second; the other allowed Speaker, at bat, another chance, and his next effort was a hit which scored Engle. This tied the score, 2 to 2, and the winning run came on a high sacrifice fly. It was a game of masterly pitching and poor

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fielding, of brilliant catches and unfortunate slips. Probably the unhappiest man in the world that night was Snodgrass, but McGraw, the New York manager, has been quoted as saying, "Those things will happen. We would n't have been in that game at all if it had n't been for many things Snodgrass had done!"

Thus ended the 1912 series, the longest and hardest played under the seven-game rule, and the most popular. The fans turned out to the number of 251,901, paying $490,449 for the privilege, a record for World's Series base-ball, and one which will be hard to beat!

Pendulums, in the long run, swing as far on one side of the center as they do on the other. The pendulum of base-ball fortune, which swung so far to the side of the National League in 1907, 1908, and 1909, commenced to swing the other way in 1910, and continued so to swing in 1911 and 1912.

The World's Series, at the close of 1909, stood 4 to 2 in favor of the older base-ball organization. At present, it stands 5 to 4 in favor of the American League. Whether the pendulum has stopped swinging and begun to reverse itself—whether, at the close of this month (October), the series will stand 5 to 5 with the Leagues even, or 6 to 4 in favor of the American League—who can say? Thus far, neither League has won four successive series; but both have won three.

What do *you* think?

THE World's Series, as a culmination to the season's sport, has thoroughly established itself in the hearts of the base-ball enthusiasts, and, owing to the rule that the players can share in the receipts of only the first four games, no shadow of a suspicion that the games are played for anything but the sake of the game, has ever rested upon them. They represent in the highest degree American ideals of sport, and have had a most excellent influence both on players, spectators, and the general public. Let us hope it will be long before they are discontinued, and that in the future, as has been the case almost always in the past, the best team may win!

"EVERYGIRL"

BY RACHEL LYMAN FIELD



CHARACTERS

EVERYGIRL

HOPE, MIRTH, WEALTH, BEAUTY, KNOWLEDGE, WORK, HEALTH, LOVE, EIGHT DANCERS

Scene: Twilight in Everygirl's Garden.

DANCE OF THE FLOWERS

(*The dancers wear white dresses trimmed with the flower which each represents*)

(*After the dance is finished, enter Everygirl*)

EVERYGIRL. How fair this little garden seems to-night!
Small though it be, I love it well,
For here I learned to know each flower
By name; I never wished to leave it
Till to-night, when a strange voice
Seemed calling me away. I could not sleep,
But wandered here to lose my foolish thoughts
Among the flowers—
Why, here 's a white rose that but yesterday
Was just a bud, half hidden by the leaves
That tightly curled about it! See it now—
A full-blown rose, and opened to the night,
The gentle winds, the moon, and all the stars!
And thus it is with me; no more am I
A child. And so these restless thoughts
Are but to show me that I now am grown,
And that my life has opened like the rose.

(*Enter Hope.*)

HOPE. Dear Everygirl, these words you speak are true.
Hark! do you hear that far-off voice? Listen!
It is the World's voice, Everygirl. It calls—
And you must follow, when the World calls.
I know the garden bids you stay,
And yet the World is stronger; you must go.
So, Everygirl, this night I come with cheer—
To say that you may choose three friends to go
Journeying with you hand in hand, to share
All joys and sorrows that the World may give.
Think well, and choose with care these three,
For they shall go with you forever.

EVERYGIRL. Dear lady, will you go with me?

HOPE. Oh, no, I fain would go where sorrow is
And pain, where loss has come and joy is fled.
When all is black and dark, then I

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Steal softly in and bring with me new strength
And light. Then tired hearts are glad,
And weary souls rise up to struggle on once more.
For, Everygirl, my name is Hope, and often shall I visit you. (*Exit Hope.*)

(*Enter Mirth, dancing and singing to the tune of "Funiculi, Funicula."*)

MIRTH. With laughter and with joy I come to you,
The flowers among.
For now that you are bright and fresh and fair,
The world is young.

Oh, come, while all the way is green and glad,
We 'll be so gay
That time will touch us not. Oh, come, oh, come
With me away.

I am Mirth, Everygirl. Gladly will I go
Into the world with you. And you shall be
Lighthearted as I am, to laugh and sing
And frolic all day long. Come, take me;
We will feast and dance, paying no heed
To sorrow, pain, or dark and dreadful things.

EVERYGIRL. Oh, Mirth, while yet you spoke, I heard
A sound of hollow laughter, and a wail
That echoed through deserted banquet halls!
All the bright gold was tarnished, and the flowers
Were lying dead and withered all about.
Oh, Mirth, I like it not, this mocking laughter.

(*Mirth stands silenced for a moment, then slowly exit.*)

(*Enter Wealth, jingling bags of money.*)

WEALTH. Aha, my pretty one, so you would go into the world!
See this bright gold—'t will bring you what you ask.
All the World bows to me; and I will go
And be your friend, and always stay
To bring you fame, and joy, and everything
That only I, great Wealth, provide
For those who are my friends and followers.
All these great bags and more shall be your own,
Vast lands and houses, servants and the like,
Yea, all you ask shall I bring at your word!
I know that you will take *me*, Everygirl.
No one rejects great Wealth, or what I give.

(*Everygirl hesitates, takes one of the bags, but suddenly drops it, covering her face with her hands.*)

EVERYGIRL. Away! away! I like you not, great Wealth!
Just now I heard a cry that shivered through my very heart.
It was the cry of toiling women, hungry and oppressed,
Working incessantly through heat and cold.
And there were little children, too, who wept
And struggled in the darkness of the mines,
And in foul places over all the earth!
The gold is theirs, not mine. Oh, Wealth,
Begone! (*Exit Wealth.*)

(*Everygirl stands weeping. Enter Beauty.*)

BEAUTY. Do not weep, Everygirl! I come to bring you joy and happiness.
They call me Beauty, and the queen of all
The earth. All men look up to me,
And smile upon me—beautiful am I,
So shall you be, if I go with you.
All the World will stoop to kiss your hand,
And fairer shall you be than other maids.

EVERYGIRL (*taking Beauty by the hand*). And, Beauty, will you always stay with me?
And be my friend, and never go away?

BEAUTY. Ah, that I cannot do. You know that I must sometime leave you.

EVERYGIRL. Beauty, stay always with me, never go away.

BEAUTY. Ah, no! I cannot be your friend forever. (*Exit Beauty.*)

(*Enter Knowledge, clothed in black. Everygirl shrinks from her.*)

KNOWLEDGE. You must not fear me, Everygirl, I am your friend.
Already we are friends. Was it not I
Who taught you once the names of all the flowers?
Men call me Knowledge, but I do not show
So fair a face as Beauty; mine is stern

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And grim. No easy master am I,
But, if you now will take me for your friend,
I 'll show you all the wonders of the world—
Yea, and of many other worlds, also—
The magic of the deep and of the skies.
If you would have me with you,
You must search for knowledge and ever
Shall you be filled with wild desires
Never quite fulfilled. I 'll tell you all
The secrets of the world, even the thoughts
Of men and women shall be opened to you;
And those who pass along in busy throngs
Shall feel the mystic knowledge you possess.

EVERYGIRL. And will this knowledge help them too, as well
As me? Will it bring pleasure to sad hearts
And joy to tired lives?

(Knowledge turns sorrowfully away. Everygirl kneels, her face in her hands.)

EVERYGIRL. I know not what to do, nor whom to choose!

(Enter Work, Health, and Love at the back of the garden. Work, advancing, touches Everygirl upon the shoulder.)

WORK. It is I, Everygirl, who am the solace
Of all mortal folk. My name is Work,
And those who toil with me, though hard their lot,
Find gladness in the joy of working.
I would go with you. The World cares not
For idle hands. So take me, though I promise not
Delights and wild excesses of emotion.
For the great joy of labor and of toil I bring,
And you shall learn to glorify the work
Whate'er it be!

EVERYGIRL. Oh, stay with me, and never go away!

(Work takes her hand. Health advances.)

HEALTH. You see in me the thing that makes work sweet,
Without me all the world is bitter.
For I am Health, and with me beauty
Comes, and strength to labor and do good.
All things do I make possible,
For I create a palace beautiful
In which your thoughts may live and grow more fine
Because of fair surroundings.
Oh, Everygirl, I bring you health,
Oh, surely you will let me go with you?

EVERYGIRL. Yes, yes, you must not leave me, Health.

(Love advances; she is more radiantly beautiful than all the rest.)

EVERYGIRL. Your face I know. You are familiar to me.
I saw you in the blossoming of the flowers,
I saw your eyes in all the shining stars;
Your voice was in the wind among the trees,
Your light is in the eyes of one I know.
Who are you, that I feel your presence everywhere?

LOVE. I am Love, Everygirl.

EVERYGIRL. Oh, Love, the World is calling, lead me forth.

(Everygirl, with one hand held by Work and one by Health, and led by Love, leaves the garden. At the gate she turns and faces the audience.)

Oh, Work, and Health, and Love, I shall not dread
The years that are to come, with you for friends!
Oh, stay you always by my side,
Then come what may I shall not fear
The world and all its strife. Perchance
With you I can help other girls to find
The Work and Health and Love that you have brought.

(A camp-fire girl in her Indian costume steps forward and recites the epilogue.)

You who have listened to our little play,
Come think on this before you go away;
Have you three friends to go and be your guide,
To ever journey with you side by side,
Sharing alike with you all joys and pains,
All the world's losses and likewise its gains?
A glowing camp-fire shall our emblem be,
And ever doth its welcome burn for thee.
Oh, come, and gather with us by its blaze,
And in our songs, with us, your voices raise.

(CURTAIN)

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THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN DAMASCUS

As McGreggor remarked, these Lebanon robbers had never lived on Broadway, nor had they heard of the marvels worked by celluloid film and swift interrupting shutter. Therefore, when Jack's moving-picture program was carried out the following night, it went through to the letter, "without a hitch"; and when the guards before the saint's tomb saw shadowy figures of men and women, horses and camels, warriors and dervishes, move, as in life, across the white-washed surface of the shrine, it was as if the earth had opened and released the departed. A miracle! An awful portent! Long before Jack had finished his roll, the brigands were tumbling down the mountain-side with cries of terror, in a mad stampede where everything was forgotten —prisoners, possessions, all but this one overpowering fact, that the end of the world had come.

The boys were quick to take advantage of this general panic, and, gathering up what was most important, they sprang upon horses, hurried forward by the watchful Nasr-ed-Din.

"Where is my father? Father!" shouted Harold, turning anxiously toward the black tents; but the missionary did not answer or appear.

Nasr-ed-Din spoke earnestly to his young master, seeming to argue with him; but Evans shook his head vehemently. "No, no, no!" he cried.

"What is it? What 's the matter?" questioned Jack.

"Deeny says we must go on without Father; he says Father wants us to, but I won't do it. I tell you, I won't move a step."

At this moment, the missionary's voice, clear and strong, sounded from one of the tents: "Go! Go, my boy!" he called. "It 's our only chance. You *must* go!"

What had happened was that the brigand chief, less curious than his men, had not gone to the shrine, but had remained in the tent where Dr. Evans was a prisoner, and so had prevented the missionary from escaping.

"Come, Sandy, your father knows what is best," urged Jack, and, without more ado, he struck Evans's horse a sharp blow across the flanks. A moment later, the boys were dashing after Nasr-ed-Din at breakneck speed among the great Lebanon cedars that lined the mountain slope.

In spite of the darkness, the young Americans, thanks to Nasr-ed-Din's skilful guidance, made the steep descent without accident or pursuit, and, just as the day was breaking, they came out upon the broad sandy plain that reaches across to Damascus. They had with them a change of clothing, their revolvers, and a very little money. All the rest, including money-belts (taken by the robbers) and picture apparatus, had been left behind in the haste of their departure.

"You 've got your old ring, anyway," teased McGreggor; "I hope you 're happy!"

Evans's face darkened. "How can I be happy with—with my father back there?" he said.

"That 's right, Sandy. It 's tough—no doubt about it."

"It looks as if we 'd lost about everything we 've got in the world," grumbled Harold. "Why, we 're worse off than when we started."

"That 's so. Our whole scheme seems to have busted up."

"They 've got our money."

"And our pictures—and all our picture apparatus." Jack was silent a moment, then he added solemnly: "Well, I suppose it 's four years of college for me with a pink ribbon on my hat."

For an hour, they rode ahead in gloomy meditation. Finally, Harold spoke in a different tone.

"Jack, old boy, you don't know how I appreciate all you 've done—sticking to me and—Father—through all this trouble."

McGreggor answered with an effort at cheerfulness: "Trouble? Why, I 've had the time of my life. I 've never had so much fun since I left school. Only it 's spoiled me for Chicago. I 'll have to hire somebody to organize a hold-up and shoot at me once in a while, or I sha'n't feel at home."

The sun came up over the plain in a glory of color, and, as the fresh beauty of the morning flashed about them, the boys felt again in their veins the glow of health and youth.

"After all, it 's good to be alive on a day like this—in a place like this. Eh, Jack?" remarked Sandy.

"Sure! This sunrise business gets me. And a horse! Notice how I sit straight on him and grip him with my knees? Come on! I 'll race you."

With a cluck of the tongue and a backward kick, McGreggor was off on a run, with Harold after him. Side by side they raced ahead over

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the vast plain, until Nasr-ed-Din shouted to them to stop.

"Is n't it wonderful?" panted Evans, as they drew in their steaming horses.

Half an hour later, they came to a village of low mud-houses, and from a peasant who was threshing out his grain with a patient bullock—round and round on the threshing floor exactly as in Bible times—they bought for breakfast a dish of the native sour milk with bread and delicious grapes—all for a few piasters.

It may be that Jack partook too freely of these delicious purple clusters, or perhaps it was the long ride across the parched and burning plain; at any rate, toward evening, he complained of feeling badly, and in the night (which they passed in a wretched hovel at another mud village), he had a violent chill.

McGreggor smiled weakly as Harold bent over him in concern. "I 'm afraid it 's my turn to be laid up, old boy. I don't know what 's the matter with me, but—I feel—well, I never felt worse in my life."

Jack's distress continued, and, when morning came, he found himself so weak that he could scarcely sit upon his horse. Nor could he eat a mouthful.

"Deeny says we 're not far from Damascus," said Evans, encouragingly, "so if you can only stick it out for a few hours—"

"Of course I 'll stick it out!" answered Jack, and, shutting his teeth with dogged determination, he rode on under the scorching Syrian sun.

Two hours later, they reached the crest of a barren hill (it was near this point that Paul, on his historic journey, is said to have been converted), and here there burst upon them a view of that most wonderful and ancient city, the pearl of the East, the emerald of the desert, set in its wide oasis of gardens and orchards, watered by the golden-flowing Barada, that pours its fresh mountain life into the sands that Damascus may be ever young.

McGreggor brightened at the beauty of this scene, and was stirred to real enthusiasm a little later, as they rode along, when there was presented to them a most extraordinary natural phenomenon—a violent thunder-storm with heavy rain and vivid zigzags of lightning that broke over one half of the distant city, while the other half, with its domes and minarets, flashed dry and smiling in the sun.

This improvement in Jack's feelings was only temporary, however, and as they entered the outskirts of the city, where the air was heavy with the perfume of orange groves and pomegranate orchards, the boy had no thought for this spread of color and luscious fruit; he had no more strength or buoyancy, but was filled with a sickening sense of helplessness and impending disaster. As Harold watched his companion, he recalled with dismay Dr. Evans's prophetic words that John McGreggor was to suffer a serious illness in Damascus.

This prophecy was destined to be only too well fulfilled. Jack's illness increased rapidly, with symptoms of fever, and by evening (after they had established themselves in a pleasant little inn, built around a flowering courtyard and flashing fountain), the boy's condition was so alarming that Harold called in the innkeeper, a voluble Greek named Dimitri, who insisted upon summoning a doctor.

Now began an anxious time for Harold, a period of three weeks that was worse than anything he had suffered on the whole journey. His friend was stricken with one of the bad fevers that infest the Syrian coast and often penetrate inland. Days must pass before Jack would be out of danger, and weeks before he could be moved. Meanwhile, he must have careful nursing, with a doctor in daily attendance. Fortunately this doctor was a Scotchman, named Macdonald, a cheery little man with bald head and twinkling blue eyes, and, when he learned that the boys were in financial trouble, he refused to take a penny for his services, especially from a patient bearing a name so honored among Highlanders as McGreggor.

Sandy's first move the next morning was to make inquiries about Abdul Pasha, his father's devoted friend, whose influence was now to work wonders for them as soon as he should behold the precious ring that had been brought to him with so much difficulty. Alas for these bright hopes! within an hour Harold learned (from no less a person than the American consul) that this once rich and powerful nobleman had fallen into serious disfavor with the ruling Turkish party, and a few months before had been arrested on a charge of treason, and condemned to prison. His great possessions had been confiscated, and he himself was now languishing in a dungeon at Alexandretta.

This was a terrible blow to Harold, but he resolved to keep the bad news from Jack, at least until he was strong enough to bear it.

Meanwhile, by husbanding their little store of gold, the boy was able to meet the expenses of the first week, but just barely; and, for the second week, the faithful Nasr-ed-Din found, somehow, what was necessary. After that, the situation loomed black before them. What could they do? The innkeeper must be paid. Food must be provided; in fact the sick boy must have delicacies

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and expensive medicines. And their money was gone—to the last shilling.

These were days when Sandy Evans had need of all his courage. For hours he would walk through the narrow and crooked streets of this picturesque city, then out along the high mud-walls that border teeming orchards of apricots, plums, peaches, walnuts, and oranges. And all the time, as he watched the squirrels and listened to the woodpeckers, he would be thinking what he could do to save the situation. What *could* he do? He *must* do something; but what? If he could only have had his father with him! or even have taken counsel with Jack! But the doctor's orders forbade this—Jack must not be troubled under any circumstances—his fever was at its crisis now, and much of the time the poor lad was in delirium, when he even failed to recognize his friend.

So the responsibility was on Harold alone. Should he go to the American consul and ask for help, laying the whole case before him? More than once he was on the point of doing this, but desisted when he recalled his mother's command that he keep their troubles secret from the authorities lest greater troubles come. Evans remembered also that Basil had given him a similar warning, and he found himself beset by fears, especially at night, when he thought of the powerful and unknown enemies who had struck at his father and his mother, and might now, at any moment, strike at himself and his sick friend. No doubt it was these same enemies who had seized Abdul Pasha and cast him into prison. If they could so wreak their vengeance upon a rich nobleman, a native of the country, what might they not do to two boys, strangers and defenseless?

So from day to day Harold waited, facing their trouble alone, hoping, praying, that some way out of their difficulties might be shown to him. He felt sure that some way *would* be shown to him—it was unbelievable that all the faith and brave efforts of his father and mother, all their good works through years, should go for nothing, and the Power in whom they relied would desert them now in their great need. Morning and night, the boy asked for guidance and light, asked that his faith might be strengthened like that of his mother and father, so that nothing could stand against it. Many times his mother had assured him, with a beautiful light in her eyes, that faith could move mountains, and, as he thought over recent events, as he remembered the pyramid, the catacombs, and Mar Saba, he saw how true this was—the mountains had, indeed, moved to deliver them from evil—and he prayed with all his soul for this wonderful faith that would make the mountains move again.

Chapter XXX

THE MOUNTAINS MOVE

At the end of the third week, Dr. Macdonald pronounced Jack out of danger and entered upon his convalescence, but said that the boy must not think of leaving the inn for a fortnight. And he must have tempting food, anything that appealed to his appetite, so that his strength might be built up quickly. This prescription pleased McGreggor immensely, and he proceeded to order the most expensive things on the bill of fare: roast partridge twice a day, and ice-cream without limit. Poor boy! he had no idea that they were already hopelessly indebted to Dimitri, who was giving them their last days of grumbling credit at the persuasion of the doctor.

"Say, old boy," Jack broke out suddenly one evening, after finishing his second partridge, "it 's just struck me that—we must be spending a lot of money here. How do we work it? I thought we were broke."

"Why—er," answered Sandy, trying to smile, "you see I—oh, I 've just managed."

"Just managed? Sandy, you 're a wonder! Here I 've been living like a prince of the blood—I never *tasted* such partridges!" He was silent a moment, then a broad grin spread over his face. "Oh, I know! I see! Clever boy! You 've worked that magic ring again—seen his nibs, Abdul what 's-his-name, and he 's paying the piper. Am I right?"

"Abdul Pasha? Well—er—I went to his house," admitted Sandy, evading the question for the moment. He did not wish to make McGreggor unhappy, but he felt that their prodigal period of roast partridge and ice-cream was about over.

Evans went out for a walk in a desperate mood. A glimpse of the innkeeper's frowning face made it clear that something must be done immediately to avert serious consequences, and Harold was considering the advisability of cabling for assistance to Jack's father, even at the risk of revealing the whole truth to the authorities, when suddenly—

"Hello!" he said to himself, and stood staring before him. He had turned into the famous "Street-that-is-called-Straight" (which is really not straight at all), and immediately he saw, over an imposing doorway, two flags on which fluttered two formidable black eagles. Black eagles! And as Harold moved on, he came to other flags flying from windows and housetops, and bearing,

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each one of them, the same grim emblem. Black eagles over the wide bazaars where cross-legged Moslems cry their silks and sword-blades! Black eagles on the walls of the city whence Paul descended in a basket! Black eagles before the leper hospital where once stood the house of Naaman! Black eagles even at the doors of the great mosque!



"DEENY LOWERED HIS YOUNG MASTER OVER THE WALL." (SEE PAGE 1123.)

What did it mean—all these black eagles? What did it mean for him? The boy walked back to the inn, stunned by the strangeness of this happening. His father, under the olive-tree, had seen black eagles in Damascus—here they were! His father, under the olive-tree, had seen John McGreggor ill in Damascus—it was true! These eagles were a sign—for him—there was no mistaking it—a sign connected with his mother. But what was the meaning of this sign? What must be done? His father's vision gave no clue.

Through much of this night Harold thought and thought, and, toward the dawn, a great peace possessed him. He *knew* that everything was coming out right. He did not know *how* he knew this, nor what was to take place, but he fell asleep in the firm confidence that the hour of their deliverance was at hand. He was soon to see his father and his mother—he *knew* it.

Evans was awakened, a few hours later, by a blare of trumpets outside his windows, and presently a long line of Turkish soldiers in gala dress came marching past to the inspiring music of a military band. After them came a splendid cavalry company on snow-white horses, then another company on black horses, then more foot soldiers and another military band.

"Say, what 's broken loose, Sandy?" asked Jack, who had hobbled in in his pajamas to see the show. "What are all those flags with black eagles on 'em for?"

"They 're celebrating your recovery, old boy," laughed Evans. He was quite happy because he knew their troubles were at an end.

A little later, Harold set forth in the eager and trusting spirit of a child who has been promised something wonderful, but has no idea what the wonderful something is, nor where nor how it is to come.

The whole city had put on holiday attire. Flags were flying everywhere, soldiers parading everywhere, and the streets were crowded with people wearing all the costumes of the East, and chatter-

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ing excitedly about some great event that had evidently inspired them with pride and joy. A chance meeting with Dr. Macdonald, near the house of Ananias, the high priest, gave Evans a key to the mystery.

"Don't you know what this is?" said the doctor. "Did n't they tell you? Why, the emperor is here—just arrived this morning. He 's going to hold a grand reception, and he leaves to-morrow to see the ruins of Baalbec."

For a moment, Harold thought the doctor was referring to the Turkish emperor, the sultan, but he presently understood that it was a far greater ruler than he who had honored Damascus with his presence. This was a great Christian emperor, one of the most powerful potentates of Europe, who, with much pomp and ceremony, was making a tour of the Holy Land. It was in his honor that black eagles were flying over Damascus.

Harold could hardly speak for emotion. The great emperor! He thanked the doctor and hurried along, his head in a whirl. And yet he understood what was before him. It was clear enough now. His mother and his father were to be saved somehow by this emperor. But how? The emperor could not save them unless he knew all about them, and he could not know about them unless Harold told him. So it was evidently necessary that Sandy Evans should have a heart-to-heart talk with, perhaps, the most powerful potentate in Europe.

The more he pondered this the more Evans felt that here was his only chance. They were literally at the end of their resources; stranded in a foreign land, without friends, and they were responsible for two precious lives. It might not be according to etiquette for a vagabond boy to call upon an emperor, but this was a case of desperate necessity. Let etiquette go hang!

Strong in this resolve, Harold sought out the American consul, and, in a guarded way, explained his desire to have an interview with the emperor. The American consul laughed at the boy, and showed him the utter absurdity of seeking what had been refused to hundreds of rich and influential persons. The American consul himself could not get an interview with the emperor, if he were foolish enough to ask for it.

"That 's all right, sir," said Harold, "but—" he squared his shoulders and took a deep breath—"I 'm going to get that interview."

By dint of searching and questioning, Harold ascertained that the emperor's reception was to be held that afternoon between three and four o'clock at the palatial home of the military governor of Damascus, whose duty it was, as the sultan's representative, to entertain the imperial guest. But when Harold attempted to approach this house, he found that the streets leading to it were barred by soldiers for a block in either direction. No one was allowed to pass without a personal card of invitation. And these invitations were not to be had for love or money.

Evans went back to the inn and took counsel with Deeny. The big Turk must find some way of gaining admittance for Harold into the house where the emperor was staying. This was absolutely necessary, the welfare of the whole Evans household depended on it. Nasr-ed-Din saluted solemnly from the eyes, from the lips, from the heart, and went away, bidding the boy wait for him. In serving the interests of the Evans family there was absolutely nothing that Nasr-ed-Din would stop at, and Harold knew it.

It was about half-past one when Deeny left the inn on this delicate and difficult mission, and immediately, such was Harold's confidence in a favorable outcome, the boy began to consider what he should wear at his interview with the emperor. As a matter of fact, his choice was sadly limited by the scantiness of their combined wardrobe, but, by borrowing a dark coat and a clean shirt from McGreggor, and by blackening his tan shoes, Sandy managed to give himself a presentable appearance. As he dressed, he confided to Jack's astonished ears the truth as to their bankrupt condition, together with his plan for saving the situation.

"But, my dear Sandy, you 're crazy!" declared McGreggor. "You 'll never get anywhere near the emperor. And if you do, they 'll chuck you out so fast and so hard that—"

"Wait!" interrupted Evans. "How about that moving-picture scheme? It was your idea, was n't it? And I said it was crazy, did n't I? And it was n't crazy. It was a crackerjack idea. Well?"

"Yes, but an emperor, Sandy; the swellest emperor there is—you can't walk in on an emperor like that, and say, 'Hello, Emperor, I 'm broke.' You can't do it!"

"I 'll show you if I can't do it. Why, I 'd walk in on *ten* emperors to get my father and my mother back, and don't you forget it."

At half-past two, Nasr-ed-Din returned, and, with a show of mystery, beckoned Harold to follow him. Jack's eyes opened wide.

"Are you really going to do this thing?" he asked.

"I 'm going to try," said Sandy. "If anything happens to me, you 'll have to cable to your father. Good-by for the present, Jack."

McGreggor looked fixedly at his friend, and

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there came into his eyes something suspiciously like moisture.

"Good luck, old boy, and—and—" he choked up with emotion; then he blurted out: "Sandy, you 're the finest, pluckiest fellow I ever knew!"

As they passed out into the street, Harold asked Nasr-ed-Din to wait a minute while he made a small purchase at a shop next to the inn. It was a pair of gloves, which seemed to him desirable as a last touch to his costume. A boy ought to wear gloves, he reflected, when he meets an emperor, and, having selected a pair of bright yellow ones, Sandy asked the shopkeeper, in his grandest manner, to kindly have this trifling bill sent to him at the inn. The shopkeeper bowed respectfully.

Again they set forth, but presently it began to rain, and Harold sent Deeny back to the inn to borrow an umbrella. A boy *must* keep his clothes dry when he is about to meet an emperor.

Finally, they made their real start, and Harold found that Nasr-ed-Din had hit upon a very simple way of introducing him into the house where the reception was to take place. Back of this house stretched gardens surrounded by high stone walls which, at several points, abutted against neighboring houses. These latter were built with the customary flat roofs and with stone steps on the outside, for Syrian housetops are still used as sleeping-places at night and gathering places by day, just as in Bible times. It was, therefore, an easy matter to pass from one roof to another (the houses being close together), and finally reach the gardens of the governor's house. This being done, Deeny lowered his young master over the wall, and, with a final word of caution, left the boy to work out his own salvation.

For a few moments, Harold paused in the shelter of a friendly sycamore-tree and smoothed out the disorder of his garments; then, mustering all his courage, he advanced toward the house.

It happened that at this moment the guests were arriving rapidly, so that the courtyard was well filled, and, as the gardens opened directly into this courtyard, Evans presently found himself in a gathering of important personages of many nationalities who had been bidden to the ceremony, and who paid not the slightest attention to this young American, owing to the fact that they were all more or less flustered at the ordeal before them. This was the first time, in the memory of the oldest dignitary, that Damascus had been honored by the visit of an emperor.

The courtyard was of white marble; and at one side, under a golden canopy, rose broad steps covered with crimson carpet, and flanked by golden standards bearing black eagles. Harold saw that the company was slowly ascending these steps, and, following along, he came into a great white-and-gold room hung with red curtains.

In this room perhaps forty or fifty men were waiting, while others streamed in constantly from the courtyard. Many of them wore gorgeous uniforms with swords at their sides, some were in evening dress with red and blue sashes across their shirt-fronts, and glistening stars and medals pinned upon their breasts. These were the representatives of great European Powers, but there were some in plain black coats, and there were many white-turbaned Orientals in flowing and flaming garments. It was plain to be seen that they were all of high rank or high officials, and they all were moving steadily along in a single line toward a slightly raised platform, guarded by black eagles, upon which a man of kingly mien was standing.

Harold's heart almost stopped as he realized that he was in the presence of the emperor. And it came to him with a shock that he was carrying a cheap cotton umbrella, dripping with rain. In an agony of embarrassment, the boy looked about him, and, perceiving an immense porcelain vase that stood five feet above the floor, he edged over to it, and, choosing his moment, he slipped the despised umbrella into this costly receptacle, and left it there. The innkeeper who had loaned it might charge it on his bill.

Relieved of this incumbrance, and pleased with the effect of his yellow gloves, Harold now took his place at the end of the line and awaited developments. Directly in front of him were three white-robed Orientals, and just beyond them was a little Austrian in a brown wig, who was really an important railway administrator, but did not look important. Harold breathed more easily. Nothing had happened to him yet.

As the line advanced, Evans began to plan what he should say when he reached the emperor. How would he begin? Should he say "Sire" or "Your Majesty"? or "Your Imperial Highness," or what? He must say something to create a good impression, for, of course, the emperor would not know him. What should he say?

With anxious eyes Sandy studied the line ahead of him, hoping to find some suggestion in the behavior of the others; but, as far as he could see, all that they did was to bend over the emperor's extended hand and kiss it with mumbled words and pass on. Certainly that was all that the Orientals were doing. Harold knew, when his turn came, he must do more than this. But what?

The line moved on, and now the young American was only twenty places from the emperor. He could see the ruler's eyes flashing with stern

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dignity, and suddenly the boy's heart sank. He saw that he was in a false position—he was an intruder who had stolen in here like a thief, and—he might be taken for a spy or an anarchist—he might be taken and thrown into prison.

The line moved on, and Harold's eyes were fixed defiantly on two burly guards who might at any moment, he realized, be ordered to seize him. Very well, let them try it. He had done nothing he was ashamed of, and—after all, he was an American citizen. He would hold his head high and, whatever happened, he would *not* kiss the emperor's hand. No, sir! They could throw him out or do what they pleased, but when it came to kissing a *man's* hand—

At this moment, Harold realized that the brown-wigged Austrian before him was bobbing up and down most comically; the three white-robed figures in front of him bent and kissed the emperor's hand; and, a second later, the young American found himself in the great presence—face to face with the emperor.

Just how things happened after this, Harold could never exactly remember. He spoke in English, it seems, and came forward like the boy on the burning deck, with such a look in his eyes, at once brave and pleading, that this august ruler of millions (who had been excessively bored by the proceedings) was immediately interested.

"You 're an American?" asked the emperor in perfect English, with a quizzical smile at the half-defiant young face.

"Yes—Your Honor," stumbled Harold. "My father is a missionary—Wicklow Evans—he 's in terrible trouble, and—my mother—in Cairo—she was stolen away, and—I came here to see Abdul Pasha, but—" He was crowding as much as he could into the first sentence.

"Not so fast! You say your father is Wicklow Evans? The missionary who disappeared so mysteriously?"

"Yes, Your Majesty; but I found him at Mar Saba, only—we were captured and—I had a ring



"'WE 'LL SHAKE HANDS.'" (SEE PAGE 1125.)

and—then we scared 'em with a moving-picture machine and—"

Here the governor of the city, purple-faced at this unseemly occurrence, stepped forward quickly and checked the boy's tumbling words. One glance showed Harold what his fate might be if this angry official decided it.

"Sire, this fellow is an impostor! He has no

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right here. We will take him away!" cried the governor. But the emperor waved him back. This was an amusing diversion; besides, the great Protestant sovereign was well informed touching the tragic mystery of Wicklow Evans. And there was such compelling honesty and fearlessness in this boy's face, that even the mighty ruler of men felt a thrill of admiration.

"Let him wait in the next room," was the imperial order; then, to Harold, "I believe you 're an honest lad. I will hear your story when the reception is over."

The look that accompanied these words was so encouraging that Harold's heart bounded with joy; then his face flushed as he remembered that he had come into this splendid presence with arrogance and suspicion. He had refused to kiss the emperor's hand, and now this great ruler, instead of having him thrown out and punished for "butting in," had kindly protected him.

"I 'm a cheeky little fool," thought Sandy. "I ought to be thrashed. I—I—" Then, in a swift surging of shame and gratitude, he resolved that he *would* kiss the emperor's hand. "I 'll kiss it if it—if it 's the last thing I do," and, straightway, the boy made an awkward duck of the head in this intention; but the emperor stopped him.

"No, my young friend," he smiled. "In America you don't believe in that sort of thing. We 'll *shake* hands." Whereupon he gave Sandy Evans his hand in a strong and friendly clasp. "Now wait in there."

That is about all there is to say. Half an hour later, the emperor heard Harold's story, listened to every detail from the moment of Dr. Evans's disappearance, and marveled at the power that had brought these things to pass. Swift orders followed Harold's revelation, and, before night, at the sovereign's peremptory command, cable messages in the state cipher were flashing to the Sultan in Constantinople, and to the Khedive in Cairo, while a picked company of soldiers were speeding over the plain toward the robbers' haunt in the Lebanon. Wicklow Evans was to be brought to Damascus with all speed.

* * * * *

TEN days later (so swiftly do things happen when the rulers of the earth really wish them to happen), though the emperor had gone, there was another reception at the governor's house, and this time the guest of honor was a man who had given his life to noble works, an American missionary honored the world over—Wicklow Evans. At his side stood Harold, and Jack, and Nasr-ed-Din, and before them, with respectful salutations, passed the notables of Damascus, including the American consul, Dr. Macdonald, and Dimitri, the innkeeper, vastly pleased over the settlement in full (by the governor) of his little bill—for roast partridges, ice-cream, and other things.

And presently, after the guests had departed, the governor himself drew aside the red curtains whence the black eagles had flown, and, with ceremonious bow, ushered in the sweet lady, trembling with joy, whose radiant faith had made these things possible.

"Mother!" cried Harold.

"Mary!" exclaimed Dr. Evans.

"My husband! My boy!" she murmured, and John McGreggor declared afterward that a moving picture of this scene "would have been worth five hundred dollars—easy."

After the first excitement of reunion came a torrent of questions. Where had Mrs. Evans been all this time? Had she been treated cruelly? Where was she hidden that day at the pyramid when she telegraphed to the boys through the rock? How had she been rescued?

The explanation was very simple. Mrs. Evans had been in Cairo, a prisoner, although kindly treated. She had been set at liberty on orders from Constantinople. When first taken, that day at the pyramid, she had telegraphed to the boys from a rock-tomb whence she could see them, although she dared not cry out. As to her experiences, no one had wished to do Mrs. Evans any bodily harm, but, since she and her husband could not be frightened into abandoning the missionary field, they would be *forced* to abandon it—this was the relentless Moslem purpose.

"They treated me well enough," she said. "I had a small apartment all to myself, with servants to wait on me and a garden to walk in, but—of course I was a prisoner. I might have gone free at any time if I would have promised to go back to America and stay there, but, of course—"

"Yes," said the missionary, gravely, "the Turkish authorities have changed their attitude. They now offer us a handsome indemnity and request that we return to America. But they dare not refuse us the privilege of continuing our work at Adana if we do so at our own risk. What do you think we ought to do, my boy?" He turned to Harold.

"Yes, what do you think we ought to do?" asked the mother.

"It does n't matter what I think," answered Harold. "I know what you 're going to do, and—I know it 's right. You 're going back to Adana," said Sandy Evans.

"Yes, my son, we 're going back to Adana."

THE END.

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From photograph by Nancy Ford Coues.

THE LITTLE GOOSE-GIRL.

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BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE SCOTCH KINGS

A NEW spirit was evolving in England as the great Elizabeth struggled through the last bitter years of her life. Its chief, strongest element was the realization of the saying, "A man 's a man for a' that." Poor or rich, noble or common, he was worthy of respect because of this plain fact of being a man, a child not only of this passing world, but of another and enduring one. And with this realization came a new conception of duty, both to himself and others. Puritan England was coming into being. After the gay and splendid ways of the Tudors, this change was something grim and austere. It could not come easily. It did n't come easily. There was struggle and turmoil; there was terrible war and bloodshed. But when all was over, England appeared as a self-governing country, to whom the divine right of kings was an exploded myth. She had much left to accomplish, but, after the great civil war, her people were a free people in spirit and feeling, if they had not quite become such in actual power.

Nothing more different than the figures of Elizabeth, and James I of Scotland, who followed her upon the throne, can well be imagined. James was a small, spindle-shanked man with a big head, and intensely Scotch. He never understood the English, and he never knew how to make himself either liked or admired, with the result that he was enormously unpopular.

James was poor enough in his native kingdom, but he learned very soon how to spend money when he reached London. So did the horde of Scots who followed him. The king spent most of his time fighting with Parliament concerning taxes and drafts, and he sold everything he could lay hands on to meet the cry for gold in his own heart and those of his favorites. Yet he really cared more for his authority than for money, so that he also lost no chance to smother the fresh and growing spirit of liberty in his new kingdom.

The most interesting things in James's reign were the famous Gunpowder Plot, by the proper working out of which Guy Fawkes and Catesby hoped to send the king and the leaders of the country out of existence; the long struggle with Parliament; the fortunes of the various picturesque adventurers who became James's favorites, and the pother of excitement over Bohemia and Spain. And all these are told of entertainingly and vividly in the little group of books I am going to tell you about.

The most important of all the books concerning this reign is Scott's delightful story, "The Fortunes of Nigel." There is in it one of the wizard's finest and most complete portraits—his de-



Painted by Paul van Somer. In the National Portrait Gallery.

JAMES I.

piction of James I. You will never forget the character of the head of the house of Stuart after reading this novel. There are many humorous sketches of the fortune-hunting Scots who followed their king to England, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who, through the king's infatuation for him, rose from being a handsome, penniless adventurer to be the real ruler of England, is one of the great personages of the book. Prince Charlie is also very much alive, and the famous "Jingling Geordie" is a factor in the

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story. The life of the London of that day is vividly given, and altogether you will have a very fair acquaintance with the England of James of Scotland when you have finished the book. Nigel himself is a Scottish nobleman who comes to London in the king's train, a fine fellow, and you are sure to find his fortunes very thrilling, quite aside from the historical part.

There are two of Harrison Ainsworth's novels interested in the events of James's reign. The



Painted by Van Dyck. Owned by the Earl of Sandwich.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

first has to do with the characters and incidents of the Gunpowder Plot, and is called "Guy Fawkes." It is an excellent and interesting tale, and puts the whole affair clearly before you, with all the warring factions that fought for power, in full action. The second book, "The Lancashire Witches," takes up the subject of the superstition which, later on, was transplanted to our own country, as you know. The scene is chiefly Pendle Forest, and the book is a complete study of that particular locality. Like all Ainsworth's stories, it is romantic and exciting, with full respect for historic accuracy.

Running from the years 1603 to 1615 is a story by G. P. R. James, "Arabella Stuart, or The Days of King James." This author has absolutely no patience at all with the king, not a single good word for him. The romance of the book is founded on the love-story of Arabella and William Seymour, and though the story is old-fashioned, it gives a lot of information in an entertaining manner. Liberties are taken with the history of the time, but the atmosphere and general effect are true enough.

A good, exciting story written for young people, that belongs at this point of our series, is G. Manville Fenn's "The Black Tor." (Lippincott, $1.50.) And a pretty, sweet little story, if you can get it, is by Emma Marshall, "The Young Queen of Hearts." The heroine is the Princess Elizabeth, James's daughter, a charming figure; and her promising brother, Prince Henry, who dies early, is one of the characters.

That is about all concerning James. He ruled England for twenty-two years, and no one seems to have been very sorry when he died. Altogether, he had made a mess of things. As regards England's foreign prestige, so high at Elizabeth's death, he had dragged the nation's honor in the dust. He had let his daughter and son-in-law lose the throne of Bohemia in his desire to conciliate Spain, and had only made himself a laughing-stock for his pains. He had tried to coerce Parliament, and had only muddled affairs hopelessly between king and people. And in marrying his son to the daughter of France, he had clinched the doom of his race. Without the ambitious Henrietta Maria to urge him on, Charles would scarcely have made his fatal effort to strangle English liberty.

The commanding figure of the earlier part of the reign of Charles I was that same Buckingham who had been his father's favorite. Buckingham and Charles were sworn friends, and whatever the duke did the king was ready to stand for. The results were disastrous.

A little book that gives a side-light on the way things were going is by S. H. Burchell, "The Duke's Servants." (Little, Brown, $1.50.) It tells about a famous band of players, and is set in London and in Derbyshire. Not only Buckingham, but his bad follower, Felton, appears, and there is plenty of excitement and local color.

Another good book about the earlier days of Charles is by Miss Braddon, "In High Places." This is divided between France and England, and carries the tale on through the civil war to the edge of Naseby, which left Charles a beaten wanderer along the Welsh border. Mazarin, the great minister of France, Buckingham, and the Queen of France are characters that appear.

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An excellently told story of a phase of the English adventures before the outbreak of the war, which was in 1642, is "The MS. in a Red Box," by John A. Hamilton. It is laid in the year 1627, when a number of Dutch were engaged in draining the Fens, and there were constant collisions between them and the natives of that part of England. There is a lot of dash and many a hair-breadth escape, the pages being crowded with adventure.

Another story that tells the tale of the war, this time from the Cromwell side, is a narrative for young folk by Edgar Pickering, "The Dogs of War." This also runs to Naseby. And there is Captain Mayne Reid's book called "The White Gauntlet," that has to do with this same time.

"When Charles the First Was King," by J. S. Fletcher, is a rousing tale for young readers that is an excellent picture of England between 1632 and 1649, particularly in Yorkshire. Marston Moor and the siege of Pontefract are presented with much detail. (McClurg, $1.50.) And there is a fine Royalist romance by A. Quiller-Couch, "The Splendid Spur." This story is a real treat, like the others written by this master of adventure. Most of the occurrences are in Cornwall and the west of England, and you will get a stirring feeling of the way people fought and lived in those far days when English liberty was making its great stand for life.

Perhaps you have read Whyte-Melville's unusual story, "Holmby House"? The heroine, a charming, high-souled girl, is said to be the author's most successful woman-character. The book contains an unprejudiced portrait of Cromwell, and takes the reader through Newberry and Naseby, and details the events on the captivity and execution of the poor king, now a king no more, but a weak and suffering man, with all his high claims and big demands a mere mockery.

One of Beulah Dix's stories comes in here, "Hugh Gwyneth: A Roundhead Cavalier." The hero has been brought up by his grandfather, who is all for Cromwell. So the lad goes to fight on the Roundhead side, only to meet his father on that of the king. What complications and adventures result I will leave you to discover, and I don't believe you will care to lay the story aside till you know.

Most of these stories are interested in the men who are in the thick of affairs, who are doing the fighting and having the adventures, sharing both hardship and honor. A little story that tells in a plaintive and touching way the sufferings of simple folk left behind to meet what may come is by Walter Raymond, "In the Smoke of War." The heroine is a poor village girl whose father has been taken captive, and whose brave young lover is away fighting. A cowardly rustic of the village woos her, and a great deal of trouble ensues. The story is one that brings out clearly a common enough state in hundreds of English villages during that time of stress.

Opposed to such men as Buckingham and his kind were the patriots, men like Eliot, men like Hampden. I have not been able to find a book that made Eliot its hero, though he surely deserves such a place. But there is a story by Edna Lyall, "To Right the Wrong," that tells most movingly the career of John Hampden. The



Painted by Van Dyck.

CHARLES I.

dramatic moment when the king went to Parliament to demand the surrender of Hampden, together with Pym, Holles, Strode, and Haselrig, for the crime of high treason, and was answered by a dead silence, is not easily forgotten—it was the signal that war was declared.

The king was executed in 1649, but that was not the end of trouble for England. In the next article will be given a few more books that have to tell directly of the last days of the king and the new era of Cromwell, as well as those which relate the many events which led to the Restoration, and set the second Charles on the throne. Dominating all this period is the great figure of Cromwell, and we shall find books both for and against him.

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FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



LITTLE BROTHER RABBIT had been very, very naughty; yes, indeed, very, very naughty. His mother had told him not to *think* of touching another lettuce leaf, because he had already eaten six; but he did. And then Mother Rabbit had scolded and scolded, and Little Brother Rabbit had run away and hidden himself under the root of the great big oak-tree and sulked. He thought and thought, and wondered what he could do to make Mother feel very, very sorry. You see, he was naughty enough to want to make her sad; yes, indeed, very, very naughty.

Finally, he decided he would run away to Farmer Ford's garden and just eat and eat, until he died. Then Mother would be very, very sorry.

He had only gone a little way, when he met his friend Willie Chipmunk. Willie said:

"Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"To Farmer Ford's garden. I 'm going to make Mother sorry."

"Oh, don't do that!" said Willie Chipmunk. "Come on over with me to the sand-pile and play. It 's nice and warm and quiet there."

"No," said Little Brother Rabbit; "I 'm going into the garden and eat a whole head of lettuce all by myself. I want to make Mother sorry she scolded me."

So off he ran down the sandy road toward Farmer Ford's garden. He had only gone a little way before he met his friend Johnnie 'Possum, who said:

"Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"I 'm going to Farmer Ford's garden. I 'm going to make Mother sorry."

"Oh, don't do that!" said Johnnie 'Possum. "Come over to the pine-tree, and we 'll play with the pine-cones. It 's lovely and warm over there."

"No," said Little Brother Rabbit; "I 'm going over to Farmer Ford's garden and eat three whole carrots all by myself. If I die, Mother will be sorry."

So he ran along until he came to Farmer Ford's garden. He wiggled in between two pickets and looked all around. He could n't decide where to begin, but thought he 'd try the lettuce first. So he cuddled down to the warm earth and started to nibble a nice, tender, crisp, green leaf. He was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he heard a step. He looked up, and what do you think he saw? Farmer Ford himself, not ten feet away. He crouched down and lay perfectly still, though one little pink ear *would* keep twitching. In a few mo-

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ments, Farmer Ford moved away, and Little Brother Rabbit thought he would be safer in the carrot patch. So he crept over, and had just started in nibbling a nice, long carrot, when whom should he see but Farmer Ford's hired man. He kept perfectly still, all except that one ear which *would* move. Pretty soon the hired man went in to his dinner, and Little Brother Rabbit's heart stopped going pit-a-pat. He felt sure he would be quite safe in the cabbage patch, so he crept over to it. He had just found a nice cabbage, when whom do you think came along? Farmer Ford's wife! *She* had seen the same cabbage head as *he* had, and had come to pick it. Little Brother Rabbit jumped up, and ran just as fast as he could toward the fence. He squeezed through, and ran and ran and ran. As he hurried past, he met Johnnie 'Possum, who called after him:

"Why, what are you in such a hurry for, Little Brother Rabbit?"

He was very tired, but he called out: "I want my mother! I want my mother!"

In a little while, he met Willie Chipmunk, who stood still in the sandy road and said: "Why, where under the sun are you hurrying to?"

Little Brother Rabbit could hardly drag one foot after the other, but he said: "I want my mother!" before he fell down exhausted. In a little while, he dragged himself to the nice, warm, cozy cave where Mother Rabbit and her family of Bunnykins lived. She was sitting outside, knitting a nice, warm sweater for Little Brother Rabbit. On the table was a nice little lunch all ready for him.

"Well," said Mother Rabbit, "I 'm glad you 've come back in time for lunch. Did you have a good time?"

"No, not very," said Little Brother Rabbit. And then he told his mother all about it, and how glad he was to be home with her again!



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PICKERING'S TREE-FROG MAKES HIS CALL BY A SMALL "BAGPIPE" IN HIS THROAT.

MUSICIANS OF THE AUTUMN WOODS

ALTHOUGH most of the bird musicians are now silent, and the insect serenade has tapered off to an occasional weak chirp of a chilled cricket, there are still some little musicians left to entertain us in the October woods. And during these still, autumn days, while the squirrels are busily engaged gathering nuts for the coming winter, and the few remaining birds silently search for stray insects and larvæ among the branches overhead, or among the fallen leaves on the ground, our little vocalists are piping their chorus.

From up among the branches comes a shrill peep that reminds us of spring and the marsh, only somewhat weaker, as it is repeated at intervals now in one part of the woods and then in another. Yes, it is the same little vocalist that we heard in April—Pickering's Tree-Frog, but he has now taken up his abode among the boughs, where he spends his time distending and collapsing his vocal sack, or jumping about among the brown leaves that so closely resemble his own color.

Then there is the familiar rattle of the common tree-toad, with its sense of mystery as to the exact location of the author. Our eyes may even rest on him time and again without detecting his whereabouts, so well do his color and markings conceal him.

Another peep resembling that of the tree-toad's, though somewhat less clear and positive, proceeds from almost under our feet. This time, though, our musician is neither frog nor toad, but a little red salamander. We shall often hear his voice as we stroll through the woods on a warm October day.

The frost-browned leaves hide still another of our autumn musicians—the wood-frog, whose clucking note often accompanies the peep of the tree-toads. His color so perfectly harmonizes



THE LITTLE RED SALAMANDER CALLING IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

with the brown of the surrounding leaves that, even though we may see him jump, it is a sharp eye indeed that can locate him. Even our common hop-toad adds his call to the chorus, and does his part in the concert.

GEO. A. KING.

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PINE-CONES

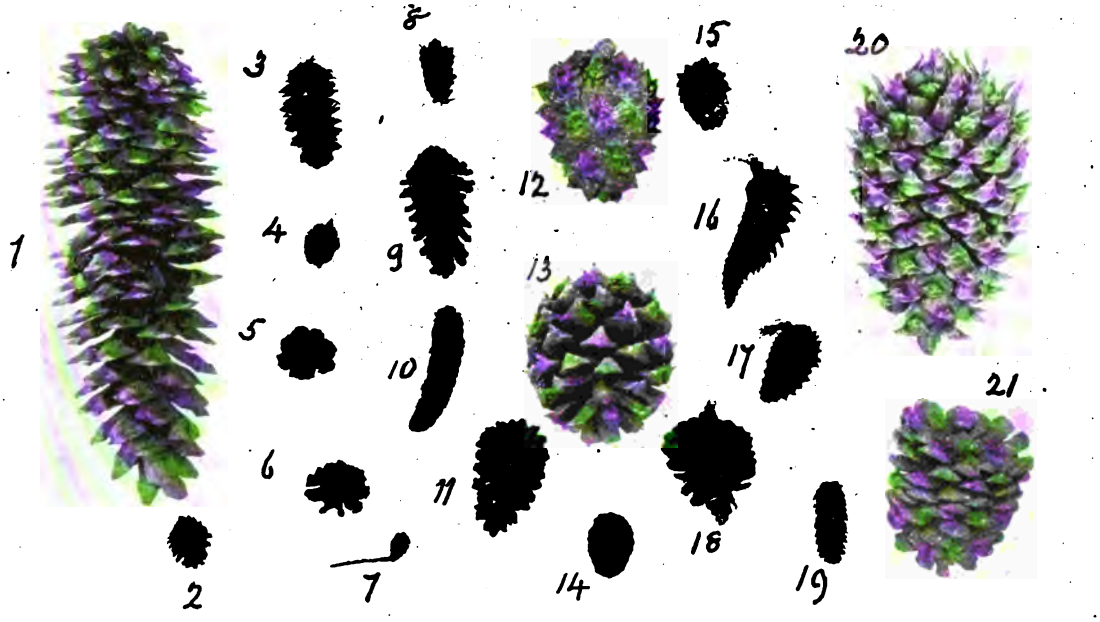
PROBABLY the family of trees most interesting to the largest number of people is that of the cone-bearers, which includes the pines, firs, spruces, hemlocks, larches, cedars, junipers, cypresses, and redwoods. One reason, no doubt, is their wide distribution, for, of the seventy species of pines alone, some are found on every continent except Australia, while half the number belong to the United States. Another reason is that, with the exception of the larches, they are evergreen.

Of the cone-bearing trees inhabiting the United States, the western States have by far the largest variety. The photographs show the cones of several of these, but by no means of all. The cone of the sugar-pine is the largest and handsomest. I have found these more than two feet in length. In height, beauty of shape and color, and in value of timber, the sugar-pine stands at the head of the family. Next in size is the cone of the Coulter pine, the great, hooked monster No. 20, which often weighs several pounds. Third in size is the Digger-pine cone, also furnished with quarrelsome claws. This tree grows on dry, hot ground, and is noticeable for its scanty foliage. The Digger Indians, from whom the tree takes its name, find it useful for the large nuts which they get by roasting the cones until the scales open.

Next in order of size is the cone of the Jeffrey pine, the flat-bottomed one seen below that of the Coulter pine. Its flat base is due to its habit of leaving the bottom scales on the tree when it breaks away.

The peculiar, twisted cone, No. 16, and the smaller one below it—the knob-cone and the prickle-cone—are interesting for their odd habit of clinging to the trees for years, unopened. They usually grow in circles or whorls, tight against the stem or branch, and often become entirely embedded in the wood. In the case of the knob-cone pine, this behavior seems to be nature's plan for preserving the species, for it is an inhabitant of dry regions, naturally subject to fires, which, if the trees dropped their seeds in the usual manner, would kill old and young together. As it is, the cones remain closely sealed up until fire or some other enemy kills the parent tree, when the cones are opened by the heat or by decay, and a new generation is born. I have seen young pines of this kind only five or six feet high, yet carrying a number of cones.

All the pines thus far described, except the prickle-cone, are hillside- or mountain-pines, growing up to six thousand or seven thousand feet above the sea. From that height up to timber-line (at about eleven thousand feet in the warm southern latitude where I live), there occur several other species. The gracefully curved cone, No. 10, is the fruit of the sturdy western



1, Sugar-pine; 2, Lodge-pole pine, or tamarack; 3, Douglas spruce; 4, Monterey cypress; 5 and 6, Piñon pines, one-leafed and four-leafed; 7, Redwood; 8, Mountain hemlock; 9, Yellow pine; 10, Western white pine; 11, Limber pine; 12, Torrey pine; 13, Digger-pine; 14, Big tree; 15, White-bark pine; 16, Knob-cone pine; 17, Prickle-cone pine; 18, Monterey pine; 19, Sitka spruce; 20, Coulter pine; 21, Jeffrey pine.

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white pine, a close relative of the sugar-pine. At about the same height is found the lodge-pole pine, or tamarack, the neat little cone of which is shown just below that of the sugar-pine.



A SUGAR-PINE ON AN EXPOSED RIDGE.

Just above the tamarack comes in the hemlock, one of the most beautiful of our trees, and bearing the pretty little cone No. 8; then the limber pine, No. 11, one of the hardiest of pines. Highest of all, on the edge of perpetual snow, is found the white-bark pine, cone No. 15, which is often found crawling along the ground, twisted and battered into a mat by snow, frost, and storm.

Cone No. 12 is that of a rare and interesting tree, the Torrey pine, found only in two small groups, one on Santa Rosa Island, off the coast of southern California, and the other on the mainland not far from the Mexican boundary. It is a small tree to bear so large a cone. The odd-shaped cone, No. 18, is from the Monterey pine, a handsome, full-leafed tree often seen in gardens, but growing naturally only near the quaint old town of Monterey. The little, roundish cone, No. 4, belongs to the Monterey cypress that inhabits the same region. Farther north again is found the Sitka spruce, bearing the fine-scaled little cone shown to the right of that of the Monterey pine. No. 3, corresponding to it, on the upper left-hand side of the picture, is the cone of the Douglas spruce, the giant of the noble Oregon and Washington forests, and one of the most valuable of all our timber-trees.

The two small, loose-looking cones, Nos. 5 and 6, are those of the nut-pines that produce the piñon nuts seen in fruit-stores. The piñon harvest, to the Indian, is as merry a season as huckleberry time or hickory-nut time is to us.

Those who have not seen the famous big trees of the Sierra Nevada will be surprised to learn that they have almost the smallest cones of all. The little egg-shaped cone, No. 14, is the fruit of this, the largest tree in the world, and the one shown is an unusually large specimen. The little cone to the left, with a stem that makes it look like a pipe, is the cone of the redwood, the big tree's only near relative, and almost its equal in size and age.



CONE AND FOLIAGE OF THE RED FIR.

The third picture shows the cone and foliage of the red fir. As the cones of all the firs fall to

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pieces on the tree, it was necessary to photograph this as it grew. It is one of the most beautiful of tree fruits. We might think that it is made of soft, pale green velvet tinged with purple on the sunny side, and incrusted with crystal beads. The cones grow only toward the top of the tree, but it is worth the climb, many times over, to see the great, rich cylinders flashing there in the mountain light.

I have not spoken of the cedars and junipers, which also are cone-bearers. You might think that the word "cone" hardly describes these fruits, but, when dissected, even the round berry of the juniper is found to be made up of scales.

J. SMEATON CHASE.

A ROYAL TURTLE

WITH a keeper, a pension, and a whole acre to himself, he dwells, grubbing cocoanut roots or sleeping in the warm sands, with nothing to trouble him save an occasional interested tourist, or the little prince and princesses who like to ride on his back. His home is within a stone's throw of the Pacific, and here he peacefully spends his old age—if turtles ever grow old.

In the earliest records of the first—the Great—Kamehameha, we read of a turtle that lived near the hut of one of the chiefs, and, from the



THE TURTLE REACHING UPWARD AS FAR AS POSSIBLE BY AID OF NECK AND FORE LEGS.

hand of His Majesty, ate taro roots and mangos and other delicacies dear to a good turtle's appetite. Although this was in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the legends of that period say that the imperial pet had been the favorite of the warriors for three or four hundred years, and had been handed down from father to son ever since his birth, to be well fed and well



FEEDING THE ROYAL TURTLE.

cared for. Old kings died and were succeeded by their sons or heirs; an absolute monarchy agreed to a constitution; in turn came a republic, and, at last, Hawaii became a part of the United States. But the turtle remained at heart a royal turtle, and to-day still basks in the sunshine of royal favor. He lives at Waikiki beach, Honolulu, on the grounds occupied by Prince Kalanianaole, a delegate to Congress, and who is next in line to Queen Liliuokalani.

A few years ago a scientist said that the turtle was seven hundred years old, and was likely to live for many years more, perhaps for many hundred years more. Certain it is that if proper care will keep him alive, he will live to be old, even for a turtle.

Across the street from his happy home is a magnificent tourist hotel, close to the waves of the Pacific. All about are palatial residences. Automobiles by the hundred pass daily. But the turtle heeds not, and apparently cares not. He knows the prince, who lives near by, and enjoys eating from his hand. Half a dozen children of royal blood bother him a bit at times, but he appears on the whole to recognize their prerogatives, and will carry them on his back, if they do not insist upon going too far.

A silver tablet is being prepared for him, and in a short time you will be able to read on his back the history that I have here written.

EVELYN ALLISON BRECKONS.

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THE ASPHALT THAT PAVES OUR STREETS

On the little island of Trinidad, not far from the northern coast of South America, we find one of the greatest natural resources of which any country can boast. On this island is a place about the size of four city blocks where the ground looks like a street paved with asphalt but which has not been well rolled. This is called the pitch lake, although it is not a lake, but a solid deposit of asphalt. It is hard on top, but below the surface it is soft, like tar. Workmen dig up this asphalt with picks, and load it into the little cars that we see in the picture, when it is hauled to the refining plant.

Now notice a strange fact. After the men have dug a big hole in the lake, and have gone home for the night, they find in the morning the hole filled up level with the rest of the lake. And this has been going on for years. As fast as the asphalt is taken out, it comes back again, and the lake is always full. How long the supply will last, no one can say. It comes from below, but what the processes are by which it is renewed, no one knows. The asphalts are believed to have the same origin as petroleum. It is supposed that they are derived from the decay and change of organisms buried in the rocks. Asphaltic substances are found in several localities in the United States.

Albert K. Dawson.

WHY THE WHEELS TURN BACKWARD

On page 562 of the April number of St. Nicholas, the question is raised as to why the moving pictures sometimes make the wheels of a carriage or automobile appear to turn the wrong way. It

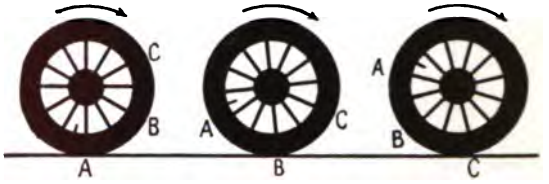


DIAGRAM TO ILLUSTRATE "WHY THE WHEELS TURN BACKWARD," AS EXPLAINED IN THE TEXT.

may interest some of your readers to look further into the matter, and to learn how the appearance depends upon the speed of the wheels.

Suppose that an automobile in motion is being photographed, and that one exposure happens to be made just as one of the spokes is pointing vertically downward. When the next exposure is made, one sixteenth of a second later, the automobile will have advanced a certain distance; but it may happen that another spoke is now pointing vertically downward. The same will be true of all following exposures if the speed of the auto does not change. In each case the spokes do not *appear* to have moved, so that the impression is



LOADING CARS WITH ASPHALT.

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produced of a car gliding along with brakes set. And this will be the case, no matter how fast the film is run when the picture is thrown on the screen.

If, now, the car is running a trifle slower than in the first case, then three successive photographs of the wheel will look as in the figure, in which the left-hand view is supposed to be taken first. By noticing the positions of the tire valve, you will see that the wheel really turns through a considerable angle from one exposure to the next, yet at the instant when each picture is taken, the spokes look as if the wheel had very slightly turned backward. Thus, in the left-hand picture, the spoke *A* points vertically downward; in the second picture, spoke *B* has almost, but not quite, reached the vertical position; while in the right-hand view, spoke *C* is not quite so far along as *B* was in the picture before it.

If the speed of the car were a little greater, the wheels would seem to turn slowly forward. But in all these cases the valve, as a rule, does not show at all, or else there appear to be faint images of several valves.

With these points in mind, the reader can easily puzzle out for himself why it is that when an automobile or carriage is photographed while it is speeding up or slowing down, the wheels appear to be constantly reversing their direction, turning now one way, and now the other.

Sometimes a similar illusion is seen when the wheels of a moving automobile are viewed through the palings of a fence. To see this to the best advantage, however, one should not stand too near the fence.

W. G. CADY.

HOW A SQUIRREL DESCENDS

IF you have ever had the opportunity of watching a squirrel descend a tree, moving almost as fast as a streak of light and with the sureness of some mechanical device, you will find it hard to believe that he is accomplishing a feat no more difficult than it would be for you to run down-stairs. This is true, nevertheless, when you consider that the cracks and crevices in the bark are as large in relation to the size of the squirrel as the treads of a stairway are to your own bulk, and that, in addition, the animal has four points of support, each equipped with a grappling-hook in the form of claws.

Moreover, the progress of the squirrel is in reality a series of hitches. Obtaining a hold with the claws of his hind feet, he lowers his body until his fore paws strike a suitable foothold; supporting his weight on these, he hitches his body forward, and repeats the process. This is done so rapidly that we do not detect the separate motions, any more than we realize that the human walk is but a series of semi-falls and recoveries.



A SQUIRREL DESCENDING A TREE.

Note the peculiar "turned around" position of the hind foot. Note also that the fore paws are holding some article of food, so that the entire weight of the squirrel is supported by the hind claws.

To make his hold even more secure, the ankle-joints of the squirrel are extremely strong and flexible, so that he is not only able to get a grip upon the crevices of the bark, but to make the angle of his hold such that the weight of his body serves but to tighten it. To understand this, throw a loop of cord over a post and pull on the lower portion; even on smooth wood the power of this "hitch" will be so great that you will have to release it before you can slip the loop down.

A. E. SWOYER.

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"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

WHY THE RAILROAD TRACKS LOOK NARROWER

GREENVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why it is that when you look down a railroad it looks narrower as the distance increases?

Your interested reader,
RUTH HOERLEIN-ROTH.

The railroad looks narrower as the distance increases because the farther away things are the smaller they appear. The distance between the rails is the same all the way along the track, but it appears smaller and smaller as we look at it farther and farther away, and finally, in the far distance, it appears to be a mere speck, and the rails seem to come together. You can make a simple experiment which will show that a thing looks only half as long when it is twice as far away. Take two books (A) and set them on end



Photograph by courtesy of The New York Central Railroad.

"THE RAILROAD LOOKS NARROWER AS THE DISTANCE INCREASES."

and close together at one end of a table, then set up a book (B) of the same size half-way down the table; then, with one eye at the other end of the table (C), look across the top of the books, and you will see that the single book just covers the width of the two books. Therefore, a book at A appears only half as wide as a book at B. In the same way, a thing three times as

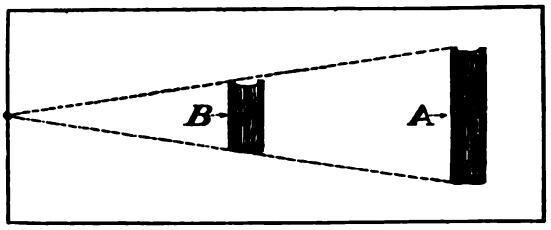


DIAGRAM TO ILLUSTRATE THE "LAW OF PERSPECTIVE."

far away as another looks only one third as wide, and so on, and it applies to all distances. In the case of the railroad track, the fraction may be a very small one. When you compare the appearance of the track near by with its appearance one thousand times as far away, it looks only one one-thousandth as wide. When you understand this matter, you will have learned an important rule of vision, which is called a "law of perspective" by those who like to use long words.—H. L. W.

WHAT CAUSES HICCUPS?

AMHERST, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very curious to know what causes hiccups. Some people say that it is because one has eaten too much, but I sometimes have them when I get up in the morning. I would be very grateful to you if you would explain this to me.

Your interested reader,
ESTHER WAUGH.

Hiccups are caused by spasm of the diaphragm. The diaphragm is a big broad muscle separating the lungs above from the stomach and other organs below. Sometimes when the stomach is too full, it presses on the diaphragm, and the pressure causes these spasms; sometimes when the stomach is empty, the diaphragm begins to jump because it sympathizes with the stomach, and gets uneasy.

But, besides these, there are many other causes for spasm of the diaphragm. It may be that there is irritation of the base of the brain, away off where the nerves come from that control the diaphragm, and when these nerves are irritated, the diaphragm jumps, or has spasms, as the doctors say.

Sometimes you can stop hiccups by taking a long breath and holding it until you count up to twenty slowly. When you do this, the lungs push hard against the diaphragm, and prevent it from jerking.—ROBERT T. MORRIS.

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HOW NEGATIVES ARE DEVELOPED

UNCASVILLE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you please tell me what makes the pictures come when you develop a plate or film? I would love to know.

Your loving reader,
CAROL JOHNSON (age 10).

When Father takes a snap-shot with his kodak of you and little sister at play, some truly wonderful things begin to happen. If you were to examine the creamy yellow strip of film upon which the picture was taken, there would seemingly be no difference in its appearance then and before the snap-shot was made.

Now let us suppose that this strip of film is a little trundle-bed, and in it, tucked securely away from the light, are many hundreds of little chaps called silver-bromides, little roly-poly fellows, lying just as close together as possible, and protected by a coverlet of pure white gelatin.

Until the sudden flash of light came in their faces, when the picture was taken, they have been content to lie still and sleep soundly. Now they are seized with a strange unrest, and each little atom is eager to do his part in showing your picture to the world. Alone they are powerless, but they have some powerful chemical friends who, organized and aided by the photographer, will bring about a great change. These chemicals, with the help of the photographer, form themselves into a society called the "developer."

The photographer takes just so many of the tiny feathery crystals of "Pyro," just so many of the clear little atoms of a substance called "sulphite of soda," and just so many little crystals of another called "carbonate of soda," and tumbles them all into a big glass of clear, cold water. Unaided by each other, any one of these chemicals would be powerless to help their little bromide-of-silver friends. The first of these chemicals to go to work is the carbonate of soda. He tiptoes softly over to the trundle-bed, and gently begins turning back the gelatin covers over the little bromide-of-silver chaps, so that "Pyro" can find them in the dark.

It is Pyro's business to change the little silver-bromides into silver metal, but he is rather an impulsive chap, so he is accompanied by "sulphite of soda," who warns him not to be too rough, and whose sole duty is to restrain Pyro's eagerness to help his little friends.

"Go slow, now!" says Sulphite. "Don't frighten the little silver-bromides! or else you 'll make them cuddle up in heaps, and the picture won't be as nice as if you wake them up gently and each little bromide stays just where he belongs!"

After all the little silver-bromides that the light shone on have been changed or transformed into metallic silver by the developer, another chemical friend has to step in and carry away all the little bromides that were not awakened by the flash of light.

This friend's name is "Hypo," and in a few minutes he has carried away all the little bromides that are still sleeping, so that the trundle-bed with the now awakened and transformed silver-bromides will, after washing and drying, be called a "negative," and will be ready to print your pictures from.—THE EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY.

"MONKEY"-FACED OWLS

CHAUNCEY, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me about these queer-looking owls? They were captured in Morgan County, Ohio.

Respectfully,
LINDLEY SPRAGUE.

These monkey-faced, or barn, owls so thoroughly conceal themselves during the day that they are probably less often seen than any other kind. For that reason they are popularly supposed



MONKEY-FACED, OR BARN, OWLS.

to be rare, even in localities where they are really numerous. Consequently, when one is captured, it attracts more attention, and is the cause of more exaggerated statements in local newspapers than any other kind. It is not unusual for some reporter to give an extended, sensational account of "the discovery of an animal entirely new to science, supposed to be part bird and part monkey." Because of the ludicrous facial expression, the barn-owl is often called, even in scientific books, the monkey-faced owl. They are the farmers' friends, for they destroy at night rats and mice.

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"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY CHARLES PRILIK, AGE 16.

WE have all heard that oft-repeated proverb, "Pride goeth before a fall," and, remembering the feeling with which ST. NICHOLAS each month regards the really remarkable contributions to the League, we have been anxiously expecting the predicted fall. It seems as if it were certainly due after our continued pride in the past year's splendid achievement, but it has been again postponed, and, we are beginning to think, indefinitely so, for this month's offerings have again reached the high standard that our young writers, artists, photographers, and puzzlers have hitherto set, and the Editor's task of keeping within the limit of the pages assigned to the League has been as difficult as ever, while again many contributions that well merited publication have had to be omitted.

Shakspere makes one of his characters say that there is "much virtue in If," and our League poets seem to prove the truth of the words. Among the many excellent "Reasons Why" the lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson's stories (and who are not?) will read with special pleasure the touching essay that tells about the building of the "Road of Loving Hearts." Then, too, with school-days fairly begun, we shall all enjoy the photographs and drawings of the month, bringing as they do glimpses of summer wanderings in this and other lands, and recalling memories of our own happy vacation days.

And now, having rounded out another happy and successful year, ST. NICHOLAS offers thanks and congratulations to each and every member of the League — to those who, step by step, have won the prizes and attained to honor membership, to those who are surely and steadily climbing toward it, and to those who have newly enlisted in our ranks with the fair field before them.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 164

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Rachel S. Commons** (age 13), Madison, Wis.; **Jean M. Williams** (age 15), Bristol, Pa. Silver badges, **Elsie Stuart** (age 12), Charleston, S. C.; **Margaret Matthews** (age 13), Omaha, Neb.; **Cornelia Tucker** (age 15), Albany, N. Y.; **Mary E. Thompson** (age 9), Darbyville, Va.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Lucile Lowe Ritan** (age 13), West Newton, Mass.; **Hugh Warren Kite (age 9)**, Milton, Mass.; **Florence W. Towle** (age 14), New Brighton, N. Y.; **Karl Hagen** (age 9), Dayton, O.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Sam Kirkland** (age 14), San Antonio, Tex.; **Elsie B. Driggs** (age 14), New Rochelle, N. Y.; **Alice Dahl** (age 17), Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Marjorie E. M. Grant** (age 11), Palo Alto, Cal.; **Morgan Bogart** (age 16), Milwaukee, Wis.; **Truman Penny** (age 14), Minneapolis, Minn.; **Isabel O'Hara** (age 14), Toronto, Can.; **Judith M. Crawford** (age 13), Randolph, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, **Mildred Maurer** (age 14), Alameda, Cal.; **Margaret M. Horton** (age 15), Mt. Kisco, N. Y

Silver badges, **Betty Jackson** (age 13), New York City; **Alice Forbes** (age 15), Milton, Mass.; **Helen Durham** (age 14), Indianapolis, Ind.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Ida G. Everson** (age 15), New Brighton, N. Y.



"COMING." BY FREDERICK J. BÜLCK, AGE 16.



"COMING—WOMEN IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES." BY BESSIE C. JENNINGS, AGE 17.

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IF

BY LUCILE LOWE RITAN (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

A PEDDLER stopped at the palace gate,
The guards were sleeping, the hour was late;
The palace shone with a radiant light,
Telling of revelry by night.
The poor man pressed close against the bars,
Unseen except by a million stars;
His clothes were ragged, his feet were sore,
And he greedily gazed at the lighted door.
A man looked out, but at once returned
To the gay, laughing throng where the candles burned;
The peddler had seen the jewels flash,
Heard the gold-hilted sword in its saber clash;
He turned, and shouldered his pack anew—
"Ah, sovereign," he breathed, "if I were you!"

The king rode out in his coach of gold,
His brow was wrinkled, and he seemed old
'Neath the burden of care which the state imposed
On its weary liege. As the coach door closed,
The king saw a peddler who happily smiled,
Selling his wares to a little child.
The monarch's hand passed across his eyes.
"Ah, happy man, who is free from lies,
Intrigue, false friendships, and hatred, too;
Oh, peddler," he sighed, "if I were you!"

THE REASON WHY

(*A true story*)

BY RACHEL S. COMMONS (AGE 13)

Gold Badge. (*Silver Badge won July, 1911*)

THE door of the white cottage suddenly burst open and a little girl bounced in, cuddling in her hands a tiny bunch of feathers.

"Oh, Mumsie!" she cried. "See the baby meadow-lark we found. The boys ran over the nest with the hay-rake, and there was this little fellow all alone. It 's hungry! May I keep it?"



"COMING." BY MARJORIE E. M. GRANT, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Another pet!" sighed Mother, dropping her work. "My darling, we already have a horse, a rabbit, and a canary, and it was only last week that you brought home the chicken with the broken leg. I really *can't* have any more, Alice!"

"But it 's so hungry, and I want it so!" This was said in such a pleading voice that Mother had to agree.

"Well, you may keep it. But remember, Alice, you must feed it yourself, and it eats worms."

"Oh, goody! I can dig worms all right. Now he must have a nest."

Alas for Alice! as soon as the baby was placed in a box filled with cotton, he opened his mouth until it seemed larger than he was, and gave himself up to squawking and craning his neck.

Alice took the spade and, digging valiantly, succeeded in getting several worms. These the infant gobbled up, then opened his mouth again, squawking louder than ever. All afternoon he called for food, and all afternoon weary little Alice dug for worms.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY ETHEL W. KIDDER, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

At sunset, she and Aunt Clara carried the baby back to the field where the nest had been, and saw it rescued by its loving parents.

When asked her reason for taking the meadow-lark back, Alice replied: "'Cause *he ate worms!* My next pet 's going to be a vegetanarian!"

THE REASON WHY

BY ELSIE STUART (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

NOT so very long ago, a man, weak from long illness, went for his health to a small island in the Pacific Ocean called Samoa. The savages who were the inhabitants of the little island soon learned to love Robert Louis Stevenson. They called him *Tutuia* (the Teller of Stories), because of the books he wrote while he was propped up in bed, too weak to get up. He was so kind that the chiefs called a council to think of something they could do to express their gratitude. They decided to build a road up the mountain that he loved, and upon the top of which he had wished to be buried. The savages toiled and worked on the long road, but they never tired, because of their love for Stevenson. Finally, the beautiful road was completed, and stretched up the mountain like a ribbon. It was named the Road of Loving Hearts.

But God called Robert Louis Stevenson before he became an old man, and he left the men who had loved him so dearly. They mourned him greatly, and they carried his body silently and sorrowfully on their

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shoulders up the Road of Loving Hearts, and laid him carefully in his grave on the top of the mountain.

Robert Louis Stevenson had a pure, strong character, in spite of his poor, weak body. His kindness drew everybody to him, and the beauty and purity of his soul inspired even the ignorant Samoans, and that was the reason why these men made the beautiful road.

IF

BY KARL HAGEN (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

If I had lived long years ago,
I should have been a knight;
With helmet plumes as white as snow,
And armor shining bright.

I should have had a castle grand,
A coal-black steed to ride,
A two-edged sword, and blazoned shield,
To carry at my side.



"COMING." BY URLING VALENTINE, AGE 11.

I should have slain a giant brave,
And freed a maiden fair;
And killed a monster dragon, too,
When he was in his lair.

But since I 'm living nowadays,
And knights are not in style,
I 'll have to grow and be a man,
And do something worth while.

THE REASON WHY

BY DOROTHY VON OLKER (AGE 14)

Jack Randal slammed his Latin grammar upon the living-room table "What 's the use?" he sighed despondently.

"In what?" asked Mr. Randal, viewing his son over the top of the "Evening Record."

"Oh, this plaguy Latin," answered Jack, giving the offensive book a begrudging shove with his hand. "What do I care about the old Romans, anyway? I don't intend to be a historian."

"It is not the history so much as the good you receive from concentration while studying," remarked Jack's older sister, in a superior tone.

"But what *is* the reason," persisted the boy, "in my wasting my time on something I have no use for? Hard 's no name for it, and—"

"To develop your mental faculties," interrupted his father, "something difficult is necessary. As you exercise to keep in athletic training, so your mind, to be kept in trim, must also be exercised. Understand?"

"I guess so," replied Jack, with a puzzled frown; "only it seems as if I could exercise it on something I like better."

"If you study your Latin in the right spirit," interposed Mrs. Randal, "you will surely learn to like it. I have almost always conquered dislikes for different household tasks," shaking the sock she was darning, "by doing them as well as possible. Could n't you do the same in your lessons?"

Jack picked up his book. "I 'll try," he said.

He was true to his word, and when, a month later, he realized that his dislike had vanished, and his studies were all on the upward move, he hugged his old Latin grammar, and said to himself: "Now I see the reason why!"

THE REASON WHY FRANCESCA LIKES THE PLAYGROUND

BY JEAN M. WILLIAMS (AGE 15)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won March, 1913)

Francesca, a typical little Italian, sat on the curbstone with baby brother in her lap. Although Francesca's hair had been combed four days before, it was rather frowsy now. Her hands, face, and dress were all equally dirty. In summer, life was an endless taking care of brother to Francesca. How she wished she could leave him and play for just a little while!

"Little girl! why don't you come to the playgrounds with us?" Francesca looked up with a start to see a lady, surrounded by children, calling to her. Wondering, she followed, dragging baby brother after her.

That morning, a new era was opened for Francesca. She discovered that at the playgrounds she could leave brother to play in the big sand-boxes while she, herself, swung, see-sawed, played ring games, or listened to fairy stories. Francesca agreed with the other children, however, that the best fun was at eleven o'clock, when the teacher brought out scissors, wall-paper, and paste. Then came the joy of making things—paper caps, chains, boxes, boats—and the added joy of taking them home to show Mother.



"KEEPING COOL." BY JOHN B. MATTHEW, AGE 16.

So the reason why Francesca likes the playground is that it gives her a chance to do what she and every other child really needs, namely, a chance to play. But the reason that Francesca's mother likes it is because she knows, while toiling in the noisy mill, that her children are happy and safe from motors, trolleys, and mischief.

It seems to me that these are good reasons why other Francescas would like playgrounds, and why other factory towns should have them.

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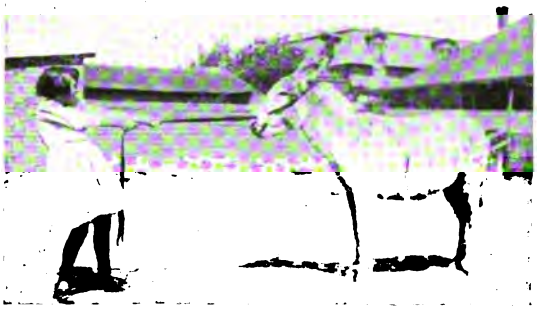
BY TRUMAN PENNY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY VINCINO CARRARA, AGE 14.



BY FRANCES E. SWEENEY, AGE 13.



BY MARY C. SCHULTZ, AGE 11.



BY LOIS B. LONG, AGE 11.

"COMING."

IF

BY HUGH WARREN KITE (AGE 9)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHEN Philip, King of Macedon,
Did wish to pacify
The sturdy, brave Laconians,
He did this, just to try.

He sent them a short letter,
And in it this was found:
"If I go near your city,
I 'll level it to the ground."

When he received the answer,
His anger could scarce be restrained;
He found, on reading the letter,
That "If!" was all it contained.

THE REASON WHY

BY MARGARET MATTHEWS (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHEN Mother tells you you must not do this or that, do you whine and ask the reason why?

Most little folk do, and if Mother does tell them the reason, they don't understand it. When Mother tells you not to do a thing, she usually has a good reason, and always for your benefit.

You come running in some afternoon after school, and ask to go and play with your little friend, and Mother says, "No, dear. Not to-day."

You look sullen, and pout, and query sulkily, "Why?"

Mother gives no answer, and you repeat your question.

"You would not understand, dear, if I told you."

"Oh, yes, I would. Why can't I go? I don't see why I can't."

"Because I do not want you to," she answers.

Perhaps she has some work for you to do, or perhaps you 've been away or over at this same little friend's home two or three days this week already, and she is afraid your friend's mother will grow tired of you; or, better still, she has some surprise waiting for you. Whatever her reason is, it is a good one, and not simply to deprive you of a good time.

Not knowing this, you go in the other room feeling terribly abused, and resolving not to speak to any one.

If you only knew it, dear child, this does no one any harm but yourself. It hurts Mother, of course; but if you think a person is doing aggravating little things to be mean, you do not cure them by getting angry, for that only shows them it hurts you, and they will do it more; but if you pretend you don't care, they stop it. It hurts Mother just as much and more to disappoint you than it does yourself.

And please remember I 'm not preaching, for I 'm only thirteen myself, and, believe me! I 'm no angel! *I* always ask the reason why, and if I get no answer, which is usually the case, I don't "brighten up like a little sunbeam which throws its rays all over the wide world," but sulk and pout until something more interesting happens.

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THE REASON WHY

BY CORNELIA TUCKER (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

"I MUST have left my umbrella in school!" Mary exclaimed at the luncheon-table with a start. "I know I did n't bring it home."



"COMING." BY ISABEL O'HARA, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Why did n't you?" Father asked reproachfully.

"Yes, why did n't you?" the family echoed.

"I 'm sure I don't know," said Mary, with a sigh; "it 's a habit."

"Why can't you remember things?" Mother asked, with a troubled look.

"She leaves everything everywhere," Bobbie remarked uncharitably.

"At any rate, go back and get it after lunch," said Mother, changing the subject.

On the way back to school, Mary met her oldest sister coming home from a luncheon.

"Where are you going?" said she.

"I left my umbrella in school, and I 'm going back to get it," Mary answered.

"I hope you find it, but why did n't you think to bring it home?"

Mary only shook her head, sighed, and went on her way.

"Well, Mary," said Father at dinner, "did you get the umbrella?"



"COMING." BY MORGAN BOGART, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

"It 's safe in the rack," Mary answered, "and now I know why I did n't bring it home."

"Why was that?" the family asked.

"Because," Mary answered slowly, "because I never took it to school!"

IF I WERE YOU

BY FLORENCE W. TOWLE (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

If I were you and you were I,
I know how it would be,
I 'd be as kind to you as now
I wish you were to me.
I 'd smile and say all pleasant things,
Our friendship should be true,
And we should feel no discontent
If I were you!

No little fuss should come between,
No trouble should annoy;
Our walks and talks should be most free
From all but peace and joy.
I wonder if results would be
The same, if I should do
The things I 'd do if you were I
And I were you?

THE REASON WHY

BY HELEN G. MORE (AGE 14)

LONG ago, at the edge of a broad valley in the Rocky Mountains, a band of Indians were camped in a cañon at the mouth of which stood a steep, rocky cliff.

The Indian braves had painted their faces red, a sign they were going on the war-path.

That night, there was a war-dance, and great excitement reigned. As they began, Fleeting Shadow, an Indian maiden, ran up to a young brave, begging him not to join the dance; but he waved her aside, saying he must go to defend his tribe. It was her lover, Eagle Feather, and she went back to her wigwam sore at heart.



"COMING." BY JUDITH M. CRAWFORD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

The next day, Fleeting Shadow climbed high on the steep cliff, standing out on a projecting rock, to watch the long line of warriors go down the winding trail across the valley, her eyes following Eagle Feather, who rode behind the chief, till he was lost to view.

She climbed the cliff day after day to watch for their return, and often, on moonlight nights, she kept her lonely vigil far into the night.

After many moons, they came back—without him. All that day, she stood on the rock with her hand shading her eyes, watching with a vain hope that he would come. For many days and nights, she stood thus. Nothing could persuade her to come down.

One morning, as the Indian legend runs, they climbed the cliff to find her turned to stone.

And that is the "reason why" a lonely pinnacle of rock which stands out from the cliff near the mouth of Bridger Cañon, in Gallatin valley, Montana, is, to this day, called "Maiden Rock."

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IF I WERE YOU

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

If I were you, O singing bird
Outside these prison-bars,
By painful memories undeterred,
My song of joy should e'er be heard,
Rejoicing in the world, and stirred
With love for sun and stars.

But can I sing of stars o'erhead
When ne'er they shine upon my bed?



"KEEPING COOL." BY SAM KIRKLAND, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

If I were you, O careless wind,
Buoyant, and gay, and free,
Away from chains that fetter and bind,
Swifter than flame, or thought, or mind,
I 'd sweep through space, and only find
Delight in liberty.

But in the darkness, I discern
These four sad walls, where'er I turn.

If I were you, O laughing child
Running around in play,
Still innocent and undefiled,
I 'd sport and dance in field and wild,
'Mid flowers, birds, and breezes mild,
Throughout each sunny day.

But here, my cell is dark and cold,
And youth is gone as a tale is told.

THE REASON WHY

BY MARTHA C. TUCKER (AGE 15)

Two small boys crept along the board fence for some distance, then stopped.

"Remember, Jim," whispered the smaller, "don't swipe more 'n a dozen. Jest get them little Junes."

"Sure."

"An' don't let the jedge ketch you."

"Nope. I 'll be over 'bout seven. S' long."

"S' long," and the smaller youngster scuttled away and disappeared.

Then Jim, making sure no one saw him, scrambled up the fence and dropped on the other side, his bare feet landing noiselessly on the turf. Stealthily he crept along; and when he saw a sign saying, "No Trespassing," in letters three inches high, he chuckled gleefully. At last, coming to the orchard, he made straight for a certain large tree loaded with the much-coveted Junes. Quickly he climbed it, and, reaching a heavily weighted branch, proceeded to fill his pockets. When he was about to descend, a harsh voice said:

"Well, if there ain't Jim Jones's boy! Hullo, Jim, m' deah, what 're ye doin'?"

"Howdy do, Jedge," said Jim, feigning calmness. "I 'm jest samplin' your apples. Gee, but they 're good!"

"H-m. Well, jest come over heah an' sample some more," and the old man led Jim over to a tree bearing the greenest of green apples.

"Help yourself," said he.

Poor Jim! He was obliged to consume at least six of "them pesky things," as he wrathfully declared, while the "jedge" chewed a straw and chuckled maliciously.

The next day, a certain small boy received a much soiled and rumpled note from another small boy, who, by the way, was at that moment doubled up in bed and groaning cautiously. It said:

DEAR SAM:
The reazon why I coodnt giv them apples to you was, vizz; to-wit: — the jedge took them away an made me eet a lot o green ones.
J.

p s.— i had the pleggedest rip-tearin stomak-ake you ever saw.

THE REASON WHY

BY ADELAIDE H. NOLL (AGE 13)

"HI there, Dick! where are you?" came in a lusty shout from a dozen boys, who were waiting in a group for the appearance of their comrade.

"Coming," answered Dick, and in a moment he joined them. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, for a tramp through the woods," some one answered.

As they pushed their way through the tangled underbrush, scratching their hands and faces with the numerous briers, one of the boys suddenly cried out: "There 's a bird's-nest with the bird sitting in it. Right up there in that big oak-tree! Let 's rob the nest, and have some fun with the eggs. Come on!"

He started toward the tree, but Dick cried out, "Stop, Joe!"

"Why?" asked Joe, and several of the boys echoed his question.

"Why?" repeated Dick. "You ask me why? Well, I will tell you. Do you remember the talk about stealing Mr. Walters gave us a week ago, and how we felt about it? What would this be—to rob the eggs from the helpless bird—but stealing? Would n't we be cowards to frighten away that little bird, instead of something that could defend itself? and would n't we be thieves to take her eggs, the ones she has guarded so carefully? That mother loves her



"KEEPING COOL." BY ELSIE B. DRIGGS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

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eggs, which will soon be tiny birds, as much as our mothers love us; her heart beats as faithfully for her babies as a human mother's heart. Have we any right to inflict such an injury upon a poor, helpless bird? Answer me, Joe Strong!"

"Well, I s'pose not," answered Joe, looking ashamed, and as the crowd of boys silently turned from the nest where the mother was brooding in peace and content, each one in his heart acknowledged the truth of Dick's "Reason Why."

IF

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

If one little word had been left unsaid,
If one little frown had been a smile,
If one little thought had been to cheer
The tired worker the long, long while;

If only forgotten that word could be,
If the frown could be washed away with a tear,
Then my heart would be free, and blithe, and gay,
If you would but try to forgive me, dear.

THE REASON WHY

BY MARY E. THOMPSON (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

I LIVE in a mining camp where they mine coal. The camp is situated between two mountains. It is in the State of Virginia, in the southwestern part.

The train brings coal-cars in to be filled.

When the miners go into the mines, they wear a lamp on their cap so as to have light to work by. Part of the men dig coal, and the rest run the motors, lay tracks, work on the outside, etc., etc.

The motors are run by electricity. The boiler in the power-house makes the steam to run the engine, and the engine runs the generator, and the generator generates electricity.

When the motors bring the cars out of the mines, the men on the outside send the cars down the incline to the tipple. The men in the tipple dump the cars down to the shaker-screen. It separates the egg-coal and the nut and slack and block-coal. The egg-coal goes into one car, the block-coal into another. The nut and slack is sent to the washer. It separates the nut and slack from the slate. The slate goes down a chute into a car to be emptied. The nut and slack go down a chute into a car to be shipped.

"The Reason Why" all this is done, is to get the coal out, to sell.

IF

BY EMILY S. STAFFORD (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

Were it nobler, were it truer,
Were the world but void of wrong,
If the darkness and the shadow
Were but changed to light and song;
Had the world no want nor sorrow,
Crushing 'neath it heart and soul,
Then how soon would youthful courage
Rise to gain its highest goal!

Aye! but if we live to conquer
That which sets our paths aflame,
Great will be our joy triumphant
When we reach our longed-for aim.

Never hath the dawn awakened
On an age so filled with powers,
Hopes, and plans, and ways, and chances,
For the youth—and they are ours.

If these chances are but treasured
'Neath each country's flag unfurled,
There shall live the good achievements
That will help uplift the world.
Then, perhaps, shall they who follow
Brighter find their path and way—
If we live to serve the present,
If we live to serve to-day!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Dorothy Outhank
Hazel K. Sawyer
Susanna M. Paxton
John Tremayne Opie
Evelyn G. Pullen
Mildred Campbell
Nell Upshaw
Elizabeth Kales
Elmer H. Van Fleet
Rhoma Phipps
Marion J. Benedict
Albert Gerry Blodgett
Chloe S. Thompson
Mary Wright Aber
Elsie Elizabeth Baum
Jermain Townsend
Dorothy Walworth
Melville W. Otter
Richard M. Gudeman
Laura Hadley
Catherine Beek
Emma M. I. Vail
Ethel C. Litchfield
Dorothy Jones
Frank Harmon
Raby Bunage
Irene M. Roberts
Fannie M. Bouton
Winifred Bostwick
Fanny Marx
Catherine F. Urill
Adela M. Pond
Dorothy M. Russell
Caroline Newson
Helen B. Weiser
Mary Daboll
Helen Levy
Helen G. Rankin
Dorothy Reynolds
Ethel A. Vorzimer
Rebecca S. Hill
Virginia Houlihan
Anna Furman
Margaret E. Cohen
Jack Flower
Frances Cherry
Jeannette E. Laws
Phyrza Weston
Harriet Henry
Mary E. Polk
Helen Thane
Muriel Ives
Marian A. Stuart
Alice A. Wood
Marian E. Gray
Katharine Crawford
Georgene Davis
Jessie Edgerly
K. E. Thomas
Irma André Hoerman
Isidore Helfand
Fannie I. May
Dorothy B. Marx
Eunice M. Koesel
Eva P. Jamison
Rosalie Atkinson
Gladys Tunck
Elmaza Fletcher
Jean E. Freeman
Miriam Newcorn
Caroline E. Aber
Grace C. Freese
Cornelia S. Evans
Eleanor Kohn
Edna M. Lavendoe
Irene M. Evans
Ruth A. Shepherd
Edith Levy
Hardwicke M. Nevin
Carl A. Weyerhaeuser
Marion Shedd
Margaret Waring
Janet Lewis
Martha H. Clark
Sarah M. Klebs
Phebe Poole
Muriel Iwing

PROSE, 2

Christine Crene
Alfred Valentine
Catherine Manning
Esther Mirsky
Kathryn French
Viola Nordin
Anna McAnear
Frances Clayton
Robert Ahl
Carol Klink
Alma Andrews
Harry J. Siegbert
Kenneth Shropshire
Frances Kestenbaum
Mildred Danler
Nell F. Hiscox
Elizabeth Ziegenfelder
Mary Dixon Welch
Pauline Coburn
K. K. Johnson
Naomi Lauchheimer
Rose Jaffee
Griffith Harsh

VERSE, 1

Winifred Fletcher
Margaret A. Blair
Nellie Adams
Eleanor M. Kellogg
Eleanor Bell
Elizabeth McN. Gordon
Emily T. Burke
Charlotte Malsbary
Constance Quinby
Maurice Zissen
Marjorie Higgins
Louise M. Rose
Roslyn D. Brauer
Hope Satterthwaite
Vernice Peacock
Virginia Steenrod
Rosalie P. Laudman
William J. Margerison
Lazare Chernoff
Violet Tonge
Rosalind W. Winslow
Courtenay Halsey
Jessie M. Thompson
Mildred Folkerth
Mildred Longstreth
Marguerite T. Arnold
Elizabeth Klink
Minnie Weyer
Maria Knaack
Florence Graf
Harold May
Margaret Croghan
Mildred Clement
Jennie Spector
Helen Schoening
Ruth Manker
Pauline Shropshire
Sarah Ziskin
Margaret Thomas
Esther Udisky
Nancy Rust
Margaret Jordan
Margaret Marshall
Katherine Bull
Emanuel Farbstein
Mary Noble
Ruth Bosley
Helen Douglas
Elsie L. Lustig
Kenneth W. Plumb
John C. Farrar
Christina Phelps
Elspeth Shortt

VERSE, 2

Todd Ricketson
Katharine Grey
Josephine McHenry
Elizabeth Etting
Sibyl R. Mandel
Ferris Neare
Corinne L. Lesshafft
Florence W. Billstein
Isabel Rathborne
Marjorie M. Carroll
Emma Anderson
Constance Mesing
Margaret M. Kilgariff
Frances S. Brown
Annette B. Noran
Grace Martha Linden
Fannie W. Butterfield
Anita L. Grannis
Myron Drachman
Winifred K. Worcester
Mabel F. Ferry
Helen Krauss
Byron Brand
Norma L. Pasquay
Elizabeth Rogers
Leonore J. M. Keegan
Grace Adams
Josephine L. Livingood
Iman Rygman
Caroline D. Nixon
Elizabeth Maclennan
Ida Farbstein
Jeanette Gale
Elizabeth Laud
Margaret V. Houck
Charlotte Demorest

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DRAWINGS, 1

Louise Graham
Janice Dunker
Chrystie Douglas
Richard Odlin
David Ryerson Hull
Sarah T. Parker
Davis Riker
Harry R. Till
Frank Chapman
Henry Zucker
Alice Hoskins
Paulyne F. May
Wilhelmina R. Babcock
Dorothy Hughes
E. Theo. Nelson
Mary Bartlett
Gladys Livermore
Madeline Zeisse
Margaret E. Nicolson
Lydia Burne
Alene Seymour Little

DRAWINGS, 2

Emily C. Acker
Elizabeth Peck
Jack Field
Murray Pease
Adelaide Waiter
Alta Davis
Harry E. Sharpe
Virginia Wood
Elmer Krohn
Margaret Dunham
Chalmers Morehead
Marjorie Flack
Ann S. Kirk
Mary Cobb
Saul Werber
Beryl M. Siegbert
George A. Chromey
Faith Bemis
Doris Hunter
Ruth Huntington
Gretchen Hercz
Morton M. Berman
Andrew L. Stone, Jr.
Katharine F. Schwab
Rose Kadishevitz
Beatrice Bannell Sawyer
Gertrude Schempf
Marion Chamberlain
Mary Curtis Lee
Thaddeus Adamowski
John Gleason
Gladys Holiday
Nora Stirling
Anne Shapleigh Garrett
Lucille Jacobs
Austin Robbins Gordon
Gertrude Knapp
Anne Horney Rowan
Louis Sudakin
Amelia Winter
Alice Beghtol
Kedma Dupont
Ruth Putnam
Thomas Burr
Mary E. Asken
Irene Emery
Charlotte W. Gilman
Henrietta H. Henning
Marion O'Hara
Carol L. Bates
Robert Mare
Mary Virginia Fulton
Marguerite Ellis
Aileen C. Mackenzie
Mary D. K. Field
Olive Sears
Marguerite Pearson
Holkins D. Palmer
Marguerite Daniell

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Helen G. Wilson
Tom Wetmore
Laura Barney
Robert D. Clark
Mary Valentine
Annette Frank
Kenneth D. Smith
Howard R. Sherman
Anne Collidge
Jennie I. Conklin
Adele Janis
George W. Howe
Florence Klitz
Mina Dosker
Elberta Esty
William Kakilty
Jasper Keeler
George R. Marks
Dorothy Wingett
Alethea Carpenter
Catherine Hanitch
Margaret K. Hinds
Olive Penniman
Paulina Ayers
Paul C. Cole
Junior Scruton
Julia Adelmann
Gibson Gray
Katharine Cowles
Marion Bell
Albert Baruch, Jr.
Gerald H. Loomis
Dorothy H. Dessan
Clara Fredericks
Dorothy Paine
William Love
Mildred Hughes
Louise M. Zabriskie
Eleanor Doremus
Helen W. Piaget
Alice Richards
Robert Holmes
Louise Emerson
Marie Andrew
Harriette Harrison
Lawrence E. Read
Priscilla Densmore
Flavia Waters
Louise Ladue
John W. Tottle, Jr.
Ellen Jay
Margaret Griffith
Sadie Kantro
Phyllis M. Pulliam
Irvin Eppstein
Susan B. Nevin
Ruth E. Prager
Edwa Robert
Eda Low
Daniel B. Benscoter
Delaware Kemper
Huse Dunham
Louise G. Jefferson
Jessica B. Noble
Dorothy F. Levy
Margaret O. Balis
Marie Rupp
Edwin Fleischmann
Elizabeth B. White
Margie Fenner Jennison
Dorothy Gladding
Mary Isabelle Muzzy
Lillian L. Remsen
Elsie Miller
Louise Lyman
Carrol T. Mitchell
Natalie Noyes
Wesley M. Whiting
Daniel S. Wood, Jr.
M. F. Atkinson
Helen Carvalho

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Helen M. Lancaster
Ruth V. Satterfield
Hester A. Emmet
Edith von Eltz
Edna D. Aonstein
Stella Glasser
Leonora Andrews
Donald Ferguson



"KEEPING COOL." BY ALICE DAIII AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Edna M. Guck
Harry R. McLenegan
Gilbert Chapman
Hilda F. Barnard
Margaret P. Chandler
Helen C. Holbrook
George E. Wile
Harriet W. McKim
D. H. McAlpin
Lawrence B. Martin
Perry B. Jenkins
Dorothy V. Tyson
Isabel McConway
Grace W. Roe
Constance Cohen
Elizabeth T. E. Brooks
R. L. Parkinson
Donald P. Cole
Margaret C. Bay

PUZZLES, 1

William A. Randall
Dorothy Nield
Anthony Fabbri
Margaret Anderson
Henry S. Johnson
Eunice Eddy
Joe Earnest
Helen M. White
Margaret M. Benney
Flavis Trebbi
G. Alfred Powell
Marguerite T. Arnold
John Focht
Virginia M. Bliss
Samuel H. Ordway, Jr.
Vertie T. Brown
Phyllis Young
Edith Pierpont Stickney
Eula R. Hussey

PUZZLES, 2

Janet Putnam
Helen Westfall
Arthur Schwarz
Elizabeth A. Kearney
Dan Thompson, Jr.
Theresa Winsor
Louise Walz
Warwick Beardsley
Edith L. Gilbert
Ida O. Jackson
Bobbie Arbogast
Lewis A. Spence
Ruth Hays
Audrey T. Sherman
Esther Katz
Farwell G. Bemis
Adela M. Pond
Annie Bainbridge
Easton B. Noble
Marian Alice Kohn
Harriet Cummins
Arthur Emelin

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 168

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 168 will close **October 10** (for foreign members **October 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **February.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Mystery," or "To One I Love."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Test," or "After Vacation."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Lucky Snap-shot."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Friend of the Family," or a Heading for **February.**

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS. whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

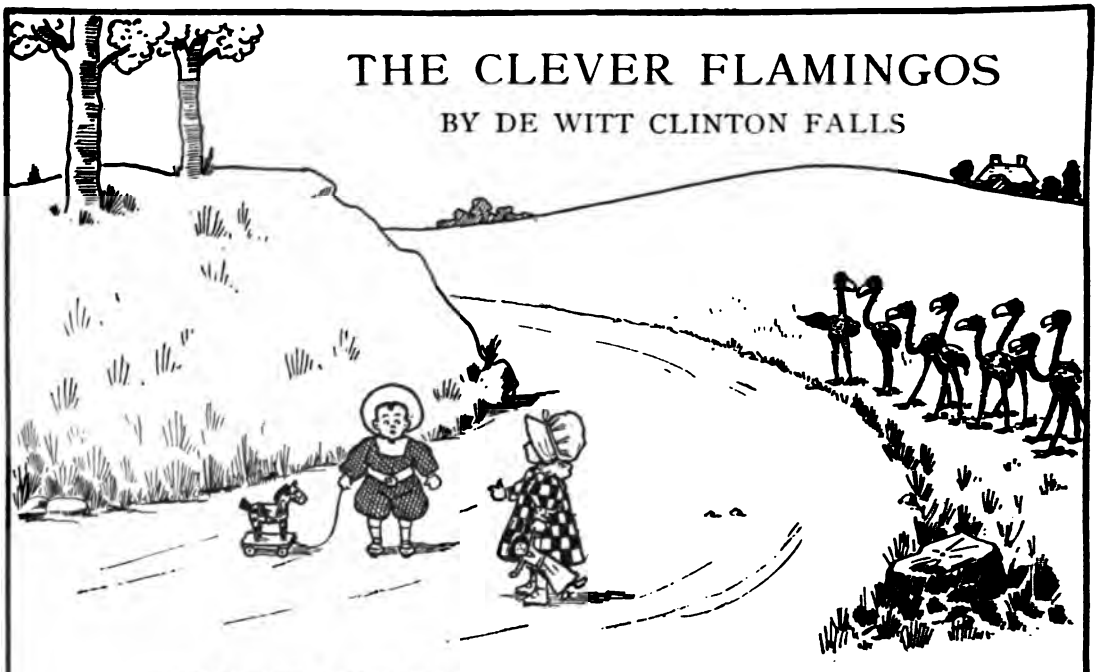
Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" on advertising page 20, or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

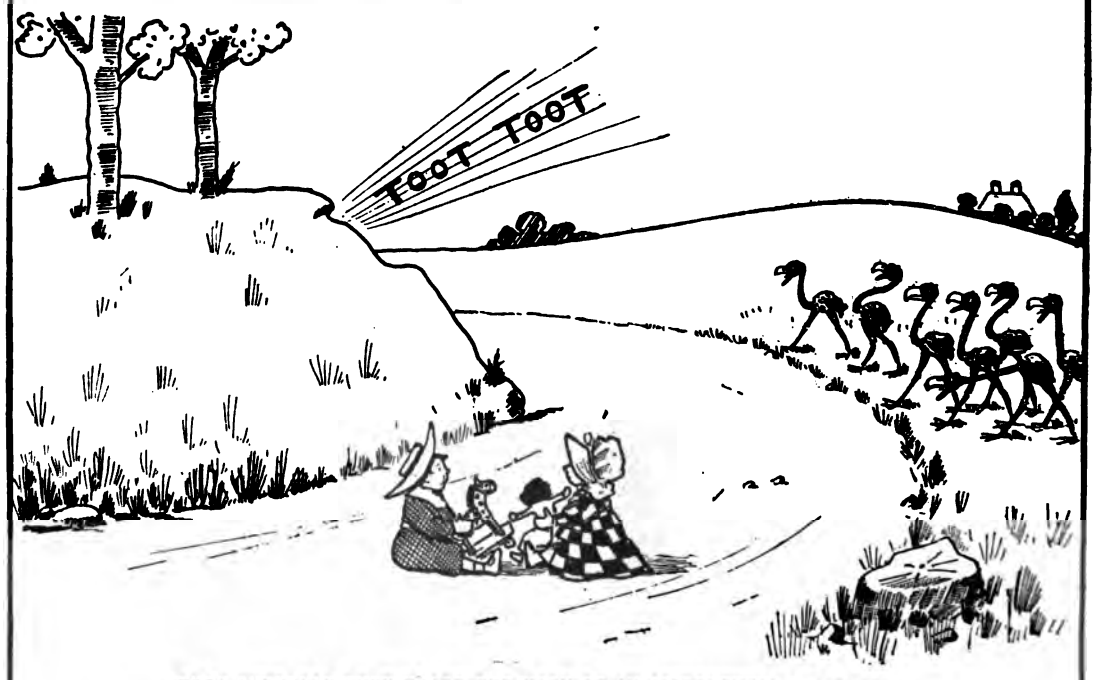
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THE CLEVER FLAMINGOS

BY DE WITT CLINTON FALLS

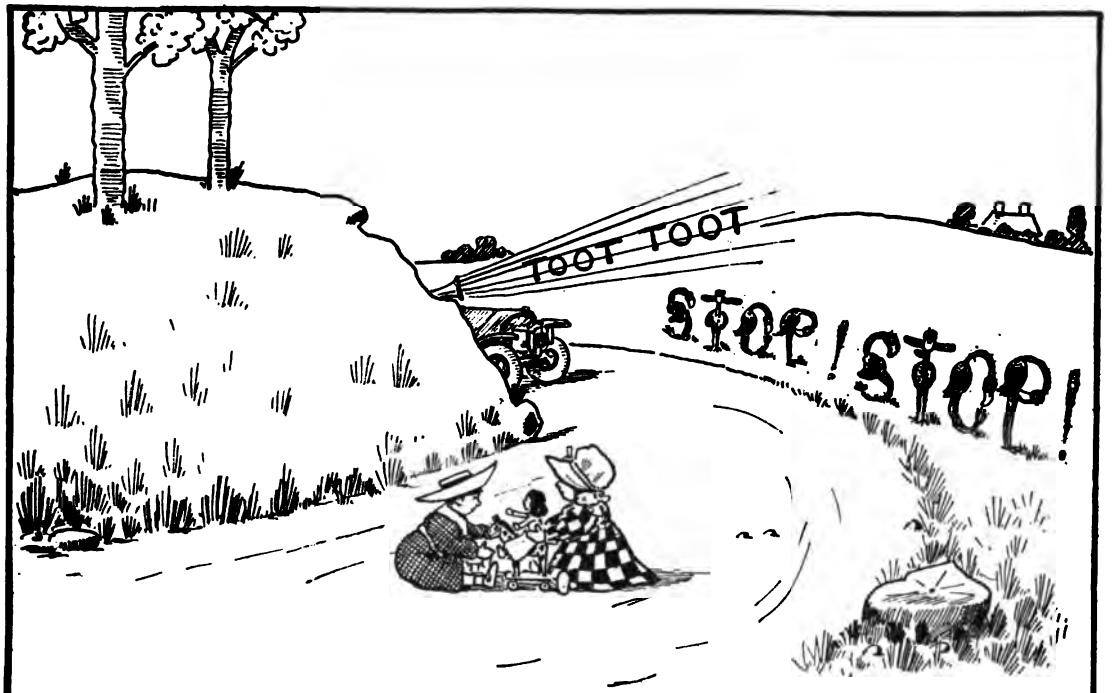


THE FLAMINGO FAMILY WERE MUCH AMUSED WATCHING TWO LITTLE CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE ROAD,



WHEN SUDDENLY THEY HEARD THE HORN OF AN APPROACHING AUTOMOBILE.

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THEY QUICKLY DID A TRICK



WHICH FORTUNATELY THE CHAUFFEUR SAW IN TIME TO PREVENT A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

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THE LETTER-BOX

SAGAPONACK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for nearly four years, and I do not know of a more interesting magazine for boys and girls than ST. NICHOLAS.

I want to tell you about my airedale, "Socrates." We call him "Soc" because the former seems so long for such a comparatively small dog. Soc has a very funny habit of bringing old bones, mice, and old shoes, which he especially likes, upon the front porch, and, with a very pleased manner, laying them at Mother's or my feet, as if to say, "I 've gotten this all for you."

I am spending the summer on Long Island with my grandparents, but we live in Bexley, which is right outside of Columbus, Ohio. In the yard, at home, there is a very large tree, an ash, and I climb in it a great deal.

I have one favorite seat 'way out on a limb, and whenever I am there, Soc will sit on the ground below me, and cry, seeming very much worried and perplexed.

I also have a little fox-terrier, whose name is "Teddy."

If I told you about all the amusing things my pets do, this letter would be very long.

I am a member of the League, and I frequently send in poems, prose, or, perhaps, pictures. I have had my name in the "Roll of Honor" twice, and I hope to have my work published sometime.

I think that you always choose such nice subjects in the League; and I always want to send in something when the subjects are unusually good.

I think your continued stories are very exciting, especially "The Land of Mystery." Even the name is thrilling.

I think that if it were not for you, I would have many a tiresome rainy day; but how could I with you to read?

Every little girl I know, and the boys, too, take ST. NICHOLAS, and all of them enjoy you.

I am your constant reader,

ANN E. HAMILTON (age 11).

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have taken you for three years, and now I think we would find it impossible to get along without you. I like "Beatrice of Denewood" best, because I live in Germantown, and know just where the house would have been if it really had been a true story. I think people always like a story better if they know what the place is like, don't you?

My brother likes "The Land of Mystery" best because it is so exciting.

I think ST. NICHOLAS has better stories in it for boys and girls than any other magazine I know of.

Your interested reader,

MARJORIE W. CANBY (age 14).

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The very best Christmas present that Santa ever brought us was ST. NICHOLAS, his very own namesake. That was three years ago, and now we would scarcely know what to do without it. You should see what a scramble there is when it comes, for my brother and I are both eager to read it.

My brother and I are spending the summer here, and a splendid time we are having. A few days ago, I took my daily walk, but went farther than usual—clear to another town and back, a "round trip" distance of twelve miles. The country around here is very pretty, and I love to take long walks and bicycle rides.

I so much enjoy writing stories and poems—or rhymes, perhaps I should say—and the ST. NICHOLAS League is a great incentive to one along that line, and also in drawing, of which I am fond. I am too busy to compete every month, but have already won a silver badge, and do not intend to give up until I obtain the gold badge.

I am always much interested in foreign letters to this page, and especially enjoyed a page a few months ago that was given over entirely to writers in other countries. I think we all thank the little Japanese girl for her very interesting account of school life in Japan.

Before I close I want to express my great enjoyment of "The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood," together with "Books and Reading" pages.

Everything in our dear ST. NICHOLAS is splendid, so I say, three cheers for ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, and may it ever continue to delight the hearts of boys and girls all over the world!

Very sincerely,

ELIZABETH HENDEE (age 16).

MAUCHLINE, AYRSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from a Scotch girl in your magazine, I am writing to you. I have taken you for quite a long time, and look forward to your coming every month very much.

I live in the country, and have not got many girls of my own age to play with, so I am going to school at Edinburgh in October. I am very fond of riding, and in the winter we have fox-hunting, which I love. I have two sisters and a brother; my sisters are grown-up, but my brother is at school. My sister and I have hens. I have also a bulfinch and a lamb. I enjoy "Beatrice of Denewood" very much.

Your interested reader,

MARGARET ALISON MCINTRYE (age 13).

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Friday was the last day of school this year, and we had a play out in the garden. What do you suppose the play was? It was "The Sleeping Beauty," the one that was published in the April ST. NICHOLAS. When the principal was hunting for a play to present, I showed that to her, and she was so delighted with it, that she got ready for it right away. I was the queen. At the first rehearsals, every boy and girl had a ST. NICHOLAS in their hand, for all took it.

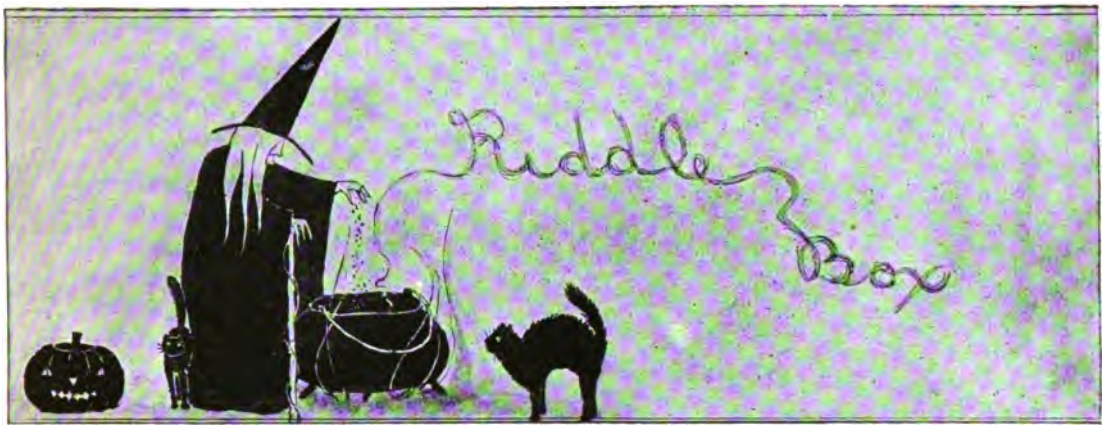
The play went off beautifully. I was so pleased that it did, because I wanted to tell you about my suggesting it, and I should n't have if it had been a failure.

I have taken you for four years, and I could n't get along without you. I guess every boy and girl think the same as I do, after they 've taken you for a short time. My favorite story now is "Beatrice of Denewood."

Your interested reader,

HELEN C. HURD (age 11).

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"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY EMMA STUYVESANT (AGE 15).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

BIBLICAL NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Bethel; 1–6, Vashti; 7–10, Leah; 11–18, Jonathan; 19–24, Elisha; 25–26–27–5–10–28, Martha; 3–4–29–30, Shem. Cross-words: 1. Balaam. 2. Esther. 3. Thomas. 4. Hannah. 5. Elijah. 6. Levite.

DIAGONAL. Harrison. Cross-words: 1. Handsome. 2. Saucepan. 3. Carnival. 4. Overflow. 5. Carriage. 6. Premises. 7. Question. 8. Relation.

SUBTRACTED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. New York. Cross-words: 1. Maine-name. 2. Texas-east. 3. Wyoming-wing. 4. New Jersey-yews. 5. Georgia-ogre. 6. Vermont-Rome. 7. Kentucky-Kent.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. McDonough. Cross-words: 1. Macaw. 2. Ocean. 3. Medal. 4. Melon. 5. Raven. 6. Spool. 7. Mouse. 8. Egret. 9. Heart.

KING'S MOVE RIVER PUZZLE. 1. Volga. 2. Danube. 3. Dnieper. 4. Don. 5. Dniester. 6. Rhone. 7. Elbe. 8. Vistula. 9. Oder. 10. Loire. 11. Rhine. 12. Seine. Order of moves: 46–38–29–30–37–28–36–35–44–53–45–52–61–54–63–62–55–64–56–47–40–48–39–31–32–24–23–22–13–14–15–8–16–7–6–5–12–21–20–11–4–3–10–1–2–9–18–25–17–26–19–27–34–33–42–41–50–43–51–60–59–58–49–57.

ADDITIONS. Ferdinand. Cross-words: 1. For-got-ten. 2. Bet-rothal. 3. Car-pen-try. 4. Can-did-ate. 5. Bed-rid-den. 6. Con-sonant. 7. Par-son-age. 8. Ass-ail-ant. 9. Fur-the-red.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Missouri, Nebraska. Cross-words: 1. Mean. 2. Idle. 3. Stab. 4. Star. 5. Olga. 6. Uses. 7. Rook. 8. Iowa.

A STRING OF FISH. 1. Pipefish. 2. Goldfish. 3. Starfish. 4. Jellyfish. 5. Dogfish. 6. Swordfish. 7. Sunfish. 8. Drumfish. 9. Bellowsfish. 10. Catfish. 11. Whitefish. 12. Flying fish.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received from Eleanor Manning—Ida G. Everson—Theodore H. Ames—"Chums."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from J. Whitton Gibson, 10—Claire Hepner, 10—Mary Elizabeth K. Marsh, 10—"Lilla and Lilla, Jr.," 9—Mary L. Ingles, 7—Ruth V. A. Spicer, 6—Virginia Minton, 3—Laura Huntington Smith, 2—Elizabeth Carpenter, 2—Henry G. Cartwright, Jr., 2—Russell Place, 1—Edward Robinson, 1—Rosalind Orr English, 1—Virginia M. Thompson, 1—Philena Hope Lincoln, 1—G. M. Havor, 1—David R. Hull, 1—Louise Burmister, 1—John McKittrick 1—Eleanor Abrahams, 1—Lucy M. Hodge, 1—Clarence Skelton, 1—Eloise G. Requa, 1—Tom D. Roberts, 1—Jane B. Toy, 1.

A GREEK PUZZLE

*	39	15	51	8	27	41
46	*	49	10	32	9	2
*	29	56	25	18	·	37
54	*	20	43	·	11	23
*	·	6	30	·	45	14
·	*	31	·	35	50	28
*	57	47	13	21	4	·
52	*	36	·	42	·	38
*	16	·	1	53	5	58
48	*	22	33	19	·	·
*	·	12	34	7	17	26
40	*	55	3	24	·	44

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Disloyalty. 2. A communion cup. 3. Paradise. 4. To talk superficially. 5. Unlawful. 6. Mineral pitch. 7. Passage. 8. To humiliate. 9. A wood of small growth. 10. To defame. 11. A caustic. 12. A large bird.

The zigzag of stars spells a great Athenian statesman; the numbered letters spell the following names, famous in Greek history: from 1 to 8, a celebrated Athenian statesman and orator; from 9 to 13, an Athenian demagogue; from 14 to 21, a brave Spartan king; from 22 to 30, the most famous of Greek philosophers; from 31 to 36, the greatest of the Greek lyric poets; from 37 to 41, a noted Greek sculptor; from 42 to 47, a Greek island, the reputed home of Ulysses; from 48 to 54, an important naval battle won by the Greeks; from 55 to 58, a city captured by Alexander the Great.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 16), *Honor Member.*

WORD-SQUARE

1. EXCLAIMED. 2. A large stream. 3. A bone-like substance. 4. Weird. 5. Less interesting.

SHERWOOD BUCKSTAFF (age 11), *League Member.*

NOVEL NUMERICAL ENIGMA

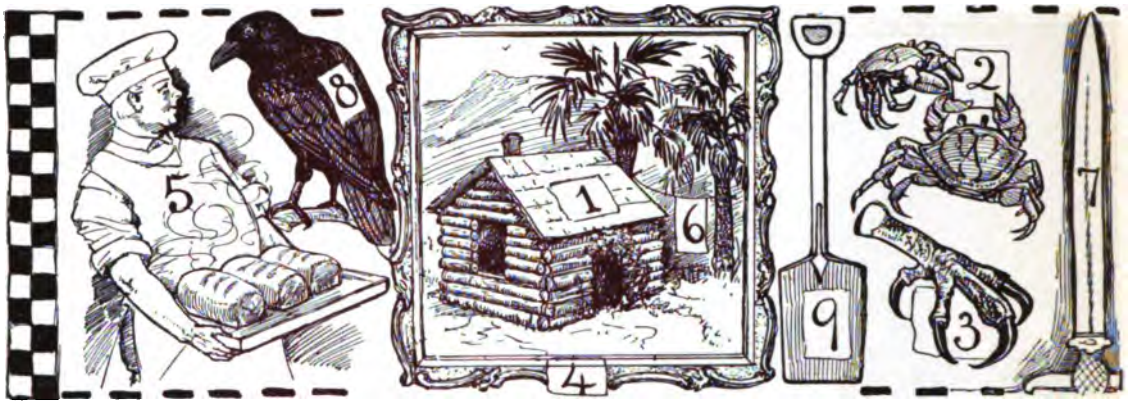
Gold Badge. (*Silver Badge* won January, 1913)

I AM composed of forty-five letters, and form a quotation from a famous speech. The initials of the thirteen words described will form the name of the author of the speech.

My 10–2–19–3–29–44–14 is a recently popular game. My 8–16–37–18–25–24 is to reply. My 9–27–32–6 is tidy. My 35–12–21–2–42–33–40 is one of the United States. My 45–20–26–7 is to covet. My 1–23–5–30 is to be forsaken. My 18–14–29–1 is the covering of a domestic animal. My 31–38–44 is a snakelike fish. My 43–11–28 is a prickly head of a plant. My 37–17–36 is a male child. My 6–14–15–4 is a musical note. My 27–39–13–37–17–34–45 is an incident. My 41–29–23–22 is part of a house.

MILDRED MAURER (age 14).

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ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

When the pictured words are correctly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a Russian seaport that suddenly became famous in October, more than fifty years ago.

AN ANAGRAM ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

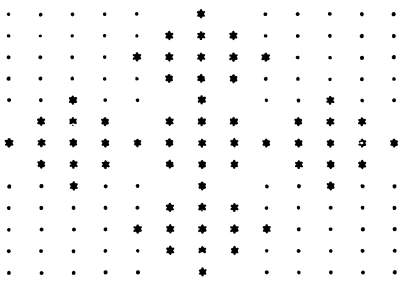
Each of the twenty-seven groups of letters may be rearranged so that each group will spell the name of a certain poem. When these twenty-seven anagrams have been guessed, the initial letters will spell the title of another poem. All are by the same author.

1. Roath fo mirlo. 2. Sahahtiaw gifsnih. 3. Dualcenes. 4. Lanehmacerg. 5. Void ni eelix. 6. Ilamut ehlut. 7. Saintregion. 8. Wlhigitt. 9. Plandshoan. 10. Twenhorah. 11. Nori bread. 12. Sugespa ni dopun. 13. Dol ega. 14. Fewrols. 15. Hedinamood. 16. Ni het barhor. 17. Sols nad nagi. 18. Ninomedy. 19. Lepes. 20. Bragsecend. 21. Demotaquar. 22. Lamfai. 23. Murgbruen. 24. Ilade. 25. Ti si ton slaway yam. 26. Weaseed. 27. Idolashy.

ALICE FORBES (age 15).

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. To frighten. 2. A frolic. 3. A fruit. 4. A keepsake. 5. To raise.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. Virtuous. 2. To think. 3. A narrow elevation. 4. Wrath. 5. Malicious glances.

III. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. Four grains. 2. To entertain. 3. A plaited frill. 4. Made of ash. 5. Between twelve and twenty.

IV. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. Small. 2. High in spirits. 3. A candle. 4. Articles. 5. Elegantly concise.

V. Upper Diamond: 1. In treat. 2. Aged. 3. Older. 4. A lair. 5. In treat.

VI. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In treat. 2. An insect. 3. To penetrate. 4. A drink. 5. In treat.

VII. Central Diamond: 1. In treat. 2. A morass. 3. A knave. 4. A weapon. 5. In treat.

VIII. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In treat. 2. A single spot on a card. 3. Applause. 4. An important organ. 5. In treat.

IX. Lower Diamond: 1. In treat. 2. An outfit of tools. 3. A number. 4. A pronoun. 5. In treat.

HELEN DURHAM (age 14).

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

Gold Badge. (*Silver Badge* won February, 1913.)

The other day, a lady asked Willie his age, and was much surprised when he replied:

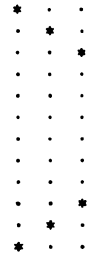
"At present, I am one year younger than twice the square root of my father's age. Next year, Father will be one year older than three times my age. Six years ago, my age was just one sixth of my father's, and three years ago, Father was just one year older than four times my age."

How old were Willie and his father?

MARGARET M. HORTON (age 15).

ENGLISH HISTORICAL DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



Cross-words: 1. The designer of the Crystal Palace, London. 2. The name of Queen Victoria's oldest son. 3. An island at the eastern extremity of Kent, England, settled by the Saxons. 4. The chief rival of England during the Middle Ages. 5. The first English discoverers of America. 6. A famous Spanish fleet. 7. An English earl, killed at the battle of Stamford Bridge in 1066. 8. A celebrated English cardinal. 9. A chivalrous Englishman killed at the battle of Zütphen. 10. A Canadian city taken in 1759. 11. A line of English kings. 12. Some of the earliest settlers of England.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, the letters represented by stars in the diagram will spell the name of a famous line of English kings.

BETTY JACKSON (age 13).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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A regular favorite—

A soup that everybody enjoys. Just the savory nourishing dish you want to help out a slender dinner; give character to a luncheon; or add tasty substance to any meal—

Campbell's OX TAIL SOUP

It is made from selected meaty ox tails prepared with utmost nicety and care. The sliced joints are combined with carrots, turnips, barley, celery and herbs in a rich tomato purée which is flavored with dry Spanish sherry of our own importation.

You could not imagine a more wholesome and satisfying soup. Prove this yourself *today*. *Your money back if not satisfied.*



Harry Hooper hiked ashore,
And cried, "there's
Campbell's label.
Just look. I'll hook
Two cases more
To grace the Captain's
table".

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo(Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

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"I Tell You— These 'Holeproofs' are Wonderful Socks"

Go to a furnishing, clothing or department store and see the original guaranteed hose — famous Holeproof Hosiery. Note its *texture, light weight and style.*

Buy six pairs of Holeproof and begin to know them, as a million wearers do.

Buy them today. They will last six months or longer. If they wear out — *if even a thread* breaks — you get new pairs free.

We pay an average of 74c per pound for the yarn in Holeproof. Common yarn costs but 32c.

But ours is *three-ply* and *long-fibre* cotton. That means *strength* with light weight. It means *soft pliability.* The wear you get in these stockings or socks has nothing to do with the weight of the yarn.

Holeproof dealers now have the new Fall colors in many weights. Both Cotton and Silk. Go see them now.

Write us for your dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Ask for new Mercerized Holeproof Socks for men at $1.50 for six pairs. Write for free book telling about Holeproof.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(474)

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; of women's and children's $2; of Infants (4 pairs) $1. Above boxes guaranteed six months.
$2 per box for three pairs of men's SILK Holeproof Socks; of women's SILK Holeproof Stockings $3. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months.

Holeproof Guaranteed Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.
Write for the illustrated book. Ask us for name of dealer handling them.

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When Mamma is Sick.

"Just look at that, Dorothy. Some for you and some for mamma. I don't know what we'd do without Jell-O when mamma's sick. It's just as e-a-s-y to fix Jell-O, and i-s-n't it good?"

We all know what Dorothy and mamma will say to that.

JELL-O

is easy to prepare, for it does not have to be cooked, and it fits any appetite.

To Dorothy, who is well, and to mamma, who is sick, Jell-O, with its pure fruit flavors, tastes good.

This is the simple Jell-O rule: Add boiling water, cool and serve. All for 10 cents.

Seven delightful *pure fruit* Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

10 cents each at any grocer's.

Send for our beautiful recipe book, splendidly illustrated in ten colors. It is free.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.



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Back to Town



ALL the fall shopping to do, winter hats, winterclothes, wintershoes —you read advertisements every day in the papers; remember

O'Sullivan's

Heels of New Live Rubber

There is no possible way that you and the whole family can get so much comfort and ease as by wearing O'Sullivan's on all your shoes—have them put on at the shoe store when you buy them.

50c attached at any shoe store or cobbler shop. If you prefer, send us 35c in stamps and a tracing of your heel, and we will mail you a pair.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co.

131 Hudson St., New York

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Domino SUGAR PRODUCTS



The place which Crystal Domino Sugar has made for itself with discriminating home-makers has brought the conviction that a complete line of sugar products of the "Domino" standard would win equal recognition. Therefore these new products are now offered under the famous "Domino" brand.





As in the past, "Domino" will always stand for the best in sugar products—purity in manufacture, cleanliness in delivery, and full weight in the packages.

The American Sugar Refining Company







"Pure at the source - perfect at the journey's end"

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You Can Make All Sorts of Pretty Things with Plasticine

Even the littlest girl loves to "make things" and there is no more delightful nor profitable play than modelling with

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

It encourages a child to act for itself, develops artistic sense and accuracy of observation. It is clean and absolutely antiseptic; is not mussy like clay, as it requires no water, but is always ready for instant use. You can use it over and over again. It holds endless enjoyment and inspiration for all ages.

In various sized outfits with complete instructions for modelling, designing, housebuilding.

Sold by Toy, Stationery and Art Dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for free booklet and list of dealers near you.

THE EMBOSSING CO.
58 Liberty Street, Albany, N. Y.

MAKERS OF Toys that Teach





Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa—a delicately flavored and delicious beverage most satisfying at breakfast, luncheons and afternoon teas.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate—a pure, nutritious confection of rarest quality

At All Leading Grocers

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

Afternoon tea served in the Luncheon Restaurant, three to six

3 in 1 REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

THIS SIGN—BOYS

is for 3-in-One—the perfect bicycle oil. It oils the bearings exactly right and makes them run about 100 times easier. 3-in-One won't collect dirt, gum and hurt your wheels like inferior greasy oils. 3-in-One cleans and polishes all metal parts, and absolutely prevents rust.

Always use 3-in-One on every part of your gun, just like any sportsman. Every gunner will tell you it's the only oil on earth. Try 3-in-One also on your ice and roller skates, fishing reel, golf clubs, scroll saw, camera, printing press, magic lantern and every tool in your tool chest. A few drops of 3-in-One will preserve and keep pliable your catcher's gloves; also prevent rust on your mask.

FREE—Write this very day for a generous free sample and the helpful 3-in-One Dictionary. Both free to live boys. Get yours *now!*

3-in-One is sold at all drug, grocery, and general stores, in 3-size bottles: 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (¼ pint), 50c. Also Handy Oil Can, 3½ oz., 25c.

Three-in-One Oil Co.

42QG Broadway, New York City



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$1000.00

Cash Prizes to School Children



We want every one to know about our new product—Heinz Spaghetti. *Cooked ready to serve.* A food so nourishing that it builds health and strength for all the family—grown folk and children.

A food so deliciously prepared—so enriched by sparkling tomato sauce, by choice seasoning and selected cheese—that wherever it has been introduced thousands eat it—just because of its enticing flavor.

We want our little friends to help us make these facts known. So we offer $1000.00 in Cash Prizes

For Best Little Essays About

Heinz Spaghetti

The prizes will be divided in this way:

1st Prize	$100.00	$100.00
2nd Prize	50.00	50.00
3rd Prize	25.00	25.00
10 Prizes each	10.00	100.00
25 Prizes each	5.00	125.00
100 Prizes each	2.00	200.00
400 Prizes each	1.00	400.00
538 Prizes	Total	$1000.00

Contest is open to all school children between the ages of 11 and 16 inclusive. All Essays must be submitted before November 1st. Essays must not be over 300 words in length.

Essays should tell in an interesting and convincing way the advantages of Heinz Spaghetti—flavor, food value, etc., and why everyone should buy and try this delicious product. Every Essay submitted should be endorsed by parent or teacher, stating correct age of child.

No Essays can be returned to writers, but no Essay will be used unless paid for. *We cannot answer any letters relative to the contest.*

The final awards will be made by a competent Board of Judges having no connection whatever with H. J. Heinz Co.

Every contestant will receive personal notice of the Distribution of Awards when the Judges have reached their decision.

Remember what we want in these Little Essays are the best, most forceful arguments in favor of Heinz Spaghetti—what you may know about it—what others may tell you. Think of the reasons that would make *you* want this tempting food—then put them on paper.

We want *all* children to compete. Even if you don't have great writing ability you may have just *the idea* that will entitle you to a handsome prize.

Address all Essays to Contest Dept. A, H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



HEINZ

Heinz 57 Varieties

are all sold by leading grocers under our guarantee to refund full purchase price if you are not fully satisfied.

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Velvet Grip
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
Hose Supporter
for Women and Children



THE fruit of over thirty years' study to produce a device of absolute reliability. Millions of mothers trust Velvet Grip for assured neatness, security and economy.

Look for the yellow band on every pair
At Shops Everywhere
(Child's sample pair, by mail, 16 cents. State age.)
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers BOSTON

Patronize the advertisers who use ST. NICHOLAS—their products are known to be worthy of your attention.

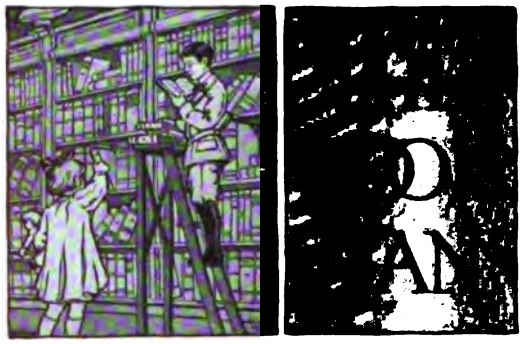


FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

Send a postcard today for our new catalog containing pictures and descriptions of all the best books for boys and girls. Included are the newest books by such popular authors as

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR
ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND
WILLIAM HEYLIGER
WALTER CAMP
EDITH BARNARD DELANO
JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

Write today to
D. APPLETON & COMPANY
35 W. 32d St. New York



LET me introduce myself: I am the Book Man. Delighted to know you! Every ST. NICHOLAS reader is to some extent a book boy or a book girl,—not a book *worm*, for that kind of a reader does n't know how to read in a way to get the real fun and profit out of books.

The people who accomplish the most are generally the greatest readers. When Napoleon turned his attention to a foreign country, the first thing he did was to get all the books ever printed about it. Sometimes he had to employ scholars to translate them for him; but he insisted on getting all the information there was. While President Roosevelt was busily at work in the White House, he often made time to read six or eight books a week —books that helped him and books that amused him.



"Listening in."

Now I 'm going to talk to you about *books*, because they are one of the most fascinating and important things in the world, and because they interest me more than anything else.

If you wrote to me, the *Book* Man, about ponies, I should n't be angry, of course; but I 'd just hand over your letter to the Pet Man, and let him answer you. But when you write and ask, for instance, what book to get on wireless telegraphy, I won't wait to reply in the next number of ST. NICHOLAS; I 'll hurry to you direct a letter like this:

"Dear Harry: What you need is a book called 'The Wireless Man,' by Francis A. Collins. It was published only a few months ago, and is right up to date—an important matter

(Continued on page 17)

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

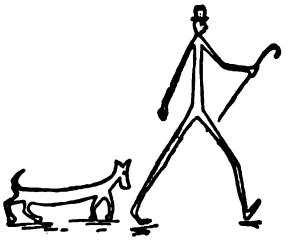
in a new science like wireless. It is a 250-page book, with a lot of photographs in it. Reading it is like crossing the ocean in the wireless room of a steamer, and spending a month with an elder brother who is a wireless operator. The book costs $1.20 net, and the postage on it is 11 cents."



Cabin in which Lincoln was born.

TAKE the case of Abraham Lincoln. *There* was a reader for you! During his boyhood, he borrowed every book he could lay his hands on in the rough community where he lived. Miss Helen Nicolay, in "The Boys' Life of Lincoln" (illustrated, $1.50 a copy), says: "In pursuit of his knowledge he was on an up-hill path; yet in spite of all obstacles, he worked his way to so much of an education as placed him far ahead of his schoolmates, and quickly abreast of his various teachers. He borrowed every book in the neighborhood. The list is a short one: 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Æsop's Fables,' Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Weems's 'Life of Washington,' and a 'History of the United States.' When everything else had been read, he resolutely began on the 'Revised Statutes of Indiana,' which Dave Turnham, the constable, had in daily use, but permitted him to come to his house and read.

"Though so fond of his books, it must not be supposed that he cared only for work and serious study. He was a social, sunny-tempered lad, as fond of jokes and fun as he was kindly and industrious. His stepmother said of him: 'I can say, what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked him. I must say that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see.'"



Daddy-Long-Legs

THIS is a picture of the hero of "Daddy-Long-Legs" made by the girl who tells the story. She was a poor, lonely, funny little inmate of an orphan-asylum, when an unknown benefactor sent her to college. She might have written to him formal reports of her progress, but she was n't formal by nature, and, not

(*Continued on page 18.*)



The Treasure Box of Goodies

Every box of Huyler's Chocolates is full of new and wonderful delights. Melting creams, toothsome caramels, crisp molasses chips, dainty fruit jellies, nuts and fudge and many more, each coated with Huyler's delicious chocolate—all the treasures of taste are there.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Besides Huyler's bonbons and chocolates there are nearly fifty other kinds to suit every candy taste.

They include the famous old-fashioned molasses candy and many other favorites for children.

Huyler's candies are sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

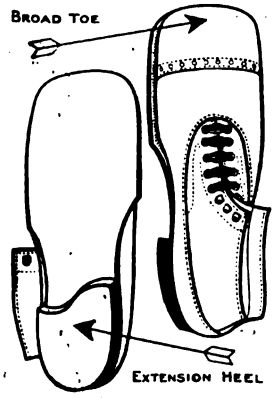
Huyler's 64 Irving Place New York



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The Coward Shoe

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



For Children whose ankles "turn-in"

Why force weak ankles with metal braces? In place of resistance, provide assistance. Give ankles that "turn-in" and arches that sag, the friendly offices of the

COWARD ARCH SUPPORT SHOE
With COWARD EXTENSION Heel

Built to help without hurting. The graduated heel-seat assists the ankles in walking—Coward Extension Heel gives sureness to the supporting muscles centering in the arch of the foot. The broad last allows the great toe to balance the body without mechanical interference.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty years.

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City

(NEAR WARREN STREET)

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

knowing his name, she gave him the nickname of Daddy-Long-Legs, and sent him a whole sheaf of the most amusing, witty, touching letters he or any other benefactor ever read.

I think girls in school who are getting ready for college will be especially interested in this little book ($1.00 net), which is by Jean Webster, author of "Just Patty" and "When Patty Went to College."



"Charge!"

SOMETIMES a child wants a certain kind of a book, and wants it *hard*, and can't find it in the book-stores or the public libraries. When this happens, it is well to talk to a writer about it, if there is a writer handy, and if not to the Book Man.

Not so many years ago, some one did just this—asked for an unwritten book. And the result was that Theodore Roosevelt, now ex-President of the United States, and Henry Cabot Lodge, now a United States senator, wrote "Hero Tales from American History" ($1.50). This illustrated book contains twenty-six stories, including sketches of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and such American heroes, and descriptions of the battles of Trenton, New Orleans, Bennington, and others.

After you have read this book, studying American history in school will be more fascinating than ever.



A Punt.

So many boys are playing foot-ball now that it is hard to believe that Walter Camp, the Father of American Foot-ball, did not live in the time of the Father of his Country, but is very much alive to-day. In "The Book of Foot-ball" (illustrated, $2.00 net), Mr. Camp has chapters on "The New Foot-ball," "The Development and Play of the Different Posi-

(Continued on page 19.)

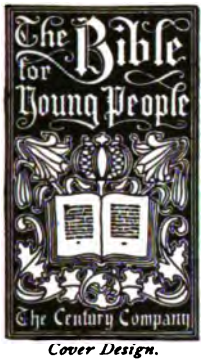
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THE BOOK MAN—Continued

tions," "Kicking, Catching, and Passing," "The Captain and the Coach," and "All-Time, All-American Teams." Here is the dedication of the book:

"To every back who has bucked the line and to every lineman who knows what it means to drive his charge home, to every one of the thousands of American foot-ball players who knows the satisfaction of plunging along over those white lines that mark the playing field, and finally to the thousands more of parents and brothers and sisters who have sat fascinated at the spectacle of the contest, and with heart in throat pushed and held in spirit harder than any player on the huge gridiron, this book is dedicated."

Every ambitious player will want to read Walter Camp's book early in the foot-ball season this year.



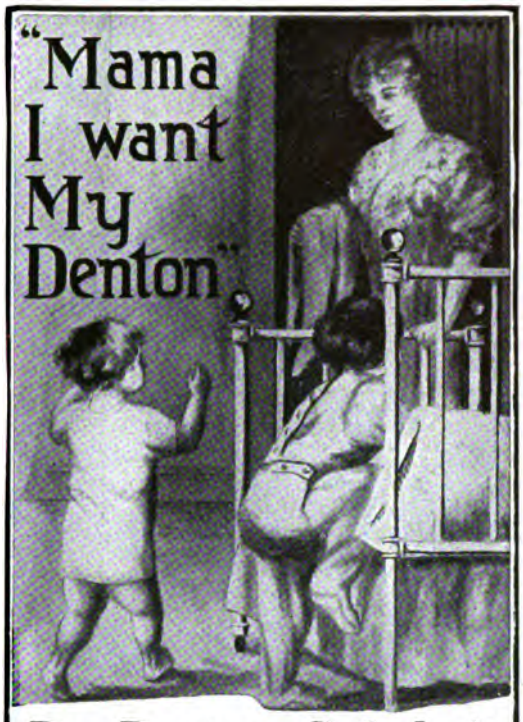
Cover Design.

I HAVE saved the best book for the last. It is "The Bible for Young People" ($1.50 net), printed in fine, big type and illustrated with pictures by the old masters. The verses are not numbered and arranged in the ordinary way, but the wonderful incidents and stories are there, each in a chapter by itself. The life of Jesus Christ is taken from the four Evangelists, and makes a continuous narrative. A child who reads this volume, or hears it read aloud, has very little more to learn when he comes to have a grown-up Bible of his own.

Now every one of these books I 've been talking about (and for that matter, several hundred more, written especially for girls and boys) are published by The Century Co., which publishes ST. NICHOLAS. And next month I will describe some fine, brand-new books that are coming out this fall.

But you must remember that I want to hear from you on every subject connected with books and reading. If you want to know where to get this or that book—if you want a list of books on a certain subject—if you think a new book on some topic *ought* to be published, just get a postal card and write to

THE BOOK MAN,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
New York.



Dr. Denton *Soft-knit* Sleeping Garments

are Children's Delight and the Choice of Careful Mothers.

Protect your little ones at night and get unbroken sleep yourself.

Dr. Denton Garments **cover body, feet and hands.** Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our **Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric,** specially devised to give most healthful sleep. The **Soft-knit** fabric carries off perspiration and **keeps the child warm even if bed coverings are thrown off.**

Prevent colds which often lead to pneumonia or other dangerous ailments.

Ideal for outdoor sleeping.

Eleven sizes for children up to ten years old. Prices, 50c to $1.10 according to size and style.



TRADE MARK

Soft and Durable. Do not Shrink.

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas on "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the **genuine Dr. Denton Garments.** Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, **write us.**

DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS,
391 Mill Street, Centreville, Mich.

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St. Nicholas Advertising Competition No. 142.

Time to send in answers is up October 10. Prize-winners announced in the December number.

The following is a letter which we received from our own Alexander the Little.

Alexandria, Ontario,
Canada.

To the Honorable Judges,
Advertising Competition,
St. Nicholas Magazine,
Union Square, New York City.

Honored Sirs:

I would it were in my power to adequately express the chagrin I experienced when the full import of the error made in Competition No. 139 dawned upon my mental vision. I trust the responsibility for the trouble to which you and your readers have been put will be placed where it rightly belongs. I can only say that my not checking up the drawing was solely due to the bustle and rush incident to the preparation for a long absence from beneath the paternal roof—a situation which many of your readers must themselves have experienced within the last month or so.

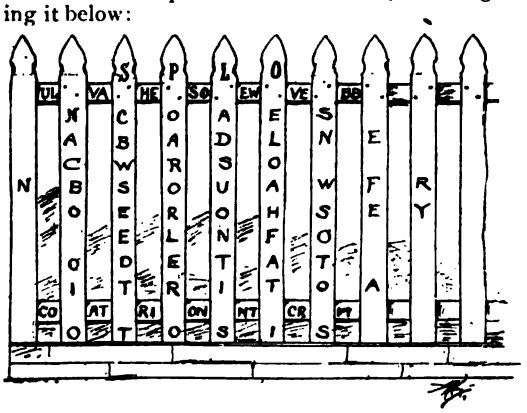
My sister Alexandra has communicated with me regarding the competition which she submitted for your September issue. I am glad my influence has induced her to execute acceptable work, which would hardly be expected from one of her sex without special training.

As a matter of expediency, however, I do not deem it wise to allow further effort in this direction on her part, hence I am sending to-day with the aid of the Parcels Post, my suggestion for the October Competition. I consider it worthy of a place among my most perfect achievements. I have tried to express its terms in the language of the masses.

As regards my vacation, I may say that the climate here is highly salubrious, and permeating as it does every fiber and tissue of the body, tends to revivify the impaired faculties which have become fatigued with the incessant mental strain to which one in my position is subjected. I anticipated returning in time to converse with you before creating the October competition, but further cogitation has resulted in my decision to extend my vacation appreciably.

With kindest regards, I remain, honored sirs,
Yours respectfully,
ALEXANDER.

As Alexander's puzzle did have merit, we are giving it below:



"No, this is not a patent broiler which I used on my camping trip; it is just an old-fashioned fence which I saw while on a walk. It was at one time made of boards set close together, with a long strip on the outside at top and another near the lower end. When first built, one could see all of each strip, together with the names of twelve articles advertised in the September, 1913, ST. NICHOLAS, which had been painted on it. Then somebody wanted to make an open fence, and took away the boards between every other one, leaving all the others in their places. This left every other letter of the advertised articles. Next, the two strips were put *behind* the pickets so as to hide *two* letters behind each picket that came in the way.

"The puzzle is to find out all the letters that are hidden or missing, and then to make a list of the twelve advertised articles, as they appear in the September number, putting them in regular order from the top of the fence downward. That is all you need do, and it is really quite easy, if you will remember that on the two lengthwise strips you are to consider that the boards may hide two letters behind any board, while on the upright pickets only single letters are missing."

The rules are the same as usual. Some of you, we have noticed, wait until the last moment and then rush the work on your answers. Often they arrive late. Appreciation of the value of time is important, so this month we are going to ask you to write a letter giving reasons why watches should be advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. Don't try to be business-like, just make it a simple heart-to-heart letter, telling just how you feel about watches, etc. The merit of this letter will decide the prize-winner in the case of equally correct lists.

As announced last month, these competitions have nothing to do with St. Nicholas League work. There is no age limit, no membership requirement, no endorsement of originality needed. You don't even need to be a subscriber to compete.

Here are the prizes and the rules of the competition:

One First Prize, $5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most natural and interesting letter.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each, to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each, to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each, to the next ten.

Note: Third and Fourth prize-winners, who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (142).

3. Submit answers by October 10, 1913. Do not use a pencil.

4. Write your letter on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure your name and address is on each paper, also that they are fastened together. Write on one side of your paper only.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 142, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 22.)

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A fairy feast in the garden of sweets

ALL little children dream of fairies and "rivers of candy." Let your children realize their childhood fancies by giving them a package of fairy food—Necco or Hub Wafers. Never have they tasted anything so delicious. These dainty wafers won't hurt them, for their purity is guaranteed and their freshness is assured by the sanitary wrapper.



NECCO WAFERS

Glazed Paper Wrapper

HUB WAFERS

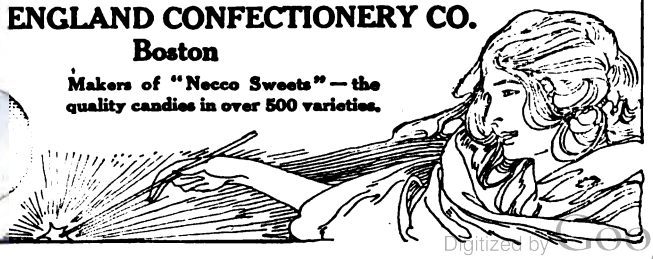
Transparent Paper Wrapper

are made by America's largest candy makers under perfect sanitary conditions. Every detail of manufacture, from the selection of the ingredients to the final packing, is supervised with scrupulous regard for purity and cleanliness. All the favorite flavors are in each package and all so irresistibly sweet and good that the most exacting taste can be delightfully and *safely* satisfied.

Look for the seal of Necco Sweets on every package—it's the emblem of purity—your protection against inferiority.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston

Makers of "Necco Sweets"—the quality candies in over 500 varieties.



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This includes No. 139 also, because, as you will recall, the Judges allowed those who refused to be misled by the missing "I" to qualify with the No. 140 answers.

The most common mistakes were:

Listing Colgate & Co., which was not advertised in the June number.

Spelling "Confectionery"—"ary"; omitting apostrophes; writing "Co." for "Company"; incorrect alphabetical arrangement and omission of numbers. As stated in the competition, you may receive help from those at home—no endorsement of originality being required in advertising competitions.

As there were over 100, however, who sent in correct answers, the verses were taken into consideration and the sixteen prizes awarded accordingly.

Here is the winning verse:

"The road to success is 'advertise,'
No other so sure; no other would
So quickly reach the reader's eyes;
Nor bring results so good."

Here is another amusing one:

"If Suffragettes would advertise
In St. Nick, no doubt they would
Gain renown through reader's eyes
And get the vote for good."

And still another:

"If any one should advertise
For 'a job at sawing would.'
Do you suppose to reader's eyes
The spelling would look good?"

Prize awards are as follows:

One First Prize, $5.00:

Alice Dahl, age 17, New York.

Two Second Prizes, $3.00 each:

Venette Milne Willard, age 15, Pennsylvania.
Paul Williams, age 12, Pennsylvania.

Three Third Prizes, $2.00 each:

Catherine C. Rowe, age 18, New York.
Constance E. Grigg, age 12, Massachusetts.
James M. Sanders, age 9, Maryland.

Ten Fourth Prizes, $1.00 each:

John F. Kyes, Jr., age 15, Massachusetts.
Ethel S. Hays, age 12, Connecticut.
Elizabeth M. Doane, age 15, Illinois.
William A. Gardner, age 11, New Jersey.
Gertrude Bendheim, age 14, New York.
Rose M. Regan, age 12, New York.
Vera Hartley, age 15, Iowa.
Raymond Lynn Porter, age 12, Massachusetts.
Virginia Holland, age 15, Florida.
David Warren Jewett, age 12, Iowa.

Honorable Mention for unique work:

Margaret M. Benney, age 16, Pennsylvania.
Rachel M. Arrott, age 16, Pennsylvania.
Ruth Williams, age 17, Pennsylvania.
Marian T. Whitford, age 18, New York.
Anita L. Grannis, age 13, New York.

"THE HAPPY DAISY BOY"

The best known boy in America



NOW IS THE TIME TO GET THAT

DAISY AIR RIFLE

Boys, join the big army of happy Daisy boys, and your face will wear a smile of real enjoyment.

Every American boy wants to know how to handle a gun and shoot straight. Get a Daisy NOW, and have fun while you learn.

"Daisy Special" 1000 shot $2.50
Other Daisy Models, 50 cents to $2.00

At all hardware and sporting goods dealers

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Plymouth, Mich.

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Polly and Peter Ponds

have gone away to school. Their letters will appear in this magazine each month

To Miss Polly Ponds
Highcliff Seminary
Middleville, New York

Dear Polly:—Well, here I am at school. It is a fine place and we have had some rain, but the sun is shining this afternoon. There are a lot of boys here and no girls in sight which is a good thing. You are the only girl I ever saw that is a real sport. They only have pie twice a week and then you get just one piece, but Tim Sanders, my roommate, does n't like pie and he sticks his piece in his pocket and I get it after we go to bed, which is at nine o'clock every night except Saturday when they let us stay up till half past.

I had quite a busy time the first day after I got here. Some of the upper-class boys saw me and they said, "Oh my, here is a nice little child, just look at his pink cheeks! Little one, come with us;" and I said, "What for?" and they said, "Oh, we 've got a nice present for you just around the corner." And they took me outside the school yard and lined up in two rows and made me run as fast as I could between them and each boy gave me quite a whack where I sit down. Maybe I did n't run and maybe I was n't glad I had that bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT

Well, when they got through with that they said "He 's a pretty good sport, he did n't cry, he ought to make us a speech. You are a suffragette," they said, "climb up on this barrel and tell us why you want to vote," and they made a sign that said "Votes for Wimen," and stuck it on a broom, and dressed me up to look like a girl, and I said "You did n't spell 'women' right," and they said, "You fresh little thing, you go on with your speech and we will attend to our spelling."

And I said, "Well, if I am going to vote, I vote for POND'S EXTRACT; that 's what I need most," and just then the barrel head fell in and they all laughed like anything and said "I guess that 's enough for you; you 'll want your Pond's Extract now, all right." And I did, but I am all right now. So no more to-day.

Your loving brother, PETER

P. S. How are you getting on?

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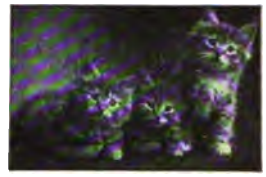
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Which Pet Are You Going to Choose?



A great many have already earned their favorite pet, and we are preparing to buy as many ponies, dogs, and cats as will be earned by Christmas, when the contest closes.

You must start very soon in order to win your favorite animal, because, while you can do just as well as hundreds of others who have sent us in the names of new subscribers, it takes time, and hard work, and perseverance.

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—To watch the house at night and keep away tramps and thieves?
—To be willing to die in his tracks in defense of the baby, or calmly turn and allow the baby to poke his finger in his eyes?
—Who will draw a sled in winter or a cart in summer?
—Who can stand our American winters without artificial heat?
—Who is a living sermon on loyalty?



—Who lives like a king on the waste (left over) from your table?
—Who is first to detect trouble about the home and the first to defend it?
—Who pays for himself in building up the health of the family by inducing them to play outdoors?
—Who appeals to your eye, your intellect, and your heart, and therefore is a fit member of your Family Circle?

All of our dogs are pure breed and first class in every respect, but this month we are specializing on a white Scotch Collie. As you will see from the picture, he 's a perfect beauty. His name is "Nick," because he is a ST. NICHOLAS dog. He has beauty, grace, speed, courage, endurance, strength, activity, hardiness, faithfulness, gentleness, intelligence, and sympathy. And he can be yours for making twenty-five new friends for ST. NICHOLAS.

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Remember there is a pony for every boy and girl who sends us 50 new subscribers; a dog or a puppy for 25, and a kitten for 10. But they must be new subscribers—people who do not now take ST. NICHOLAS. Of course, subscriptions can be ordered to begin any time; for instance, as a Christmas gift, ST. NICHOLAS can be ordered now to begin with the December or January number. Enroll by getting your first subscription to-day! If you want to ask any questions, write to

THE PET MAN, St. Nicholas Magazine, Union Square, New York

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE war in the Balkans has been watched with keen interest by stamp-collectors. No matter which side was victorious, we knew our hobby would be the gainer by some new issue. Already there have been several series of surcharges, and now



THE NEW GREEK ISSUES.

comes a new issue by Greece for use in Macedonia, Lemnos, and such other provinces as may be occupied by the Grecian troops. The stamps are rather large in size, are rouletted in the same saw-tooth fashion which characterizes the present issue of Grecian stamps, while the drawing and workmanship are very poor—not at all worthy of their source. Two designs have appeared thus far. On the one-lepton, in the upper background, is a cloud from which emerges the flaming cross which in the year 312 appeared to Constantine. Above the cross are the Greek words for "In Hoc signo, vinces," and, over all, "Ellas," or Greece. Below is a picture of the Acropolis. The second design, on the two-lepta, shows a cloud bearing the word "Ellas," from which break rays of sunshine over the mountain below, while in mid-air appears an eagle, strangling with beak and claws a huge serpent. All specimens so far seen are very poorly printed.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ YES, there are certain helps to a collector, whether a beginner or otherwise. We recommend as of the utmost importance to your boy a copy of the Standard Postage-Stamp Catalogue. This will give him pictures of all foreign stamps, and will greatly aid him in his efforts to correctly place the stamps in his album. This is really the most important accessory for him. Next in importance is a package of "peelable" hinges, with which to fasten his stamps in the album. Get the best; while these cost a bit more, they pay in the end. As your boy becomes a little more experienced, he will need a "benzene cup" for showing watermarks, and a perforation gage for measuring purposes. All of these can readily be obtained from any of our advertisers. ¶ The values and designs of the Parcel-Post stamps are as follows: 1 cent, post-office clerk; 2 cent, city carriers; 3 cent, railway postal clerk; 4 cent, rural carrier; 5 cent, mail-train; 10 cent, steamship and mail tender; 15 cent, automobile service: 20 cent, aëroplane carrying mail; 25 cent, manufacturing; 50 cent, dairying; 75 cent, harvesting; $1.00, fruit-growing. ¶ When a stamp, or an issue of stamps, is no longer printed by a government, it is called "obsolete." As a general rule, obsolete stamps cannot be obtained at a post-office. There are, however, post-offices in the United States where one can to-day obtain the two-cent shield type (No. 314), although it became obsolete when the 1908 issue appeared. ¶ Quite a number of stamps have been printed in more than two colors, as, for instance, the United States second issue revenue of the $200 and $500 values, the insured-letter stamps of the Colombian Republic, several varieties of Russia, etc. In addition to these, a number of high-value British Colonials are printed in two colors upon colored paper, which gives the effect of three colors. ¶ A difference in the letters in the corners of the stamps of Great Britain does not necessarily mean a variety. If the letters in the corners of two stamps are of different size, or if they are colored letters on a white background, or white letters on a colored background, that would make a variety. But merely different letters would not. In a sheet of these stamps the letters vary systematically; that is, if the first stamp in a row were B–H–H–B, the next stamp would be lettered C–H–H–C, the next D–H–H–D, the next E–H–H–E, and so on. ¶ The stamps upon which the words "Magyar" or "Magyar Kir Posta" appear are all Hungarian. The stamp with the eagle and the words "10 Porto" is an Austrian postage due stamp. The issue to which such belong depends upon the color. ¶ The reasons for surcharging stamps are many and various. An exhaustive answer to this query would fill the Stamp Page several times over. It may be to change the value of the stamp which bears the surcharge, or in order that stamps of one country may be used in another—as the stamps of Bermuda for use in Gibraltar. Perhaps the entire currency of a country is changed—as the Gibraltar pence issue surcharged centimos. Or a change in rulers—as the recent Republica surcharges in Portugal. Or the stamps of the mother country for use in her colonies—as the earlier Portuguese. Or our own surcharges of Canal Zone, Guam, Porto Rico, and Philippines, as well as the various French and German colonial issues, and many others. The surcharges may also be due to poverty of the national treasury and consequent inability to obtain more stamps—as many of the Nicaragua issues; and as a last, but by no means least, suggestion, many surcharges seem to have been made solely and simply to replenish empty treasuries by their sale to collectors. ¶ We do not know of any royal road to the care and preservation of unused British Colonials on chalky paper. Our experience tends to show that the loss of color, while aggravated by the rubbing together of the album leaves, is not altogether caused by it. Do not try to protect these stamps by putting a soft tissue-paper over them. An absorbent paper will not do. Use a thin, glazed, and moisture-proof paper. Most dealers send out their stamps to customers in little transparent envelops. We have cut off the corners of these and used them as little cases for our more valuable chalky papers. But while it has reduced the loss of color to a minimum, it has not completely done away with the injury.

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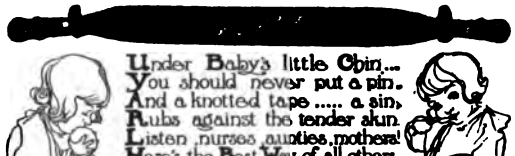
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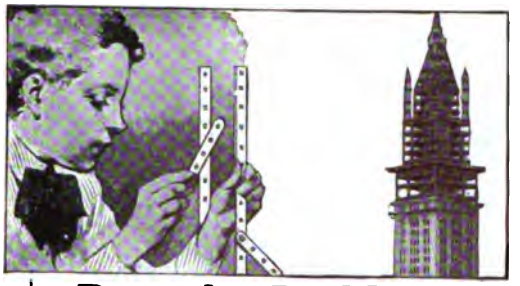
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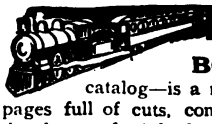
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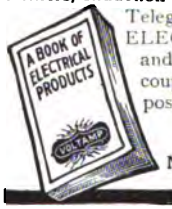
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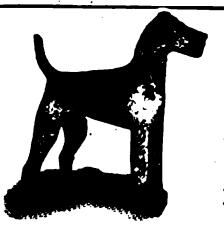
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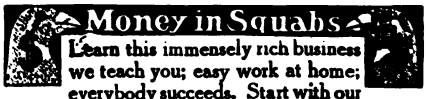
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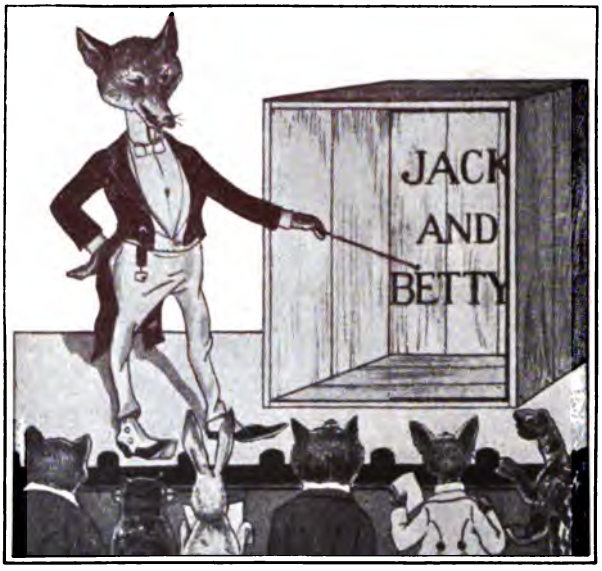
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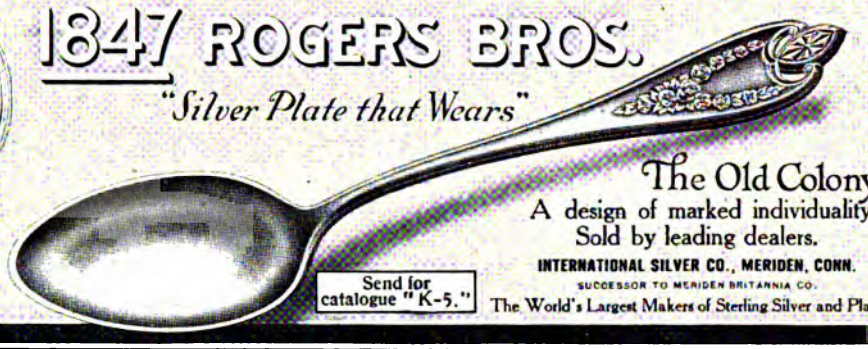
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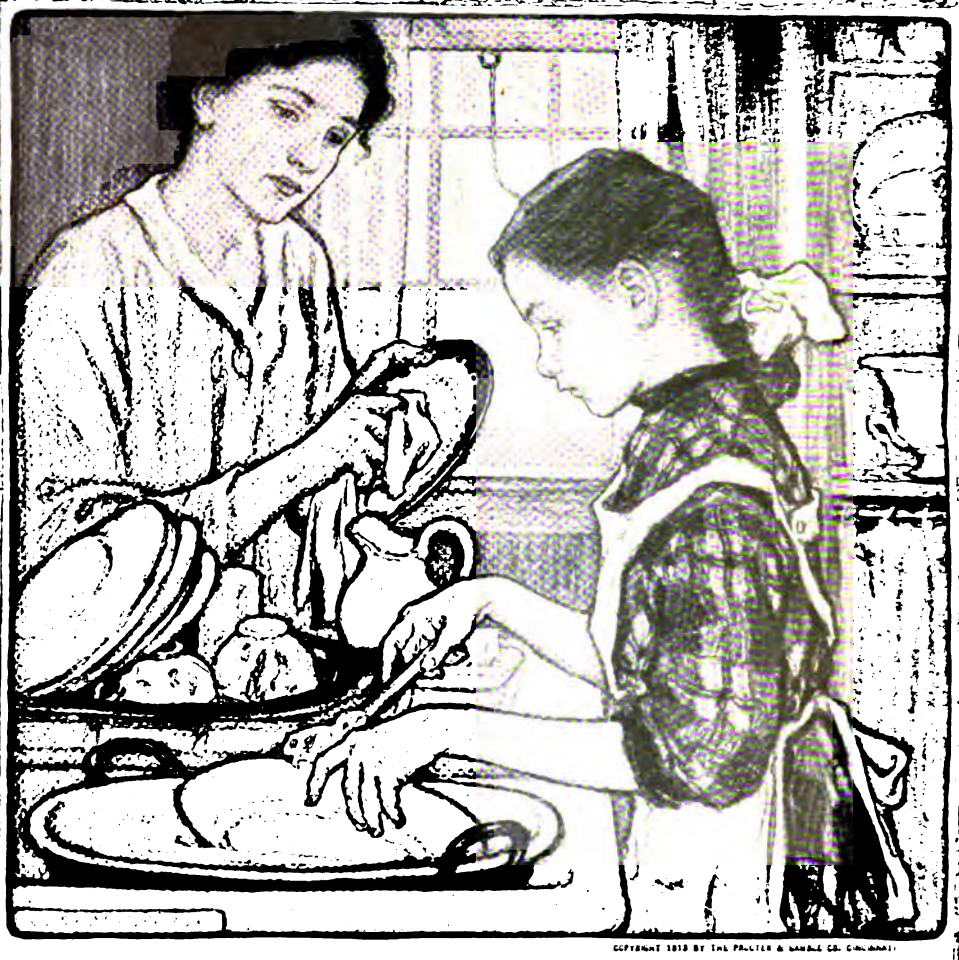
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